

SERVICE CLUB
CAMP PLAUCHE
NEW ORLEANS 12, LOUISIANA

Wednesday 3-22-44

Florence, dearest:

It has been raining all day and the nice clean wash I hung on the line last night has been taking an awful beating by the numerous downpours. So I guess the best laid plans of mice, men and soldiers are apt to go astray, but this I know that all the hopes and dreams of our future life together will not be way-laid by any combination of events or circumstances. I firmly believe that we will be together for many, many years, and that every moment of them will be well filled with love, happiness and contentment. Join me, my beloved, in feeling the same way, and I'm certain that all will be so. Fate has been kind to us on occasion, and since we don't abuse it I believe our good luck will keep out.

Your Sunday letter arrived to-day, and was the only mail I received, however since it is the only one I look forward to, I do not mind the others. Sundays sound like such fun in our little home, and I am happy that everyone manages to get some joy out of playing with Jim, and being with you, as a matter of fact looking forward to doing just this myself.

Keeps me inspired. I am still a bit disappointed that Buckley did not visit you, but I guess not all people are like you or me. Under no circumstances would I have omitted being this for him or any other buddy in the service.

Hope the nasty weather has let up, and that you and Jim are able to get out there long. Also trust you have received all the mail I have written to you during the past week, as you should receive a letter daily from me. Have had no mail from Bob for several days, but I suppose he is awaiting word from me before writing. It is expected that we will move out of here very soon, and I will advise you after we do. It is strongly rumored that we are going west of Chicago, and I guess you and Jim and mom, may have to spend about 24 hours traveling to visit me. This will no doubt prove more desirable than this dirty city, and I can hardly wait until all this dreaming and wishing becomes a reality. But fear not, sweetheart, it will, and we will be together again.

Glad to learn that Piccus, and the folks are feeling well, and hope that Et's sin us has improved. I know I owe R. Weinberg a letter, but he let me wait about 2 months to reply to my last, so I think I'll let him stew a while longer. Little of importance going on, and I guess I'll have to await

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the technical training camp before I get
any promotion. There is some doubt as to
Goesbey's status with the battalion due to his
missing that week on the range, but even this
will be settled soon.

Enclosed herewith you find a copy
of my N.Y. State 1943 tax return, which you will
please file. I forwarded the original to
already. There is no tax to pay on this. Have
you heard anything relative to the Federal Tax
refund?

I feel fine; hoping, and if I believed
in deity I'd pray, for this war to end quickly,
so I can once again gather my loved ones in
my arms, and smother and be smothered
with kisses. In the interim though I
will do this in mind, but you please kiss
Jim for daddy. My best to everyone in the
house and at the office, and with all my
love to you,

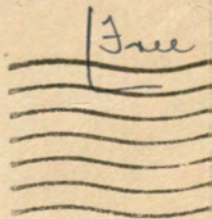
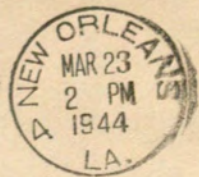
as ever,

John

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CAMP BLAUCHÉ
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