

Feb. 15th, 1943

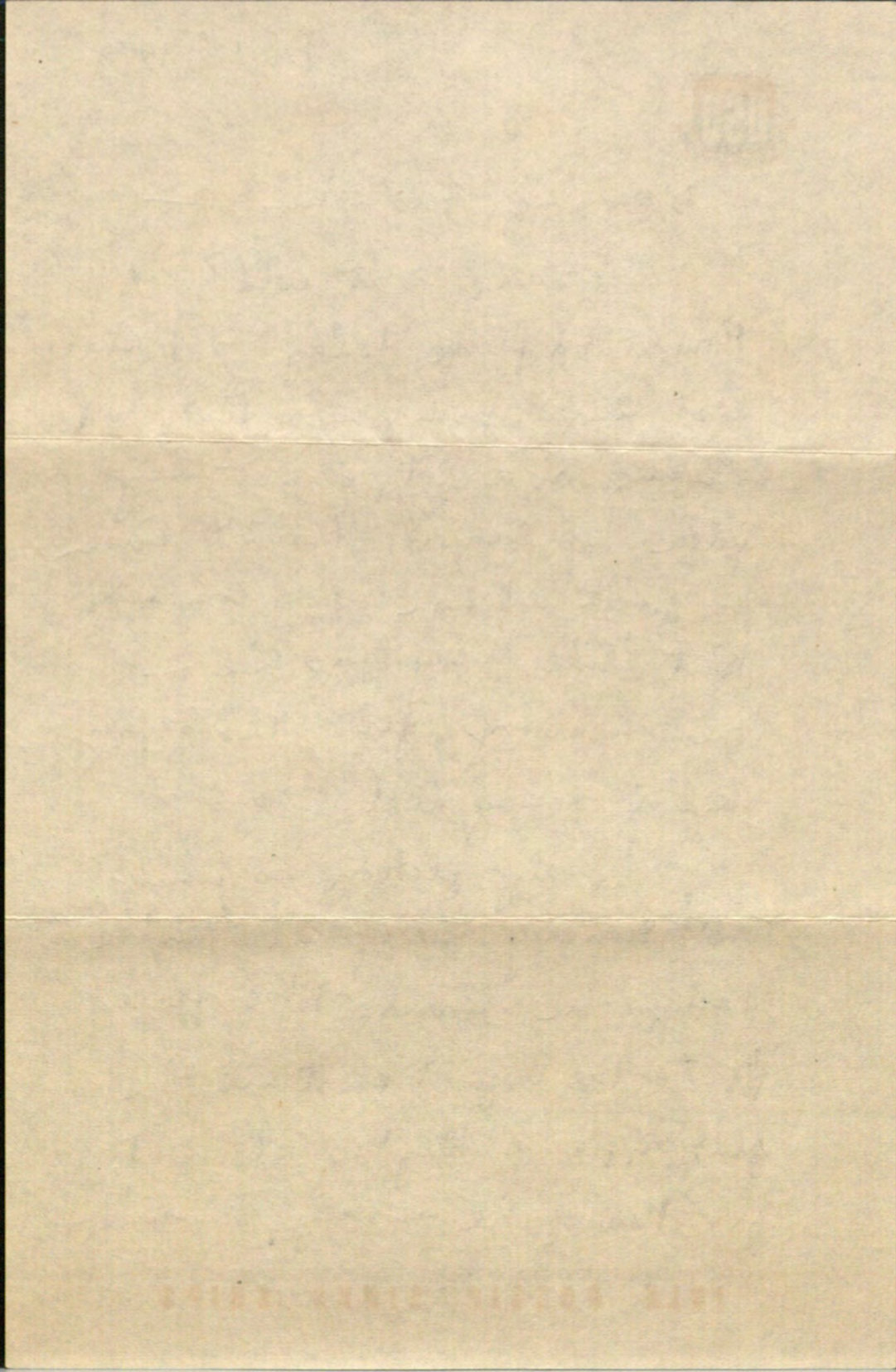


Dear Gg. & lo - Jim:—

Good, is it cold? I thought I'd freeze today — I did last night. Living in a tent, and sleeping on a cot, is not my idea of comfort. It isn't even a good excuse for comfort. But like everything else — the infantry gets the crappier end of every deal.

My platoon is firing exceptionally well, and they're doing me proud. I've offered \$5 to the highest shot in the platoon, and they're all out for the prize money; which

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totals \$35.

I'm awfully tired,
and my back is stiff as a
board, so please excuse
me for signing with
that good old handshake —

Bob
—

FROM

S/Sgt. R. Stoff
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St. Jackson, S.C.

IDLE GOSSIP SINKS SHIPS

Mr. George Stoff
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Free

