

July 8th. 1982

Dear George,

Believe me when I write
that this is the first chance to
write that I've had since Sunday.
We are really kept busy. There
is one decided factor down here
that hunts all of us—namely
lack of leisure time. We just
don't have any time to ourselves.
However, today; which was
very strenuous, finds me
with several hours to kill.

Before I continue writing about myself, let me take this opportunity to congratulate you on your unexpected rise in salary. I'm sure you can put it to work.

Things down here are done at a dizzy pace. We've been shown and taught so much, that it's my contention that we won't catch up to what we should know until at least a month has passed. In any event,

I've closed the gap that my
stay in the hospital caused. I
am surely one of the best
marksmen in my platoon. We
haven't shot our rifles as yet;
but we have done, what we
call "triangulation", which is
taking 3 shots at a target in a
fancy way - without actually
shooting any bullets. The idea is
to have your 3 shots appear on a
paper in an order something like
this. 2. 1. 3. But, if you take 3

perfect shots, all that will show is
one dot ~~the~~; however, this is rarely
ever accomplished. Nevertheless,
yesterday after first making
3 I made 1. I don't know
how much this means to you; but
it means to me that anyone
I aim at will be hit right between
the eyes.

As for being a "non
Com", - I don't know where I
stand. Being in the hospital
10 days didn't help. All the
"acting" non-Coms were picked before

my return to duty. I know, and
this is no bullshit, that I could
make one if I wanted to; but
as yet, all it means is more
work. Truthfully, at present, I
don't care to be a non-com. Perhaps
later on. As for being a 2nd. lieut.
This is definitely out. I don't
want it. This is all in the
future, so let's not dote on it.

I haven't changed my
spots; but I have stopped
worrying about trivialities. I
know where I stand now.

There is no question about it, the infantry is tough; but paradoxically enough, I am starting to like it. Only because I just realized something. I always desired to go camping. Well, this is it.

We are out in the open all the time. The trees and green matter and also the ground are our friends. For, this is what we camouflage ourselves in and with. Boy, we really hug mother earth. We covered the obstacle course 4 times, and

it's no cinch.

Marching back at the end of the days' work, and singing at the same time, is a feeling one gets only in the infantry. There is definitely plenty of ~~the~~ color attached to the infantry.

We've all getting hard and tough. Some of the boys are finding it tough; but the majority, against their first opinions, are beginning to like it.

I can't tell at this time whether or not I'll get a pass this week; but then I should get one next week.

Getting financial aid for Mom & Pop is out. Only complete dependency warrants this compensation.

Hope I've answered some of your questions.

I trust that Florence is doing well, and hope you continue to hit A's in your studies.

As Ever
Bob



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