



UNITED STATES ARMY



Wednesday 12-15-43

Florence, least:

My letters for the next few weeks will if necessity be shorter than usual, but I'll make it up to you in the near future. Your Sunday eve letter was received to-day, and you certainly sound optimistic. Having so much company all in one day must be both tiring and delightful, and with Sunny Jim to keep every one amused I'm sure a good time was had by all. With reference to Fran, I think it advisable that now that she is married to Bob, both you and I refrain from expressing our opinion of her. up to the time of the marriage whatever we said and did was a means to an end, but that is all over now, so, be a good kid, and stop annoying and disturbing the folks. Time will adjust that little matter, and your cold actions towards her will not help. I think a few days of viewing the wonderful way soldiers get along despite personal feelings would help to adjust your views towards even Fran. Please then, honey, drop this attitude, and stop stirring the stew.

Now to a more pleasant subject: Sunny Jim. It was heartening to learn that he continues coming along with that sweet little personality and good nature he had before I left. I picture

him daily doing all the little anecdotes you relate, and beside me I look forward with impatience being with him again - and soon. Hope you are both well, and that you are getting out to the pictures, and visiting often. Did you get to the opera? You must get some relaxation, so stop stalling and get out.

I'll sorry for Bers, but console her with the thought that if I, at my age, can take the army, Hy should have no difficulty. Sure its a lonesome time for her, but everything is temporary, and will all be home soon. It is my opinion she should stress his steward and cooking ability, as there may be more openings in that field. His recent experience as a welder may wind him up in the Engineers, or some other tough outfit.

Received a long letter from Danny, and tell him I'll answer same when I get more time; also heard from Eleanor, Herbert, and the folks. Herb had pneumonia but seems o.k. now.

The weather is a bit cooler, and I feel pretty good. Everything is under control, and I will continue to write as often as possible.

With love to you and Danny Jim, you find me,

as ever,

use this address until advised.

Jag-

PVT. GEO. STOFF (42050100)
STAGING DETACHMENT,
HOPE PROV.
40 POSTAL OFFICER
CAMP LIVINGSTON.
L.A.



UNITED STATES ARMY

"On being sick in the Army"

The poor civilians, who have not been fortunate enough to get into this man's army, or into the female auxiliaries attached to the various branches of the armed services, certainly have a complaint to register as a result of the shortage of doctors. It seems that all the medical men have been removed from the civil population, and are now in the throes of administering their pills and quackery to the savages of the Democratic World. Well, all that glitters is not golden, and if all the doctors and surgeons are in the army, it may interest you to learn how they are getting along.

Being sick in the army is an experience that a man never forgets. The only time a soldier is supposed to get sick is early in the morning, before 6 A.M. to be exact. He has to get his name on a sick-call list which posted on the bulletin board in the Barracks. Should he be incapacitated, or so ill that he can't get to the bulletin board to sign his name, it is quite possible he will not be permitted to see the doctor. However, once the man gets his name on the sick-call list, he then has to be on the alert to watch for the soldier who goes from Barracks to Barracks, collecting all the sick soldiers. Should a man fail to fall in when the sick soldiers are called for he usually does without medical services until the next morning, when he goes thru the same procedure. As the men are gathered from the various Barracks, they are lined up and have to march in Cadence (but - 2 - 3 - or) about 4 blocks to a dispensary. It doesn't matter whether you have a tooth-ache, head-cold, pneumonia, kidney-trouble, dysentery, or a broken leg, you march in military formation. If a poor fellow can't walk, he is dragged along, but that's the only way a soldier can get to the dispensary.

Having arrived at the dispensary your troubles start rather than finish. All the soldiers, no matter what their individual ailment may be, are seated on long benches; in comes an orderly who places a thermometer in the mouth of the first man on the bench, and then the thermometer is passed along, man to man, a most delightful process. Then you get to see the doctor, who sits at a desk, beat down, requests your name and number, inquires as to what ails you and why, then prescribes pills, and you pass on and sometimes out. This is all accomplished without his even

raising his head to look at the individual soldiers. The man who has a toothache has to continue waiting until the dentist arrives. Up to this time about four hours have been wasted, this being chew time along. At which time all those sick soldiers who have not yet been examined(?) by the doctor are once again lined up in formation and marched in column to the mess hall to eat. They then return to the dispensary for a period of waiting until the so-called doctor also dines. Usually by this time some of those on sick-call are either cured or become worse. But, no matter, the wait must continue until the disciple of Hippocrates returns to his desk. Well, he finally does; and the procedure continues, more questions, more pills. The poor guy with the bum leg is finally dragged away to the hospital for treatment. The fellow with the toothache, after waiting 6 hours or so, is told that the dentist is too busy to attend to his tooth, and is thereupon given an appointment for a week later, at a time of the day when he probably will be either in the gas chamber, or out on the firing-range.

In most cases after this so-called visit to the doctor, the soldier is told to report back for duty, and then to return to the dispensary on the following day for further checkup. Then comes the pay-off - the company commander will then refuse a pass to any man who reports on sick-call for a period of from 3 to 1 day; or the man wakes up the next morning at 4 a.m. to find himself on K.P. cleaning garbage pails to keep him sane.

Rec'd.



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

Pvt. G. Stoff, 42050100
6th Bn. Co. H.
Port Apprentices,
ASF.-UTC.-NOSA.
New Orleans, (12), La.