



Saturday, Dec. 11th. 1943.

Dearest Florence:

As the days and weeks go by, it begins to appear more and more that love is such an intangible item that mere mortals can hardly comprehend its makeup; why it is that people love one another; and the reason for the sacrifices and sweetheart will undergo for his loved one. I have plenty of time to think down here, and I have come to the conclusion that loving a person has no verbal explanation, any more than why does a person begin to breathe at birth, or why does he die. But it seems to me the importance of loving and being loved finds its genesis in not the cause but the manifestation. It does not matter why I love you and you me, but dwelling in loving you I find the greatest happiness I ever expected to enjoy in my lifetime. Knowing that you feel the same makes us one, and this separation is only physical, mentally and spiritually I'll always be at your side, loving, adoring and cherishing, my one and only sweetheart and beloved.

I knew not whether I told you once before, but this is a very old Army slogan which states "There are two ways to do a thing; the right way and the Army way." Well, for the past two days I have been moved from several barracks and various companies, so that I have not received any mail from you to-day. However I expect to trace the mail on

Sunday A.M. so that I may catch up with it. To night
about one hour after I moved again I was tied to
pack my stuff and be ready to shift elsewhere. This came
about in the following manner. about 6.30 A.M. the
sergeant read off a list of about 30 names among
whom mine was included. We were given an interview
G.I. style in which the questions were, "Can you type?
To which I replied, "Yes", and then "How many words
a minute, and with any hesitation and quite freely. I
said "about 20 to 30 per minute". I was then excused
and went back to my company, which at this time
was Co. "H. & S." During the day, about 4 P.M. I was
transferred to Co. "A" in the 8th BN. I then moved
into another Barracks, unpacked my duffle bag, hung up
my clothes, made my bed (hospital corners!) and prepared
for chow. To our behind around came another high-
class sergeant to advise me to move to a Barracks
across the street, as I was being transferred to
another Co. as a clerk or typist. However, there is no
way of ascertaining yet whether this is permanent or
temporary, or even where I stand, but I do think
you had better back up any further mail until you
get an official address from me. I will naturally write
you as soon as possible, and please pass the info
on to anyone you speak to on the phone. This business
of moving around down here is a standing joke, so
don't be surprised at what goes on. This unit being
a combat outfit, and the basic training so short,
the Army does not pay too much attention to keeping
the men stationary until the basic is completed.
However, I am getting to see all parts of the camp,
and the cooking varies from Mrs. Hall to Mrs. Hall.
I received your package this morning in good shape,
and thank you very much for being so cooperative.
Because of all the moving around to-day no passes
were issued and I didn't get around to seeing
New Orleans yet, but maybe next week.



I hope you and Jimmy Jim are feeling fine and dandy, and that you are settling down to a definite routine without too many phone calls at the wrong time. I intend to phone you Sunday morning early if possible, but if I don't get you, I want you to know I tried. I just want to hear your voice, and listen to you tell me that all is well, except that you are lonesome. I know how you feel, dear, but I guess this job has to be finished first, and then we will proceed to take care of our little wars.

A soldier means too much clothes to get much of a body tan here, but you should see how nicely my face has tanned. I am outdoors all day, and believe me darling, the air smells good. After almost 15 years in a smoke-laden office I don't ~~think~~ I'll ever get back to that grind again, but I'd sure give my sergeant's left "tit" to get back right now. No work to-day and Sunday, and I guess I'll take a walk just to break up the monotony, you know a husman's holiday. I haven't weighed myself lately, but I don't believe I've lost any weight; but it does appear that I have moved some off my stomach and can up to my shoulders. I feel extra special well physically, and mentally I steel myself daily, for I must carry on to the finish of the war.

I had hoped to write you a long descriptive letter on Sunday depicting another episode of army life and routine, but at the moment I'm not sure if I'll get to it. However, at the first opportunity that presents itself, I will do it up brown for you. Little else to report tonight except that I still dream of you continually, and hope

that you catch those telegraphic thoughts daily. So. until
I write again, and with a hug and kiss in mind for
you and the little rascal, you find me, yours

As ever

Ag.



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