

Letter, George Stoff to Florence Stoff, Lippstadt, Germany, June 22, 1945,
[Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

[Envelope]

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[Letter]

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Lippstadt –
22 June 1945

Florence, darling:

These sublime June days and beautiful moon-lit evenings leave me with an empty feeling knowing how much more wonderful life would be were we together. I know you too share this hollow feeling with me even though we are separated. But this continued absence is still necessary to insure that the future peace will be more lasting. Time will pass, the days may seem long or short, the nights the same, but eventually my time for release must come, and then we'll take over. Life will be happier, fuller and more interesting as a result of my having saved our country, but until we can pick up from the point we dropped off, patience and courage is the keynote. Love and romance has done ever so much to keep our spirits high, and they must be kept up in that place until you, Jim and I are a trio again. Loving you has enabled me to take all this in stride, with adjustments, and if you can continue to bear up under the lonesome feeling. I know I'll manage too.

Letters from you daily would be a heaven-sent plan, but somehow the post-office cannot seem to keep the delivery rolling along. Mail call to-day brought me a June 8th letter from Dan, and one from Uncle Harvey. Dan continues hopeful about the age limit, but an article in to-day's Stars and Stripes, relating testimony

before a Congressional comm, seems to indicate that this may still take time. Darling, Danny is more optimistic, and I still feel this is our year. Continue to apply pressure via your letter-writing to Congressmen, senators, and PM, and you'll be made happy by one day reading the announcement. The army has more men doing nothing than they know what to do with, and keeping men in the army just to grow old sounds too much like the boondoggling days of years gone by.

We were advised to-day by higher headquarters that we are now eligible to wear 2 little stars on our ETO Ribbon; one for the "Rhineland Campaign," and the other for the "Campaign of Central Europe." This increases my point total to 48, which will probably not be enough anyway. However, even though Combat troops earned more points for Campaigns I do not begrudge it to them. Within the limits of this town are arsenal military hospitals; German, and Polish and Russian. It's a common sight to see young lads and men minus a leg, foot, arm or some combination of such losses. I don't mind waiting a bit longer to get home as long as I missed combat duty. It's a sad sight looking at these unfortunates, and they too have a long sweating-out to look forward to. Life gave them the worst deal of all.

Dan also wrote about Lodge matters and politics. Uncle Harvey's letter, written by my dear Aunt said nothing as usual, but did include Joe's address. Apparently he has not written again for a long period, and seems to have embarked on another "chicken" career. There's no reason for his not writing his father, but apparently he cannot bring himself to doing so, in the light of receiving letters written by his mother. I'll probably drop him a line on Sunday in the hopes that I may learn what's going on with him.

Announcement made at lunch to-day that the picture to-night was "Here comes the Waves" with Betty Hutton and Bing Crosby just about determined our plans for the evening. Accordingly at 6 PM we took off for the theatre, which is only 3 blocks from our hotel to get good seats. Show started at 6:30 lasted until 9, and now I'm talking with you. It was a pretty good musical with Bing Crosby presenting a movie version of Frank Sinatra, and the girlyies fainting and

screaming at every other note. Plenty of laughs, swell tunes, and truly an evening that went fast. The theatre was 1/3 filled.

Little else of importance to relate this evening. I feel fine and dandy, watching my calories in order not to put on any more flesh; and have a feeling that some hungry ex-Nazi would have more than enough to eat were he to receive my surplus food. We mess in the restaurant, which is part of the railroad station, giving the daily crowd of displeased Germans and others a chance to watch us eat. Our mess gears filled with meat, vegetables, dessert, bread, butter and coffee are a more delightful sight than the black bread sandwiches without meat, cheese or butter. They use a mayonnaise or lard to make that bread more palatable, and the water used to wash it down hardly makes it more appetizing.

Am anxiously awaiting news of your arrival and accommodations in the country, in addition to the many replies to the questions I have asked in recent letters. Please do try to keep me posted, as all these little things you relate to me about you, Jim, my folks, your kin, all help ever so much to enliven my hopes and dreams. I am not much too busy these days, and thoughts of you are the most pleasant way to spend the long hours.

Hope you and Jim are in excellent health and spirits, having a grand time, and smiling. Am planning on making up another package for you in a few days, and will advise when I ship it and the contents. Will probably send it to pop's place to insure it's not going astray. Kiss Jim for me, sweetheart, and I'll kiss you a special June night kiss to-night. Give my very best to everyone, and remember I love you always.

As ever,

George

