



Sunday, Dec. 5th. 1943.

Florence, darling:

To-day is an off day, which means that I have more time to think of you and Sunny Jim than I do on week-days; and believe you me, dearest, thinking of you two is something I do 24 hours a day with only one interval; and I'll tell why I don't think of you at that moment later on in this letter. The weather is beautiful, the sun is warm, and all seems at peace with the world, and it would be, could I but be with you and the little rascal. However, since I am doing my little to help make this a peaceful world in the future, we will just have to postpone those moments of sublime bliss until I return to you leaving home. So keep up the good work and even this temporary condition will pass by quickly.

I did not receive any additional mail from you or anyone else to-day, but I think all that Camp Upton mail will arrive soon. In any event I have written many cards and letters to-day, and expect soon to be pestered all up on the news, social, Masonic, business etc. I could have applied for an all day pass to New Orleans to-day, but somehow I preferred staying in camp this week, and will end over to visit the city next Sunday. New Orleans is only 8 miles from camp, and easily

accessible by bus and street-car. Some of the boys visited there last night, and said, that although it is supposed to be the New York of the South, it hardly measures up to our great metropolis. Anyway, it will help to break up the monotony of training, and maybe I'll be able to contact some Masonic sources.

We had a small roast-beef dinner to-day, and although everything was elegant, yet somehow it's more enjoyable eating that stuff at home, surrounded by one's kinfolk. However, since everyone is in the same boat the meals go fast and all's well. The weather is an asset to eating since it seems to keep us hungry all the time. I feel fine; have been reading the N.O. Sunday papers, and looked over the many Xmas ads. Am wondering what I can buy the sweetest girl in the world for Xmas, but I think I'll solve that by myself. I hope you are attending to the Xmas shopping needs, and that you ordered some of those Joke' Toys for Sunny Jim, and sent ^{for} the socks, and Sanny.

There is little else of note to relate, but would like to know who is still phoning you these days, because when this is over I want to remember our friends. On the next page I am going to begin relating a typical army day as I see it. If I don't complete the day I will in subsequent letters. Please remember though that despite what is said or takes place you must apply a dash of your sense of humor to season it, just as we boys do, then, and only then can you enjoy this.

With the usual kiss in mind, and with every love that you and Sunny Jim are keeping the home fires burning brightly for daddy, you find me
as ever.
Hq.



UNITED STATES ARMY

12-5-43

A day in a basic-training Camp.- "Being awakened"

about 5.15 A.M. some one comes along, flicks on the electric lights, and in the same instant yells, "Come on, get on the ball; let's get going; it's late." "Kick the fellow in the ass alongside of you, if he won't get up; where do you think you are, home?" "On the double, get dressed and line up for roll-call." By this time you're awake, blinded by many electric bulbs burning furiously in your face, and the utter and black darkness outdoors sets off the brilliance of the lights. But, in almost the same instant that the lights go on it starts (and darling, it is only at this time that I do not think of any of my loved ones at home) everyone starts cursing, farting, belching, hacking, spitting, coughing, yelling, and pandemonium reigns. Fellows start arising, running around in shorts, no shorts, shirts and no shirts, no shorts and no shirts, wearing underwear and what have you. Some of them can't wait to get to the latrine (toilet) which is down stairs, so they run as is, and believe you me, dear, everything from here to the North Pole and back is cursed. Well, once the surprise of waking up, and discovering your dream was but a subconscious aberration, you must stand fast and listen to the fellow in the next bed relate it. And the relating of these dreams during the first moments of the morning merely adds to the confusion. These dreams are concerned only with women, and believe you me everything in every shape and form happens to the weaker sex. The more degenerate and ignorant the fellow is the greater is his imagination, and the imagination of some of these men is almost inconceivable. But, the stammer helps to hasten the first few minutes along - so, by this time the air in the barracks is

filled with all kinds of smells and stories, then it starts. Those who smoke light up, and with 49 men in the mess, and about 45 of them smoking and blowing the smoke thru their bad breath, and you really have something to write about. However, keeping the windows top and bottom certainly just about saves the situation; and so, the dressing continues.

Then, after about 10-15 minutes have passed the corporal starts yelling for everyone to fall out for reveille (roll-call). So if you wasted an instant dressing, you're not ready for this next command - Every one yells "on the double" "hurry-up" "get on the ball" and "God-damn this army", but notwithstanding everyone manages to get in the line-up. After the roll-call, the fun starts again, you see the latrine held about 6 bowls and one urinal, enough to accommodate 10 men at a time, and six wash-basins. Well, before add the necessity of waiting in line for your next. Well, before every man has had a chance to do his duty, we have to commence cleaning up the Barracks. The place has to be swept, dusted and mopped, but only 1 broom and 1 mop for 49 men, and each anxious to do only under his bed and no more. No one wants to walk down for the water and empty the ash cans. Somehow however everything is completed in due time. It is now about 6 A.M., and the weather is cloudy, or the dew is heavy, presenting the problem of should we wear field jacket or raincoat, well, the corporal says jackets, the sergeant then changes the order to rain coats; along comes the staff sergeant and decides neither, then to cap the climax the technical sergeant orders coats to be worn - by this time the morale of all the men is such that they don't care who wins the war, or even about women, but since breakfast has to be eaten soon, the savage beasts calm down slowly. Having rushed like mad to accomplish all the foregoing we then sit around for about 45 minutes waiting for our turn to eat! Chew. Then we line up and wait another 30 minutes longer by this time one is so hungry everything tastes good, except the coffee and I'll never be able to comprehend what they do to spoil those good coffee grounds, but it can't be drunk. In any event, I can understand now why Bob has been so anxious to get out of the army - but somehow after the first few mornings one gets accustomed to the routine, and maybe it will be different to adjust one's self once again to using a latrine without seeing other people in it, but I'll try. On some other occasion I will relate the events after breakfast - please read this to the folks and some of the others - especially those who think the Army is making picture stuff.

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