

Saturday Dec. 25, 1943.
4.20 P.M.

Shonice, darling!

I am writing this as I wait for the telephone operator to call me to the phone so that I can talk to you on this most dismal Xmas day since I first fell in love with you. Should I neglect to say "I love you" please let me repeat here again and again, I love you truly, and always. I hope you had a pleasant time to-day, and that Jimmy was as thrilled as he possibly could be on this day. By this time next year we will have forgotten all about this enforced vacation, and holidays to come will most certainly have a greater significance.

The secret mission I was on has finally been completed, and on Monday we return to our camp. In the meantime we have been given a two-day pass, and I am again visiting New Orleans, and living at Jackson Benarks. However, the weather is brutal, rainy and cold, and although there are many events going on for service men we don't know what to do yet. I suppose will wind up in a U.S.O. or the movies. One of the men used to work for the U.S. Food Distribution Admin. and we are now in a branch office here in N.O., using a government priority number for fast phone service. It took but 15 minutes to get you on the phone, but at 5.25 P.M. your time no one was home. Please don't think I'm checking up on you.

Received some candy from Rachel, also from Jenny Raffoport, and some nuts from Gladys. As yet did not receive any package from you, or the letter containing the \$10. bill. I have no idea what became of that letter, but all mail usually catches up with us sooner or later. I wrote you every day except yesterday, and I hope you received all my letters. Incidentally, were they stamped "Censored". Have not heard from Bob since the 17th, and am patiently waiting to hear where he winds up. Suggest you use the address on the bottom of this letter until further advised. I have

now become more accustomed to moving about with all my clothes in duffle-bags, than I am to staying put. I guess by the time I get out of this army it will be difficult to keep me in one spot long. Of course, if you and Jimmy are around me I'll remain always close to you, but maybe we won't be so lachadaisical about going away for picnics and week-ends.

The army really did serve that delicious dinner I forwarded to you; but truly, Sweetheart, I would have preferred pickled herring with you at my side than all the turkey in the world. It sure was a lonesome Xmas dinner, even though there were about 500 soldiers sitting all around me; and I guess every one of those boys and men felt the same as I did. Oh well, it's never so bad it can't be worse. One of my buddies has a son who is to be bar-mitzvahed on Dec. 30th, and he can't get a pass to be present. He sure looks like he's going to cry every time I look at him.

Sorry that \$10 did not arrive, as I have about \$1 left, and could use that money. Because of my shifting about so much, it looks like I will not be paid until February some time. The army and its red-tape is slow, and the pay is even slower. So be a good kid, and send me some money like I told you, one or 2 dollar bills in separate letters. In this way if one gets lost, and it won't, there will be little to worry about. I hope you received that \$10 check I forwarded you. This Mr. Marko's son is a colonel at Ft. Monmouth, and he wrote that he was inquiring from his son what could be done to have me transferred to that Camp. His letter to me was dated Dec. 14th, and reached me about the 21st. He promised to write when he learned anything. Jack Kuntz also wrote me the other day to advise that his friend was still trying for me. Now, darling, after having been in the army for over 5 weeks I have learned from discussions with other men, who also had connections, that it is almost impossible any longer to do anything. Of course, one never knows where a good break may come from, but

until the break comes, you have to sit tight and just hope. It's a tough set-up, but the consensus of opinion seems to be that Germany is on its last legs now.

I am feeling pretty good physically, and only lonesome for you and Sunny Jim, and the folks. That description of a visit to the doctor was written from what I saw, and stories told me. As yet I have not visited the doctor. Soon, however, I will have to see the dentist as one of my old fillings came out while I was chewing gum, but it does not trouble me yet. My feet has not troubled me yet, but up to the present I have done little marching, and no hikes. However, since the basic training is only 4 to 6 weeks, I guess they'll stand up. At present it's almost impossible to be discharged from the army, unless you have something radically wrong, and I don't think my flat feet will be strong enough at present. In any event don't worry one never knows what the fates have in store for us.

I hope you had a good time at Arthur's party, and did he get my letter? Let me know how Santa Claus treated you and Sunny Jim, and what gifts you got. Are your finances under control? Are all bills paid, such as insurance, rent etc? Is there anything you want to know or for me to do? Is everyone well? Is mom and pop worrying too much? Are they well? Don't tell them, but if I get some money this week from you I will phone them at the store on Saturday afternoon.

Continue writing to address below until advised to the contrary. Until to-morrow then, with all my love and with every hope you and Sunny Jim are well and happy, you find me with a kiss in mind

As ever,

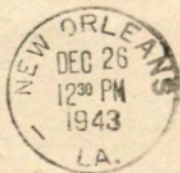
Ag.

Pvt. GEO. STOFF (42050100)
Co. A 8TH. BN (COMP.)
ASF-UTC-NOSA
NEW ORLEANS 12, LA.

(over)

Insignia are marked on back as to which point of
star is placed to the top, nearest the shoulder, and one
inch below the shoulder line on the left sleeve. If you
don't understand what I mean, look at another
Sachet's sleeve - We're done.

G.



Mrs. G. Stoff,

3021 Avenue I,

Brooklyn, N.Y.

