

Feb. 24th, 1943

Dear George, Plo. Jim:-

Received your swell letter, containing the good news that again you have been rewarded with a raise. I sure hope things continue going well with you along those lines, as well as all the other minor troubles that confronts you and yours.

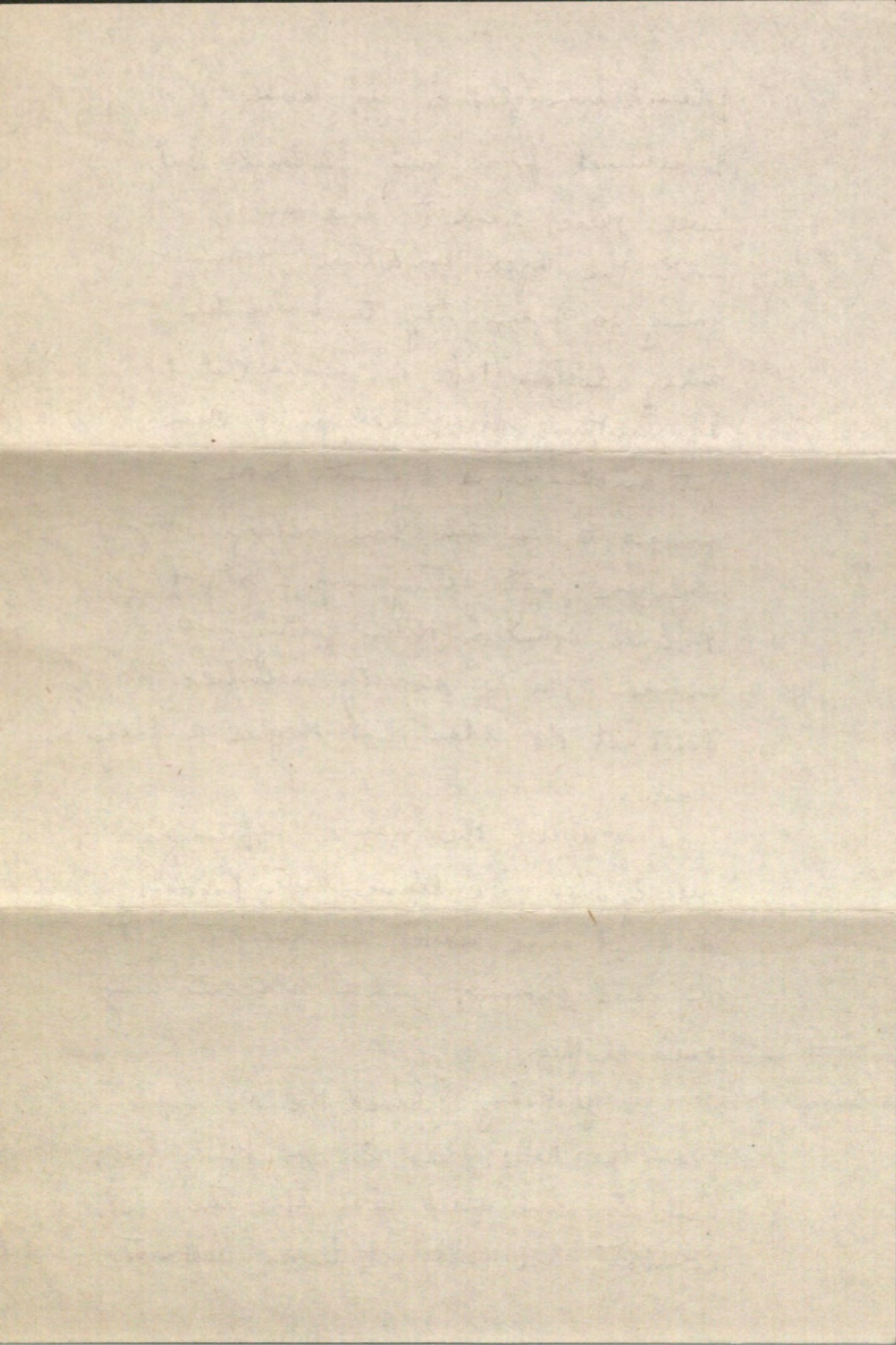
It sure seems that Sam is doing well. I hope they have enough sense to save some of the money Sam must be making. But then, they probably won't. At least, it would be nice, if they got rid of some or all of their debts; especially the money owed to Harry.

Just as in New York, the weather here has turned quite warm. In fact, warm enough for my old eye trouble to resume where it left off. I purchased a pair of

polished sun glasses as soon as I returned from my furlough. But even these haven't done away with the aged condition. I am going to again try to have the army doctors take a whack at it. If nothing else, perhaps I can get inoculations against those grasses to which I'm allergic. My eyes are just acting up a bit, if I could count on them getting no worse - I'd be perfectly satisfied. So don't get the idea that they're awfully bad.

Well, the range affair is nearly over. We leave here Friday, and it sure will be great to get a good shower, and a place to hang one's clothes.

