

Feb. 13th. 1948

Dear George,

Received the letter you wrote telling me about your latest interview and stuff. I disposed of the letter prior to getting the date off it, so please understand.

I'm glad things seem to be breaking so well for you. I sincerely trust things break the way you want them to. At least I know you're in there pitching.

It's true we're, especially I, have written a lot of personal stuff, but I think we needn't worry. However, you're absolutely right, so just bear with my subterfuge.

Had another swell weekend with Fran, who looks and feels fine. She sends her best regards,

and sincerely hopes you get this latest break you write about.

Saturday, I underwent more allergy tests, but it still stands at 9 grasses. That is, I'm allergic to 9 different types of grass. The major seemed very doubtful that I would leave the post with my squadron, when the time comes; about 2-3 weeks from now. I have to see the flight surgeon tomorrow, after which time, I'll know more about how I stand. Frankly, it looks bad. My eyes are pretty bad, and I guess it is only right that I don't jeopardize my crew's lives because of my strange affliction. I'll probably wind up at Scott Field, St. Louis, Mo. as a radio operator and mechanic, taking their 18 weeks' course. I guess I don't have to tell you how I feel about washing out. Trusting all is fine and dandy - As always. Bob

AFTER 5 DAYS RETURN TO

Alfred Stoff 89.43 1AAB
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Free

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