

Letter, Bob Stoff to George Stoff & Florence Stoff & Jim Stoff, Fort Jackson,
South Carolina, November 25, 1942 [Transcriber; Kathryn Manning]

S/Sgt. Robert Stoff
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Ft. Jackson, S.C.

Mr. George Stoff
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Room 1412
New York City

Nov. 25th 1942

Dear George, Flo & Jim –

It's nearly midnight and at that Time I shall have to walk my second tour of guard. It's very pretty out – the stars and moon are in full blossom. But is is also quite cold and damp. However, I'm dressed warm in G.I. clothes, and have no qualms about the weather.

We're still being worked rather hard, and like a good soldier, I never stop grumbling or growling. Am thankful for this guard detail, which I'm going to use as my [goldlinick?] factor for tomorrow.

Those forms you mentioned are to be filled out identically alike – both by Mom. I sure wish something would happen on this business already. Please advise whether the forms the government last sent you were the same as the others I gave you to fill out back at Meade, Md. Perhaps they were not filled out to their satisfaction.

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I'm glad you like the pictures. It will probably be some time before the next batch comes through, so don't get impatient.

Today, I received a letter from some girl who read "that historic letter." She wants very much to correspond with me. This would appeal to me more – had her letter any possibilities; but somehow it lacks any originality. In any event, difficult as it is, I'm going to answer her. Boy, that letter of mine really hit the jackpot.

Thanks for the wherewithal and dough; both of which saw immediate action. Fran sent me \$4 and a carton of cigarettes for my birthday. Without this and your money, I would have been broke.

I've just finished reading "Narrow Corner," by Somerset Maughun. It was very interesting and once again, with the aid of the division library, I am in

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the process of reading for relaxation. I have another book "Rage in Heaven," by James Hilton; which I'm soon going to eat up.

Everything is fine and dandy. Can hardly wait to start traveling home on the Silver Meteor.

Hoping things are tight at home, and that Jimmy is taking to the rest of the world.

You find BoB

with that old handshake