

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

Hammer Field, California, 1 January 1944.

Autograph letter signed, 2 pages.

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*[Draft Created by Crowdsourcing]*

Saturday Nite

Dear Dad & Bee—

As you can see we're still here at Hammer Field tonight. We took off at 3:30 this afternoon and circled the field twice and had to land again because one of our engines was still on the fritz. Consequently, we won't try to leave again until tomorrow afternoon when the ship ought to be all fixed up.

Yesterday we were flying in a big formation of the IV Bomber Command up to San Francisco and Sacramento when one of our engines failed. We had to leave the formation and head for the coast (we were flying out over the ocean) and land at the nearest airport, which turned out to be at Fresno. It's a fairly nice field located about nine miles from Fresno, which is south of Sacramento in the San Jaquin [*sic*] Valley.

We didn't do any celebrating for New

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Years Eve because we were so darn tired. When you fly for five or six hours at 20,000 ft. with oxygen you get mighty fatigued. Consequently we were in bed by 9:30.

It was so swell to talk to you last night. I had been waiting for the call all evening at the officers club but finally cancelled it, or at least so I thought, and went back to my BOQ to bed. About twenty minutes after I was in bed the orderly called me to the phone. Evidently the operator didn't realize I'd cancelled the call and kept working on it — I was glad she had!

I misunderstood Bee on the phone. I most certainly do like my crew! We've got a swell bunch of kids and our new pilot is aces high! Our whole crew, both officers and enlisted men, are tops. Enough for now cause I must be off to bed. Write often.

Love —

Bobby

Notes:

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The letter is written on United States Air Force letterhead.