

Robert L. Stone to Jacob Stone and Beatrice Stone

Marianas Islands, 22 April 1945

Autograph letter signed, 3 pages + envelope.

[Draft Created by Crowdsourcing]

The Marianas

April 22, 1945

Dear Dad + Bee

Today you are receiving the letter that I have dreamed of writing for the last six months. Yes, we finally flew out fortieth mission! It has been a long and trying tour of duty filled with a number of black hours and narrow escapes. All the way through we were lucky to have God on our side to pull us through when there seemed to be no chance of making it. All of us have a feeling of free men again with a great pressure having been removed. It's a mighty good feeling.

As far as coming home is concerned, it will be a little time yet before we leave here and we'll probably be up on Oahu for awhile. So, don't count the days but it shouldn't be too long before I'll be calling you from Oahu.

My joy over finishing was spoiled a couple of days ago when I had a letter returned from one of my best friends with the word "missing" on the outside. It was a letter to Bill Struby who was flying a B-17 in Italy. I wrote his commanding officer to see if possible it couldn't have been a mistake. Why is it that the best always have to pay the

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price is beyond me. Incidentally the bombardier on his crew was Al Swain, a classmate of his and mine at Williams. The fellow on Ken's ship is his older brother, Bob Swain. Both of them are darn nice kids. Al was a very good friend of mine at college. Don't say anything about Bill being missing until it can confirm it by a letter from his C. O. I'm hoping against [illegible] that my returned letter was in error.

I'm glad to hear that the ashtrays arrives alright, Dad, because since then they have made a rule forbidding the mailing of that type of souvenir. Speaking of sending things, I received another box of eats yesterday. Many thanks for the always welcome tuna, chicken, and other canned treats. Incidentally the box with the film and "bayrum" has not arrived yet, but I suspect it's on the way. The papers you sent arrived yesterday Dad, in perfect tact.

Enclosed is a clipping that I found in the American magazine, that I know you'll be interested in. By now I imagine that Barry is either home or at least you've heard from him. Tell him I'm having a heck of a time trying to get his rifle sent home but that I think I'll be able to swing it.

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I'm certainly glad to hear that you're up in the country getting some enjoyment out of the pool. In the next couple of weeks I'm going to attempt to get rid of my night club palor [sic] and pick up a little sun. Nobody would believe I've been out in the Pacific for almost a year because I'm white as a sheet. It's only after the fortieth that the boys sit around in the sun concentrating on a sun tan.

Guess that's about all for now. Keep up your swell letters and I'll write when anything new comes up.

Best love--
Bobby

[*envelope*]
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