

Robert L. Stone to Jacob Stone, Beatrice Stone, and brothers

Nashville, Tennessee, 21 March 1943.

Autograph letter signed, 2 pages + envelope.

[Draft Created by Crowdsourcing]

Sunday

Dear Dad & Bee (also the frères if home) —

I hope you'll excuse the long wait without mail but unfortunately nothing has broken my way of late and consequently I haven't felt up to writing. As a matter of fact, I just got out of the hospital last night after being in for five days with a temp. of 102 and a very bad sore throat. Never have I spent a more miserable few days or under worse conditions.

A week ago today I got another one of those disappointments that the army is so free with. We were put on shipping orders and were to leave last Sunday, that is until they took us off orders and so here we sit. Right now our original squadron of 210 men has been narrowed down to about 30 poor souls who are left here in Nashville — all the rest have been shipped out. There are so few of us left that we're all in one barracks when formerly we occupied seven. It's really rotten to have all your friends sent away cause you get used to live with one another and then your friendship is broken up.

I'm told that today is the first day of Spring and believe it or not it's snowing outside. This place

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has the damnest weather of any spot I've ever been. That's why so many of the kids spend half of their time in the hospital — it's really miserable!

There's very little to write in the way of news since our days are so very routine. The main accent is on continual guard duty, K.P., and many other odd details. Of course we drill, have gas mask practise, and do calisthenics.

Since I was sick last week, I wasn't in town at all, but before that I saw quite a bit of Lois and Phil. It's swell having them here since the town of Nashville has so little to offer. When the war is over, Tenn. is one state I will never visit again.

Can't think of any more news to write [*struck: and*] [*inserted: but*] I'll let you know as soon as I have any idea of moving out although I can't tell you exactly the day cause it's all very secret. As a matter of fact, they threaten to take away our cadet appointment if we tell anyone our date or destination of shipment [*sic*].

Write often!

Lots of love to all —

Bobby

P.S. Think it's swell about your making the marines, Jim!

[envelope]

A/C R. L. Stone <text loss> 20188

Squadron D-4

Nashville Army Air Center

Nashville, Tenn.

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Notes:

The letter is written on U.S. Army Air Forces letterhead.