

Robert L. Stone to Jacob Stone and Beatrice Stone

Ellington Field, Texas, 2 May 1943.

Typed letter signed, 2 pages + envelope.

[Draft Created by Crowdsourcing]

Sunday Night

Dear Dad and Bee:

Have a few minutes before retreat and so I'll bat out a or two retiring. The past week was a tough one scholastically as well as physically since we had several tests and two parades. It has gotten lots warmer (if possible) and so I didn't relish doing anything strenuous.

Last week I got a rather nice break when I was made Squadron Supply Set. What it means is that I'm in charge of the supply room and to see that we have all the mops, brooms, soap, buckets, etc. that we need. I also have to take charge of having all the squadron's shoes sent up to the repair dept. It's really quite a responsible position and the work is good experience. Also, it makes me one of the squadron officers and so I'm excused from the hour of drill every afternoon. Also, we get out first on open post and also get an extra open post every Wednesday night. The last, and most welcomed, of the priveledges [*sic*] is that all of the officers were put into little rooms instead of living right in the row of bunks in the barracks. In each barracks there is a small room at one end that is shut off from the rest by a door. It's swell to have our own room because you can get lots more work done in the quiet room instead of amidst the hubbub of the barracks. I'm in a four main room with the squadron commander, a flight lieutenant, and our squadron first set. As you can imagine, I welcome the new authority and the breaks that go with it: Also, if you're a cadet officer it goes on your record and that follows you from field to field, and if you do a good job it speaks for you.

Last night I left the post for the first time since I've been here. I went to Houston which isn't a bad town although I'd take any eastern town the drop of a hat. Today I had a really swell time when the three of us went

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up to Galveston for the day swimming. It was really loads of fun to don a bathing suit and loll on the beach. Of course I was a dope and stayed too long in the sun and am really miserable right now. From head to toes I'm as red as a lobster. I've never had such a bad burn, and I only hope that it feels better in the morning. Frankly, I doubt if I get any sleep tonight. Incidentally, we hitch hiked all the way which is about forty miles. We got rides up and back without even holding up our thumb. The people were surely swell. On the way down a young major from Camp Wallace took [*struck: us*] [*inserted: us*] most of the way.

Thanks loads Bee, for attending to my pen. It works fine now. I'm using the typewriter only because I feel too punk to push a pen tonight. If you can find my swimming trunks, I'd appreciate it if you'd send them to me in case we go swimming again. They are a light tan [*inserted: canvas-like*] pair of trunks with a removable belt. I think they're in my trunk with my white tennis shorts. Thanks muchly.

Must run now as bed-time is nearing. I won't get much sleep but at least I'm going to give it a try. Thanks loads for your letters.

Lots of love,
Bobby

[*envelope*]
A/C R.L. Stone <*text loss*>
Bombardier Wing
Group 21 Squadron 20
Ellington Field, Texas

Lt. Comdr. J. C. Stone
375 Park Avenue
New York City
N.Y.

Notes:

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