

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

Marianas Islands, 25 December, 1944.

Autograph letter signed, 2 pages + envelope.

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*[Draft Created by Crowdsourcing]*

The Marianas

December 25th, 1944

Dear Dad & Bee —

Well here 'tis the 25th but somehow it doesn't seem any different than any other day of the week. Sure we had a delicious turkey dinner but aside from that there was none of the usual Christmas spirit. One day is like the next out here and you lose all track of day and date. The only thing we keep track of is how *[inserted: many]* missions we can get in during a month. I'm afraid that all the tradition of the various holidays will be lost until the war is over. After all, I guess that is the most important thing right now.

Bee, I want to thank you for your swell birthday letter which arrived a couple of days ago. It would have arrived on my birthday *[strikeout]* were the mail not so darn slow. Almost all letters take about three weeks and sometimes longer.

Everything is about the same out this way. Slowly but surely we're getting on with our missions but it's still a long way to go to reach the forty mark, and there's always the chance that they may raise it. Formerly it was only thirty missions and raised to thirty-five and while we were back at Kwajalein it was boosted to a mere forty — what next?

[2]

Finally things are shaping up in the squadron to make conditions a bit more bearable. All of the boys have wooden floors and frames in their tents now. The squadron built a club for the enlisted men where they can get beer and coke. I believe they are under way to build us an officers club. We certainly need a place to drink beer and work off steam because it's fairly dull to spend your time in a tent.

I don't recall if I told you or not but I saw Barry a few days ago and he was in best of shape. I believe he may be over tomorrow again. For Christmas I dug up an extra case of beer for him to celebrate.

As usual I'm lacking any further inspiration toward writing an interesting letter. There's so little to write when you live as routine a life as we do — enough for now.

Love —

Bobby

*[envelope]*

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