

Germany
30 April 1945

Flower, sweetheart:

Another false rumor of the European phase of this war ending must have galvanized your patient heart into a quickened beat. I know how patiently you are looking forward to this announcement, since the days to follow must inevitably bring us closer to each other's arms. But be patient my pretty darling, the next time will be official, and I feel certain that day is even closer than we dare hope. Despite these false rumors there is one thing you and I are most certain of, and that is our deep and eternal love for each other. There never has been any false rumors about that. In fact the passing years have only tended to mellow that reverent and passionate feeling two lovers alone experience. Nobody, nothing, at any time, can lessen our love and adoration, and the continued happiness that we will have following our reunion in Brooklyn will set an example for all those who know us. It will be a wonderful day, my dearest, when you, Jim and I once again merge into that fountain of joy and love. We know it's inevitable, and time is the factor. Tempus fugit, so to speak. There's a new day coming, and the sun will shine continuously.

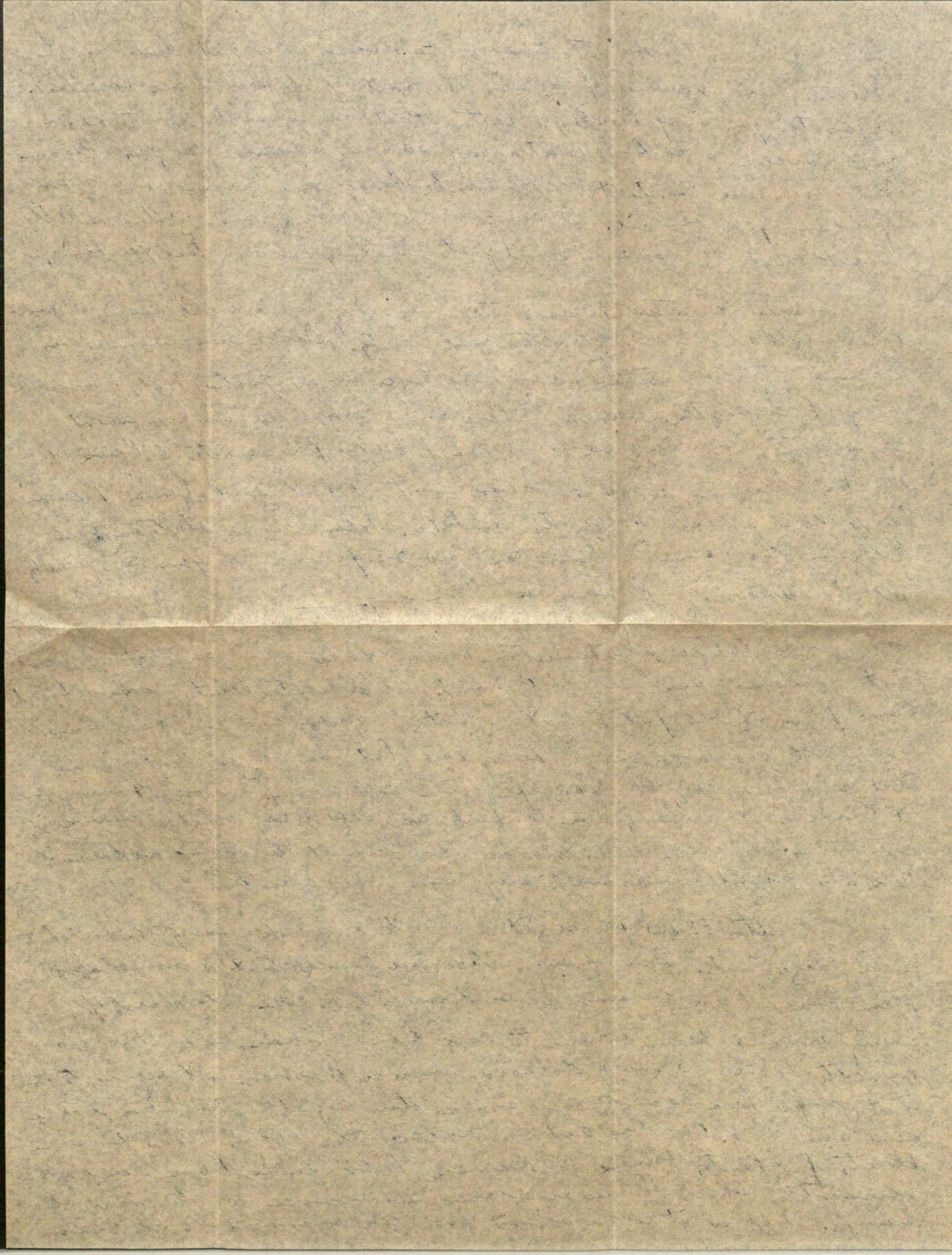
No mail from you to-day, but I did receive a letter from the folks dated April 15th. There was enclosed a photo of mom and pop which is pretty good, but I sure wish they had added a smile to the face. The letter itself was much shorter than pop usually pens, and if I'm any judge of psychology I'd venture the guess that the letter was written with a heavy heart. Pop discloses to me that Joe was placed in the infantry, and one does not have to be a seer to appreciate how my little Harry must have reacted to this news. I am thankful for having had the opportunity to persuade Joe to write his dad, and I sure hope he continues to do so. He's been the army a long time, and with a little break he'll manage okay, but honey, believe you me the infantry is no bed of roses.

