



UNITED STATES ARMY

Wednesday, Dec. 8th 1943.
8 P.M.

Florence, Sweetheart:

Every day I spend a great deal of my time thinking about you and Sunny Jim, but when I sit down to write my daily letter to you I am really in a little Paradise all our own. I am completely oblivious to everything and everyone else and I just sit here and dream, dream about you, your smile, your good nature, your happy countenance when you are that overwhelmed with trouble, your son, our marital bliss, and even how we pulled together thru and out of all our troubles and moments of unhappiness. This, dear, is another one of those unpleasant events, and sooner or later we will have eliminated this and I am hopeful of a long and happier married life together in the future. I love you, and everything about you, and it is your sustaining love for me that makes this so easy. So, darling, carry on, don't get yourself worked up into a sweat about minor things, and above all keep that smile working overtime. I know you are over the Monday blues so I won't endeavor to rescue you from the sloughs of despondency, why, just being to look at Sunny Jim should be enough tonic for you. I know I'd give the sergeant's eye teeth just to play with him for a while, but even I know that chance will come soon.

To-day dear I received 13 letters, 11 of which had been sent to Camp Upton. Naturally I am spending a great deal of time answering them. This business of getting mail is the greatest morale builder in the army, and I sure feel proud so many people write. In addition I am writing Bers to-nite, just as you suggested.

Jack Kermity also wrote and advised that his friend was still trying, but I guess its too difficult to do anything from what I hear around here. It seems the good jobs are already filled, but I think I will wind up in an office job anyway, as I am listed as a chief clerk and most men in this classification are placed in an office job. Also heard from Bob, and he seems to be well, but stuck with K.P. but as yet I have had none of this since my arrival here.

We were advised that our Barracks were to be changed on Thursday, so in the next letter I write my address may be a bit different. No significance to this that I know of, but continue to send mail as usually addressed and I will be sure to get it. Did not receive the package yet, but that should arrive in another day or so. Now for the Xmas problem, (1). Did you take care of everyone else, such as, the folks, Sam, Kay - Anita, your family, Jan and Jill, Bob and Denny. Send Bob cigarettes; as for me I need that nail-clipper I wrote about yesterday, and I could use a pair of sun glasses - but only a good brand that will not fall off when I march; but I would prefer best of all, pictures or snapshots of you, Jim, and my mother and father. I can't think of anything else, but will not hesitate to ask if I do.

I am happy that you are eating and sleeping better, and this is as it should be. You must retain your mind, vigor, and vitality as there will be much to do when I get home. I am feeling swell - getting really hardened up - plenty of air and sunshine - slightly browned now - and no rain since I came in the Army. Our friends, even though they disturb, are swell to keep in contact with you. Jules Kieber met Brobera at a meeting last Saturday, but was quite cold to him. I don't think we need Jules to act like that but who am I to tell him what to do.

Give my best to everything, and with a big hug and a kiss for my sweetheart and my son. You find me as ever,
George.

Dec 8'



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