

Robert L. Stone to Jacob Stone and Beatrice Stone

March Field, California, 15 April 1944.

Autograph letter signed, 4 pages + envelope.

[Draft Created by Crowdsourcing]

Saturday Nite

Dear Dad & Bee —

Well here I am, back at it again after two wonderful weeks at home. I never know where to begin to thank for my good time. Home is certainly a great place and I wish we could all see alot more of it than we have during the past year — these shorts stays are swell but not nearly long enough. My visit with Don worked out perfectly. I pulled into the station about a half hour late and much to my surprise there was Don waiting for me. He's really in good spirits and looks fine. Of course, it was swell to see him after all this time and we had a swell reunion.

We went immediately to the Blackstone where we spoke to you. Before I forget Dad, we only had one meal at the Blackstone and so we didn't bother to use the charge account. Thanks loads, anyway. Had breakfast at the

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Blackstone and it was a pleasure to see Don eat. He evidently doesn't have very good food at his camp and you know how he likes his food. After breakfast we bumped into Capt. Steinback who gave us the use of his suite and wanted to meet us for cocktails.

In the morning we wandered all over Chicago and I did some shopping at Marshall Field. Went to a place called Pete's for lunch to get Don a steak and unfortunately they had none. That afternoon we went to see "A Guy Named Joe," which is tops. Got out about four o'clock and returned to the hotel to get my camera. I took a bunch of snaps of the Cpl. and I hope they come out. Don planned to take a 6:00 train so we went out to supper. Had a great big steak and the Brown Derby after which I took him to the train.

I can't thank you enough Dad, for making the arrangements with the Capt. etc. Incidentally, I wrote him today. It was

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swell to see Don and I'm so glad that it worked out so well. It was such fun talking over old times (and good ones they were) as well as our various army experiences etc.

After I saw Don off I had until 1:45 when my plane left. Was feeling very low with nothing to do and the thought of my leave being over still fresh in my mind. I called up a gal, a good friend of Pam's from college whom I knew through her. [*struck*: and] Went up to where she was working. Pam had given me her address on a match cover saying to call her. Of course, I never thought I would at the time but I'm glad I did.

We sat around and talked for awhile and then went out to do the town. We went to more different places and I can't remember half of them. She stayed with me until about 12:00 when I went back to the Blackstone. Bumped into Capt. S. who took me in for a drink and we saw Paul Draper dance a jig. At about 12:45 the car picked me up and I was off

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for the airport. Was lucky all the way out here and wasn't removed. All but one passenger was army of navy.

Before I forget, my address is different. There is no longer a 399th but instead it is called the 420th Base Unit. The squadrons have been renamed and mine is now called T-1.

Lt. R.L.S.

420th Base Unit

Squadron T-1

March Field, Calif.

Please use this address from now on and tell anyone you see of the change. Haven't found out my new set-up but will very shortly. Will write all as soon as I find out anything.

Again a million thanks for a swell two weeks at home. Also Dad, 'twas really nifty of you to have given me the generous check for my plane fare — you know how much I appreciate it.

You're sure a great Dad.

Please be sure to keep me posted as to your navy situation. I've got my fingers crossed that your blood pressure stays down.

Excuse my scrawl but I'm in a rush.

S'long for now. All love —

Bobby

[*envelope*]

Lt. R.L. Stone 0-696041

420th Base Unit

Squadron T-1

March Field, California

Lt. Comdr. J.C. Stone

375 Park Avenue

New York City

N.Y.

Notes:

Letter is written on United States Air Forces letterhead.