

Letter, Bob Stoff to George Stoff & Florence Stoff & Jim Stoff, Fort Jackson, Sout Carolina, December 27, 1942

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Dear Gg, Flo. & Jim: -

I think it must at least four or five days since I last wrote. I've been in a semi-fog these past 4 or 5 days. I've been extremely busy, and handicapped by a slight cold, and a football game, which stiffened me up, plus a two day bender in celebration of a possible 9 day furlough sometime within the next 3 to 5 weeks. I've really been non plus. However, am back on the ball, and am settled once again.

Perhaps a two day bender is not in keeping with your ideas; but I regret that attitude. For I'm afraid that I'm now a soldier. Sure, one doesn't have to get lit to be a soldier, but it's a great help.

Xmas was a slight disappointment; both mentally and emotionally. But

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I'm not complaining; --- just remembering. I know one thing has impressed me greatly since my sorry career propagated. That is, watch out for BoB Stoff. From now on, here and in civilian life, it's going to be me and no one else. I'm not going to act as chaplain for anyone. Oh well, I suppose I'm now a hardboiled sergeant.

I'm still looking for Kay's clock, and Mom's package. Neither of which have been received. Fran managed to squeeze in two welcome packages. But then she's been swell right along.

The weather is perfect, yes, perfect for colds, grippe, and the flu. Everyone in camp is being hit somewhat. So far I've been quite

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fortunate in only having a slight cold. Some of the others have been less fortunate. The food continues pretty good, and I'm even afraid to say so; but I think I've gained a few pounds.

The new men are here, and company basic training begins tomorrow. Things are still being handled in a very disorganized manner, and a state of

chaos prevails. This may change; but seriously, I doubt it. The only solution in sight would be a change of officers. My platoon leader, a second lieutenant, is a moron. He is the most "chicken-shit," ignorant wack of an officer I've ever seen, but all that will smooth itself out.

Enclosed are some pictures and negatives – hope you like them –

Pop wrote me a letter

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in which he praises Jim to the heavens. He must really be quite a kid. Well, I'll soon be seeing him, and the rest of the family too.

Hoping Xmas proved Xmas for you -----

With a yuletide handshake in mind.

BoB