

May 24th. 1944

Dear George,

Received ~~your~~ your 5/19 letter, and begin to detect a slight bit of friction that is very familiar to what I experienced.

It seems everyone who makes an attempt to leave the outfit he's in finds himself very unpopular with the C.O. It is usually a good sign - when the C.O. gets pissed-off at you. Maybe he can't hold you back. I sure hope it works out that way for you.

Take it easy though, I think you went over the C.O.'s head a little, and he has a natural right to be pissed off. Don't screw your mail orderly setup, if nothing else! —

I've been awfully busy these past two days. Monday we had several extra night classes, which lengthened our day, making it plenty long. I got through at 10:15, and just flopped into bed. I'm doing well enough though, without any concentrating or studying. Actually, these isn't anything you can study.

I've got two hours off this morning, prior to my going to the range. This will be the first of about 6 or 7 ranges I'll hit before I leave here. This first range really tickles my fancy. I will finally get to shoot skeet. We shoot 125 shotgun shells at those little clay pigeons. Before I leave here, I will have fired about

2000 rounds of assorted ammunition.

These first two weeks are supposed to be the tough ones, so I guess things will let up a bit very soon. The heat has managed to stay manageable, and the nights are very cool, and conducive to sleep. We reveille at 5 A.M., and it sure is tough to leave the sack at that time of the A.M.

Fran and I are fine and dandy. She's sure doing herself proud. She managed to let the M.P. at the gate let her on the post, (supposed to have a pass) and proceeded to get a job in the P.X. This P.X. only sells clothes, jewelry, toilet articles, and tobacco. It closes at 1650

and the only time the place is busy is from 12-1. Everybody is in class the rest of the time.

She's only about two blocks away from my barrack, so the few spare seconds I get, I dash over and say hello. Last night we sat in the beer garden and drank a few glasses of 3.2.

There's no service club here, but we managed to spend about two hours together. I showed her the B17's - the glass in front - that I sit in back of. God, her face dropped to the ground. We bombardiers use need all the luck we can get.

Well, hope things are working out right for you. Fran sends her best regards.

With a handshake in mind. B.B.



Free

Cpl. George Stoff

Co. A 735 RWT OPN BN

Ft. Snelling,

Minn.

