

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

Childress, Texas, 30 September 1943.

Autograph letter signed, 2 pages + envelope.

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*[Draft Created by Crowdsourcing]*

Thursday

Dear Dad and Bee —

This will have to be a quicke asking you to do me a favor, Bee. A directive came out that we're going to have to turn in our O.D.'s when we graduate and so I'd appreciate it if you'd send me all the winter clothing I sent home from Ellington. Please attend to this as soon as possible because I'll have to have them very soon.

Our new schedule turned out to be a darn good one although quite screwy — very unlike being in the army. We get up at 10:30 in the morning with breakfast at 11:15. We go to P.T. at 12:20 and then have three hours of classes from 3:00 until 6:00. We then have lunch at 6:00 and are free until 9:00 when we go to the flight line where we fly until 3:00 in the morning. Then we have our supper and go to bed. It's an odd schedule for the army, but it's really swell because it affords us lots of extra free time. We feel like a bunch of bankers getting out of bed at 10:30. This past week we've had a tough break

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on the weather. As a matter of fact I haven't flown for exactly a week now. All summer we had clear blue skies and never lost a day of flying. However, for the past week the field has been closed in due to a 500 ft. ceiling. I've never seen anything like it — there's been a solid blanket of dark clouds over the whole sky so that you can't see through to the sky at all.

It certainly feels great to be coming down the home stretch. The class ahead of us got all their equipment (parachutes, flying suits, etc) yesterday and they graduate in six days. Then we're next. These last days are just as tough [*inserted*: as ever] and we're all on our toes doing our best to finish out this orgy without a mishap. As each day goes by we all heave a sigh of relief since it's one less day to sweat out.

In ground school we're studying celestial navigation and meteorology which are our last two courses.

Can't think of any more now except congratulations to all of you about Ken and Bunny. I tried to wire him last night but western union wouldn't take the wire. Please tell him for me. Wish I were home to congratulate them in person.

S'long all — Bobby

*[envelope]*

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Class 43-13

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The letter is written on Army Air Forces, Bombardier School, Childress, Texas letterhead.