

Letter, George Stoff to Florence Stoff, New Orleans, Louisiana, March 22, 1944,
[Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

[Envelope]

Pvt. Geo. Stoff 42050100
Co A 735 RWY. OPN. BN.
Camp Plauche
New Orleans 12, Louisiana

Mrs. Florence Stoff
3021 Ave. I
Brooklyn 10,
New York

[Letter]

Service Club
Camp Plauche
New Orleans 12, Louisiana

Wednesday 3-22-44

Florence, dearest:

It has been raining all day and the nice clean wash I hung on the line last night has been taking an awful beating by the recurring downpours. So I guess the best laid plans of mice, men and soldiers are apt to go astray, but this I know that all the hopes and dreams of our future life together will not be way-laid by any combination of events or circumstances. I finally believe that we will be together for many, many years, and that every moment of them will be well filled with love, happiness and contentment. Join me, my beloved in feeling the same way and I'm certain that all will be so. Fate has been kind to us on occasion, and since we don't abuse it I believe our good luck will hold out.

Your Sunday letter arrived to-day, and was the only mail I received, however since it is the only one I look forward to, I do not miss the others. Sundays sound like such fun in our little home, and I am happy that everyone manages to get some joy out of playing with Jim, and being with you. As a matter

of fact looking forward to doing just this myself keeps me inspired. I am still a bit disappointed that Goldberg did not visit you, but I guess not all people are like you or me. Under no circumstances would I have omitted doing this for him or any other buddy in the service.

Hope the nasty weather has let up, and that you and Jim are able to get out these days. Also trust you have received all the mail I have written to you during the past week, as you should receive a letter daily from me. Have had no mail from Bob for several days, but I suppose he is awaiting word from me before writing. It is expected that we will move out of here very soon, and I will advise you after we do. It is strongly rumored that we are going west of Chicago, and I guess you and Jim and Mom, may have to spend about 24 hours traveling to visit me. This will no doubt prove more desirable than this dirty city, and I can hardly wait until all this dreaming and wishing becomes a reality. But fear not, sweetheart, it will, and we will be together again.

Glad to learn that Pincus, and the folks are feeling well, and hope that El's sinus has improved. I know I owe R. Weinbey a letter, but he let me wait about 2 months to reply to my last, so I think I'll let him stew a while longer. Little of importance going on, and I guess I'll have to await the technical training camp before I get any promotion. There is some doubt as to Goldberg's status with the battalion due to his missing that week on the range, but even this will be settled soon.

Enclosed herewith you find a copy of my N.Y. State 1943 tax return, which you will please fill. I forwarded the original to Albany. There is no tax to pay on this. Have you heard anything relative to the federal tax refund?

I feel fine: hoping, and if I believed in deity I'd pray, for this was to end quickly, so I can once again gather my loved ones in my arms, and smother and be smothered with kisses. In the interim though I will do this in mind, but you please kiss Jim for daddy. My best to everyone in the house and at the office, and with all my love to you,

As ever,

Gg.