

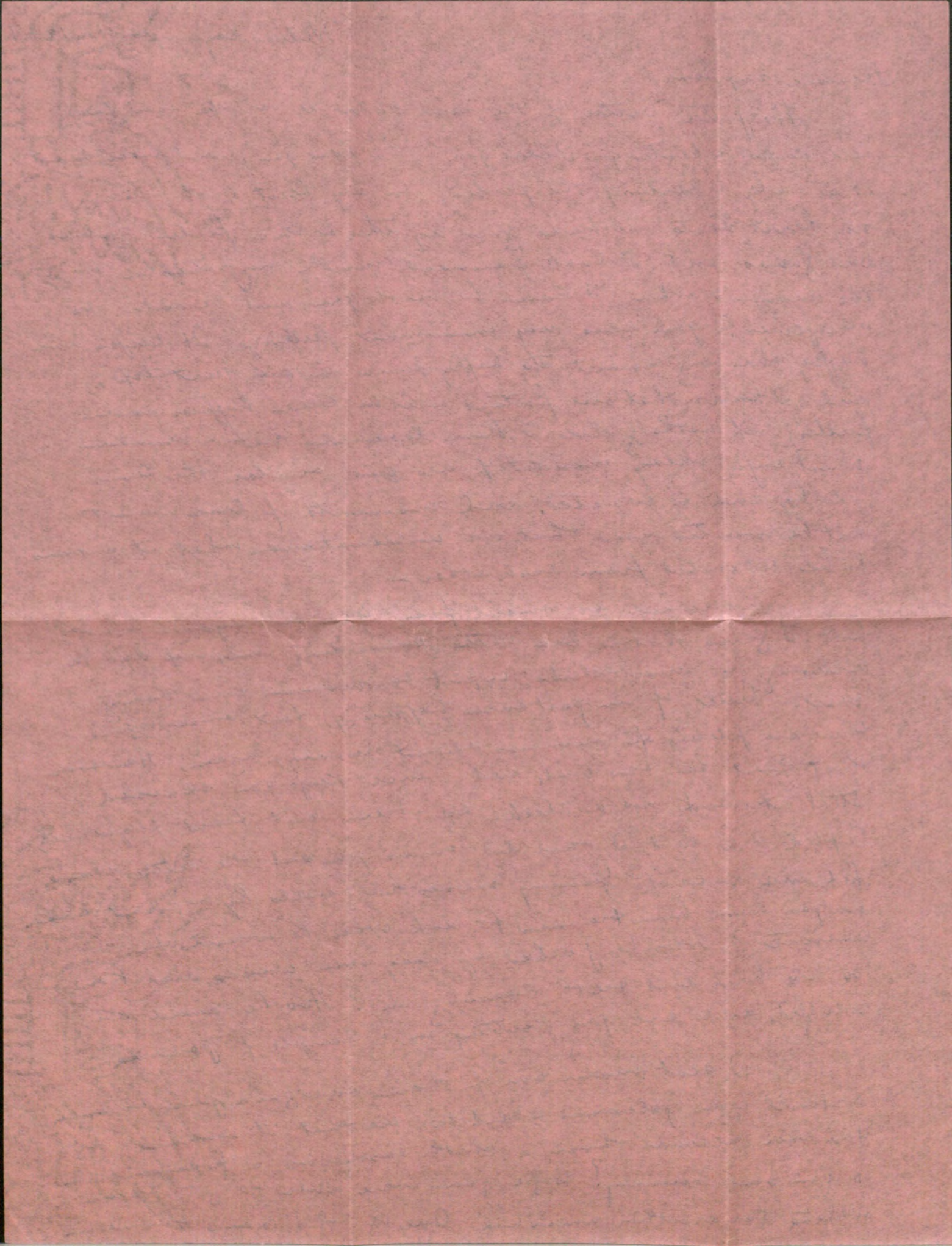
Wednesday Jan. 12, 1944.

Florence, my love:

The pitter-patter of the rain outside on the window sill keeps repeating "I love you", "I love you", and sweetheart it is only repeating the feeling in my heart each time my heart beats. As time goes by this erotic feeling grows and grows, and I look forward with impatience to the moment when I can be with you, and be able to whisper into your ears my innermost feelings. It keeps me happy thinking about the happy times in our past life, and I know that our future will be even happier and fuller. If nothing else I have learned that a person must enjoy every moment of his life, or else the time goes by and is wasted; and moments of love must not be wasted now that we understand what it means to be separated from each other -

I received no mail from you or anyone to-day, but I guess that is due to the prevailing mix-up due to a change in mail-clerks; expect to-morrow will bring mail. Little of importance happening, but once again there are plenty of rumors about moving again. However that can't be too bad, and I will keep you advised. Still at work as a clerk, so I am not tired physically. I feel O.K. but I sure do miss you and the little share. Let me know if Jimmy moves his hamels by request, and do you have him trained to ask when he wants to urinate? Has he picked up any new words, and how is his hair and teeth coming in? Has he gained any weight, and are you putting on a couple of pounds?

