

Letter, George Stoff to Florence Stoff, New Orleans, Louisiana,
February 2, 1944

[Envelope]

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Camp Plauche,
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Mrs. G. Stoff
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[Letter]

Wednesday 2-2-44

Florence, dearest:

The days seem to be passing quickly enough, one very much like the other, but daily my love and adoration for you, my sweetheart, just keeps righting on mounting higher and higher, and I'm sure the limit is infinite. The sun and clouds were ever so beautiful and sublime this morning, and I was dreaming how many of these we were going to witness when this is over, and we spend our long vacation together. I keep wishing for time to pass quickly since I know each tick of the clock brings us that much closer together, never to be separated again, until death do us part. Dream and hope with me, my beloved, all things have an ending, and even this world catastrophe will soon see its finish, and then perhaps a better world to live in, at least our little domain.

I am writing this after lunch, and want you to know I received no mail at the first mail call to-day. There will be another mail call at 6 P.M. and I will complete this letter after that time. In the interim I will just chat with you, as we used to over the phone daily. Hello, Florence, how's Jimmy? Did he eat his breakfast, nap, and be a good boy to-day? How do you feel? Any mail? Any phone calls? Nothing much doing here either, just a quiet day. Heard from M. Hunt, but he had nothing to say, but it's nice to receive a letter from him. No other mail. Surprised Don doesn't write, but I suppose Bernie's induction and Hal's leave has been keeping him busy. Give my best to them when you talk with Don. Market is picking up in our stocks, and remind Mr. Pincus to watch American Republics for your mother. He knows what it cost her, also to try to get Harris to take some profits. If he has any. A friend of mine, Eric Berger, is supposed to leave on furlough Monday next, if he does he promised to phone you from New York, so don't be surprised. He can and probably will tell you anything you want to know about me and my army career. He is a former editor of "Scholastic Publications, Inc." N.Y. and a nice fellow. He is not in my company, and expects [?] assignment when he returns from furlough.

Hope you and the rascal are well, enjoying pleasant weather, and eating well. I was just interrupted to go over to my barracks to get paid. This is a ritual in the army. Soldiers line up, await the calling of their name, walk in the room, up to the paying officer's desk, salute, accept the money proffered in the left hand, make an about face and retire. All this and heaven, too, I get \$15.30 each month. It always make me chuckle to think of it, and then to actually receive it, but I

find much humor in this army, but I can't arouse any belly laughs yet. Now only smiles, but when I have my honorable discharge and mustering-out pay I will laugh long and ever so loudly, and you will enjoy every iota of it all. Be patient, honey, life will be realistically beautiful soon for us too.

The newspapers down here are rank. Could I persuade you to send me the following parts of a Monday Times or Herold: regular mail on Mondays:

1. Stock Quotation Page (only N.Y.S.E. Prices)
2. Page 1-2-3.
3. Sports Page.
4. Editorial Page

There is no necessity to mail whole paper as it does not interest me. Nothing I need now.

My company will be activated into a permanent unit on Thursday or Friday, but I don't know what they intend doing about me yet. Will leave you know, as usual. The other day I received a letter from Birdie Kellner and she wrote that she was much better, but that Charlie was to be re-examined by draft board. Please let me know what happens to him. Have you purchased any more liquor lately, and any clothes for you and Jim, aside from that corduroy outfit. I hope Eleanor isn't sowing any wild oats in Jimmy as she did with Joel. I wouldn't want him to get out of your control, but there I go, worrying about something that I know you are most capable of attending to without any cautionary words from me. How are my folks? Are they nearly as well as they say, or are they worrying too much? Both look well in the snaps, but then looks aren't everything.

How does Allan and Ben stand these days? I sure hope they beat this screwy set-up.

Had a pretty nice lunch to-day, lamb chops, sweets, lima beans, radishes, fruit salad, whole wheat bread and butter, and cookies, the beverage was iced tea with lemon. Food is pretty good, and this is a fair sample. The only consistently poorly prepared item are eggs for breakfast, so I never eat them in camp, except in the form of French toast. My stomach has been perfect, and I have had only 3 or 4 heart-burns since my induction.

Afternoon mail call came and went, but no letter for me. I suppose you sent the letter regular mail, so I'm not worried, but I do miss reading one of your letters, but I'll be patient until to-morrow.

Stay well, honey, kiss Jimmy for me, and with a kiss in mind for you, you find me loving you always,

As ever,

Gg -