

April 14th. 1944

Dear George,

I've been feeling a little sad all day, at least since 9:15 this morning. You see, usually my mornings are all taken up, but this morning I had a dental appointment, and managed to have enough time off to phone the folks. Phoning from here to New York always has required at least an hour or two. This morning it took about seven minutes and I missed getting Mom in the store.

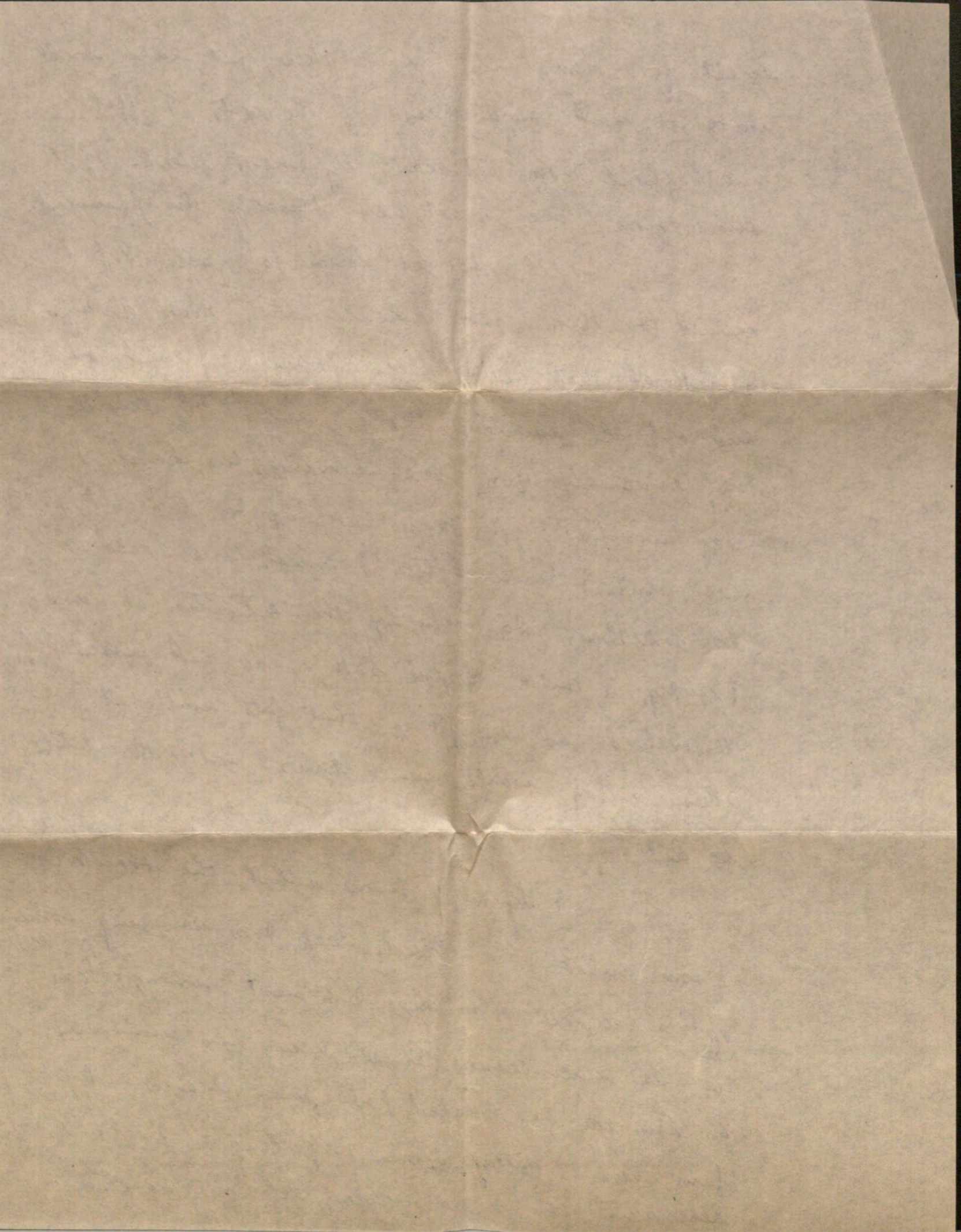
Pop felt badly about this, and so did I. I wrote Mom and explained the situation, but I can well imagine how she feels. I'll call her again sometime next week. It's awfully expensive, and when I do manage to complete a circuit from here to New York, it is exasperating, to say the least, to be so disappointed. Then to boot, Pop argues with me about why I phoned so early.

We didn't actually argue, but we wasted precious minutes speaking about Mom's not being there. Pretty rough! I spoke 4½ minutes and it cost close to \$8.00. Nevertheless,

except for mom's not being there, it was well worth it, and regardless of the cost, I feel I must phone mom at least by next week. If I know mom, she must be terribly disappointed.

Well, to get down to facts. Pop seemed to talk more openly with mom away. I gathered that he's been having a cold on and off all winter. George, we both know Pop, especially you, he's working too hard. I keep writing for mom and Pop to take it easy, but I know better. I wish we could do something to remedy the situation at home. Frankly, I think they're both good and pissed-off, demoralized and everything that goes with it. Otherwise Pop would never have said the little he did say.

I think I know what the trouble is. From what I gathered, (look, I'm assuming some of this too, but I'm sure I'm not wrong) Sam is as unconcerned about being in uniform as Sam can be. I asked Pop point blank why Sam hasn't gotten, or isn't getting a draft-deferment job. Pop's answer left me no choice



3

but to believe that Sam is trying as hard to stay out as he usually tries. George, Sam is either too stupid to know what he's doing, or he's never grown up. I've written them (Sam and Kay) about 4 or 5 letters almost pleading with Sam to wise up. Honestly, I think he's nuts.

