

Letter. Bob Stoff to George Stoff & Florence Stoff & Jim Stoff. Fort Jackson,
South Carolina. November 23, 1942 [Transcriber; Kathryn Manning]

S/Sgt. Robt. Stoff
399 Inf. Co. I. A.P.O. 100
Ft. Jackson, S.C.

Mr. George Stoff
29 Broadway
Room 1412
New York City

Nov. 23rd, 1942

Dear George, Flo & Jim –

I'm rather disappointed in not receiving any mail from you this week. I look forward very eagerly and hungrily for your choice letters, so please don't let me starve.

Today I received the letter you wrote for Mom & Pop. Need I say that it surprised and stunned me. I know I took a little extra pain with that missile; but George, I rattled that one off I about 15 minutes. I recall most vividly my writing that one. It was on a Sunday and I had about 10 letters to write. So you can well imagine how much time I devoted to each letter.

Frankly speaking, my biggest joy in the army, is writing letters. I've undoubtedly written hundreds already.

If "that letter" was especially

2.

good; I know why. George, once again I'll have to repeat – One has to be in the army, especially the infantry, to appreciate the army.

It hits me extra hard; but at the same time, I learn that much more. I'm awfully sentimental – a dreamer. Writing you this, is really a superfluous sentence; for you know me. But, I'm really too sentimental for the army. Perhaps it's because I left so fine a home. Not so much the home; but the people that live in it.

George, Mom and Pop and you, are unquestionably “out of this world.” I realize this more and more each day. So many times, I’ve wished I were back home, listening to you all argue. Right now, it would be the prettiest chaotic confusion my ears

3.

could be subjected to.

I’m glad you liked that enlargement. I too, thought it wasn’t bad.

It’s been raining buckets all day, as only rain can fall in the sunny south. Dampness reigns, and everything is wet and sticky; but the realization of the proximity of my furlough is enough to console even my lonesomeness on this, my 23rd natal day.

I’m really looking forward to seeing you, and hope to have at least a few Mary Pickfords at your “photogenic bar.”

Not hearing from you, has me wondering about my last letter to you. But George, only love could have propagated that. George, if I’m not in love with Fran, and if

4.

she won’t make me a good wife, then I’m just plain nuts. Everything may be conducive to my missing her; but then I wonder why I’m more lovesick than all the other guys down here; including newly married men.

It means so much to me, that you approve of Fran that much as I had made up my mind not to write anything concerning this, I just couldn’t help myself. I know in the end, it won’t make any difference what you think or say; but I’m funny that way. I honestly feel hurt when you try to sway my emotions in another direction. In fact, I’d resent it from anyone else but you.

Hope you’re all well – and that the war news is at least 50% true – with that old handshake in mind.

BoB