

Belgumini
18 Feb 45.

Florence, darling:

Try as sweet as you are is the name of a popular song but to me it is a divine offering in my mind. I realize only too well it is possible to become embittered during these trying days, but my dearest keep your sense of humor working over time. Try to take all these unhappy times in stride, and be assured that the future will pay off in heavy dividends in the form of unadulterated happiness. You have what it takes to keep smiling, and I love and adore you for it. I'm doing the same in the realization that we must do these things mutually. Even Jim must simulate your action and wit, and that makes the duet a trio. If I get home soon we'll make it a quartet or even a sextette.

I left my barracks before mail call so have no idea what awaits me upon my return. I am visiting Frank and his family, had dinner, and now catching upon my correspondence. I re-read several of your recent letters and your Valentine card. I did not forget St. Valentine's day or our wedding anniversary on the 11th. Sent you a cablegram for the anniversary, and the packages of perfume from Paris are to be considered the offerings of your

worshipper to the sweetest wife in the world. In years to come I'll add a more personal touch to these important keys.

I have forwarded some snapshots to the folks taken in Paris and Belgium, with the request that they preserve them pending my return. I'll endeavor to save the negatives, but they may get messed up or lost, so please ask the folks to be especially careful with them. Others are enclosed herewith, each bearing the legend on the reverse side, and more will follow. The bull picture was taken indoors under electric lights, and is not as clear as it could be, but it gives you a rough idea as to how I look in my secret shirt.

I believe that I have a \$2000 policy with the Flatland Savings Bank that will have a premium due soon. This policy has a "war clause" in it, and I think I am not covered during the war. Please check on this and if I'm correct I want you to cancel it, and cash it in. It is my intention to carry all or most of this Government insurance after the war, and we will not need the above policy. The policy I refer to is the last one I took out about a year before my induction. Please check this closely with me before you do anything, as I do not want to cancel the wrong policy.

Do not feel too badly about not
being able to contact Bea Fox. Her husband
and I do not see quite eye to eye about
many things, and it might be embarrassing
in the post-war phase. Jerry Fox's daddy
passed away recently, and notice came through
the Red Cross to him during my visit to Paris.
I wrote him a short note, as he is not
located near me at present.

Now getting back to my holiday in Paris.
In yesterday's letter I described some of my
experiences while trying to obtain perfume and
a kit for you, but that hardly compared with
my efforts to buy souvenirs for everyone. I
suppose I'll have a device of a time trying
to explain such things to some people upon
my return, but this is some problem over
here. Every soldier is determined to purchase
all he can, and the shops have little to
sell. I thought I'd try the antique shops
with which Paris abounds but it seems
several other soldiers have also thought
of this. Antiques are plentiful, exquisite
and plentiful, but the prices are out of
this world. In any event we managed
to pick up some novelties usually sold
in Woolworth's back home, but in Paris
on sale in the finest shops. I'll include
them in the next package I send you,
and please distribute them as I
request. I also have many post-card
scenes of Paris in addition to our own

snapshots, so you should get a pretty good idea of what Paris looks like and has to offer to the visitor.

The second night there Joe and I took his friend's girl and her sisters to the Casino de Paris. A wide-awake girlie show with songs left over from the last war but with the most beautiful costumes I have ever seen. The girls can't dance, the dialogue was in French, and the audience mostly soldiers cheered the half-nude cookies until they smiled. The show is risqué, naughty, and it was nice to feast my eyes on a hairless chest with exposed lungs. All this is quite the usual thing here as I was given to understand so do not become alarmed at my morals being corrupted. From here he visited some of the famous saloons and hot spots in "Montmartre", and believe you me, sweetheart, this part of Paris has earned its reputation. It's life in the raw, ragged and plenty consensual. However as long as I was in Paris I had to see everything, and did I see - but that's a story to be related in person. The girls with us were surprised at our seemed naiveté in such matters, but I guess we Americans are a wee bit self-conscious about our sex relationships. In any event I spent an interesting and

enjoyable evening.

The next day we visited the Eiffel Tower, Arc de Triomphe, Notre Dame Cathedral, Trocadero, Sacre Coeur, the Seine river, at present reaching a flood stage, the Luxembourg Gardens and many other places of interest. I have many fine photos of all these places, and I know you will enjoy looking at them. Also walked thru several department stores, stared at empty shelves, and tried to go to the ballet or opera. No luck on this score as there were no performances either day. I saw soldiers from just about every allied army including the Russians. We drank as many Coco-Colas at the Red Cross as possible, and when not drinking Cokes we partook of coffee and doughnuts. There are countless in my section of Belgium.

There is much more to relate about this holiday, and from time to time I'll dwell on the high-lights, but it will undoubtedly sound more amusing when I relate it. Joe and I were very happy to be together again, and we spent much time discussing events domestic, past and present. The army with its great amount of travel has matured him into a sensible young man, and I know he'll be a fine son and husband when he returns.

My friends are a bit impatient waiting for me to stop writing so that we may talk with each other. With your permission I'll cut this letter short (?) and see if I can't get them to smile a bit. A little excitement around here has them on edge but not alarmed. I'll do all I can to amuse them. Stay well, dearest, kiss Jim for me, give my best to everyone, and keep smiling. I'm fit as a fiddle as you can see in the snaps, and love and adore you

As ever,

George

CPL. GEO STOFF 42050100
Co A 135 Ry OPN BN
APO 228 40 POST MASTER
NEW YORK, N.Y.

AIR-MAIL



Mrs. FLORENCE STOFF
3021 AVENUE I
BROOKLYN 10
NEW YORK.



PASSED BY

J

45215

S

ARMY EXAMINER
[Signature]

