

Somewhere in France
20 December 1944.

Florence, darling:

Another day closer to the end and the inevitable return to those never to be forgotten days of love, romance and happiness. It is a constant source of joy to dream about you and me together, and I know you are just as impatient as I am waiting the finish of all this, but patience my sweetheart, even this will end - and soon I hope.

Had a good day to-day, especially at mail-call, which is after all the most important item of all daily. Received your long letter dated Nov. 28th, and was glad to learn that you have been having such a fine vacation in the country. Your description of Jim's actions, and his attention to Jan, sounds very interesting, and I'm sure you are deriving much pleasure from him. How does he like the snow, and does he enjoy sleigh-riding?

Your letters and two I received from Bob to-day advise that Joel is desperately ill but still no facts about the kid. Will you please endeavor to reply to my queries about him in the reply to this letter, if you have not done so already. I know how difficult it is for you to attempt to worry me with domestic problems, but honey, we are sharing all other joys and heartaches forever and a day, why not the present. It may be a source of relief to be able to sit down and write a long letter just to get it off your chest. As a matter of fact your every letter tries so hard to give me the bright side of events at home, when I know that there must be problems and worries that give you just a wee bit of trouble. Remember we're pals.

Bob's letters were dated 24th and 30th Nov. and he tried very hard to convince me that everyone was well and trying their best to be in good spirits. So I'm convinced? He hasn't changed much even though he is now an officer. He described Kay's Thanksgiving dinner, also all those who attended. I gather Sam and Kay are doing quite well financially, and that my Uncle Harry is having an awfully lot these days, sans wife and sons. It's a pity such a good guy gets pushed around so much. I intend writing him when I conclude this letter to you.

Well, dearest, it finally arrived. The package

Containing the arches and many arrived here in excellent shape. Although it has been the custom to pass the contents of packages around to the other boys, all I could do with my contents was to extend the privilege of wearing my arches to the other boys. Thanks so much, and I now will devote my time looking forward to Xmas packages. Quite a few come thru to-day, and I guess I'm getting worn. Also received a letter from Herb and Jules to-day, so you can readily appreciate how high my morale is to-night.

My previous request for maps was made before I was able to locate any, however since then I have managed to obtain what I wanted, so if you have not yet forwarded one please forget my request. Thanks for the clipping you enclosed but I cannot answer your question. Were just the guys who keep pushing the supplies forward to the various fronts, and I think that's a lot better than being attached. Richard Pincus is part of the 9th Army, and at present must be seeing action. Max tries to be very brave about his boy being overseas, but knowing him I wonder he surprised if he has a stroke out of these days.

Please make up a package of the following items and forward it to me. If we stay around here I may be able to visit my newly found friends often, so I'd like to show my appreciation with some of the things they can't possibly buy for any money; to wit: 1 lb. Coffee (bren) in a can if possible; box of Cocoa, or chocolate (drink). 3 bars of chocolate (large size - see Jan) some tea balls, and 1 lb. of rice (RICE) and laundry soap. I'd like some Cookies, and dental floss, and maple sugar candy. Be sure to include a daily newspaper (Sun or Times). I don't need anything else at present. The weather is not so cold here, and I have plenty of woollen articles should I need them.

I feel fine and dandy, and the outlook for Xmas Day dinner is plenty of Turkey and trimmings, but I sure am looking forward to Sunday's visit to these civilians. Kids, people, warmth and smell of a happy home, and an opportunity to show them pictures of you. Join my folks to say nothing of all the interesting things I have to relate about all of you - I truly hope that Joel has a wonderful Xmas, and that the poor kid is not permitted to suffer. It grieves me to think of his rather luck, and I think we should thank our lucky stars that Fate has been so kind to us.

Stay well, my adorable sweetheart, keep smiling, Kiss Jim and my folks for the New Year, and I join you all in hoping the war will end quickly. My best to everyone, and also wish Thebna, Bear, Eleanor and your mother a Happy New Year
as ever,
George

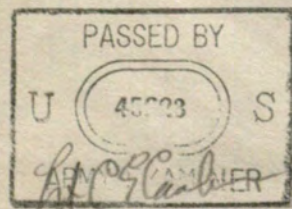
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BROOKLYN 10,
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