

1 Feb. 1944

Dear George,

Am in receipt of your postcard mailed Jan. 26th, and also a letter mailed on the 27th. I received both missiles yesterday, but I just couldn't get to them until today. They're really laying on the heat.

You've written me several times about being held back as a clerk. I rather go for this setup. I don't suppose stripes will come too early or too soon, but that isn't the main issue; as we both well appreciate.

Sure glad you done so well as to receive "letter of commendation" for that big job you did.

I'm rather surprised that you, a comparative rookie, were selected for a job such as that secret mission called for. I've no doubt, but that you learned plenty. I hope you realized at the time that you were dealing with real soldiers - the Infantry, that will always be my pride and joy, as far as bragging about the army is concerned.

Received a letter from Florence Sunday. She sounds swell, and I gather that all is as perfect as perfect can be without you around. The kid must be a little devil, at least I can't help but see it that way, from what Florence writes.

It seems the only mail, outside of yours, that I receive,

arrives on Sundays. I received a letter from my old pal Skinger, (Co. I 399th) who says they covered 73 miles in 3 days. On foot, naturally. His kid sister died, and he's home on an emergency now.

Also received a letter from another old Co. I pal, who is in China. His mother died Oct. 13th; and that leaves him without parents. The war sure can get tough for some guys.

As for me, what shall I write? I'm doing well. I am now General Military Director, and get a break here and there; such as tonight. The boys are out parading, (about 2 hours) but I am catching up on my letter writing. I now am in complete charge

of the men when we're on the
drill field; every day from 9:30-
10:30. I've organized a platoon
of fancy drillers, and today we
put on an exhibition. If I do say
so myself, I really had them
put on a show. But that's all of
little importance. I've got ideas, and
I see high hopes that I won't fail.
My eyes have become super-
sensitive; all ready in February,
I can predict the weather. My left
eye is ready for action, but I
am now concentrating on my
right eye. I want a ground duty
assignment, and I think with a
little luck, and bad eyes, I'll
get it. I'm not rushing into
this just yet. I've still got time.
I know you get the idea. Hoping
all's well with you-
with a handshake in mind. Bob.

AFTER 5 DAYS RETURN TO

Al R. Stoff Sq. 93 SAAAB
Santa Ana, Calif.



Free

— ARMY AIR BASE —

Pvt. George Stoff
Co. A 5th Bn. (Camp.)

Camp Planché,
New Orleans, La.

