



Saturday Jan 8, 1944.

Florence, dearest:

Every day, every second that goes by brings me that much closer to you my darling, and sometimes each moment seems like a day, but it is all inevitable. I will come home some day to my own love, and then life will re-commence for you, Jim and me. All this is temporary, and although there are times when all seems so hopeless, yet knowing you has kept my spirit buoyed up, and I am determined to see this thru. I know you will step right in line with me, and together we will march right on to happiness and a long life of love together.

Received your letter of Wednesday, and I cannot understand the cause for the delay in the delivery of my mail. I write daily, and send each letter via air-mail. Please check to see if you are receiving a letter from me daily, and advise me real quick. The dollar bill was also in envelope and that totals ten dollars I believe. Glad the \$100 check arrived, and since I do not quite understand the cause for the \$9.84 refund from the Met. Life Ins Co, please ask my lawyer, Danny what its all about. If he doesn't know he can ask his dad. In any event keep a record somewhere of all and every check received, so that some day I can make up my income tax for 1943. I do not intend to file one for this while I'm in the army, but I guess I will be forced to when I am discharged.

That bit of liquor you obtained from Charlie

was perfect, and it was awfully nice of him to take such good care of our needs. The prices are just about half of what is charged in New Orleans, that is if you can find a drug store to sell you any whiskey. As a matter of fact everything in this town is sky-high; rents are terrific, dentists charge anywhere from \$15 to \$30. for filling a tooth. I had intended having several fillings attended to by a local dentist, but at these prices I have no alternative but to go to the army dentists. The army dentists are O.K., but you have to wait 10 days to two weeks between appointments. Nothing important so I guess I'll wait my turn.

Received a letter from Arthur Richer, Danny Gidder and Anita, and now have only about ten letters to reply to. Expect to visit New Orleans on Sunday, and will catch up with some of this letter writing at a local U.S.O. The Red Cross had a drive for blood donors in Camp this week, but I resisted the temptation. I suppose the Band drive will start soon, but I am leaving that problem up to you. If you haven't bought any bonds yet wait until after the 18th, and get in on the drive, but it doesn't matter much.

Hope you and Jimmy are taking good care of each other, and that you are in excellent health and spirits. I feel fine, the weather is clear and slightly cool today, and I am doing practically nothing all day. This gives me plenty of time to think, and dream, and plan for the future. Loving you is just the salt and spice and meat and potatoes of all my day-dreams. I am still awaiting a good picture of you to place in that frame next to Jimmy. Don't forget Clara's birthday.

With a kiss in mind, and my best to everyone, you find me

As ever,

Lg.

COMPANY "A" 8TH BATTALION (COMP)
ARMY SERVICE FORCES
TRANSPORTATION CORPS UNIT TRAINING CENTER
CAMP PLAUCHE, NEW ORLEANS, 12, LA.

5 January, 1944.

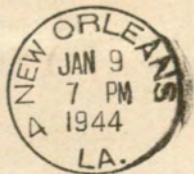
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Pvt. George Stoff, who has acted as a company clerk for Company "A" of the 8th Battalion, has impressed me as a most diligent and capable worker. With little preliminary training he adjusted himself into the office routine of a company, and which he handled in a most efficient manner. It is my opinion that with his fifteen (15) years experience as manager and accountant of a stock brokerage firm, and trained in office administration, he can readily adapt himself to any office procedure.

I, therefore highly recommend him for any position he may be assigned to fill.

CECIL T. WALLACE
Capt. CMP
Commanding

2850



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PVT- GEO. STOFF (42050100)

Co. A 5th BN.

CAMP PLAUCHÉ,

NEW ORLEANS, LA.