I sent mom one of those insignia pins to wear, so will you please check to see that it arrived. Did you ever receive those 2 cloth insignias I forwarded to you and Jimmy? Hope you were able to get some tickets for another musical. One of the boys turned



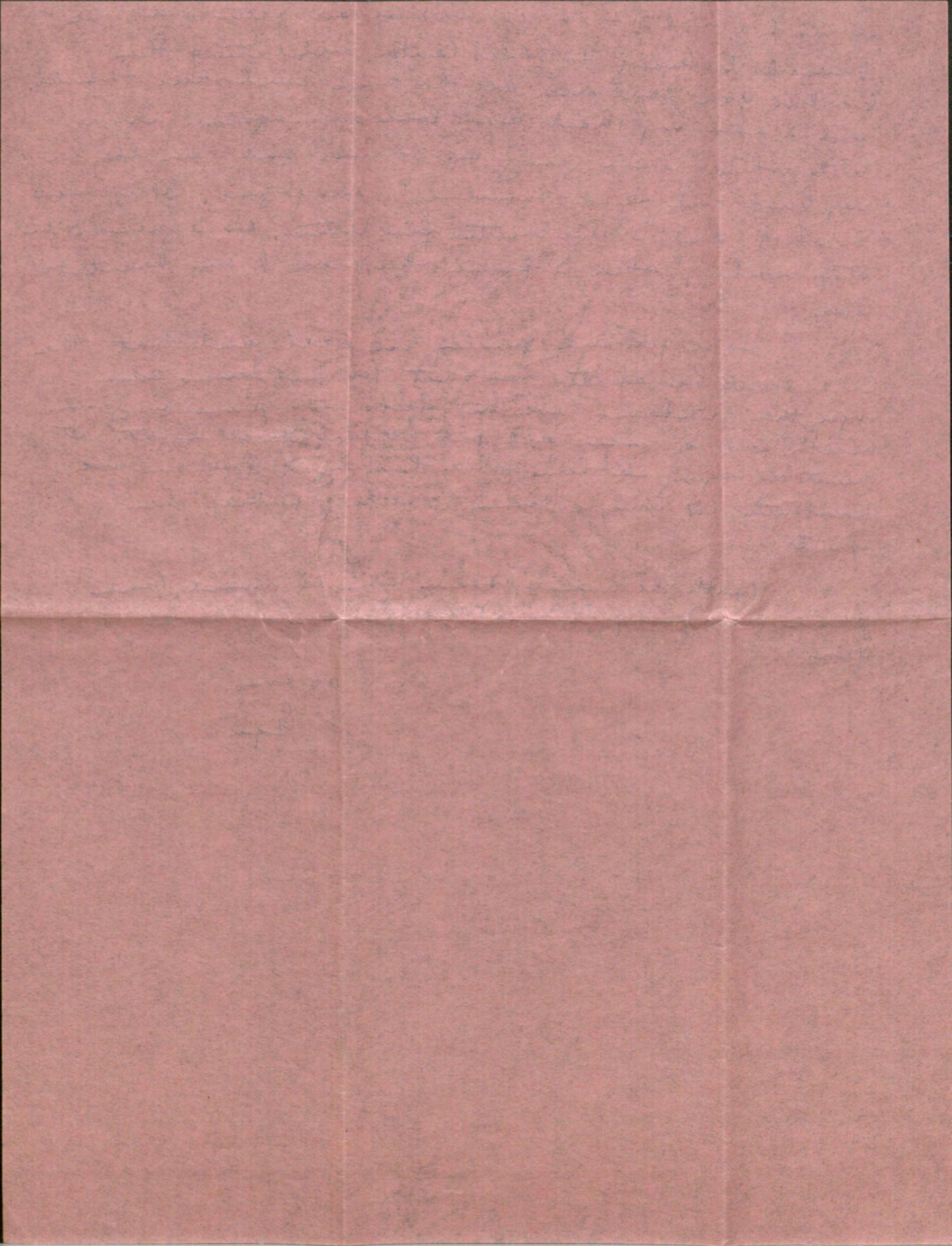
up with a radio to-night, and we are sitting in the
benches listening to Eddie Cantor, and eating the
cookies you sent me. All the boys send their thanks,
and I add my thanks and love once again. In a
little while I am going to shower and then lay in
my bunk and read somebody's magazine. It is now
8.30 P.M., and I have written fine letters, so I guess I'll
stop writing when I finish this "piece of my heart" to
you.

Hope you and Jimmy are well, and that the
cold spell has abated, so that you and James can
enjoy the outdoors. Are my folks and yours in good
health? and is mom and pops holding up all right? It
must be trying on them to be thinking of Bob and me
constantly, but maybe Jimmy is helping to keep their
spirits up.

With the usual warm kiss in mind, (and
please kiss Jimmy for me) You find me, lovingly
you

as ever,

G. G.





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