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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Monday, Nov. 22, 1943  
9<sup>00</sup> P.M.

Florence, dearest darling:

Little does one realize how important a letter can be until one is separated from ones loved ones, and placed in to an army - It is only after having been here 24 hours that I began to appreciate Bob's mental attitude about getting out of the army, and back to civilian way of life. It is not that the military set-up is so terrible but that the civilian way is so enjoyable. Getting up 5:15 A.M. is easy enough, but you stand around for hours waiting for something to happen. And that's the usual procedure, wait in line, someone always barking, complaining, never satisfied, and still nothing happens - of course, this will change after I arrive at the next camp; and you never know how long you have to wait to be shipped - Naturally, I will keep you advised. My friend, the sergeant, tells me most of the line outfits don't want men over 30 yrs - and that quite a few are discharged after basic training - so my previous one, although his separation depends both of us if not other, get thoughts of you and that jewel of a son keep me inspired - and I know all will be well with us soon - so keep your head high - I am, too.

Now, let me tell you about the food - at meal time called "chow" the boards are lined up outside the respective mess halls, and you wait in line for your next - Well, the smart reporter of the boys who averaged about 60-75 on the I. Q. test is enough to keep you in hysterics, if nothing else I am learning the basic English of the "White Trash"; and the pictures drawn on the wall of the guild a better interpretation of "Psychopathic Societis" than the book itself. Then you get inside the mess hall, you first pick up silverware (and the soup spoon is used for a dessert spoon - see what I mean?) and you get an aluminum tray which is identical for the various portions - and then things begin to happen - One soldier drops a different item as you go by - for instance Sundays' meals consisted of following:

Breakfast:

apple (raw)  
Puffed wheat  
milk (bottle)  
Sausage (2)  
Corn meal (fried)  
Coffee  
Butter

Dinner:

chicken (roasted)  
Dressing  
mashed potatoes  
string beans  
Cranberry sauce  
Diced peaches  
Butter.  
Bread  
Tea

Dinner

Frankfurters  
or  
meat loaf (not for me)  
potato salad  
cobb salad  
plain cake  
Peach jam (on table)  
Hot chocolate.

You must admit one cannot starve, and if you want it you can get seconds. as for the quality, there is no cause for worry. Having worked in a mess ~~hall~~ kitchen for 14 hours I assume you they buy the best of everything - Choice beef - American frankfurters - delicious butter - grade A beans (egg)



which are larger than those you can buy -  
fruit and vegetables are positively the finest -  
of course they don't give it the same tender  
love and attention that you do at home - but  
then under the circumstances, it will do -

Another source of interest might be the  
presentation of the picture that the men  
produce as they walk around in long dresses  
and woollen shirts - One person creates no  
fuss, but you should see 35 to 40 men  
running around in this condition - The  
shoes, sizes, contours are very funny -

It is getting late, and lights will go out  
shortly - so I will continue my relation of  
camp life as soon as I can. I hope you are  
finding it easier to sleep these nights, but if  
you don't remember that I too am awake at  
5 AM or so, and my only thoughts are of you  
and Jimmy - and sometimes it seems as though  
I read your thoughts out here in the ether  
waves, and then I am lousy once again -

Please remember me to Charlie, Bertie,  
Winnie, Willie, Bunny, and all the others,  
who have been so kind to us - Have written  
cards to many of our friends - so don't  
worry about my neglecting them -

Darling, please kiss Jimmy for his daddy,  
and tell him I'll be back soon to teach  
him some of the sports he will need to make  
him a strong, big, boy; one who will be  
proud of his devoted mother and proud father,  
so until tomorrow, honey, I kiss you in mind  
as ever,

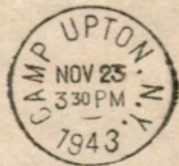
George





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