

Somewhere in France
6 December 1944.

Flavence, dearest:

There have been many, many times in the past week or so that I have wanted to sit down and tell you how much I love and miss you, but business has been a bit rushing. I know it's a bit rough for you, and me too, not to get our mail regularly, but bear with me and I think our letters will be delivered more regularly now that we are located, and have a new APO number. Commence using this new number as soon as you receive this letter. Well I add I have not received any mail from you since 29 Nov, but I hope this will be adjusted in a few days.

Sweetheart, I realize only too well how anxious all of you are to know more about my doings and whereabouts but military censorship does not permit most of the things I'd like to relate to you. However since we have moved from our former station I can tell you that since I arrived on the continent I have visited some of the following towns and cities: Caen, Contances, St. Lo and Brannville. I have some picture post cards of several of these places and I'll send them to you in my next package. It will take a long, long time to attempt to describe the scenes to be found in these places, but suffice it to say I am ever grateful all this is confined to Europe rather than America.

Our present assignment is just as good, if not better than the former, since we are stationed in a large city which has not been subjected to bombing or war such as those above. I will continue to seek interesting items and antiques, and please be sure you advise upon receipt of my other two packages. It is getting rather close to Xmas, and I'm hopeful you will receive my bundles in time for the holidays. I am patiently awaiting your packages as I'm sure I will find many interesting items to enjoy.

Yesterday I had an experience I think you will enjoy reading about. The locality of our former

Station was pretty badly barged up, and offered very little in the way of facilities for showering or bathing. Of necessity we had to make sponge baths do the job of bathing, and need I add how unsatisfactory this method can be, even for those who dislike bathing. Well, we have been here for several days when lo and behold in comes the news that the town had a gymnasium containing a swimming pool, showers and bath-tubs. We walked approximately 4 miles there and back, but oh boy, my first real shower and bath in almost two months, and did it feel good. I just stood under that shower for almost 45 minutes, and glistened and sang at the top of my voice, as did the other boys who accompanied me. Strange, is it not, honey, to find such joy in such commonplace things back home but that's part of the game, so think nothing of it. I know our lot will be bitter from now on, and showers should be the order of the day. Some day I'll endeavor to demonstrate to you the process of taking a bath using a steel helmet as a bath-tub.

I feel fine and dandy, not worrying too much about the home front since I have you, my pretty queen, to run the show while I'm away. Hope you are able to do me some good in the renewal of my veterinary public license, and if ya check my driver's license I believe you will discover that it expires this February. Please endeavor to keep me covered there, too. I am most interested in learning the kind of a Xmas you and Jim have this year so please write every detail.

All the boys are just swell, and wish to be remembered. Hope you and Jim are well and had a grand time on your vacation in the country. No news yet about Bob, officially, and I trust he was home on leave. Please kiss Jim and the folks for me, and I, least, will kiss you in mind with all my love. I continue to adore you all the time and patiently I impatiently await the day that will bring us ether for ever and a day.

My new best to everyone, as ever,
George.

Handwritten text on aged, yellowed paper, likely a letter or document. The text is written in cursive and is mostly illegible due to fading and the condition of the paper. The document is folded, with visible creases and a small tear on the right side. The text is arranged in several paragraphs, with some lines appearing to be part of a list or a series of points. The overall appearance is that of an old, weathered manuscript.

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