

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

Childress, Texas, 19 September 1943.

Typed letter, 1 page.

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*[Draft Created by Crowdsourcing]*

Sunday Afternoon.

Dear Dad & Bee —

'Twas so swell to speak to you this morning I thought I'd just scribble off a short letter. Am looking forward to going on maneuvers tomorrow. They say it's a real test of whether you can fly under combat conditions. It's really rough living in pup tents way out in nowhere. We do K.P., guard duty, fill and fuse actual demolition bombs — all this besides flying bombing and navigation missions. We'll have to wear gas masks at all times because ships fly over and drop gas bombs on us just to make things a little more realistic.

Yesterday we were issued a wonderful piece of equipment. We got those heavy leather flying pants and jackets. They have a big sheep skin collar and are completely lined with sheep skin. They're great big heavy things but, oh so warm. They're just like outfits you see pictured in the movies of high altitude flying. We all look like Polar Explorers!

As I said on the phone, we lost two more boys from our flight this week. Poor kids, working for 13 weeks only to go back to the G.I.'s as a buck private. I'm not trying to make it sound tough when I say that it was nip and tuck for me the past ten days. You're never sure of your status and they give you the axe for practically the smallest failing. All I can do is give my all and hope for the breaks for the next 39 days. It would really kill me to miss out on a commission and my wings after getting so close and yet so far from my goal.

No more now 'cause I've got to whip together some warm clothes and equipment before 0600 tomorrow.

Again 'twas swell to talk with you —

All love

Bobby.

A/C R.L. Stone

Class 43-15

Squadron 7 Flight D

Childress, Texas

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