



AMERICAN RED CROSS

June 21st, 1942

Dear George & Flo -

Where to begin is a problem.

There is so much to tell and no sequence to follow. So perhaps I'll be slightly incoherent; but nevertheless — lengthily.

Thursday's trip was undoubtedly filled with more "shit-house" rumors than the rest of my life afforded. Every fellow, (about 450) had their own ideas as to where we were going. It was only after we had passed Philadelphia, that we knew we were heading south. Being placed in an infantry division was a surprise and shock to all of us, including myself.

However, be that as it may. We were
ridden in trucks carrying all our baggage
with us, to designated barracks. Supper,
afforded us with our first opportunity
to eat out of our mess kits - which
by the way is a .

Friday we were placed
in our divisions. Practically all of us
getting in the infantry. Some were
put in the Tank and anti-tank
corps. Others in the medical corps.
But no one that I know of, or
spoke to, was placed in their
requested or qualified position. Lights
go out at 9: P. M.; which is a good
thing - for we rise at 5: A. M.
Upon rising, we are not allowed
to leave our beds until we have
been given short-sleeved inspection.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

2.

after short. am we dress and eat.
Eats, by the way, have been very
good so far. After chow we make up
our beds. Then we assemble for
whatever they have in mind for
us to do. Today we saw movies
about sex and personal hygiene. After
which we had some drilling. This
preceeded the issuing of our rifles
(Garands) and foot-lockers. I am
doing all this nothing - at all, most
of us retire exactly at 9: P: M.

Saturday. - This is the
day. After chow, we exercised.
Coudé - but effective. Deep knee
bends and stuff - the usual run.

Then we had a class (lasting an hour)
on how to care for our equipment.
After which, we started washing
the grease off our guns; but this procedure
was halted by a second lieutenant,
who decided we had to police the
grounds. (Pick up off the ground, that
which doesn't grow, or belong there)

Then, we were through for the
day; except for a demonstration
of how to hang your clothes, and
assemble your clothes in military
manner in the foot locker. After doing
all this, and my laundry, it was
about 7: P.M. — Boom! Then it
started. New paragraph.

When I started my laundry,
I put my 2 rings and wrist
watch in my pants pockets, which
I wore throughout my washing.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

3.

after hanging my laundry, I took some stationery to the "day room" to write some letters. Then it started. My eyes! I couldn't stand it any longer. I just had to rub them; but I mean rub them.

It didn't take 10 minutes for me to realize that I was going nuts. They (eyes) were killing me, worse than they had bothered me, since my induction, and they've really been bad. Half the time I'm in a fog. Tired, nervous, annoyed - half blind. You know - I don't have to tell you how I suffer when they're

really bad. So after a little red
tape, I was allowed to go to the
dispensary (I must have first
realized at this time that I no longer
had my watch. Where it is, God
only knows. However, this is
superfluous - right now. It bothered me
anyway.) after waiting about an
hour, the doctor came in. A
fast examination of my eyes -
found I was an "amblyopia" case.
Thus was I taken to the main
hospital (holds 2100 men) in an
ambulance. After another hour or
two (by the clock) the doctor from
the hospital examined me. This
examination sent me to the
hospital; where I am now
residing.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

4.

Today, Sunday, I was examined again. This time, a little more accurately. So far, all the prescription has been hot boric-acid applications, which is futile, as we all ready know from experience. What happens from here is beyond me. All I know is what I hear. And that is, it's harder to get out of the hospital than it is to get in. I don't know how long I'll be here; but my guess is at least a week. In any event, send any letters you may write to the address I gave you.

It will be forwarded to me. Possibly

a few days late; but I'll get it - sooner or later. I just had to apply some more boric-acid.

My eyes are much better today. At least all the hard granulation is washed off. Who knows - there may be more to all this than meets the eye.

Aside from this, I feel quite well physically. Mentally, I'm all jumbled up. There's no question about it. I'm not crazy about my life. There's absolutely no sentimentality shown to any one.

Guess I'm too soft.

Please send me some mole skin when you get around to it. Also, some scotch tape.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

5.

Laundry service is still
nearly abolished, and presents somewhat
of a problem. However, there's a
tailor here, who alleviates the
problem somewhat.

It is impossible for me to
even guess when I'll be back
home for a visit. One thing is
certain. Furloughs are given
very seldom. Usually, not at all.
Perhaps 3 day passes will be cut
out too. I hope not. I'm aching
to get home for a while. This
being regimented doesn't meet

with my principles.

George, I'm not reading this letter over. So if perhaps I've painted a dark picture, please forgive me.

Things, conditions etc. are really good. It's all mental.

One has to acclimate himself to all this. If you don't — it's bad.

I only hope something is done about my eyes; for surely I can't be a fighting man in my present condition. I'm even willing to go to a cooler climate — no matter where it may be.

Hope every thing is going well with you & Florence. Is Ever

P.S. Read some of this letter to Mom & Pop.

Robt.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Post. Robert Stoff

417 Inf. Co. H

A.P.O. # 76

Fort George G. Meade
Md.

Special
FRT GEORGE G. MEADE
JUN 22
5 30 PM
1942
Delivered

Claimed by Office
First Address



Mr. George Stoff

Room 1412

29 Broadway

N. Y. C.

Special
Delivery

FRT GEORGE G. MEADE
JUN 22
5 30 PM
1942



OFFERED AT ADDRESS
C-23... at 719 A... M
Office of Non-Delivery

Closed

m566