

Letter, George Stoff to Florence Stoff, Lippstadt, Germany, July 2, 1945, Letter 2 [Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

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[Envelope]

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New York

Mrs. Florence Stoff  
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[Letter]

Lippstadt  
2 July 1945

Florence, darling:

No mail from anyone to-day made this rainy day seem even more gloomy. It has been cloudy with intermittent showers and sunshine, and now it looks like it will rain thru the night. Sitting here in my private little room on the second floor front, listening to the pitter patter of the rain, brings back other rainy nights. I am eerily reminded of the rain storm that raged even as I groped forwards to tell you of my love and desire that you share our future life together. That was a wonderful rain storm. My thoughts are also directed to our first day together at Scaroon when the rain doused as we sat near the lake – and more happiness. There have been countless other rainy moments which have added joy to our life – and believe you me, my

sweetheart, there will be many more. This is for sure, sunshine always follows the rain – and our sun will start shining soon.

This was just another Tuesday in the first week in July, with nothing special to distinguish the day. I was paid yesterday and have a wallet full of marks, but will not forward any until I know for certain that I'm going to get that pass to Malinis. If I do go next week I may need all that money to buy some perfume or gifts. I understand prices are highly inflated in Belgium these days but with Frank and his family to look after me I have little to worry about. I sure wish I had some of your stuff as packages to take along but I'll try to manage on what I have. Will let you know more definitely about this pass deal when I have all the angles straightened out. I am learning to be quite the politician; perhaps if I could humiliate myself mentally more often you wouldn't have to call me "corporal" but I'll never do that.

Have had no word from Bob in 4 or 5 days and I am a bit anxious to learn what goes with him these days. Last I heard he was still in the hospital, feeling okay, and awaiting the order to leave the place. I do hope he has fully recovered and that I learn about it tomorrow. He made mention that he expected another 6 day leave, so perhaps a visit to home will straighten him out. Fran too seems to have developed hay fever with no relief from the GI doctors.

Now that you and Jim have a hammock available for your pleasure and comfort I suppose you two are arguing who uses it the most. It must be fun relaxing in that hammock under the spreading apple trees, swaying in the slight breeze, listening to the sound of Jim's voice or laughter, and lazily dreaming. We'll do lots of that in years to come and I know your heart will be full of love and

happiness. It is so destined, my darling, and nothing can prevent it. Be of good cheer until that big day arrives, and always bear in mind – this is our year –

Fortunately for me the cinema had a GI show for us to-night. We saw Joan Fontaine in “Rebecca.” It was a pity the sound track was worn or something, but had I not seen the picture years ago, and remembered the plot, I fear I would have been at a loss as to what was taking place. Words were coming out of the mouths of the brilliant cast but were too unintelligible for understanding. Oh well, another evening closer to my pretty wife and only pin-up girl, to say nothing of our wonderful little stick of ammo.

It was announced that July 4<sup>th</sup> would be a holiday for most of the soldiers over here, but in drawing lots for the skeleton crew to remain in headquarters I drew the slip which read “You’re it! Tough shit,” a little crude but you note that it rhymes. Since there is little to do around here I don’t mind spending the day outside headquarters sunning myself.

All goes well with me. I feel fine and dandy, plenty of chow, but I’m still watching those calories closely. Often think of your mother’s letter received yesterday, but as yet have not answered it. I simply am non-plussed, and grudgingly admit I know not what to write – but I’ll try one of these days. Stay well, my love, answer all the questions I asked you in previous letters, and keep me well posted on current events. Keep writing those average letters. Kiss Jim for me, I’ll kiss you both in mind with all my love. My very best to my folks, yours, and our mutual friends.

As ever, Gg.