Mom and Pop sure need a stimulant. I hope and pray you get home soon. They'd rather see you than me anyway. I know they're worrying more about you than about me, and I wouldn't want it any other way. George, plug away for that furlough! God knows when I'll get home again, perhaps after Germany, but there's too many ifs attached to this. Perhaps you can swing a deal for a furlough in the near future.

Fran and I are in excellent health. I tell you truthfully, Fran looks like a million. She's gained weight in the right places, and this living on her own most of the time, has done a lot to round her out. We're pretty much in love, and I can't help but feel that together we're going to get places. No matter what I wind up doing in the

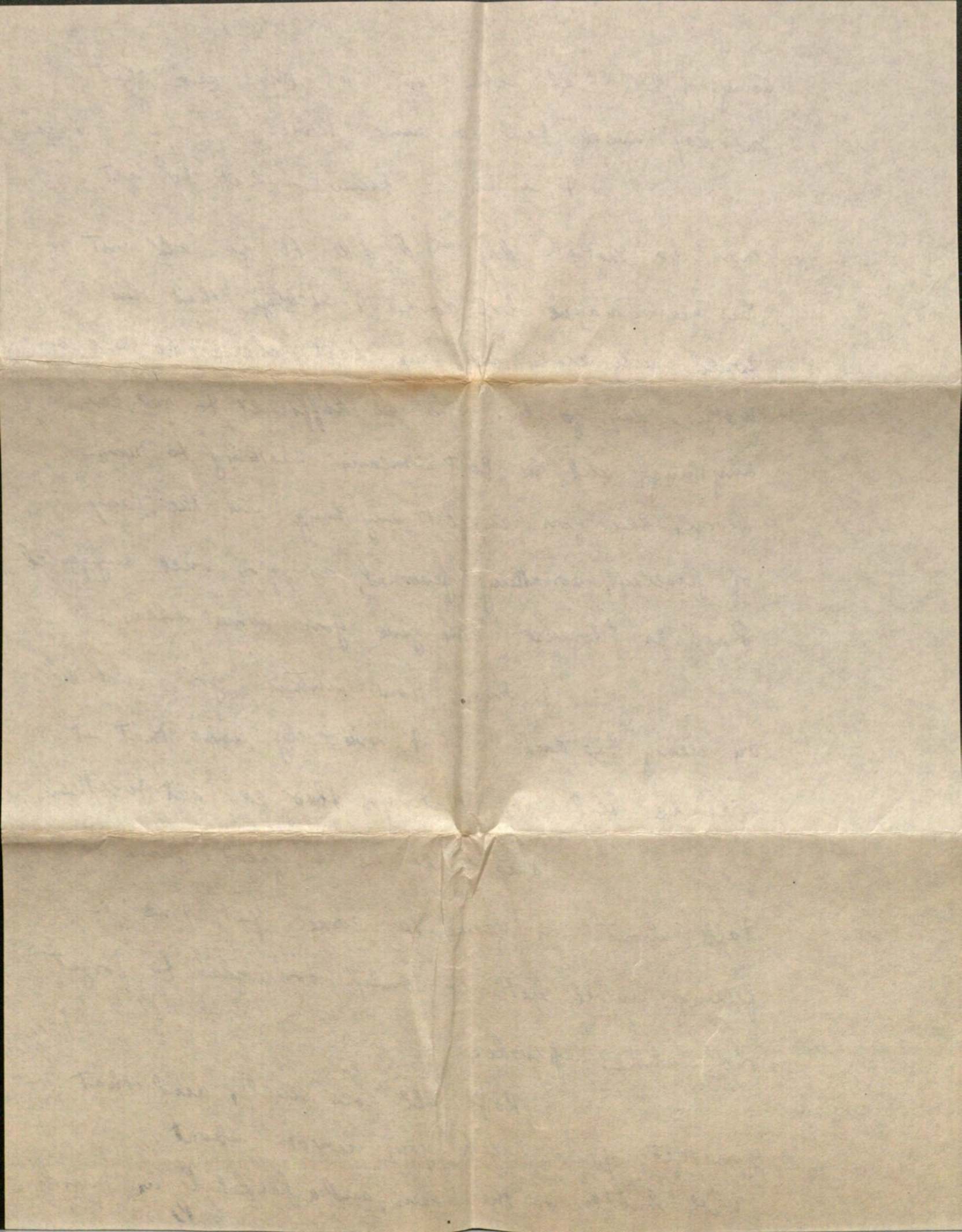
army, I feel I'll come out of this, and that one day we'll have a nice home.

I wish I knew what to get Mom for Mother's day. I'd like to go all out this year. Maybe deep down I realize that this could very easily be my last chance to see a Mother's day go by. It's so difficult to get her anything, and the cost means nothing to Mom. George, can you suggest anything in the way of jewelry, something seasonal, as you once suggested. Perhaps Florence can give you some ideas.

I know how intent you must be on seeing Flo and Jim. I sincerely hope that it will be real soon that you three can get together.

This will be a great game to talk about in years to come. Yet, I've a feeling we'll both be only too glad to forget the whole episode.

Hope all goes well, and that you get your break you wrote about.
with bubbles on the brain, and a handshake in mind
Bob



A/C R. Stoff Sq. 180 SAAAAB

Santa Ana, Calif.

Free



— ARMY AIR BASE

Pvt. George Stoff

Co. A 735 RWY BN OPN

Ft. Snelling,

Minn.

