

Robert L. Stone to Jacob Stone and Beatrice Stone

Ellington Field, Texas, 3 April 1943.

Autograph letter signed, 2 pages + envelope.

[Draft Created by Crowdsourcing]

Saturday Nite

Dear Dad & Bee —

After my first few days, Ellington seems to be a swell place. Our routine here is really something. Every day we get up at 5:30 and make up our bunks etc. and go to breakfast at 6:15. Then we go to calisthenics for an hour after which we go to a class on military science. Next comes lunch followed by four hours of classes. Then we have an hour of drill and then supper. You don't have a free minute all day and in fact you can't sit on your bunk from 5:30 till 5:00 in the afternoon. Lights go out at 10:00 but believe me you're glad to get to bed because you can't help being completely exhausted.

If I ever get through the courses here it will be a miracle because all of them are subjects I avoided taking at college and was weak on in prep-school. I have maps and aerial photography, arithmetic, code, and physics which is a stinker. The math and physics look as though they'll be tough as heck because they have to cram alot of college work into a very short period of time since they try to rush us through.

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So far the weather has been brutally hot with a bright sun shining down all day. Several times I almost blacked out while marching. Would you be good enough to send me some salt tablets, Bee? I tried to buy some on the post and can't, and we won't get to town for the next three weeks. Today all of *[inserted: the]* cadets in both the bombardier and navigator wings had a big parade and we passed in review before all the top-officers[sic] of the post. It was really tough in the boiling sun. I hope that I get used to it soon because it really takes it out of me right now coming from a cold climate.

The food continues to be terrific! Today we had a large steak for lunch plus our choice of four vegetables etc. I have never had such meals before even at Deerfield. It's just like going to one of the best restaurants in New York. When we have eggs and hotcakes, they're hot because they take them off the stove as you come by in line.

From now on I doubt if you'll hear from me at all during the weeks because we have no time to ourselves except for a few hours at night when I'll have to be studying if I ever expect to get by. So, don't worry if you don't hear from me, and please you write cause mail is always swell.

My love to all — Bobby

P.S. Please send all my letters on to Don and Jim as I haven't time to write them too. Please don't forget.

[envelope]

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Group 20 Squadron D

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Notes:

The letter is written on Preflight School Bombardier, U.S. Army Air Corps, Ellington Field, Texas letterhead.