

Robert L. Stone, to Jacob Stone, Beatrice Stone, Don Stone, Jim Stone,

Barry Marks, Ken Marks, and Bunny

March Field, California, 21 February 1944.

Autograph letter signed, 4 pages.

[draft]

Monday Aft.

Dear Dad, Bee, Don, Jim, Barry, Ken & Bunny —

I'm sorry it's been so many ages since I last wrote but it so happens that I've been here in the hospital for the last three weeks. I didn't think it would be wise to worry you until it was all over but for some time I've had trouble with my leg at high altitudes when it was so terribly cold. So, after much consultation they decided to operate on my leg and remove my plate taking the chance it was the cause of my trouble.

Right now I am feeling lots better and before long I hope to be up and about again. The operation wasn't too bad but for about a week I wasn't feeling too hot. My leg was rather painful but it's coming along nicely now. The major who operated on me is supposed to be a good orthopedic man. [2] He, of course, knew of Gallie and thinks very highly of him.

The day I was operated on Ronnie and Doug came over to the hospital and were here when I woke up the first afternoon. It made it lots easier for me cause I wasn't feeling too marvelous. I think Ronnie is coming over again tomorrow.

The one tough thing about all this seige is the fact that I was removed from my crew when I was put in the hospital. It really breaks my heart because I had such a swell gang. The boys are swell and came up to see me all the time. They always bring my mail up here ect.. Incidentally, continue to write to the same address as always because I'll get my mail quicker than if it came directly to the hospital.

Speaking of mail I'm afraid I owe everyone a letter but I [3] haven't written a soul for the past three weeks or so. Please be sure that this letter gets around to all the family so they'll excuse my not writing. Hope you can make out my scrawl but I'm on my back writing since I still get dizzy when I sit up, because they've been stuffing me with sulfa pills for about a week now and they have this effect on you.

Can't think of any more now cause life is kinda dull here in the hospital. I hope this letter finds you all well and in top spirits. Please don't worry about R. L. S. because I'm feeling lots better now and ought to be up walking again before too long. I hope you received my telegram that one of the boys was sending for me this morning.

Please thank Bunny for her sweet letter that arrived this morning, Tell her [*struck*] that I'll [4] write as soon as I'm up and around. Be sure you tell her cause I got a long letter from her this morning.

'Nuff for now—
All love—

Bobby

P. S. When they removed my plate, they found the screws to be a little loose. Consequently, it was just as well that it came out—it makes a swell souvenir! A little black [*inserted*: metal] plate with six separate screws. Just like something a carpenter would have.

P. S. S. Got your telegram this morning, Dad, and of course you can understand why I wasn't able to call back on Sunday,

Love again —

Bobby