

Dec. 2<sup>nd</sup>. 1942

Dear George -

Am trying hard to keep a stiff upper lip; but it's not easy. I think I've become <sup>more</sup> ~~hard~~ <sup>sterner</sup> hard this past week, than the ~~balance~~ <sup>remainder</sup> of my young life made me. Things are crumbling down here. Restrictions reign alone, and supreme -

Fren took the disappointment quite badly - as was feared. She'd written me for days how much it meant to her. I guess it hurts her even more than it does me. If that's possible.

It's cold, damp, awfully windy, and generally crummy. Nothing seems right.

Without your letters to help cheer me up - it would be a great deal tougher -

I'm afraid that I'm not sending any money home this month. I've just got to splurge



or go stir crazy. Please try to  
understand —

I'm awfully tired — after  
a hard day's work today, and  
my eyes, from the wind and the  
sand blown into and against  
my eyes, are like 2 red hot  
coals. So this letter will have to  
come to an end —

Am on guard (corporal of the  
guard) tomorrow. Will have plenty  
of time to write then.

Sorry to hear the news  
about Dan's brother. No news is  
good news though —

With a weak (too tired) handshake  
in mind —

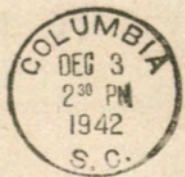
Bob



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Free

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