

Letter. Bob Stoff to George Stoff & Florence Stoff, Fort George G. Meade, Maryland; June 22, 1942. [Transcriber: Kathryn Manning]

Pvt. Robert Stoff
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Fort George G. Meade, Md.

Mr. George Stoff
Room 1412
29 Broadway
New York City

June 22, 1942

Dear George & Flo,

Well here it is Monday and things are status-quo. I'm still in the hospital doing nothing besides eating, sleeping, ping-pong, letter writing, and a little reading.

After explaining in more detail, the trouble and "cures" my eyes have caused me to use. I am no longer using Boric Acid. Now it's just plain ice-water.

Friday, I am to have some allergy tests taken. It was my suggestion. (I know what I'm doing) . Life here in the hospital is so comfortable that it's boring. There is so much time to kill doing nothing, that one really goes nuts from sheer comfort. There is another side to it. One, which can't be explained. You have to be in the army to appreciate what I mean.

I can best explain it by drawing your attention to Marty. I think you know what I mean.

Everything works so slowly here in the hospital that one must be endowed with the world of patience. Nothing is said to the patient. Most of the boys are not sick. Yet they throw them in the hospital. Some have been here for months. Even these fellows know most where they stand.

I am not homesick; but I'd sure like to be home. Perhaps if I keep my fingers crossed things will work out similar to Marty's case.

I don't want to elaborate; but take my word, I'm keeping my eyes in "rare" shape. However, I'm acting as stupid as a new born baboon. With a handshake in mind –

BoB