

SERVICE CLUB
CAMP PLAUCHE
NEW ORLEANS 12, LOUISIANA

Wednesday 3-8-44

Florence, Sweetheart:

The failure to write you yesterday was due entirely to conditions beyond my control, just as everything I am being forced to do these days. However, dearest, it was a gorgeous day in the country, the sun was dazzling, the sunset most brilliant, and believe you me, it was a perfect day to crown the ever present thoughts and dreams in my mind, - of you, naturally. It gave me an opportunity to day dream about the wonderful times we have had in the country in days gone by, but were so to think and hope for days, for more numerous, to be spent in the country together. If I learn nothing else as a result of this experience, I certainly feel as though I have learned to understand and appreciate the more simple and fundamental facts of life. One should never waste a single moment which can be devoted to the pursuit of happiness. We have neglected many such occasions, but next assured, my darling, the future will contain no such errors or omissions. You and I have sacrificed much in this war, but if my luck holds out, we will adjust this period of our present life in a fuller,

happier future to come. You and I realize it is going to take courage and patience and steadfastness to out-wait this crisis, but we are capable, and we will.

I will proceed to relate yesterday's program, and you will clearly understand my not being able to write as usual. We were awakened at 5 A.M., for medical inspection, then cleaned our barracks, packed a full field pack, had breakfast and at 7.30 A.M. with this pack on our shoulders, we proceeded to hike out to the country side. This hike was only two miles, and even though it was my first since my induction, hardly bothered me or my feet. Upon arrival at the BIVOUAC area, we then proceeded to pitch our tent. Gesshey and I pitched our tent together; as a matter of fact each carried only canvas for a tent. After this we were given instructions in demoralizations, Camouflage, grenade throwing etc. Chew arrived at 11.30, and we had our first sample of "C" Rations. This consists of Council food fed to soldiers when no kitchen equipment is available. I have retained two cans, which I will forward this week. Please save them for me. You note one can contains biscuits, beverage, confection etc, and a key for the other can, which contains the main dish. The stuff is tasty, and not bad eating, but you get the same for breakfast, and by that time you are fed up with the stuff. Of course, there is a selection of three different main dishes. I'll

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beef and vegetable hash, beef and vegetable stew, and beef and beans. The main course is warmed up, and either eaten right out of the can, or bumped in to your mess kit. This is fun, especially the supper and breakfast meals, which are both eaten in the dark, or in the glow of the moon or fire. There are any number of funny stories to relate about these meals, but they are more easily told and described, than related in a letter. Well, the balance of the day until dusk was devoted to lectures and demonstrations, and you can readily see, since there were no lights, that letter writing was out of the question; but I did have a wonderful dream about you and Jim. The moon was brilliant, and the star-studded sky sure was a delight to the eye. We had a little home talent entertainment, and then to sleep by 8 o'clock. The purpose of these bivouacs is to teach you how to set up tents, and also to sleep under the stars. It was a little cold, but Irving and I passed our 4 blankets, and managed to keep comfortable. We were both a little stiff in the morning (5 A.M.) but as I gazed at myself in the mirror later in the day, I realized how beneficial the days outdoors had been. We arrived back at camp at 9 o'clock this morning no worse for the experience, and wiser men.

The best part of the day yesterday was

receiving your Friday and Saturday letters, in addition to several others. I read and re-read your lovely letters, and sure did miss you most at that moment, but I guess no more than I have missed you every moment since I bid you a fond adieu almost 4 months ago, an eternity it seems. To-day your Sunday letter arrived, and I am so glad all is well at home with you, Jim and the folks. Bob has been waiting daily, and has received no mail from anyone in over a week. I wrote him on Sunday, and you should also write for the folks when you find time, in addition for yourself. All is well with him and Fran, and he expects to be there for several weeks longer. He has a new address, SQ 97 - SAAAB, SANTA ANA CAL.

Thanks for remembering my uncle Harry with that candy, and I'm glad Don became a W/SGT. I will write him when I receive his letter. We are definitely going to the rifle range on Sunday, and this will slow my mail up. But I will endeavor to write daily, even if only a card. It is expected that we will leave here on or about the first week in April, so until then I have no idea of our destination, but as I suggested, if within reason, you and Jim, will surely visit me. My term average was only 94, but everyone was quite satisfied, except me.

Stay well, dearest, kiss Jim for his daddy, and I'll kiss you in mind, Give my best to the folks and our parents, as ever,
Gg.

Put. Gen. Stoff 42050100

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