

Belgium
29 March 1945.

Florence, dearest:

In the army it is common practice to continually orient men as to the reasons, "why we fight", or "hate the enemy", or "don't fraternize with Germans", or any one of a number of subjects pertaining to this supreme effort. In the same sense I would feel quite awkward if you or I needed a lecture or discussion to explain to us why we loved each other, or why our separation these days is so hard to take. Being in love with you, my sweetheart, seems as natural, and as necessary, as breathing. If for no other reason, I and all men separated from their wives, sweethearts, children, parents and home, hate the Nazis for accomplishing this. It begins to look though, that soon, this despoiler of things beautiful and cultural in the world will receive his inexorable destiny. Complete defeat, and then honey, perhaps the future German generations will find it in their power to be peace-loving rather than a sword-rattling race.

No mail from anyone to-day but there's always the morrow. I truly hope my daily letter reaches you no matter in which chronological order, as events here really are not associated by days. However to-day was just slightly different, in that it was Passover, and I was looking forward to attending a service for soldiers plus the accompanying meal. It was a strange feeling, darling, to be celebrating a holiday seated among so many strangers; and yet can I truthfully feel as though we were strangers. Was there not the common bond of being an allied soldier fighting or keeping to wage the fight against the enemy of all that is decent and upright in the world? Were we not descendants of a kind of people, who over years have felt the wrath of many Hitlers? Is it not possible that this year we were all seated there, deeply hoping that this would be the last year away from our dearest loved ones, and that future generations would find the formula "Love thy neighbor", a way of life, rather than a catch saying in a dogma that is based on fear? Yes, my sweetheart, it has been a strange Passover, as I sat among a 1000 soldiers, and mentally I was with you. As I peered in to the far-away look in the eyes of those about me, and dreamed about such feasts gone by, when you and all

my loved ones surrounded up. I will remember this night in years to come, and I'm glad to be privileged to help make it's future assured, so that others too will be able to partake in the future as in the past.

The meal itself was of little importance, but it was served in an excellent restaurant, with the service done in grand style, they tell me. Several of the boys were with me, and we were all quite touched by the attempt to do everything according to Hayle. Naturally the wine and Metzger were plentiful, but I'll tell you more about the meal at some future time. It is getting close to lights out, and I do want to complete this letter to night so that it gets out in to-morrow's mail.

From the accounts in the newspaper New York seems to have had a few exciting hours of celebration which only turned out to be a preview for the real thing. Fortunately for us we were not subjected to this flesh, so there was no undue fuss made. However, my sweetheart, the real announcement must come someday soon, and then I hope you celebrated or will celebrate. You might even get Jimmy to yell Hallelujah!

There's no point in asking a number of questions which I'm have an answer en route, so I want. I do hope that all goes well with you. Jim, Bob and all our kinfolk. I feel fine and dandy, spirits are good, and expect the worst is behind us.

Had the enclosed enlargements made as I think they are the two best snaps I've taken, from the point of view of subject matter, & photography. I know you want mind adding them to your album. As soon as I get another camera I'll start taking more snaps. Did Joe ever forward the 70 odd snaps he took during my visit to Paris? He hasn't replied to my letters yet.

Kiss the little, cute rascal for me, and I'll kiss you both in mind, with all my love. My very best to everyone, and keep smiling

as ever

George



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