

**Robert L. Stone to Jacob Stone, Beatrice Stone, and Don Stone**

Nashville, Tennessee, 11 February 1943.

Autograph letter signed, 2 pages.

---

*[Draft Created by Crowdsourcing]*

Friday the 11th

Dear Dad, Bee, and Don (if he's still home) —

Sorry I haven't gotten a letter off to you before this but as you can imagine I've been on the go ever since I left. The train ride down was uneventful and very tiring and it was a relief to get off at Berry Hills. We all marched up to a place where we were assigned to barracks, that had double-decker beds. We stayed here for a couple of days until we marched over for processing. Here we were issued two duffle bags and stripped to the skin when we entered. After a couple of hours when we came out we were completely dressed and outfitted as a soldier. We got everything from shoes and toilet articles all the way to a gas mask. After being outfitted we moved to other barracks in a quarantine area where we are now confined for two weeks. At the start of this week [*struck*: week] most of the fellows started on their psychs, physicals, and interviews and are finishing them up today as they take four days. There are so many of us that they couldn't take us all and so about 60 of us still have everything to take. It's rotten this way as we feel left out of things not having started anything yet.

[2]

On monday and tuesday I was on K.P. We all have to take a crack at it and it's no punishment. Those of us not taking tests yet got stuck and had it two days in a row. It was really something as a guard routs you out of bed at four o'clock and you work all through the day without a let-up. It's certainly a heck of a grind!!!

This place continues to be lots of laughs. The fellows are really a riot and always good for chuckles. Life in the barracks is really something. It's just like Monte Carlo. Since we can't go anywhere, there are all kinds of gambling games perpetually in session.

The fellows in my barracks are a good lot and although there are about 35 of us we nearly all know each others first name. Pete's in another barracks but I see alot of him anyway. There's a kid about five bunks away from me who went to Wesleyan [*sic*] and is a damn nice guy.

Never have I been with such a funny bunch of fellows. Each one is cleverer than the next and the repartee that floats around is truly something. Of course, the language is not that of the king's court but none the less it's a riot!

Must run to formation in a minute so I'll halt here. Am sending my watch home as it's on the blink again. Please get it back to me as soon as possible cause I miss not having it. Write soon — All love — Bobby

Notes:

---

Letter is written on U.S. Army Air Forces letterhead.