

March 6th. 1945

Dear George,

Haven't heard from you in quite a while, and must confess I miss your frequent letters. I realize you probably have a letter in the mail to me, as you probably just learned my new address.

I don't know where to begin this missive; I'm not in a letter writing mood. I'm suffering from melancholia, beside being pissed off. Shen to boot, I've a touch of spring fever.

Somehow or other, I miss my old outfit tonight. I recall the excellent shape I was in, and how I felt I could lick my weight in wild-cats. I miss being called a

soldier. Most of all, I miss my old friends. I guess we got to be pretty friendly in the infantry; sort of common sufferers.

This squadron is getting shit on so badly it isn't funny. The C.O. is a bastard, and in a line outfit, he'd probably get his head bashed in during the first night problem. Things are getting rough, and the chicken-shit keeps piling up.

All this is really superfluous. I know what's wrong with me - only too well. I was getting my hair cut today by an old civilian barber who kept blabbing away. I guess he didn't realize what he was doing to

me.

He kept telling me that he spent a quiet weekend in his home, sitting on a rocker in front of the fire place reading the newspapers and listening to the radio. George, no kidding, right now that's my idea of paradise. I guess you feel very much the same. The war goes well, but nothing happens.

Fran and I spent an awfully wet weekend in L.A. It started to rain (unexpectedly) just as we arrived there, and did we get drenched. We managed to have as pleasant a time as possible under the circumstances, but no more L.A. for us.

I'm still flight lieutenant,
and I'm still exempt from details.
It's rough either way - exempt or
otherwise. I'm not really complain-
ing about that though. It's just
that I am fed up with khaki.

Even your short career in the army
is probably far beyond the saturation
point with you. I don't need a
feralough - that won't help well,
I guess I've used you as my
chaplain - I better cut it out. I know
you have your own troubles.

Let me hear some good
news from you - soon.

With a handshake in mind -

P.S. We'll do a job on Bob
that champagne when this is
over! _____

A/C R. Stoff Sq. 97 SAAAB
Santa Ana, Calif.



Free

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