

Monday, Dec. 13, 1943.
11.45 A.M.

Flanerie, Sweetheart.

There are a few words in the dictionary that are most important to me right now, and among them is the word "HOME". Home, the place in which a man or woman has almost complete freedom, where one finds love, warmth of heart, peace, tranquility, knife fork, children, smell of good cooking, familiar objects of art, permanent fixtures, privacy, and all the little things that help to make life comfortable and desirable. It is to continue to be able to have those things, I think, that most of us are fighting and making sacrifices for. It is for those back home to carry on as best they can until we come marching back again, and we will, and soon too. Keep your chin up, darling. I love you dearly, and always will.

The next few weeks may be a bit disturbing to you, as one of two things may take place. Either I will be kept too busy to write at length or after, or I may curtail my letter writing as all mail will positively be censored. To-day we were addressed by the Colonel of Jackson Barracks, and then we signed an affidavit swearing to absolute and positive secrecy while on this mission. It must be important, and I look forward to it. We know it is strictly a desk job, so don't worry about me. This should be right up my alley - You continue writing as usual, using caution as to any military statements or questions, but I am sure the mail will catch up with us. Whenever please tell those who care that they can continue writing too, but that I will probably be a bit slow in replying. Explain all this to my folks, please; or even read this letter to them, if you desire it.

I visited New Orleans last night, paraded up and down Canal St. (the Broadway of N.O.) rubbed shoulders with real

civilians for the first time since Nov. 17th, looked into store windows, saw Santa Claus, had a glass of beer, visited the French Quarter (something like Mulberry St. and downtown N.Y. - it stinks), forwarded you a box of Pecan pralines, and a basket card. I hope you receive both. To-night we get another pass, and I expect to visit once again, and go to the movies to see "the North Star".

I feel o.k. and it does no harm to get away from drilling for the next 2 or 3 weeks. Have no idea what will happen when I return, but I'll cross that bridge when the time comes. Of course, I have been separated from all the boys I came out here with, but that's the usual business in the army. The food at this camp is prepared better than at the other place, but the difference is not so great. Today, for instance, I had baked beans for the first time since I am in the army. The balance of the meal consisted of, furthermore, salad, potatoes, corn bread, apple pie and coffee.

The weather has turned a bit cooler, and I hope you are experiencing pleasant weather. Have received no mail from you since Saturday, so I can't answer any questions you may have asked me. However I trust all continues under control, and that you and Jimmy Jim are in excellent health and spirits. With a hug and kiss in mind,

as ever,

Gge.

use this address

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Dec 13



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