

Nov. 29th. 1992

Dear George, Flo & Jim

Well Sunday, rest day, is finally here. But God, I'm in a lousy mood.

I have exactly 48¢ to my name. Even if I had a pocketful of dough, I'd still go nuts. There is absolutely nothing to do. I've been reading books of late, and that seems the only thing left for me to do today.

I wish I could assure that one time casefree, I don't care, spirit I once had; but somehow, the south scares me. The women put out for everyone, and good old "Claf" is so prevalent, that one takes an awful risk in messing around.

It could be that lousy, disgusting, usually good, Sunday meal, that we had today, that makes me feel so blue. It could be that; but that's just one of a million things. Everything seems to be wrong today. I just don't seem to

1871 10th April 1871

My dear Mr. [illegible]
I have the pleasure to inform you
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I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours faithfully,
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I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours faithfully,
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go for anything today. Even while writing this letter, I feel, in fact, I was just about to tear this up, like doing anything else. But my good infantry discipline keeps me here.

I feel so decidedly ugly, that even the proximity of my coming furlough, leaves me without emotions. In fact, if it weren't for the folks, I swear I wouldn't go home. I just feel like getting stinking drunk for seven solid days. Right at this moment, I can just picture, a ramshackle hotel with tumbled down rooms, an old bitch and a gallon of corn "licker." I really feel that shitty.

If I ever get out of this god damned mess, I swear I'll get so damn drunk, it'll take a week to recuperate.

Things in the office can't be too good if you're on the lookout

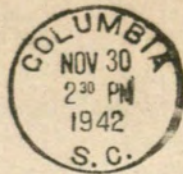
for another job. Hope you passed that test with flying colours, but have no doubt that you did.

George, I've come to a definite conclusion — I do not want to discuss Frances during my furlough or any other time. If I start it — O.K.; but please don't you. For, it won't do you or any one else ~~to~~ any good to give me any advice. I'll do as I please concerning this anyway. Don't take this wrong. I just realize that nobody's advice will change my final decision. If I think I'll be happy with Fran, well then by God, I'll be happy with her.

I'm too disgusted with every thing to continue — so —
Not forgetting that handshake —

BoB

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



Free



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