

Belgium
16 February 1945.

Flavence, dearest:

Spring is in the air. It was more noticeable in Paris, but it is definitely in the air, and before we realize it this hard, long, ragged winter will be in the past. You and I will have much to recall of this cold season, but as for me the worst feature of it was our separation. There were times when you needed me, even so desperately, and I too had moments when your presence would have been most heartening. Then still though, our love for each other has sustained us thru this trying period, and I'm certain there will be many, many times in the future when all this will just be conversation material. Our love however will ever be deeper than that, and for that I'm not only the most fortunate man in the world, but undoubtedly also the luckiest.

My trip to Paris was a success, but hardly compared with the joy awaiting my return. There were over 20 letters awaiting for me, including 8 from you, and 2 packages. To-day I received many more from you. To keep the records straight there are listed here the dates of the letters received.

AIR-MAIL

Jan 13	Valentine Card
- 14	Jan 21
- 16	- 23
- 17	- 29
- 18	- 30
- 19	- 31
- 20	- 29- Anniversary Card.

V-MAIL

Jan 20
- 24
- 26
- 28

These letters answered many questions and problems I had asked for replies so often. I realize that you will always keep me posted, but I guess I'm too impatient to wait the various letters conveying the information sought. In any event thanks so much for all those long letters, the good news most of them contained, and the little personal touches and thoughts. I have suffered the tragedy of Joel with you, and I do hope Time and Peace will heal the hearts of all those who loved and knew the good little lad. I will write Helma now that I have her address. Also received 2 more packages to-day making a total of 4 in the past 2 days. These bundles contained all the stuff I requested in December for my very good friends. Will bring it over to-morrow night and wait you of their reactions.

For the next few days I intend writing all air-mail letters due to the great deal I want to relate. Since my letters are numbered you can follow the chronological order of events. However each letter will be an entity in itself, so bear with me and I'll try to tell you much of the events of the past 4 or 5 days. Under separate cover I sent

January, 1884

My dear Mr. [Name],
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am
glad to hear that you are well. I am
also well and hope this letter finds you
the same. I have been thinking of you
often lately and wondering how you
are getting on. I hope you are
not too busy to write to me.
I have been very busy lately
with my work, but I have
managed to find some time to
write to you. I hope you are
not too busy to write to me.
I have been very busy lately
with my work, but I have
managed to find some time to
write to you. I hope you are
not too busy to write to me.

I have been thinking of you
often lately and wondering how
you are getting on. I hope you
are not too busy to write to me.
I have been very busy lately
with my work, but I have
managed to find some time to
write to you. I hope you are
not too busy to write to me.

1884		1883	
Jan 1	10	Jan 1	10
Feb 1	15	Feb 1	15
Mar 1	20	Mar 1	20
Apr 1	25	Apr 1	25
May 1	30	May 1	30
Jun 1	35	Jun 1	35
Jul 1	40	Jul 1	40
Aug 1	45	Aug 1	45
Sep 1	50	Sep 1	50
Oct 1	55	Oct 1	55
Nov 1	60	Nov 1	60
Dec 1	65	Dec 1	65

I have been thinking of you
often lately and wondering how
you are getting on. I hope you
are not too busy to write to me.
I have been very busy lately
with my work, but I have
managed to find some time to
write to you. I hope you are
not too busy to write to me.
I have been very busy lately
with my work, but I have
managed to find some time to
write to you. I hope you are
not too busy to write to me.

I have been thinking of you
often lately and wondering how
you are getting on. I hope you
are not too busy to write to me.
I have been very busy lately
with my work, but I have
managed to find some time to
write to you. I hope you are
not too busy to write to me.

some Cartoons, an article of interest, Gladys Times Card's verse, and a highway map of Paris. Please preserve the map and the Cartoons for my scrap book. The snapshots enclosed in this letter were taken at the time Joe visited me. I sent several to the folks, a set to Uncle Harry, and have others for your letter to-morrow. These we took in Paris well filled in due time as usual. Please show them around, but preserve them for posterity, and the years to come when you and I will not only laugh at all this, but no doubt will visit these very places together.

You can readily understand that any attempt to relate this holiday to each of my correspondents would be asking too much of a soldier working from a theatre of operations. Accordingly I will write much of the details, facts, anecdotes and reactions, and I hope you will let my folks, Bob, and whoever you wish read this part of my next few letters. I wrote Uncle Harry a short resume of my visit with Joe but you may relate all the facts.

