

# *Love Letters*

— I'LL BE LOVING YOU ALWAYS —

## BOOK 2

*November 1, 1951–June 5, 1952*

Bob and Betty Anderson

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Produced with the assistance of Fluency Organization, Inc. in Tyler, TX. Design & Layout: DK Designs Group and Inkwell Creative

# Introduction

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**M**y plan from the beginning was to love Betty so much that she'd have to love me back. Man, I was head over heels in love and I would often say to her, "You're the most beautiful thing that I ever saw." She would just smile and say, "That's your rose colored glasses." One day, I went down to my optometrist and I arranged for him to give me a letter saying that he had examined my glasses and they were, in fact, crystal clear and definitely not rose colored. I framed that letter and it remains prominently displayed on my living room wall. To me, Betty was and is everything. We both believe that the Lord brought us together for His good purpose.

As we speak, I'm writing my life story at age 81. Maybe it will become a book some day! But until then, Betty's story needs to be told and what better place to tell it than in this collection of letters we wrote to each during the 14 months we were apart while I was overseas.

## **A Love for Learning**

Betty was born in Santa Barbara on July 3, 1934. Her aunt Inez referred to her as the premature firecracker. Her name was Elizabeth Anne, but except for family, she always went by Betty. Her maiden name was Ward, and then one glorious day on August 22, 1952, I slipped a ring on her finger and she became an Anderson. Her father, Benjamin Briggs Ward, Jr. was a high school horticulture teacher. He started out in Arbuckle, California and at the time of her birth, he was taking graduate classes at the University of California at Davis. Her mother, Nora Elizabeth Cash Ward, returned to the family home of her parents, Charles and Norah Cash, in Santa Barbara where Betty was born in the Cottage Hospital. Throughout her life, Betty spent a great deal of time in Santa Barbara and was very close to her maternal grandparents, as well to her extended family in San Fernando, California.

Betty was a true California girl—she loved the ocean and the beach.

I used to tease her and say that if Darwin were correct, she came from some sort of a sea creature. And she never disputed that notion. Today she is buried in a Santa Barbara cemetery on a bluff overlooking the ocean, where I will join her when my time comes.

Education was very important to Betty's entire family. Her father was instrumental in establishing Pierce College in Woodland Hills, California. In 1931, her mother graduated with a Master's Degree from the San Francisco Presbyterian Seminary. This was the same three-year course of study required for the ministry, but in those days women could not be ordained. When she married, she chose to be a stay-at-home-mom. Betty's grandfather, Benjamin B. Ward, Sr., was a medical doctor and her great-grandfather, Samuel Lawrence Ward, was an educational missionary to Persia where he established the first Presbyterian school that later became the University of Tehran. Betty's maternal grandfather, Charles, was also a well-known and beloved educator who was instrumental in building Laguna Blanca, a prestigious private school in Santa Barbara where one of the school buildings carries his name.

### **An Independent Streak**

Betty was adventurous to a fault. When she was a kid, she managed to climb to the top floors of the Van Nuys City Hall and out onto the flag pole that stood 10 to 12 stories from the ground. Later, in one of her letters to me as a teen, she wrote of a harrowing automobile trip. She and some friends were driving home with a guy after a party when suddenly his brakes went out on a treacherous mountain pass. I remember feeling helpless because I was overseas and couldn't do anything about it. But I couldn't have done anything about it if I had been home either! She had a mind of her own.

Her independent streak came out one night in particular, and it was one the funniest things that happened in our married life. I must have been watching something on television, but she had wanted to watch something else. When she wanted to change the channel to her show, I said, "No, I'm watching this show." She got mad and she said, "Alright, I'm going to go down and buy my *own* television set." So she walked out and drove to Sears. She talked to a salesman and picked out a television set. And then the salesman said, "We're going to have to have your husband sign for this." She really blew up at that. She told him, "Hey, I make more money than my husband does!" So that was the day Sears had a policy change

(at least for that sale) and we had two television sets.

