

Robert L. Stone to Jacob Stone and Beatrice Stone

Wendover Field, Utah, 28 November 1943.

Autograph letter signed, 4 pages + envelope.

[Draft Created by Crowdsourcing]

Sunday

Dear Dad & Bee —

As always it was swell to talk to you yesterday. As you could gather from what I said, this place is really pretty bad. Everything is definite that we are going to California. It is really an unheard-of break to be joining the movement instead of being stuck here for three months. I still can't believe that it's true.

Incidentally, we are going to March Field which is in the San Bernardino Valley, about sixty miles from Los Angeles, Hollywood, etc. It's meant to be a darn nice field and of course lots pleasanter than being stuck here in "no-man's land".

If you write to Lt. R. L. S. 0-696041

399th Bomb [*struck*: ing] Group

Squadron 607

March Field, California

I ought to get the letter. That may not

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be my exact address, but I'm sure the letter will reach me. Mail will be muchly appreciated! If you write right away, the letter ought to be there when we arrive since we'll be leaving shortly. As I said yesterday I have some swell gents in my crew. My pilot is a damn nice looking kid about 24 or so. He is an A-1 guy with a good head on his shoulders and I think he'll make an excellent leader. Incidentally he comes from Kansas and his name is "Hap Middleton". My co-pilot is also a good Joe, a little younger than Hap but equally as capable, I think. His name is Ken Githens and he comes from Portland, Oregon. From all indications we ought to hit it off just fine and we ought to make for a good crew. Or gunners, radioman, and engineer all seem like good kids although I don't know them too well. We have six inlisted men in the crew, ranging from Pfc. to Sgt. Our crew is complete except for the navigator which we don't pick up for awhile yet. More about all the boys when I get to know them

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better. So far everything looks great!

Yesterday we went through a complete physical and got a whole series of shots and my arm felt like a pin cushion for awhile. We spent the afternoon at the sub-depot filling shortages in our flying equipment.

As soon as we hit the coast we'll be in for some very intensive training. Ground school and hours of flying will keep most of our time occupied. We've already been warned that our free time will be very little. From now on we'll be playing for keeps and so we've got alot to learn before we go over to combat. Yesterday I went through a B-24 and believe me it's quite different than an AT-11. Out whole crew has alot to learn.

Can't think of any more so I'll put a halt to my ramblings. I'll write again

[4]
if anything new comes up. Until then —
All my love —
Bobby

[*envelope*]
OFFICERS' CLUB
WENDOVER FIELD, UTAH

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

Notes:

The letter is written on Officers' Club, Wendover Field, Utah letterhead.