



Friday, Jan. 7, 1944.
8 P.M.

Florence, Sweetheart:

The days seem to go quickly enough, but it seems so long ago since I held you in my arms, kissed you, and told you how much I love and adore you. And yet, it seems that you are always in my arms, but that I cannot grasp you and hold on to you. Being separated as we are under present circumstances has at least one redeeming feature; when I come home I will never want to leave go of you again, even for a moment, my darling. You and Sunny Jim are the other two parts of the trinity of which I am composed, so that now I feel only one-third alive. I can hardly wait to put thee, me and Jimmy together again.

Your letter written Mon. eve and Tuesday morning arrived to-day, and it was good to learn that all is well at home. I have been reading about the nasty weather prevalent in N.Y. and I know you are taking every precaution with yourself, Jim and the car. It has raining down here all day and the mud is plentiful and juicy. However since I am

still in the office I am affected very little.

Your package was the last to arrive the other day and none since. Am I to expect any others? Bob has received some of my more recent mail and I have heard from him, the last I heard Fran was expected to arrive at any moment, and they were to live in the Mayor's house, no less. I also received a letter from Gladys and she seems to be on the mend, as she is now working in the mica factory. She said her mother likes you very much, and also Jimmy. You see, if anyone meets you only once, they take to you like a duck to water. Can you blame me for falling and staying in love with you all these years?

I read all about that carrier exploding and wondered if you had heard it too. Glad you didn't as I wouldn't want you and Jim frightened on top of everything else. Take a bottle of Wilson's and try to obtain some other good blends of straight whiskey, I don't want any Rye. Thank Charlie for me, and tell him I hope to be able to drink some of the stuff with him, if he will hurry and end this war. The headlines in these phoney New Orleans papers sound most optimistic, and maybe dealing those atheistic prayers of ours will be answered. Have you had much trouble reading my letters. To-night's as last night's is being written on the edge of my bed, and it looks more legible to me. Complain if I am writing illegibly. Remember to obtain the auto license this month; and



would you believe that a car like ours would bring about \$750. down here in the black market. There is a terrific demand for cars and plenty of money to pay for them. You know, defense workers.

I've had about Addie's brother-in-law, and I hope they don't drift Addie, but it looks like they are determined to keep the army growing for at least another six months. It seems a shame to continue breaking up families and homes, but I guess the Democrats knew what they are doing. Heard from Murray Harper yesterday, and he too has his fingers crossed.

You did not advise me about having received the office check for the month, so please let me know. Were you very much surprised at the letter I wrote your mother thanking her for the package. Did I make you proud of daddy? Had a nice letter from Pius to-day, and will answer him after I close your letter.

Is Jimmy talking any better these days? Each morning about 8 o'clock, I hear you and him talking to me, and I answer you both with a cheery "good-morning". It starts the day off fine, and I am glad for these ~~happy~~ thoughts.

in telepathy. Do you receive a letter from me daily, or at least do you receive each daily letter that I write. I feel as usual, and hope this finds you two in excellent health and spirits. Don't worry about Jimmy breaking any dishes or furniture, and get him plenty of toys. Are you getting along financially, and I hope you bought or will buy yourselves some extra luxuries. Could use that sweater (sleeveless) and Saphire cream, otherwise I need nothing; oh yes, one or two of those Ankerbutter crackers I wrote about.

Give my best to every one; give Jim a hug and kiss for me, and until tomorrow you find me with a kiss in mind for the sweetest wife and sweetheart in the world,

as ever,

Gg.



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