

Robert L. Stone to Jacob Stone

March Field, California, 22 December 1943.

Autograph letter signed, 3 pages + envelope.

[Draft Created by Crowdsourcing]

Wednesday

Dear Dad —

The folder with the bonds arrived this afternoon and I want to thank you just loads. You were so darn over-generous in giving me the bonds as well as the large check. As soon as I get ahold of a folder I'll send you the bonds to deposit in my account.

This afternoon our squadron took a beating when our *[inserted: weekly]* passes were indefinitely cancelled. The way they treat the combat crews here is discouraging and somehow we always get the short end. The permanent party on this field are the only ones who get a half decent break. Had quite a bit of excitement on Saturday night when the weather closed in and all the ships got back to the field except for mine. I didn't fly that afternoon because the bombing ranges were closed and so all bombardiers had to go to class.

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When Hap called the tower they gave him instructions to go on and land at Long Beach. Well, from six until after nine we had no contact with them and they had all the radios buzzing and all the airway controls trying to reach them. It's such a helpless feeling to know that they were lost and not be able to do anything about it. Time *[strikeout]* went on and we'd given them up as lost since they only had about ten minutes gas left and we hadn't heard from them. A few minutes later a call came from Long Beach that a B-24 had just landed with only a matter of minutes gas left. They had been lost for hours, but they came out of it by the skin of their teeth.

When the call came the Colonel (the group commander) said to me "Lt. you and I are going over to the club for a few drinks." I wasn't dressed for the club so he got off there and gave me his car to go to my BOQ where I quickly got dressed. When I met him at the club I was *[strikeout]* *[inserted:greeted]* by the Col. with a drink in each hand. I stayed there until quite late, drinking with him and several of his pals. I felt

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so important to have the Colonel buying me drinks. He's a swell gent — quite young, with lots of decorations. He's a pilot back from combat.

For the past three days my crew has been grounded at Long Beach waiting for a clearance to fly back. Since we've been out here it has been very rainy with a very low ceiling and quite bad for flying. I'm very anxious to see the boys and hear all about their experiences.

Again Dad, I can't thank you enough for the bonds and check. Once more, your swell letter was appreciated more than ever before.

You're a great guy, Dad.

All love —

Bobby

[envelope]

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Notes:

Letter is written on stationery with images of flying planes and "March Field, California" letterhead.