

Letter, George Stoff to Florence Stoff, Camp Plauche, New Orleans,  
Louisiana, March 18, 1944 [Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

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[Envelope]

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[Letter]

Saturday 3-18-44

Florence, Sweetheart:

This just about concludes our vacation of the range, and also this will be the last letter I will write from this place. Believe it or not, this week has turned out to be more enjoyable than I had anticipated, and for the first time I am beginning to look and act like the soldiers we have always visualized. Most fortunately for all concerned the weather has been well nigh perfect, with the exception of a late afternoon shower on Thursday, and a three hour downpour during midday to-day, the sun has been shining continuously. I managed to add some tan to my face, neck and hands, and feel positively grand. I have not weighed myself since I left home, but I will when I visit New Orleans next, and I'll send you the scale slip, just so there is no doubt in your's or anyone else's mind.

There have many interesting experiences and side-lights to all of this, and really darling, I have not minded all this very much, other than missing my loved ones, and wishing all this mess was over so that I can get back to the more enjoyable business of creating happiness, rather than learning the art of warfare. However I continue hopeful that the end draws closer, and with it that grand reunion of our little royal family.

Received your Tuesday letter to-day, and am glad Bob phoned in. He discussed that pending furlough, and I think he has too little time to do anything with, so I suggested he should not attempt the cross-country trip. He has very little dough, and should really hold on to it. In any event he will probably work it between him and Fran, so let us not worry too much. I hope we are able to arrange for mom to visit me, when, as and if you come out to my next camp.

I hope Irving found it convenient to visit you during his furlough, as I knew he would be able to reassure you concerning many of the things I have written you. I fear though that he probably will be transformed out of this outfit as a result of missing this final and most important week. If this happens I will have lost a good friend and buddy for the duration, but that's the usual army routine.

Received a letter from Kay to-day, and she writes that Sam may take off for Knoxville, Tenn. As for me I can hardly conceive any men leaving his home for any reason, but there is no accounting for a man's desires. Aside from this all seems to be serene in that household. Sure glad the folks are well, and I think I wrote them once or twice this week, but will surely do better from here in.

Some of the mail leaving camp has been censored; has any of my letters undergone this treatment? If so, please advise. Also let me know whether or not you received the wooden box I forwarded you last week. Will be on the look-out for Luskin's nephew, and if possible I'll do all I can to help him along. Sometimes a little tip or hint can help a long way.

Hope you and Jim are in excellent health and spirits, and that the time draws near quickly when we will be embracing each other. I have been day-dreaming about you two more so to-day than usual, and the days will drag more slowly until I actually hold you in my arms once again. Gosh, just thinking about me gives me a thrill, so you can readily appreciate what the reality will do to me.

Stay well, darling. Keep your chin high, and don't worry. Give my best to the folks, Pincus and the others, and kiss Jim for me. I'll kiss you in mind as ever, with love in my heart.

Gg.