I waited around last Sunday until mail-call, hoping to get a letter or two from you before taking off. While waiting I wrote you a V-Mail letter (#42) but mailed it before adding the notation of the mail received that day. Yesterday I wrote another V-Mail but neglected to number it (#43). One of your letters did arrive, and so I left my billets with my 2 blankets, some personal belongings, a camera, and your letter close to my heart. I had promised Frank and his family that I'd see them before leaving so I promissed them the foon having my knapsack bag on my back, but with a song in my heart, thoughts of you, and on my tippy toes. I was on my way to Paris, sans souci, and sans you, but I'll adjust the latter in the near future.

Frank, his wife and son insisted on accompanying your favorite & I to the railroad station. We arrived there about 20 minutes ahead of my train, and I guess all of us spent those moments as unhappily as people can without any serious trouble. It seems these kind farewells were of the opinion that I might not return to this town, and that this was farewell. Knowing that such things often happen to soldiers there was nothing I could do or say that kept matters. They just stood there and the tears streamed down their cheeks. You can readily see this was a fine state of affairs for me. Here I'd been feeling fine, looking forward, and now I had three weeping willies on my hands. Naturally I felt badly too, but being a rugged soldier I managed to bring a smile to their teary eyes. They kissed and hugged me as the train moved, and in part it was a relief to feel the train pull out.

I felt sorry that my departure made them feel so badly, but it's a grand feeling to think that they are such friends, and miss me so keenly. Yes, my sweetheart, I knew of relatives who wouldn't even think of bidding me adieu at my departure to the army, but this is no time to fret about that. That's all in the past - the permanent, unchangeable, fixed fact. —

This train took me to another nearby town in which I changed to the Paris train. I spent part of the afternoon in this city, and about 7 P.M. boarded the train which was to deliver me to Paris the next morning. I found a seat in a compartment that holds 8 people. My riding companions were 2 Colored boys, 3 other white soldiers, and a French couple. The Colored soldiers told funny experiences in the army, we all related odd events, stories and sayings, but the Civilian pair drank wine, beer and ate sandwiches most of the evening. To clinch the side one of the Colored boys talked in his sleep, and his conversation in the arms of Morphine will sound funnier when I relate this incident. All of us managed to get some sleep, and during the night we ate a jar of your cheese and the veg-crisp you sent me in one of the packages. So you can see that in spirit you were with me all the time.

Arriving in Paris I found the other 3 boys who had also received a similar pass from my battalion. We proceeded to report to the Red Cross, and were quickly assigned to an elegant room on the 4th floor of the Hotel de Paris. This is a luxury hotel, located in the heart of things, and central to all points of interest. Treats were served at the hotel by waitresses, the beds had sheets and mattresses, and we didn't have to make the beds, or clean the room. There was also a bathroom, bath-tub, shower, and the famous "douche-bain" accompanying the room. Boy, what a deal for guys who have been away from all these conveniences for months. Elevator service, soft music, free movies, a Coca-Cola bar, coffee and doughnuts, lounge chairs, soft lights and every modern convenience — all for us — the American soldiers. We were determined to partake of all these things as much as possible, and decided right then and there not to go to sleep during our stay, but 11.30 that night found all of us in bed — boy, tired — and asleep at peace with the world.

Will continue the next chapter to-morrow. Stay well, sweetheart. Kiss Jim for me, and I continue to love and adore you,

as ever,
George.

1847
The first of the season was a very fine day, and the weather was very pleasant. The wind was from the north, and the sea was very calm. The sun was shining brightly, and the sky was a clear blue. The water was very clear, and the bottom was very sandy. The fish were very plentiful, and the birds were very numerous. The day was very pleasant, and the weather was very fine. The wind was from the north, and the sea was very calm. The sun was shining brightly, and the sky was a clear blue. The water was very clear, and the bottom was very sandy. The fish were very plentiful, and the birds were very numerous. The day was very pleasant, and the weather was very fine.

CPL. GEO. STOFF 42050100
Co. A 735 Ry OPN BN APO 228
40 Post Master, New York

AIR-MAIL

POSTAGE DUE 6 CENTS



Del

Mrs. FLORENCE STOFF
3021 AVENUE I
BROOKLYN 10
NEW YORK



VIA AIR MAIL

45215

S

ARMY EXAMINER

