

Robert L. Stone to Jacob Stone and Beatrice Stone

March Field, California, 9 December 1943.

Typed letter, 2 pages.

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Thursday Nite - December 9, 1943.

Dear Dad & Bee —

I hope you'll excuse my not having written for so long, but since we arrived here late Sunday night we've been extremely busy. We pulled in here after an uneventful, yet pleasant trip from Wendover, which was a real relief to be leaving behind us.

The physical set-up of this field is quite nice although it's tough getting around from place to place since it's so darn big and spread out. This is a very old field and has a great many permanent buildings. Our BOQ is adequate — we live two men to a small room with a closet and a desk. It's nothing exceptional, but it's definitely O.K.

Both "Hap" and Ken continue to be real swell gents. Incidentally our whole squadron was assigned navigators last night. We have a kid by the name of Kamps and as yet we've passed no judgement on him — only time will tell

The schedule for the combat crews is no picnick [*sic*] out here. We're on call to go to school and fly for 24 hours a day for five days. Then on the sixth we're off for 24 hours. We have to stay on the post every night except when we have our day off. That's kinda rough on fellows like Hap and Ken whose wives arrived and are living in Riverside. Even though they only see them occasionally I still envy them.

We are working under a ground school and flying program that is designed to keep us busy all the time since they are trying to give us three phases of O.T.O. in two months, when ordinarily it is supposed to take three months. Right now they plan to have us leave for combat by the second week in February — that certainly doesn't seem far off and we have so much to learn by then! We've run into one good break here when we found the chow to be A-1. It's really a treat to eat good meals again after half- starving to death at Childress this summer. We have a choice of three places to eat here and all of them are excellent.

Can't think of anything else to write now, although it seems as if so much has happened since we arrived on Sunday. Please write often because it's quite easy to get feeling blue when you're doing combat flying five and six hours a day or night, and mail does wonders to keep up the moral. I know I won't have a chance to answer half your letters, but I hope you'll understand and write anyway. It makes such a difference.

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I must get to bed now cause sleep means so much when you're under a constant strain. S'long now.

Lots of love —

Bobby.

P.S. Please be sure to send my letters around to Don, Jim, etc. because I just can't possibly write them individually as much as I'd like to.

P.S.S. Don't remember if I told you or not, but I ran into Pete Hoyt (remember him?) the last day I was in Salt Lake City. He has his pilot's wings now and was being shipped out as a co-pilot. It

was such fun seeing him again after all those months. It's almost a year ago we left for Hashville together.

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Notes:

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