

June 27th 1944

Dear George,

It is so blasted hot that I have no ambition for writing letters. Coupled with my festive, fullough mood, writing letters is really a slowdown to my pulsating brain.

We may be able to take a 5 A.M. train this Saturday; depending on half a dozen things over which I have no control. At any rate, we will definitely pull out on the Sunday 5 A.M. train. If nothing else, at least we (the 16 of us going to Deming) we managed to get ourselves paid before we pull out. Believe you me, this will come in handy.

I do nothing all day, and

get passes every night from
1700 to 0800. So really, I'm on
a furlough now.

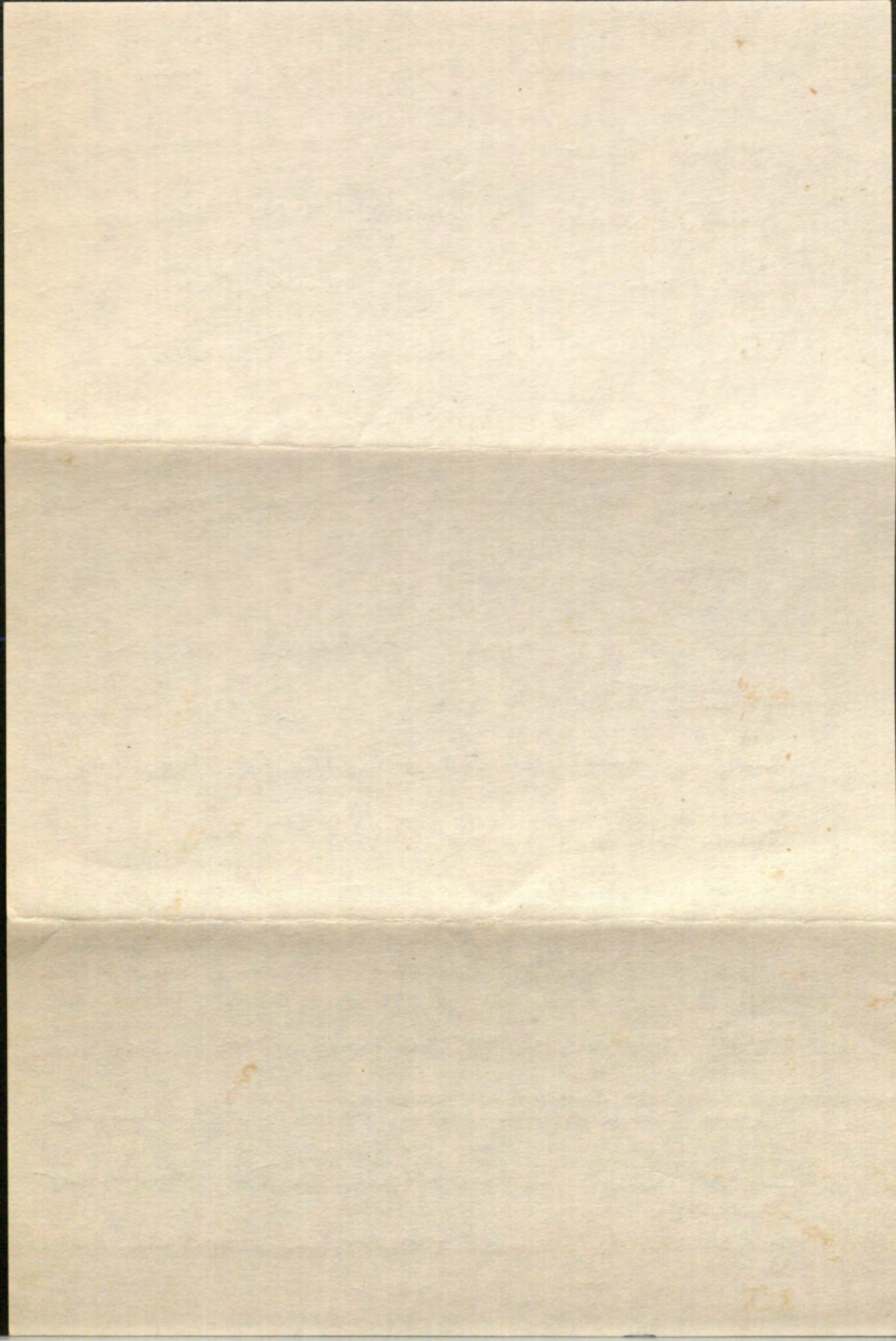
We've been getting wonderful
chow lately, and I mean wonderful.
Officers don't eat any better. This
Cadet deal has its good points.
The heat has really set in,
and 110° in the shade is cool.
Fran has been home since last
Saturday, and all ready she
has acquired a swell sun burn.
She sure earned this rest.

Florence and Jim must
have acclimated themselves to
Minnesota by now, and I bet
they're crazy about St. Paul. Several

of the boys live there, and from what they say, St. Paul sounds pretty good. I hope your passes are long and numerous, and that you still have it easy. It must be great to be together with them again, and I know you must have renewed spirit.

It will probably be a while till I hear from you again and I am anxious to learn how your transfer is going. Need I say I hope it is percolating fast and furious.

Well, it won't be long now. Best regards to Flo and Jim from both Fran and myself, and we hope everything is working out. The war goes well, and maybe soon we'll get at that fine water—
with a handshake in mind. Bob



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free

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