

Thursday 2-3-44

Florence, sweetheart:

During the course of my short span of life I have always endeavored to learn by observation or mimicry. However, love was one of those things that flamed into reality from within, but the spark that started the fire, and the fuel that has kept it glewing so brightly is you, my darling. It has always made me so proud to have been capable to respond to you and your erratic emotions; and believe me, honey, without your love, and my loving you, all this and heaven too, would be so empty, so forlorn, so meaningless. I realize making each other's expression of love is a poor substitute for us, but let us be ever grateful we can still write so often, and phone so quickly. You must help by continually loving me, and being brave, and I too will do my utmost to keep your spirits high. You, my dearest, are my everything, and I look to you for love, strength and hope, forever and always.

If I have disturbed you with previous mention of no mail for two days, please forgive me. To-day your letters of Sunday, Monday and Tuesday arrived, and all contents were in good order. The pictures managed to raise a lump in my throat, but only of pride and joy. They are elegant, but your hair comb doesn't become you. I may keep two of them and will return the balance in a day or so. Not that I don't want all of them, but I desire to keep my personal items at a minimum and pictures of that size might become damaged. It was thrilling being able to visualize Jimmy growing from these snaps, and I sure do appreciate your thoughtfulness. I also received a letter from Ed, Abby and Abe Newman to-day, Ed's letter supplied a hearty chuckle, and I enjoyed it a lot. Bits of news in other mail, as usual.

I am tickled silly you are to get that other allotment check, and please insist on paying for that phone call I made to the folks the other day. If you feel you can manage it buy a \$50 bond for \$37.50 and deposit balance in savings bank. Maybe some day those bonds will buy our dream home; also advise when Ed's check arrives. I always like to include a "thank you" when I write B.J. Brown. It makes me feel like a good husband when your write finances are in good order, and I hope I manage to continue your good welfare when this is over.

That beer party the other night sure turned out to be a suckers' brawl. The 6th Battalion ran the party at Jerusalem Temple, (a shammas' hangout) and there was more beer, more sandwiches and more women than necessary. Every sucker received a carton of cigarettes, and then proceeded to get drunk. There was dancing for the first hour, and then it degenerated into wrestling. By this time the respectable girls left, and I went for a walk to a YMHA which is located around the corner. I didn't dance once, but I fixed some of the other boys up, you know, my mouthpiece again. But I was so lonesome there, that the walk in the cool of the evening, with a beautiful sky and dreams of you, Jimmy and the future helped dispel the gloom. We arrived back at barracks at 1 A.M., and it was slightly difficult being awakened at 5.20 A.M., but I feel fine now.

With reference to your many questions, read on and you'll find an answer to each. I have my shirt and trousers dry cleaned in camp about every 2 weeks, Cost 70¢. I wash my own laundry every second day or so, which makes it easy. I use Swon soap in preference to powdered soaps, and we have a washing board. This stuff could be ironed by me if I wanted to rent another suckers' baby iron for 25¢ per hour, but since my work consists of socks, bluffs, shorts and shirts, I don't bother ironing. There is a private laundry in camp but their prices are prohibitive, so I am not proud, and do it myself. Washing those diapers sure was swell groundwork for all this.

along the wall and in back of each bed we have a place to hang our clothes on hangers, and all other belongings are kept in our duffle bags, tied to end of bed. If one has a furlough bag, it is kept at foot of bed. Shells must be polished, and boxes tied up to very end, with a bow; then placed under head of bed, one inch from bed-post, all facing the direction in which the inspecting officer will walk when inspecting, all clothes hanging must be completely buttoned, see what I mean, same chicken — I still awaken at 5.20 A.M.

Swab, mop, make my bed (same hospital corner-maker I became) and go to chow in formation at 6 A.M. after chow I shave, stand on line waiting for a bowl to make with the thing, and then we do it by the numbers in Codence. Hell unto him who doesn't make his bowls quickly, or tries to read a paper. I report to battalion H.Q. at 7.30 A.M. for work, lunch at 11.30 in formation, back at 1. retreat at 5.45 and chow at 6 P.M. in formation, and when it rains chow isn't worth the standing in line. Oh yes, I am then working at 5 P.M. which gives me time to wash up for supper. After chow time is our own, as an office worker I am left off all K.P. or other dirty details which doesn't make me unhappy. Of course, I haven't had much basic training, but sooner or later they will catch up with me, under separate cover I am forwarding a schedule of one creek's training, which is read like a phone schedule, except that army time is told as follows. 0800 is 8 A.M. 1000 is 10 A.M. etc but 1300 is 1 P.M. 1645 is 4.45 P.M. (see what I mean, anything to continue the ever-present confusion. Evenings then I wash, write, go to the face & S-O shows, movies or visit recreational hall, where a chaplain offers you words of cheer together with a bible or prayer book, some deal, eh cookie. Lights are out at 10 P.M. but I usually am in my bunk before that, and there is plenty of kidding, clowning, or griping usually going on until lights are out. Incidentally we are awakened each morning not by bugle or other such means, but merely by turning on lights. In the middle of the night this has a tendency

to interrupt one's sleep. if you know what I mean.
So ends another day in the army, and all the good little
kiddies fall off to sleep, dreaming, hoping, praying, cursing,
hating, griping, bitching and farting; but all with one
purpose, to get the hell out of the army, and back to
the American Way of Life; and get some men ready
find a haven here, but that's another story to be told
at some future time.

I am glad you liked my picture and tonight
I expect to pick up the other additional prints. I am
forwarding them to you together with some negatives,
so you can do what you will. I am sending Ray and
Sam a single, and also one to the office, in addition
to my folks. Please preserve all pictures, notes and
other items pertaining to my army career, so that
some day we can look back & enjoy ourselves with
stories pertaining to each.

It rained like hell this morning, but weather
cleared by 11 A.M. and the sun is out now. I feel
fine, and still no news about being transferred again
so continue using same address until notified. Nothing
I need at present, and hope you had no difficulty
locating the information I requested.

Stay well, dearest. Kiss Jimmy for me, and
give my best to everyone. Hope my folks are well
as usual. With a kiss in mind for you, and love
in my heart always, you find me
as ever,

G.

P.S. It doesn't matter how much you
wait, just so I get a letter
from you saying all is well,
see what I mean. G.

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