Betty was very fortunate in that she was able to go through school with the same group of classmates—beginning with grammar school and running through high school. She knew everyone, but she was especially close to a group of about 20 girlfriends that were from good homes and were strongly supported by their parents. This was the era of the “Big Bands” when teens loved to dance, and Betty was no exception. She was also a stickler for doing what was right. At one point, the group made arrangements to take dance lessons from a prestigious dance studio. As time for the first lesson approached, the owner of the studio said that they could not accept one of the girls at his studio because she was Jewish. When Betty learned of this, she rallied the girls who all spoke as one: “Either all of us take lessons together or none of us do.” It seems that Texas is not the only place where one needs to tread lightly—especially when Betty was involved. In the end, the studio gave in and all the girls had their dancing lessons, albeit with some lingering bad taste in their mouths.

Betty was a lot of fun and people were attracted to her like flies are attracted to sugar. For our 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary, we had a family portrait done. Later, my son Larry and his wife Sasha adopted our grandson Boris from a Russian orphanage. The next time we came together as a family, Larry and Sasha commissioned another portrait to include Boris. The photographer positioned Betty and I in the middle with Larry and Sasha and their daughter Maxi and Boris over on the right hand side. Before the photographer could start taking pictures, Boris had worked his way around to Betty’s side and whispered, “I want to stand next to Grandma.” So that’s where he is in the picture.

Betty was that kind of person. Everyone wanted to be near her. If it’s possible to care too much about others, that was Betty. She was very loyal to her family, her friends, her job, her school—everything. Whenever someone talked to her about their problems, she often worried about them long afterwards.

She was very involved in her high school and would not tolerate someone saying something negative about it. One time when she was a teenager, a close friend and Betty were at a high school football game against Canoga Park. Canoga Park’s band came out sporting white pleated pants, green vested coats with brass buttons and huge plumes on their hats. Her friend made the mistake of commenting, “Canoga Park has better band uniforms than we do.” Betty was so incensed that she wouldn’t talk to this friend for two weeks! I found this especially

interesting since our band was made up of ROTC cadets whose uniforms consisted of khaki Eisenhower jackets. But that was Betty for you—loyal to a fault.

### **Meeting Betty for the First Time**

Betty and I always felt that the Lord had a strong hand in bringing us together. Betty lived in Van Nuys, California, and I lived in North Hollywood, California, although you could cross the street and be in the other one's city. I went to North Hollywood Junior High School and as a tenth grader attended North Hollywood High School. There I played football under a high school All-American, which meant that he played while I scrimmaged!

I eventually transferred to Van Nuys High School, where Betty also attended school. To get to that school, I would drive down Laurel Canyon Blvd to Victory Blvd and then I would turn left and go about 10 miles to Cedros where I would take another right and go down about two blocks to Van Nuys High School. What does that have to do with anything? It is important, so stay with me. One day I was going down Victory Blvd, and for no good reason, decided to make a right hand turn on Hazeltine instead of Cedros. Then I took a quick left turn on Gilmore and when I got down about two blocks, there was a guy out in front of his house with the hood of his car up.

I saw that he was in an ROTC uniform. I also happened to be in ROTC, as well as in the National Guard. Not that I know anything about cars, I stopped to talk to the guy. He turned out to be Chet Ward, Betty's brother! Chet was a year ahead of me and he and I became good friends after that day. Whenever we did things together, Betty was often around, but she was two years younger and was just a kid. I wasn't a bad looking guy, but we kind of ran with different crowds. As I said before, Betty was the "in" group and I was an aspiring "jock." The thing I couldn't figure out is how Betty got such good grades because, according to her letters, she was always involved in doing this or that, rather than being in class. (Although this also strongly supports my theory that schoolteachers like girls better than boys.)

### **In the Army at Fort Ord**

When I was eighteen and going into my senior year of high school, my National Guard Division was activated for duty in response to the Korean War. (The Guard thought I was nineteen because I had lied about my age to enlist!) I could have gotten out, a lot of guys did, but if

I commit to something I commit. My Division moved to Camp Cook, which is at Lompoc, California. The base had been in mothballs and was now in shambles; so much of what we did during the first few months was to try getting the Camp back into shape. After about two months, they sent me to Fort Ord to go to Leadership School.

When I completed Leadership School, Sixth Army tapped me for Division Faculty where I taught small weapons to new recruits. The good thing about being assigned to Division Faculty was that they issued Class A Passes, which meant you could leave the base at any time without permission as long as your classes were covered. Believe me, a lot of “horse trading” took place at this base. One weekend when I was home on a pass, I went over to Chet’s house to say hi. Chet was not at home, but Betty and Mary Adel (three years Betty junior) were there.

