

Letter, George Stoff to Florence Stoff, New Orleans, Louisiana,  
February 27, Letter 2 [Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

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[Envelope]

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Mrs. Florence Stoff  
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[Letter]

Sunday 2-27-44

Florence, Sweetheart,

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming always day dreaming, hoping, wishing for the day inevitably to come when all this wasted effort and time will come to an end. A man will then have the chance to go back home, home and his loved ones. A chance to do constructive things rather than these of hate and destruction. It is difficult to have spent a whole lifetime trying to do good, and then have to unlearn that credo, and adjust oneself to doing the opposite. Fortunately they can only change my present mode of thinking, because those I have learned to love cannot and will not be affected by these transitory events. Being in love before I was pushed into this, I am not to desist for a moment continuing that way no matter where I am or what I have to do. With Victory and peace will come a return to my sweetheart, my

home and my loved ones. Sundays are the worst days in the army for all the men. We have every moment of the day to ourselves, and usually spend it dreaming, dreaming, dreaming. Dreaming of a sweetheart like you, a kiss, breakfast for two, playing with Jimmy, a walk or ride together, or maybe a visit. Gosh, these things used to seem so common place, and now they seem so important. Darling, if nothing else I have learned to opinionate some facts about life I had previously accepted like breathing. It is going to be a renaissance for me to come back to the civilian way of living again; and I can hardly wait for the day.

Visited New Orleans Saturday night as I wrote you, and had a swell dinner in the Jung Hotel. The main course was a broiled half lobster, which was both large and delicious. Lobsters here are of a different species than those of Maine, which we eat in NY. They run larger, meatier, and no claws. The meat has a slightly fishy tang, but it was excellently prepared and the whole dinner only cost \$1.50. The hill-billies I dined with (3) could not quite understand how I could eat such a beast but they were convinced when they saw me devour it, without the lobster once trying to bite me. After dinner we went slumming in the French Quarter, drank beer, and watched the sailors make fools of themselves with the bar-flies. Since all of us were married men we kept our self-respect and money by just drinking beer and enjoying the sights.

Received your Friday letter and was happy to learn that all is well and under control at home. This is always such a comfort to me, and I am most grateful to you for managing so well with yourself, Jim and the home. Glad you are shopping for clothes, and certainly hope

you get a nice Easter outfit this year. Please send me the State Income tax forms, but I do not need the Readers' Digest, as we have every possible periodical in the library and day rooms.

Please advise when you receive the [L Co + gov't?] allotment checks; also if you receive any word on the tax refund I am claiming. Did you receive my duplicate tax return? I wrote Pincus today, and please keep me advised as to his condition. Under separate cover I forwarded pop's tax return with instructions as to its dispensation. Please take care of this. Have you been filing his other tax returns (sales etc) or does the supt. do it for him? Received a letter from Bob Seff who is well, and praying for an end to the war so he too can be with his loved ones.

We usually spend a week at the firing range, and although it necessitates sleeping in tents the weather is so nice and warm everyone is looking forward to the week's camping trip. Incidentally the trip is now made by bus and not by boat. The firing range is located on a beautiful island in Lake Ponchatrain. The island is connected to the mainland by a bridge, and the country has been described to me as breathless. Will write you all about it in detail when the time comes.

How is Jimmy coming along these days, is he a spoiled boy? Or is he learning to do the correct things on instructions? Is he messing up our home, or does he love it as much as his daddy does? Has he learned to attend to his biological needs, and added any new words to his vocabulary? When you get a chance write me all about him. Have you heard how uncle Harry and Sophie are coming along? Any news from Seymour? I have not heard from him in about 3

weeks. No letter from Bob in a couple of days, so I am hoping for the best. Try to ascertain how Ken Lyden made out at the induction center. It sure would be a shame to take a sick guy like him, but it seems as though that is all they can pick on these days. How is the car holding up? Watch your anti-freeze fluid, your oil and grease jobs, and any repairs the car needs. Don't attempt to paint the whole apartment by yourself, but do it piecemeal. Buy a bond for March as usual and if you have any extra cash put it in the Williamsburgh, as they pay 2%. I don't need anything at present, and I expect to get paid on March 3<sup>rd</sup>, so I'll be rich again pretty soon. Don't send any money until I request it, as I don't want to carry too much on my person at any time.

Hope you and my folks are maintaining good spirits and high hopes for an early end. This thing is going to break out soon, and then maybe the climax. I can hardly wait. Stay well, my beloved. Keep smiling, and soon I'll be in your arms again. Kiss Jim for his daddy, and I'll kiss you in mind. My best to the folks, your family and all our friends.

As ever,

Gg.