

Letter. Bob Stoff to George Stoff & Florence Stoff & jim Stoff, Fort Jackson,  
South Carolina, February 15<sup>th</sup>, 1943 [Transcriber; Kathryn Manning]

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S/Sgt. R. Stoff  
399 Inf. Co. I A.P.O. 447  
Ft. Jackson, S.C.

Mr. George Stoff  
Room 1412  
29 Broadway  
New York City

Feb. 15<sup>th</sup>, 1943

Dear Gg, Flo – Jim ----

God, is it cold? I thought I'd freeze today – I did last night. Living in a tent, and sleeping on a cot, is not my idea of comfort. It isn't even a good excuse for comfort. But like everything else – the infantry gets the crappy end of every deal.

My platoon is fairing exceptionally well, and they're doing me proud. I've offered \$5 to the highest shot in the platoon, and they're all out for the prize money, which

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totals \$35.

I'm awfully tired, and my back is stiff as a board, so please excuse me for signing with that good old handshake ----

BoB