

June 16th, 1942

Dear George + Florence,

Well, here it is Tuesday evening, and still no news that I am to be transferred from here. I hate to be a pessimist; but I have the strangest feeling that I'll be shipped Thursday or Friday - just too soon for me to be entitled to a week-end pass. However, if my prayers are answered, I'll be home Saturday with bells ringing.

The camp seems to be diminished of man power. They are sending them out fast and furious; but there is still a strong possibility that I'll be here Saturday.

Everything is still fine and dandy. I still haven't put in a hard day's work. My only trouble is an old one. Yes, my eyes. I went to the infirmary

this morning; but this just confirmed the fact that Ectasrh is a tough thing to cure. I was told to tell my permanent camp doctor about my affliction. I am convinced that it is due to my being allergic to so many grasses.

Last night, after our regular Monday night entertainment, I had the pleasure of listening to Kay Kyser and his crew. He made a tour of the camp yesterday, performing a fast-moving $\frac{1}{2}$ hour show at all the recreation halls.

These childish details are exceedingly boring; nevertheless, hard work is an absent evil around here.

P.S. Thanks for bringing
the cheering section up
Sunday —————

Hope you're both well —
Until Saturday — (I hope) —
Bob.

FROM

Pvt. Robert Stoff
1229 P.C. Co. A.
Barracks 2, Fort Dix, N.J.



Free

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Mr. George Stoff
Room 1412
29 Broadway
New York City

