

Letter, George Stoff to Florence Stoff; Fort Snelling, Minneapolis, Minnesota,  
June 11, 1944 [Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

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[Envelope]

Cpl. Geo. Stoff 42050100  
Co A 735 RWY OPN. BN  
Fort Snelling, Minn.

Mrs. Florence Stoff  
3021 Avenue I  
Brooklyn 10,  
New York

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[Letter]

Sunday 6 -11- 44

Florence, darling:

All morning I have been walking around humming to myself the tune "Oh what a beautiful morning". Just imagine first speaking with you, your agreeing to come out here as soon as possible, then receiving your Thursday letter with that lock of golden hair enclosed. All the news from your end was highly encouraging and I truly hope you have a minimum of difficulty getting out here. No matter how long you stay it is going to be a wonderful holiday for both of us, and I look forward impatiently to your arrival.

I think it advisable to obtain a round-trip ticket for yourself (Pullman), you need no ticket for Jimmy. Suggest you bring a small iron for pressing and a good camera, if possible. People here wear sport clothes and slacks all the time. You may need a few nice dresses for dances etc. Yes, darling, I hope to go dancing with you while you're here. I know this is no inducement, but at least we can laugh at my amateurish attempts.

Your news that Joel is well on his way to complete recovery was also grand to learn, and I'm certainly happy that the pressure is off Thelma and those in the family who were concerned. Hope he doesn't have to stay in the hospital too long. I don't recall when I last wrote Jules, but I think he owes me a letter. I'll write him in a day or so. Billy sure is a good guy, and I hope his sister is

improving. However he sure is lax in his letter writing. I have received no reply to two of my letters since I returned from furlough but I'll write him again very shortly.

To-day I received a letter from Jack Weber who is swell, lost some weight, and is looking forward to one of my famous steaks and some fire water to quench his thirst. He sounds as though living conditions are rough wherever he is, but that's part of the rotten game. Also received from G.J. Brown who advises that you phoned, and I think by this time he knows we appreciate all the firm is doing for us. It certainly makes it a lot easier to manage under the circumstances. Incidentally some of our stocks have benefited by the invasion, and the looming peace. They have been going up slowly but surely, and we have a little extra profit. Mr. Pincus has not written in over a week but I presume he has been busy and preoccupied with his nephew's death.

Mom and pop don't write often enough, but I suppose the effort is too much for their poor script. I hope you manage something for pop's birthday and father's day combined. Also be sure to get the insurance bill from pop before you take off, if he has already received it, otherwise have him forward it to you or me.

It is raining to-day but looks as though it may clear up soon. Suggest you bring your raincoat with you. Last night Vandenburg and I spent the evening visiting various bars. He is leaving on furlough Tuesday so we made a night of it, but as usual nothing happened. He has two kids and I'm in love, we play a "no hits, no runs, no errors game." See what I mean. Had a delicious roast chicken dinner, stuffing, mashed potatoes, glazed carrots, gravy, lettuce and tomato salad, coffee, biscuits, cake and ice cream, and all for free. – but no table cloth and napkins. When I get those I'll know the war is over.

Stay well, sweetheart, don't get excited, and hurry. Kiss Jim for me and pretty soon I'll be kissing you both in Union Station, St. Paul. My best to everyone.

As ever,  
Gg.