

Wednesday, Jan. 26, 1944.

Florence, Sweetheart:

At the east end of this Camp there is a bridge about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, built by Haly Long during his lush years; and over this bridge pass railroad trains all day long. My barracks are located closest to this bridge, and as the trains go by, ringing their bells, it reminds me of the little bell that hangs in my heart, and which sounds "Florence" "Florence" each time it tingles. It is not so strange that I should hear your name each time the train bell sounds, as that is the means that will some day bring me back home to my sweetheart and wife, to say nothing of Sunny Jim. Yes, darling, all day long I hear your name, dream of you, and bless the day that brought us together. I am happy thinking of the sweetest girl, and what the future holds in store for us and ours.

Your letter of Monday arrived to-day, as did a letter from Bob. All is under control with him but he is working and studying awfully hard, and can see from only over week-ends if he maintains an average of 75 or better in his studies. This is a tough deal, says, but so far he's been fortunate. He and Fran are both well, and he said he forwarded some snaps to the folks. As for the army replacing my teeth I doubt it very much. It seems they extract, fill, make face plates and the like, but do not replace single teeth, but I'll see what can be done when I return for additional work on Feb. 4th. Sure delighted to learn that Jimmy's teeth have let up on him, and I laughed out loud at your description of his putting my picture in the office. The son sure understands the father well, wouldn't you say? Those pictures are quite reasonable, (3 for 1.) and if you want some more, let me know and I'll pose again.

I am interested in knowing how Herb and My fare

at Grand Central, so please advise. I am going to write Mickey Rubel a letter of congratulations, as I can't send a wire. I hope you made the installation, but if you didn't, you hardly missed anything. As for New Orleans being wide open, well, so is New York if that's what one is looking for. Canal St. (the main shipping and business street in town) looks like Surf Ave, Coney Island, and the French Quarter is only dirtier, older and more crowding than the Village, otherwise this part of town seeks to the high heavens; and don't worry about me. I have more pride in being faithful to you, and myself, than I could have in the form of so-called pleasure, especially as a homesick soldier. Phew, I'm swapping the whole town and its inhabitants for a discharge, and a smell of a N.Y. subway.

Don't worry about your living expenditures so much, and if you run short, whatever the reason, please do not hesitate to use our bank funds. I know you are managing well, but probably short because of all the funds you sent me the early part of this month. So, however, make every effort to purchase a bond for us monthly, and when that allotment comes then I think that will help immensely. Let me know when it arrives. Preserve all those income tax records and forms received from the Int. Revenue and G.I. Co; one of these days I will advise you to forward everything I will need to file my return for 1943.

I hope you received that letter of commendation, and now I'll tell you what that secret mission was all about. A group of 75 men and officers were trained, and then sent to Camp Livingston, La to examine all the service and company records of an infantry division, which had been in training for about 2½ years. They were being processed preparatory to being shipped overseas. This detachment examined the records of every man (14000 odd) in the division for insurance, beneficiaries, name and address of nearest of kin, immunization shots blood types, allotments, and courts-martial records.

after we completed checking all records we prepared railroad passenger lists, and the same for ships. Every name, every serial number, every rank, every item had to be checked and double-checked; and to preserve the safety of the convey every man on the special detachment was sworn to secrecy, and also signed a form to that effect. Now, that the division has arrived at its destination all this can be told. It was this initial experience which has enabled me to get and hold the office jobs I have had in the past 4 weeks. See what I mean? It's too much of a writing task to relate many of the incidents and anecdotes attached to this mission, but let me just tell this one. The trip from Jackson Barracks, another camp in New Orleans, to Camp Livingston is about 190 miles, and we stopped about two hours (trip made by trucks - 14 in a truck) to answer "piss-call", what a sight to see men living up in back of the trucks taking care of their biological urges. About 12 o'clock though we were near died laughing. We had had prepared for us a picnic lunch, consisting of 3 sandwiches, an apple and an orange all in a bag. Reverently and hungrily the bags were opened, to pull out the sandwiches, each one wrapped in toilet paper, instead of wax paper. It seems the army has no wax paper, so the mess sergeant used his G.I. intuition, the result, sandwiches wrapped in toilet paper. Fortunately not second-hand type. We roared for a while, and then ate our lunch with as much relish as we could under the circumstances.

Well, sweetheart, I feel swell to-day. The weather has become quite warm, we had a hot sun to-day, and I guess we won't get much more cold weather.

Nothing much happening. I'm still occupied in the office, and waiting for any breaks, with both eyes open. I sent the folks a copy of that letter of commendation, and I hope you explained it to them, as I expect they may not be able to understand what I wrote them, also read them the incident I just related. Hope you obtained the license plates. In a week or so I am going to forward another box of letters and a cocktail fork I picked up in a French Restaurant. Please read all the letters, other than your own, and add the silver to our collection.

Hope you and Jimmy are well, in good spirits, and not worrying about anything. To-morrow we are going to see "The Song of Russia" with Robert Taylor and Susan Peters for 15¢, but I'll write as usual. Please look after my folks, take care of our little ones, and keep smiling. The way things are going now I'm really having a vacation, but one of these days I'll be on the ball again, and then I'll have to get back to training, but each day gone is a day closer to the end.

Kiss Jimmy for me, and remember I love you and always have a kiss in mind for you.

as ever,

Ag.



Mrs. George Stoff
3021 Avenue I
Brooklyn, N. Y.

PVT. G. STOFF (42050100)
Co A 5TH BN. TC-UTC
CAMP PLAUCHÉ,
NEW ORLEANS. LA.