

Jan. 6th. 1944

Dear George,

Received two letters from you in the past two days; one a censored letter. I take it you are now back in your original outfit, and that we can write without fear of censorship. Set me straight on this.

I'm curious to know about your last mission, but certainly I am appreciative of keeping my ears, eyes, and mouth tightly closed.

I meant to write you last night, but I'm so damned busy, I don't find time for letters or any other extra-curricular work. Tonight finds me busy, and slightly fatigued. I kind

of feel a cold coming on, but perhaps a good night's sleep will fix me up.

Things are still swell, even though school is getting tough. Perhaps I don't study enough, but I can't get that much interested in all this. My heart is set on wearing clothes other than G.I. I'll snap out of it, but for the present I'm pissed off at all this. I think one 25 mile hike would go a long way to straighten me out.

Fran has a new room, which she claims is perfect. The first one was pretty crummy. Fran is really coming through - she's working now, and

covering all her expenses. In several weeks, with her pay steadily going up, she'll be earning enough to save a few bucks a week. We'll earn as much dough now, as we did when she was home. These months since our marriage, have been awfully expensive, what with train fare and stuff and things. —

George, you're knocking yourself out for nothing — and in vain. A soldier's biggest worry is his home and loved ones. Once you get a bug in your ear and start assuming all is not well at home, you go nuts. I know, believe me.

Florence is no kid; besides

she's always been very resourceful. Flo can really handle herself, and while it's no picnic for her, I know she is fine and dandy, and seeing that all is under control.

Since she's melancholy and lonesome, but George, you should know by now how much a woman can take, and Florence, with 3 miscarriages has proved herself over and over again.

Fran is taking plenty, and her job is no picnic. Cadet wives have a rough time getting a job, so anything is better than nothing. I have to look up to the kid. She found a job in two days; I know of other cadet wives that have looked for

work for three weeks with no success. Sure, she took a job that most young girls would turn down. I have to give the kid credit.

She took a job for \$20 a week, cutting, grinding, and packing meat (housemeat) for cats and dogs. You see what I mean.

I'm not trying to land Fran, but I think you can readily see how much a woman in love will go through.

No George, don't worry about Florence or the Kid. They're having it rough, but they'll come through. When

this thing ends, and we come home, we'll all appreciate a lot of things that never mattered before. —

I expect to be a Cadet officer next Monday. This lasts for three weeks, and I hope it goes fast. I really don't relish the job. It's not like being a platoon sgt. in the Infantry. —

Keep plugging, and don't worry about Florence or home. Just dream and play. George, this is silly — how the fuck come I have to tell you these things? — you know more about the game of life than I do. I almost feel like a jerk! — with that handshake always in mind
Bob

AFTER 5 DAYS RETURN TO

Alc R. Stoff Sq. 93
SANAB Santa Ana, Calif.



Free

ARMY AIR BASE

Pvt. George Stoff
Co. A 8th Bu. (Comp.)
Camp Plancher,
New Orleans 12, La.