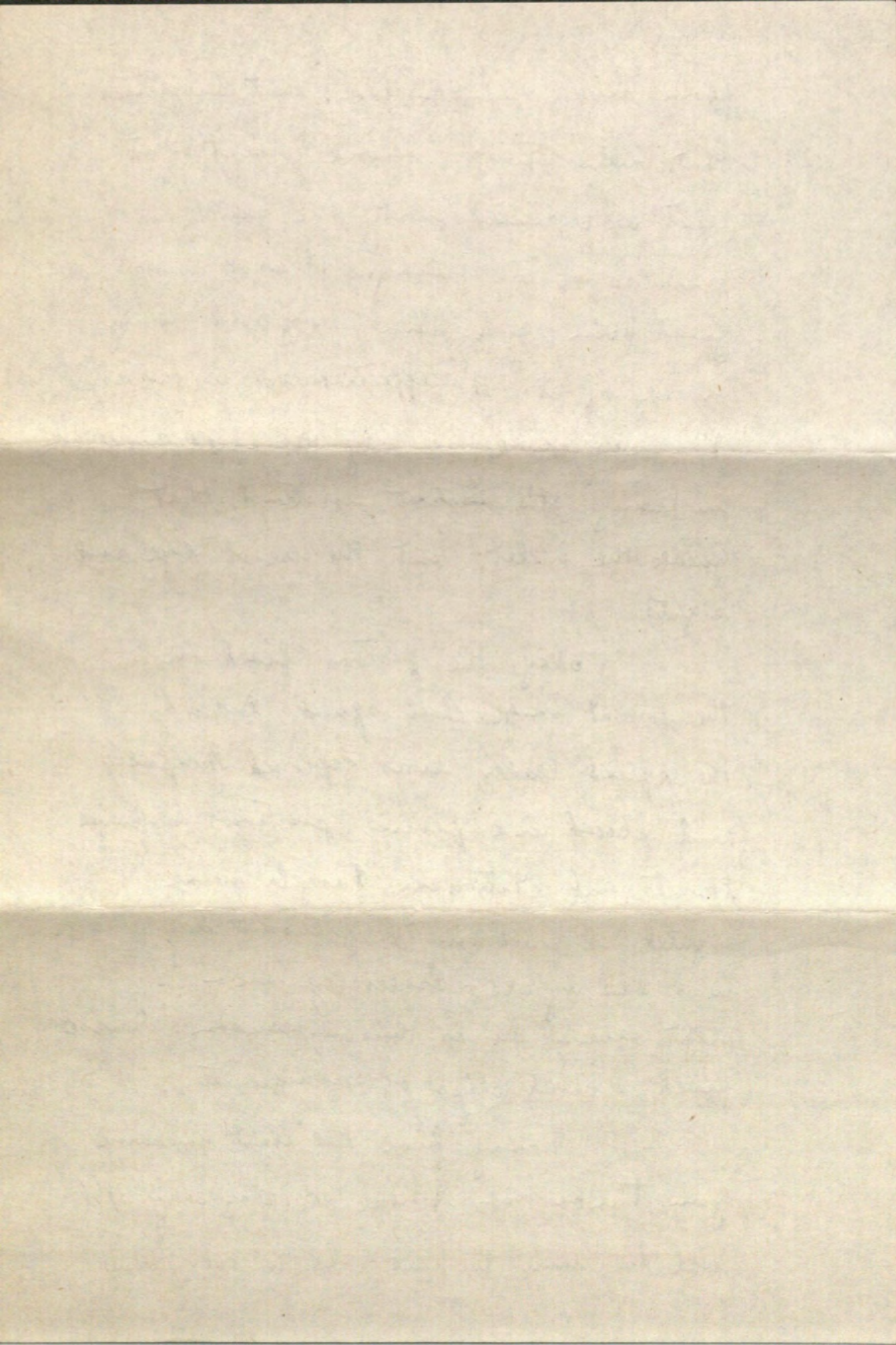
Yesterday I fixed the M1 rifle from the hip. This is something new, and is considered very effective in combat. In fact, it was reports



from men under five, that suggested that new troops become adept, or at least acquainted with the quick business of hip firing. It sure was great fun, and I'd of enjoyed doing more of it. It's effectiveness, as far as I'm concerned, is only the speed employed in firing. It's ~~instinct~~ instinct that guides the bullet; not the use of eye and sights.

Today, the platoon fixed on the combat range. Each squad, taken by the squad leader, was deployed tactfully and placed in a firing position. Surprise targets and stationary targets were sighted and fixed on. A pleasant day was had by all - Especially me - I slept several hours this afternoon. I also fixed several clips of ammunition.

I may fire the light machine gun tomorrow - I hope so, anyway. I'd like to learn to fire all the weapons.



But, I guess by tomorrow, this long cherished dream will have been only a dream. I just inspected my platoon's rifle. The lieutenant sort of passed the buck tonight; but this only took 40 minutes or so. And as I have about three whole hours to myself after the day's work is over, I really enjoyed spending it on a rifle inspection.

Now I written that the cadre seems to have been cancelled until November. This seems to be an authentic rumor. Basic training is nearly over, and what happens from now on is guesswork. I hope my beans are not realized though - at least, not with this outfit.

The first chance I get, I'm going to send you two loaded clips of ammunition used in the M1 rifle. I thought you'd like to keep it as a sort of token or something.

Today, while roaming around

the woods, I came upon a mound which looked like a grave. There was a cross sticking out of it, and I, at first, assumed it was the grave of a dog. But, coming around the front of it, I found enclosed epitaph. Sort of struck me as being funny.

George, it's going to be a mental battle - getting into the swing of things again. I'm sick of the army; but more so of the outfit. I know, even better than you, that there's nothing I can do about it. But, being a good soldier - I'll continue to hitch and grovel.

May your troubles be lighter than mine, and may they always remain light — with a handshake in mind —

Bob

P.S. Will also endeavor to locate Jack Weber

YARDBIRD ZERLANKO

DIED SHOOTING

CRAP

IN ACTION

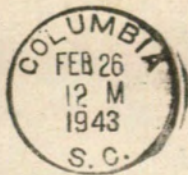
1843



S/Lgt. R. Stoff

399 Inf. Co. 9 A.P.D. 447

Ft. Jackson, S.C.



Free

Mr. George Stoff
29 Broadway
Room 1412
New York City

