

SERVICE CLUB
CAMP PLAUCHE
NEW ORLEANS 12, LOUISIANA

Wednesday 3-1-44

Flourence, darling:

The month of March implies to me a rapidly approaching Spring, the time of the year when all mankind plants and sows in order to reap in the fall. I, too, sweetheart am mentally planting the hope and wish that the Crop this year will be a most beautiful one, and that by the time the fall season arrives we will once again be together, leaving you as I do will surely keep the blossoms blooming, and I have every hope that we will see the end of this world conflagration, in time to celebrate a fall reunion. Of course, I expect to see you long before that, sweetheart, but I hope later in the year it will be a permanent homecoming. Be of good cheer, join me in this spring planting, and I'm sure we will have a immense Crop.

Your Sunday letter arrived to-day and it seems as though regular mail comes than as quickly as air mail, so

Continue this practice unless you have something important to relate. I will do likewise, but occasionally one of the boys gets into town at night, and we all send our mail with him to be dropped in town. This speeds up the service at least one day. Included in the package I sent you was a copy of the only New Orleans Morning paper. I thought you might enjoy reading about New Orleans, as they think of themselves. Please add this paper to World War II scrap file. Also, on the day the war ends please purchase a copy of the Times for the same purpose. I expect to spend many years looking back at this phase of my existence, and dearest, we sure are going to enjoy this trip into the past.

I realize how conservative you are in your descriptions of Jimmy, and I am glad you are that way. However, either everyone who writes about him is humoring me along, or else they are exceedingly extravagant in their praise. However I'm satisfied if only he is a normal child, with some of your splendid characteristics. In any event, prodigy or otherwise, I am most impatient to see him, and rest assured the very first opportunity that presents itself, we will see each other.

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This is constantly on my mind, and I will leave nothing undone until it is accomplished. Working in battalion hq. will do no harm on that score, if you know what I mean.

Your Sundays sound as they were well filled with visits and company, and I am tickled that everyone is so helpful and cooperative. Glad that they are all well, and that Jim is a constant source of joy. I hope they don't spoil him, and don't let them, if possible. Surprised to learn that N.Y. is still having black-outs, but I guess there is a war still going on.

If Charlie can supply you with a bottle of scotch, only a good name brand though, it is advisable to buy it. All this stuff will be scarce and expensive for several years after the war, and I guess we can stand the investment for a bottle or even two. Please be certain, though that the bottles are carefully put away. Suggest you get a couple of whiskey cartons, and put them into my closet. Also want to remind you

to give my hats to papa, and they will
be no good to me when I come home.
I expect to buy new ones, in the latest
vogue, see what I mean. Let me know
how you make out with the Scotch, please.

Received a letter from Mom, who
incidentally writes a poor letter, one
from M. Hunt and one from Claude Alden.
This Alden has a large farm in Virginia,
and hopes when this is all over that we
will be able to visit with each other; and
believe you me, dearest, we will. Hunt
writes a long letter, and also inquired as
to how we are faring financially. It
is most considerate of him to inquire,
as it certainly leaves him open to almost
any kind of a request. I shall endeavor
to answer him as tactfully as possible,
and hope you will mention it to no one,
who knows him.

Little else to relate, studying for
Saturday's exam, fair fine, weather slightly
warmer, and I miss you and Jim always.

Stay well, sweetie, kiss Jim for daddy, and
I'll kiss you in mind, with love in my
heart

as ever,

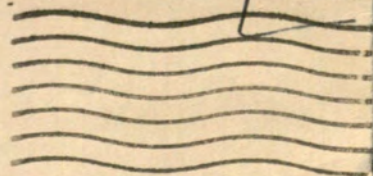
Gg.

Your letters are legible, and I still
scrawl up every word - and love it!

Pat. Geo. Stoff 42050100

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