

Feb. 21st 1944

Dear George.

The post-card you mailed me, which is the last missile I've received from you, is in my foot locker, on which the squadron captain is sleeping. So I will not advise myself or my captain to give you the date the card was mailed. Frankly, I'm too tired and lazy to move the 5 or 6 feet to my locker, much less disturb the sleeping commandant.

Since Friday night, I have been suffering with the gripe. Saturday, I was tempted to make sick-call, but it would have meant being hospitalized. I got home Saturday afternoon, and stayed in ~~bed~~ bed until it was time to return to the base. I feel a lot better today, but my head aches, and I just have that grippy feeling; so hoist, I can't stop shitting. I guess I'll live though —

well, tomorrow we graduate.

I have a physics exam to take today, and also a Code check. except for this, school is as good as over. I'm not worried about either Test.

My eyes were rather good this weekend, and God knows where I stand with this cadet business.

Frankly, I'm so disgusted, (I get that way now and then) I don't give a care what happens. I'm just fed up with all this khaki shit.

Bombing Junk sounds good, but if no forces have landed there, we've accomplished nothing more than a little consolation prize.

Glad your deal sounds so good, and hope it gets even better.

Fran sends her best regards along with mine, and we both hope all is fine and dandy with you. - with a handshake in ^{my} ~~my~~ ^{hand} ~~hand~~

A/c R. Stoff 18.93 SAAAC
Santa Ana, Calif.



Free

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