

Saturday, 12-18-43.

Florence, dearest:

Last night as I lay in bed and looked up into a most beautiful sky, brilliantly studded with twinkling stars, I thought of the many wonderful evenings we spent together under the same array of astronomical objects. Of those nights we lived and loved during our courtship days, those never to be forgotten honeymoon nights, and then after Jimmy came, those evenings filled with so much happiness and contentment. Yes, sweetheart, I thought of all those times, and how I longed for you to be here with me and view these same gorgeous stars. It seems, honey, that even though we did spend some wonderful nights together, I think the past will seem as though they were wasted, compared to the sublime bliss I look forward to in the future. I know you are quite aware as to how I feel towards you, but, darling, telling you how much I love you keeps me happy, and when I get back home again I'll spend the rest of my days telling you about it.

Almost five or six days have passed since I last had any mail from you, and I'm a little behind time as to see the home news. This morning about has messed up the mail service, but sooner or later it will all catch up with me. You probably have noticed that I have been able to continue writing daily, and will endeavor to do so. Of course, some letters may be shorter than others, but I hope you won't mind it. Have answered all the mail I did receive except Eleanor and I'll answer her to-day or to-morrow.

You know, dear, since I came into the army I have not concerned myself too much with what I ate or how it was prepared, in order to be able to adjust myself more quickly to the army food. But, for the past few days I have had a strong desire for some cassied shrimps with rice, and some fried chicken a la Florence. Even though I am in the so-called land of fried chicken, up to the present writing I have neither seen or tasted any. I suppose it was obtainable in New Orleans but none of the boys could seem to be able to recommend a restaurant which catered to that delicacy. But, no matter, when the happy time comes I'll catch up with that, too.

I noticed in the papers that it is plenty cold in New York. Are you dressing yourself out Jimmy warmly enough?

Is everyone well? Don't forget to let me know what happened with you and Jimmy on Xmas. Is the little fellow talking much? Is he learning quickly? Is he able to eat by himself? Is he messing up the bar and the bottles yet? Did you get any of those Sols-Sbars educational tags? Did you get to the office yet? How was Rigoletto on the air to-day? Have you heard from Sam and Kay recently? As yet they have not written me, but it's possible that one of the letters being delayed. Received my 1944 dues card and also a Grand Lodge card from Herbert Hirsch, together with a foam letter. I forwarded the letter to Danny for his perusal, to demonstrate how coldly some poor civilians can act toward the lucky soldiers. Ask him to send some to you. Did you obtain a nail clip for me?

I am feeling pretty good: it's true as I think of Xmas, and you, and Jimmy I sometimes get a bit homesick, but I know that before long this will be just a memory, and then we can resume that happy married life we enjoyed before I left. Not working too hard; getting plenty of sunshine and fresh air, and watching my diet. There is little to relate about myself, but some day when I get into the mood, I'll describe some of the men I bunk with. Incidentally, did you enjoy my description of sick call? I'll write descriptions of other scenes when time permits, and I think I'll keep you laughing. To-nite I went to the movies to see a revival of "Holiday Inn", which was most entertaining. Have you been able to go to the movies lately, and what have you seen?

How is mom and pop, tentatively? Are they well, and keeping a stiff upper lip? I will write again to-morrow, and I hope that this finds you and Jimmy Jim in excellent spirits and health, and that you both remember that I always have a kiss in mind for you,

as ever,

George.

Use this address, until advised
to the contrary.

Pvt. Geo. Staff (47050100)

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