

13 April 1945.

Florence, darling:

Hallelujah! The mail finally came thru, and once again I am a happy man in the knowledge that all is well at home. It is amazing what a piece or two of paper with writing on it from you will do to me, at the same time I am home, close to you, in Paradise, and in the little world we call our own. Fortunately all this cannot be taken away from me, and I rejoice with you when I learn that all is well and in order with my only sweetheart and darling son.

To-day's mail call brought your V-Mail letters dated March 24th and 25th; a letter from Bob dated March 30th, and one from the folks written April 1st. Everyone seems to be in good health and spirits on the home front, and be assured that all is fine and dandy with me. I hope my daily letter is coming thru okay, and that some more of my packages have arrived in good condition. I wrote you several weeks ago of the

advisability of your not sending any more packages, and I repeat this, as I believe I may not be situated in this town by the time they arrive.

There is no assurance of this, but the trend of the day is to be pushing the Nazis back. Perhaps we will have to follow the armies. In any event if we don't I'll let you know, and you can continue the practice.

So had you and Jim did not get to the Zoo as planned but I'm sure you will the first chance you get. If he acts anything like he has been described to me I feel sure the animals beholding the Zoo are grateful he did not show up. You must be feeding that lad raw meat, or too many vitamins, with all that vein, vigor and vitality. It is good to learn that he and you are in excellent health, and, if the news continues for a few more days like it has this week, I'm sure you will be in excellent spirits. The Nazis are really taking a well-deserved beating, and I hope it winds up in Berlin. Be of good cheer, honey, I too am beginning to feel that this will be our year, and the years to follow will be full, happy ones.

The news of President Roosevelt's untimely death was received over the radio this morning. I certainly was most sorry to hear this, as I believe that his power and personality were most important for the making of a lasting peace following the hour of victory. It is not going to be a simple matter to replace him at this time, and I hope a strong figure comes to the fore to lead America, its hopes and ideals, when the time arrives for the delegates to assemble at the Peace Conference Table. I hope Stettinius is the man of the hour. However, sweetheart, America will come thru okay, no man is indispensable, and the cause of right is on our side.

The weather has been grand the past few days, and as a result of leaving summer time I get a chance to spend some time outdoors. Everything is budding, growing, and smelling delightful. It is not quite as warm as the heat wave you have been experiencing lately, but it sure is pleasant. I am patiently awaiting word that you and Jim are located for the summer, so please advise. I sent you a money order several days ago, and another about a

month ago. Please be sure to
acknowledge both of them, as well as
any packages you receive. Pop's letter
had the musical review of "Good
Friday's" performance of "Parsifal", and I
hope next year to be able to treat him
to this grand opera. Somehow, since it
is sung only once a year, he has
never heard it, and I'm more determined
than ever that he do so. He also wrote
about you and Jim being fine and dandy,
and since his letter is only 12 days old, I
guess I'm well versed on current
news at home.

Not much else to relate to-night,
and since one of my illiterate friends
is waiting ever so patiently for me to
write a reply to his letter for him
I'll save some of the gossip for to-
morrow's letter. Stay well, kiss
Jim and the folks for me, keep
smiling, and always remember I
love and adore you

as ever

George

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