

Nov. 15th. 1942

Dear George.

Well, I suppose your letter, anxiously awaited, was meant to answer my question. And in a way, I suppose it did. Your idealistic, word phrases, were quite picturesque; but George, this is Bob. I know you pretty well. Just as you do me. In fact, two brothers couldn't know each other better - so why the melasky. It's swell being able to write someone who knows and appreciates, or depreciates me as well as you do. I'm not trying to pry into your innermost secrets, so please tell me if I go too far. It's just that, aesthetically, the army is at a loss, and so, I turn to you for this. Naturally, a subject was needed, and this seems to be most apropos.

There is no question, but that your idealistic word pictures make sense. Sense, in the fact, that were there such a woman for each and every man, life would be wonderful. To find a woman "owning" all these assets is what one should look for. I agree with you there—perhaps with insignificant minor changes, but on the whole — agreed!

With all this to think about, I should ask you the same question again; but not to have to go all over the same thing — we'll drop it. In any event George, even with the realization of Florence making a good wife, and the two of you being very happy. I'm still in doubts as to the why and

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what. I know that you had other, more versatile women; women with more on the ball than Florence; still you chose Jim's mother.

Don't try to kid me George, — Florence, a natural, was not the best you could have done, nor did she meet with all your qualifications; yet, for some reason she was your choice.

Perhaps it's that way with me. Sure I'm young, but I'm grown up. I know what I want, and am young enough to want to fight for it. Not with fists or blasphemy; but with slow, untiring patience. What Fran doesn't have now, she'll get. I'll see to it. I'd rather it that way.

As for your subtle hint about her making a story about

that box of contraceptives — well, I'll put up a month's pay to a penny that it's the God's honest truth; and George, I can prove it.

There is only one sad note about all this; at least to me. We've been intimate, and it isn't a secret. I'm sorry about that; but it neither holds me back or pushes me forward.

George, all this is pointless; unless I make myself clearer. I'm not trying to point out your marriage as a basis for mine; but I do want you to understand that none of us get perfect wives. Yet, most of us seem to do all right in the end. Please don't be so hard on me or Fran. If she's what I want, it'll be a futile attempt for anyone to disillusion me against it. So let's both

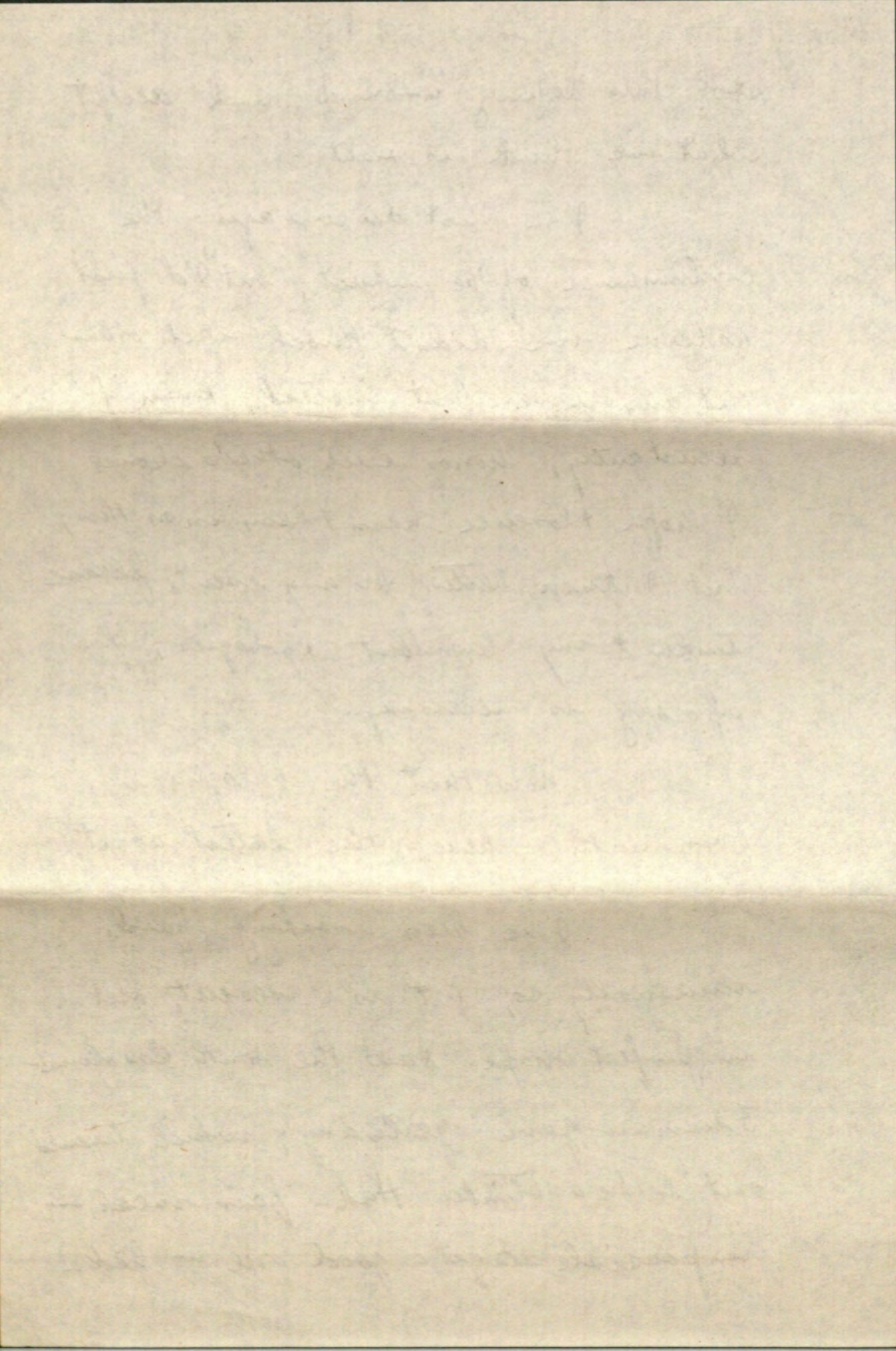
stop this toying around, and accept what we think is right.

I'm not discouraging the continuance of the subject; but I'd just as leave we didn't knock each other out any more. But instead, even if reluctantly, honor each other's choice.

I hope Florence hasn't been in on this; but I know better. In any event, please tender my humblest apologies, if apology is necessary.

Now that the balogna is over with — here's the latest about me.

I've been working hard, unusually so; but as a result, feel in perfect shape. Saw the South Carolina-Furman game yesterday; which turned out to be a stinker. Had a fair meal — impossible to get a good one — had a



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few bottles of lousy 3.2 beer, and quietly returned to base. The town is unquestionably disgusting. It's full of service men, all drunk, or nearly so. All the restaurants, beside being clip joints, as is in keeping with every thing and everyplace in town, is so damn noisy and filthy, that digestable eating is impossible.

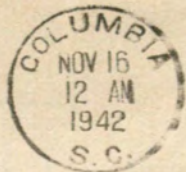
Today, we had a short parade; which helped to murder the afternoon. At the completion of this letter - a movie will be in order.

Enclosed are some pictures - more - better I hope - will follow. The camera works like a charm.

Hoping that Flo and Jim are perfect - you find me

With that everlasting handshake
Bob

S/Sgt. Robt. Stoff
99 Inf. Co. D A.P.O. 100
Ft. Jackson, S.C.



Free

Mr. George Stoff

Room 1412

29 Broadway

New York City

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