

20 Aug 44

1415

Dear George,

Again I can only acknowledge receipt of your last letter, without giving you its date. I received it about three days ago, and I'm certain all your letters are reaching me without exception. I'm writing this from the hotel room that Fran and I are staying in this week end. We've got a pretty nice room this time, and I only wish we could spend more time together in it. I don't have to tell you rapidly the weekends fly by.

But never before during my army career have I felt the need of longer week-ends. I am so busy, and so completely wrapped

up in work during the week,
that I can hardly relax during
the weekend. Of course, what
makes it especially rough, is
that I want to make it. I know
only too well what the consequen-
ces would be if I were eliminated.
I have never tried this hard to
make anything before in my
life. It would be an awful
blow if I couldn't make it after
trying so hard.

Yesterday, I dropped
my first bombs. George, it's
quite a thrill! We flew two
missions (3 of us students) and we
each dropped 6 bombs. I don't
want to brag, but I really did
a pretty neat job up there.

As I've written before,
to get through the bomb dropping

phase, we must drop bombs so that the point of impact is no further away from the shack (bullseye) than 230 feet. Need I impress you how truly great the sight is that can do a thing like that. Well, I only dropped 6 bombs, and that was just practice. But it was no simulation, and I should be able to do the same thing in my record bombing missions. My average C.E., (circular error) was 96 feet. This is pretty damn good, and I am a little more confident.

However, if you only knew how simple it is to let a bomb go wild, you

would understand why I am
not bubbling over with confid-
ence. I think we drop 40
bombs for record, and their
average must be 230 or less.
Oh yes, I got a shack yesterday.
Was I proud! -

Before dropping bombs, you
must do a lot of computing.
It is on this computing business,
that I excel. I've always been
fast with figures, and now it
sure comes in handy.

One thing about all this
that I like is flying. George, I
never expected it, but the more
I fly; the more I learn about
flying; the more I like it.
Flying is so unlike anything
else, that it fascinates you.

I am beginning to understand full well why pilots are broken hearted when they're grounded. I don't know what happened to my height phobia. All I know is, it's gone.

But flying is no cinch. Just being "up there" doing nothing, gets you awfully tired. The air is awfully thin, and a high altitude mission lasting three hours, is comparable to an 8 hour work day. Were there no war for me to consider, I would say that I really like all this. I'm beginning to feel important. If I didn't have so much information crammed into my head in so short a time, things would be easier.

Fran and I are both well,
and only regret that these
weekends must be spent in Denning.
There's absolutely nothing to do
here.

It looks, as you say, that
Dan made a "grand gesture",
but that that is all it was. But
whatever it was, Dan is O.K.
So let's just hope this all
ends pretty soon, and that his
deal proves to be unnecessary.

Hope Florence and Jim
are well and happy, and that
you are still taking this easy as
company clerk. Keep calm, and
don't worry.

with a handshake in
mind, and best regards from
Frances —

Bob

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