

Dec. 6th, 1945

Dear Ed, Flo, & Jim

Your last letter, like all the rest is good for the morale. Knowing that all is well at home, is always a good "pep-me-up." It's most comforting to have folks who take things as they come without making too much of a fuss. I certainly would have felt much worse, had I thought Mom & Pop took my fuselough disappointment to heart. But no, they accepted the sad news like the real Troopers they are.

Glad to hear that Harold is back in God's Country. I'll wager he can spin some interesting yarns.

The army has taught me a little about life, as you can well understand. You see George, here we must life right up to the hilt. We know that getting a fuselough, or even a day off, is awfully difficult, so naturally,

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when all the plans are made, and the die has been cast - it's tough to have to lose out. Especially so close to the deadline.

Realizing all this, the army has only one consolation to offer. That being, hitching. The harder and dirtier you growl and fuss, the quicker are your disappointments gotten over. To tell the truth, disappointments are never lacking - every day, at least one disappointment is in order. Therefore, complaining and hitching is never out of order. In fact, if a doughboy stops hitching, he must be sick.

I guess you gather by now that I'm almost back to free - furlough days. Although I'll probably never in my life forget what went on after the cancellation.

It seems that while I was on guard the other night, someone

had to substitute as a guide for me. So tonight, I am again on guard. Only this time I have to walk post. But yesterday's rain has ceased, and it isn't too bad out.

I've been up on every Reader's Digest for months, so forget about sending me one. As for Xmas. George, I've been thinking and thinking; but can't find a thing I need. I could use a windproof cigarette lighter; but as I don't like them, that's out. Matches are a nuisance though, and I suppose a cigarette lighter would come in useful. Otherwise, I've got everything. Naturally, cigarettes are always in order with me. Oh yes, my eyes don't bother me at all.

I'm going to start reading, Steinbeck's, "The Moon is Down," as soon as I finish my letter writing. Somehow, I've managed to join

the library and so far have read
6 books.

Surprised to learn that
you made only a "B" in your last
exam; but knowing it must
have been tops in the class, will
forgive you this time.

Hoping all's well at
home —————

With a hearty handshake in mind —

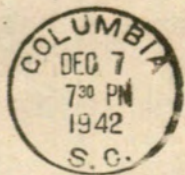
Bob.

P.S. — I don't want any food
stuffs for Xmas. Tell Mom
too. Thanks for the stamps.

S/ Sgt Robert Stoff

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Free



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