

April 15th. 1944

Dear George,

Not much to relate. Fran and I spent a swell weekend at Balboa Beach, motorboating, and sunbathing ourselves on the beach. We both got a fair burn, and look forward to more such sunny days.

There's still no good substantial rumor as to when we'll leave, nor do I even feel like guessing. All I hope for is time - lots of it. In the interim, except for K.P. now and then, I'm not working at all. I'll have to start losing weight soon. I'm so heavy, my sun tans

don't fit. I weigh 166 stuffed;
which is an 18 pound gain over
my loughboy days.

Somehow, after showing home
and speaking to Pop, I feel sure
that our assumption about Sam's
not caring too much one way
or the other concerning his draft
status, is more than mere
assumption. Pop sounded plenty
pissed off, and disgusted with
his actions; or should I say, lack
of actions.

Perhaps, because of the
joy I experience when I'm
off during the weekend, am I so
pissed off at Sam myself. I know
you must feel similar. When I'm
off, and spending my time with

Frank, all I can think of is the day when we'll have our own home, and of being able to spend my time as I please.

Oh, I'm introspective enough to realize that I may be dreaming and planning, and making a lot of ado over nothing. But I know so well that starving and struggling in your own way, on your own time, is far sweeter than getting fat in the army.

If Sam is as unconcerned about all this as I think he is, I doubt that I shall have any respect for him at

I have hope
gets even better.
all is well,
and that it

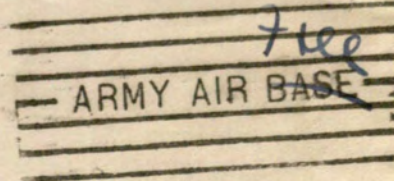
all. My God, doesn't he have
any sense at all. As for Kay,
I don't know. Remembering Sam as
he once was, I must concede
a lot of credit to her. Still,
in many ways she's been
at an awful loss. Sam has his
head in his ass, and I think
if she'd give him one good
shove, something more
than an ignominious would
result.

Nuts, I'm in my usual
lunacy, pissed-off and dreamy
mood. I'll be O.K tomorrow
night.

I'd like to thank Florence
for the cigarettes she mailed me,
but I know she went to the country,
and I'm hoping she then takes off
to Minn.

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Pvt. George Stoff

Co. A ~~655~~ 735 RWY BN OPN

Ft. Snelling,

Minn.

