

Letter, Bog Stoff to George Stoff & Florence Stoff & Jim Stoff, Fort Jackson, Sout
Carolina, November 11, 1942 [Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

St. Sgt. Robt. Stoff
399 Inf. Co.I A.P.O. 100
Ft. Jackson, S.C.

Mr. George Stoff
Room 1412
29 Broadway
New York City

Nov. 11th 1942

Dear George, Flo, & Jim –

Armistice Day! Bah! Sure we celebrated it – by working our pants off. In fact, I took several pictures depicting the day's work. I hope they come out.

I've already snapped 40 pictures, not all of me, but enough of them contain the desired effect. So please have patience – I'm sure I'm as anxious to see the finished product as you are. I may be able to have some to mail tomorrow night. I hope so.

It was disappointing to phone a personal birthday greeting, only to learn you were out. However, Florence's cheery, enthusiastic, "momma's" voice was most

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efficiently compensating. Am still leery as to how that question of mine ['hanged"?] you; but hope you don't take it wrong.

Perhaps I'm building this "leeriness" up in my own imagination; but offending you means that much to me.

Everything is rather fine and dandy. Flo, no doubt mentioned about the furlough; which is just what I was looking for. It'll probably come sometime in early December and last for 7 days. Boy! Am I looking forward to the day. I only hope and pray that nothing pops up as interference.

By the way, I've been taking halibut liver oil pills for

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nearly a week now. Maybe it's a mental effect, but I feel like a million. We're really double-timing and working hard. I'm in good shape, and feel as though 10 japs would have a time with me; especially if I had a mess of ammunition.

Took some "cozy" pictures; but expect most of them to be, "only an experiment."

Hoping that all is well with Florence and Jim, who takes a good picture, by the [to?] way –

You find your soldier brother with that everlasting handshake –

BoB

P.S. Was on guard Sunday with Kenny Gardnier – he used to be the feature singer with Guy Lombardo, which by the way, didn't thrill me at all.