

Feb. 15th. 1944

Dear George,

Haven't had ~~mail~~ mail call today yet, so don't know whether to expect a letter from you. The whole camp is on the big parade grounds watching a Bob Hope, Bing Crosby show. I have just returned from the allergy clinic, and don't intend seeing the show. I'd rather catch up on my letter writing. I'm sure you won't mind —

Can't give you any gossip; don't know any. Haven't heard from Sam or Kay in two weeks, and it's at least that long since I heard from Mom and Pop. I'm worried about Mom and Pop. I had a terrible dream about Pop dying, and even two days time can't erase the taste it left in my mouth. I'm certain

though that all is well at home.

Fran and I are very well. We're both awfully happy, and I know we'll never be otherwise. She works from 3-10 and so she doesn't have too much time for herself. Her job is a pleasant one though, and the food she gets is incomparable. I hate even thinking about the possibility that some day I may have to see her go back to live with her aunt. I hope nothing makes such a setup necessary.

I'm supposed to graduate from school in about 10 days. Add another week or 10 days to this, and you have the approximate day I should leave here. I've done rather well in school; I'm really proud of myself. I've been averaging 87 in Physics, which always was

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my nemesis. I passed an 8 word
a minute code check, which is
pretty good too. All this has been
done with a minimum of effort.
George, I'm no braggard, but I
absolutely feel I could do anything
if I wanted to, I'm gaining more
confidence than I ever had before.
If nothing else, I am learning
not to waste any effort or motion.
I concentrate on what turns out
to be the lethal things. Perhaps I'll
do well if and when this fracas
ends.

There are many things on
my mind these days, and I'm
trying to elaborate to you. Suffice
it to say though, things look bad
as far as my cadet status goes.

The Allergy major. has
taken a special interest in me,

and I have to see him almost daily;
at least I miss P.T. and drill. I've
had so many tests taken, my arms,
shoulders, and back look like a
pin cushion. I'm allergic to so
many grasses, weeds, and now
feathers and horsehair, that the
Major offered to send me to the
hospital as a relief for my trouble.
Washing out seems almost certain;
what goes from there is beyond me.
Perhaps radio school, or mechanic
school - perhaps fast overseas shipment
and training on the other side. Perhaps
back to civilian status; something
must be done for my eyes or I'll go
nuts, you know how I suffer. The
climate is too nice out here - that's
my big trouble; too much grass -
well, hope you're doing better
than I in your new endeavor, and
that you become the officer in the
staff family - Always - Bob

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Free

ARMY AIR BASE

Pvt. GEORGE STOFF

CO. A. 5th BN. TC-UTC

CAMP PLAUCHE,

NEW ORLEANS,

LA.

