

THE HISTORIC ROUND TOWER

6 MILES TO DOWNTOWN MINNEAPOLIS
7 MILES TO DOWNTOWN ST. PAUL



AN ACTIVE U. S. ARMY POST
SINCE 1819

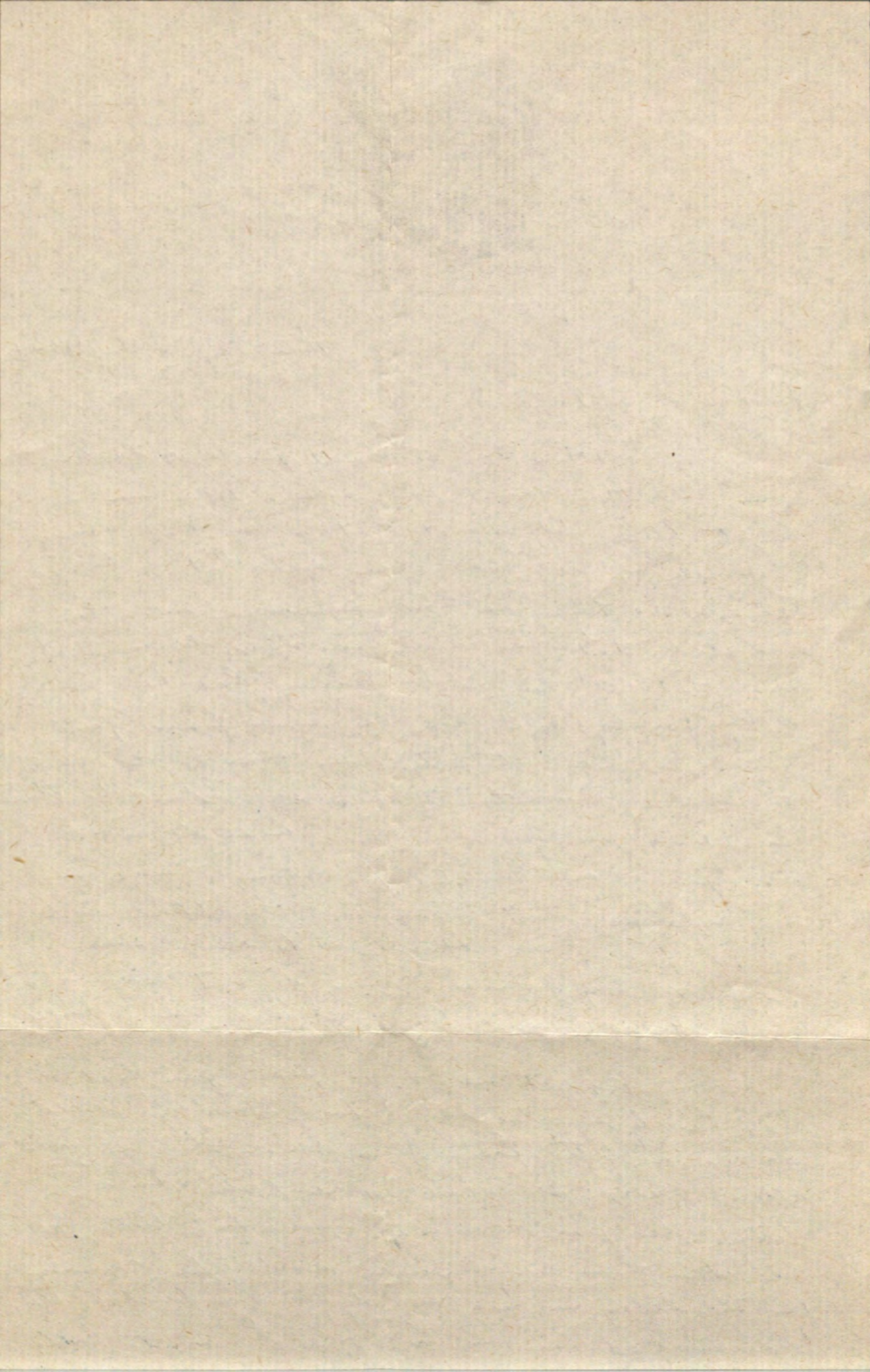
FORT SELLING. MINNESOTA

Thursday, Sept 7, 1944.

Flavens, dearest:

Another day without you and darling Jim, and the world sure seems like an empty place. It is not that I am not sure that all is well with you, but that I had become so happy in your presence and the knowledge that you were so close to me. I know that all this is temporary, but how long is temporary, and each day away from you seems like an eternity. Even though the sun is shining brightly its rays seem dull to the sunshine you and Jim have brought in to my life. I am grateful for many things in my existence but I am ever thankful and proud of my sweetheart, wife and son. Be well, my precious ones, do not worry. In fact, all will be well, and soon I hope.

As yet no mail from you but I had hardly expected any before Friday. I did receive a letter from Jules, Sunny, Herman and Allen's Barag. I enclose the latter two letters for your perusal. Jules had little to say other than an apology as to the cause for the delay in my reply to his last letter. I answered him to night, also wrote Billy



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and the folks.

Nothing new going on here; but the summons fly fast and furious. I have not been able to ascertain any new departure date, but if we do take off from here I am reasonably sure I will be seeing you. In any event, since I do not care too much about the purpose of the trip I am contented to remain here as long as possible.

The weather has been most delightful, and we are able to get a fair until 12 o'clock. However I am glad you are home, and not subject to these latrine summons. One of these days however I am sure the announcement of Victory will not be a rumor or even a hope, it will be a "reality"; and then perhaps life for us will assume its usual course. Right now I am hoping it's a "jail"; and please let me know when, as and if.

I hit it feels great to be home, even though we are both lonesome. Stay well, don't fret, and stay on the "ball". Let me know if Jim's leg improves. Kiss the rascal for his daddy, and him kiss you for your ever-loving admirer and sweetheart. How is Birdie? My best to everyone, and all my love to you,
as ever,
George

Cpl. G. Stoff, 42001 00
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Fort Snelling, Minn.



VIA AIR MAIL

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