

July 10th. 1944

Dear George,

Please forgive me for writing so seldom. I had no such intention, but somehow, I got so involved in my fuselough that I neglected you. It is really great to be home again. True, Fran and I haven't had as much time to ourselves as we would have liked, but we rather anticipated that it would be this way. We have to start to dining this Friday night, so we haven't much time left.

We've spent most of our time with Mom and Pop. They're both looking better (I think) since we're home. Mom is still Mom, and

it's hard to make her take it easy. Pop is still philosophical, and looks pretty good. They're both working too hard, but you know how futile it is to change that.

Yesterday, Sunday, Mom had corned beef and cabbage for Sam, Kay, Anita, Stella, Sophie, Sam, and Harry. Sophie slipped me \$10, which was nice. Anita is as fat as a pig, and I bow my head to someone who can eat me under the table. Believe me, she didn't stop eating once, all the time she was here.

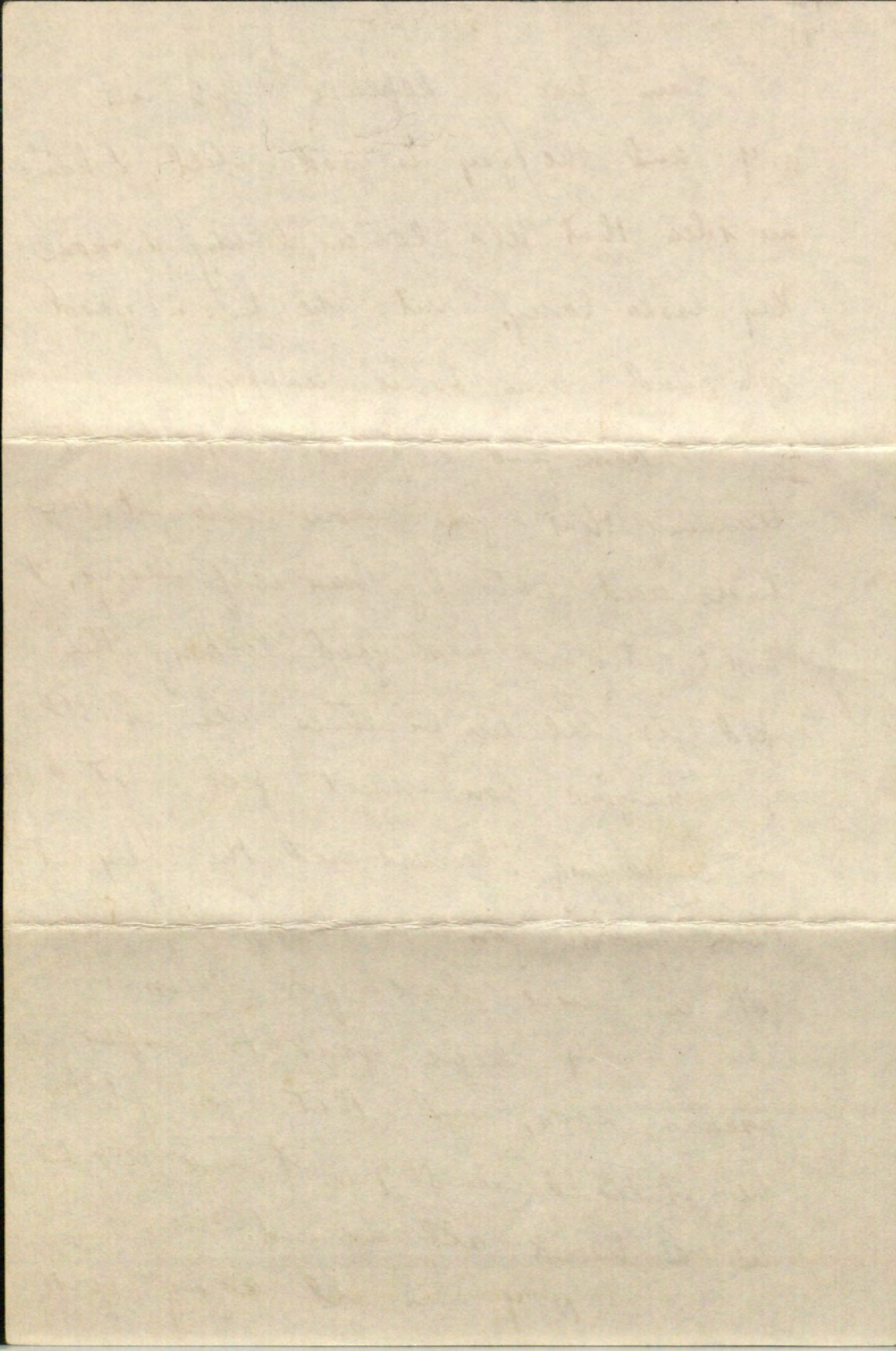
Tonight we're visiting one of Fran's aunts, and tomorrow we go to Harry's. Harry got a lot of pictures from Joey, but still no letter.

Sam has a defense job in N. Y. and the pay is good. Still, I have an idea that he's contemplating a move. Kay looks lousy, but she has a good job, and seems to be happy.

Mom and Pop got a kick out learning that Jim now sits at the table and eats by him self. George, I can't get over how good looking the kid is. All his pictures are swell. I imagine you must feel a lot better having Florence and the baby out there with you. I sure hope you got a nice place for them.

I hope your transfer breaks soon, and that you get to be stationed in N. Y. It sure would be a break all around.

N. Y. is all agog with



this 5th. Bond drive, and they
sure are going overboard for it
in a big way. I haven't met any
one who hasn't bought some bonds.

Twoblongs are sure nice,
but I still hope I never get
another one. I want my next
visit to be permanent.

The war goes well, and
it looks as though Germany won't
last very long. I hate to get
optimistic, but I think maybe
by the end of 1945, we'll all be
home.

Give my best to Flo and
Jim, and keep plugging.

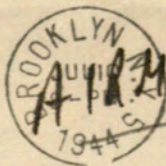
Oh yes, my eyes are
pretty good. (Ever since I left Las Vegas)
Fran looks good, and she'll be with
me in Deming. I think it will

be quite rugged for her in
Deming, but she's a snell sport,
and I can't talk her out of coming
back with me.

Hoping all goes well. —

With a handshake in mind —

Bob



Cpl. George Stoff

Co. A 735 Rvy opn Bn

77. Snelling,

Minn.