Even if he is fortunate enough to avoid combat duty in this theatre, his chances of selling the rest of the world are excellent. I wrote you in yesterday's letter that he is supposed to have forwarded a package containing some perfume for you. Please keep in close contact with Uncle Harry, and advise me names of ads you receive. I sure wish the kid had gotten a better break, but who knows what fate destiny has in store for him.

Our PX rations came thru to-day, and once again I am well supplied with cigarettes and candy. Since our arrival in Germany these rations have been given to us gratis, but consisted only of cigarettes. However there was a marked improvement in the selection to-day: we received 7 packs of cigarettes, 6 bars of Hershey chocolate, 1 bar of Swan soap, 1 package of gum, 1 shaving blade, and 6 boxes of safety matches. When I was stationed in Belgium the same ration cost us 25 francs, so you can readily see the advantage of being in Germany—

The letter mentions that the folks saw you that day, and that you and Jim were just grand. Also relates that Aaron returned home from the hospital, but neglects to mention his progress. Hope all goes well with him, and that the original opinions that he'd be a cripple for life were erroneous. I trust everyone at home and among our kinfolk is well. (hey what a sentence). Is my uncle well and does he still live at the same address? Has his sight improved any since his operation?

After chow for night I took a walk along the outskirts of a large town. Saw many attractive homes, but a number of them have been damaged or demolished. The standard of living around here seems to have been modern, and it is no novelty to see a well dressed man or woman. It seems to me that people here have much more than any other country I have seen over here. One has but to notice the wash lines to see plenty of sheets, towels, underwear, table cloths, lace, and other necessities. These things are rare and scarce in the rest of Europe. I guess it is no secret how they managed to keep so



well supplied. My opinion is, though that the future will make it most difficult for them to replace these, or for those who lost their homes and everything, to substitute. As for me, I don't give a damn if they never again are able to enjoy the barest necessities of life, much less the luxuries.

Just before I started writing this letter I looked at these 4 snapshots of you and Jim, which arrived yesterday. The little fellow sure has grown tall, is smartly dressed, and seems to be ever ready to burst into laughter. It is a simple matter to note that he has inherited your charming smile. He seems a bit thin, but I guess he needs a good meal like me around to set a pace for him - wouldn't surprise me if his mother didn't need the same thing. In any event I sure am happy to see that both of you are looking so well. It won't be long before the three of us are stuffing a stranger to swag the two, that crew neck sweater really tickles me, and when we get our own place we'll all wear sweaters like that.

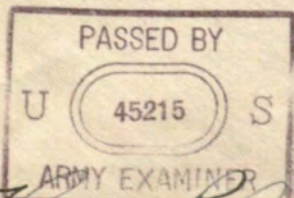
All goes well with me, keeping plenty busy with my records and personnel work. Have made arrangements to get you some more Churchill's Royal, and sure hope my boys don't forget me. Patiently awaiting your camera, and some films I hope, but expect to take a roll around here using a borrowed camera. I have many, many, pictures taken in France and even in Fort Snelling that I never sent home. At one time they might not have been permitted by the censorship, but perhaps after hostilities cease I'll be able to forward. As a last resort I'll have to carry them home. There's nothing I need, and when I do I'll request it.

Be of good cheer, keep smiling, have fun, kiss Jim and the folks for me, and my very best to everyone. I continue to love and adore you, and I'll kiss you in mind,
as ever,
George

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