The big thing in high school at that time was Bob’s Big Boy. That’s where all the kids went to have one of their fantastic cheeseburgers, malts and hot fudge sundaes. I asked Betty if she wanted to get a hot fudge sundae, and she said “No”—but Mary Adel piped up and said, “I’ll go!” At that point, Betty hesitantly said, “Well, I’ll go, too.” (Later, she said that she agreed to go in order to protect her little sister.)

The fact remains that I was smitten right then and there. I don’t know what happened to me, but I really believe it was the Lord’s doing. However, a 600-mile round trip between Fort Ord in Monterey, California and Betty’s home in Van Nuys separated us from each other. It was a good distance and a tough drive on old Highway 101—then a two-lane road with changing terrain and a maximum speed limit of 50mph that dropped rapidly upon entering small towns where unsuspecting motorists were greeted by ingenious speed traps.

But the next weekend I was on the road again hoping to see her. In Santa Barbara, I stopped and called her house. Betty’s mother answered and said that Betty was working at Newberry’s Dime Store, a five-and-ten-cent store.

“What did you want?” her mother wanted to know.

I said, “Well, I was going to ask if she wanted to go to the show.”

“She’ll go,” her mother said to my surprise. “So you pick her up at 9:00 when she gets off.” I hung up the phone and continued merrily down the highway—only 100 more miles to go.

When I picked her up later, Betty was very cordial, but she was furious that her mother had accepted a date for her. We went to a movie that night, and I like to joke that the next week when I came

down for our third date Betty said, “Let’s get married!” Of course, she said no such thing, but what is true is that for the next four months I made it to her house every weekend before I was shipped overseas. Six hundred miles, round trip, but she was worth every kilometer because Betty was gorgeous—both inside and outside—not to mention her tremendous personality and infectious laugh. I was in love with her; and I still am—and I always will be.

### **Shipping Out**

Our time together flew by. At the time I left to go overseas, she was only sixteen and her parents never would have given her permission to marry me. But if it had been possible (unless my brain overcame my hormones), I would have married her in a minute (make that a micro-second). I used to tease her that she was costing me a \$70 a month allotment by being my girlfriend instead of my wife. (In the Army if you were married, you got more pay!)

I knew she loved me, but she didn’t want to get married right then because I was leaving. Besides, she wanted to have all the fun and excitement that her senior year promised. Truth be told, I didn’t want to saddle her with a guy that might not come home and I certainly didn’t want to dampen her senior year. That experience was lost to me when my Division was called to active duty in September of 1950. So in a way, I lived my senior year vicariously through her letters.

At the time we started writing to each other, we had the understanding that we were both free to date whomever we cared to see. We also both agreed that if either one of us changed our minds about how we felt about each other, we would let the other person know immediately. As it turned out, I would be away from her for about a year-and-a-half, but when I shipped out in January of 1951 we certainly didn’t know how long our separation was going to be.

From San Francisco, we shipped out of Camp Stoneman to Japan. I was in Japan for not quite a year. Then just after Christmas, we received word that we were going to Korea. We landed at Incheon and moved immediately to the front line where we relieved the 24<sup>th</sup> Division.

### **Blessed by God and Ordained by the Church**

Being on the front line was tough. I was nineteen, inexperienced and in a hostile environment (in terms of enemy fire and weather wise). My job was to care for my men, defend and maintain a section of the Main Line of Resistance, run frequent patrols and, when called upon,



to engage and kill the enemy. I had a lot to learn and I learned fast. By the time I rotated home on May 19, 1952, I had run 25 patrols and suffered only three casualties—all three of whom were hit when I wasn't with them. This is not the time or place for war stories, but I am under obligation to proclaim that the Lord has walked with Betty and me all the days of our lives and that He has protected us from harm and blessed us in astonishing ways.

Within our faith, we baptize at eight years of age. Prior to that, there is a sacrament of the Church where children are blessed. Ministers place their hands on the child's head and offer a prayer for the child and for the parents. I'm told that my grandfather, who was a minister in the Church, was the one who blessed me. During that blessing, he made a very unusual statement to the effect that on earth I would be known as Robert LaZelle Anderson, but in heaven I would be known by another name. Unfortunately, I never wrote down the name and I don't remember what it was. Sadly, my grandfather was killed in an automobile accident a short while later so I never really knew him. However, his words had a startling effect on those who witnessed them and, taken with other events in my life, it seems that God did indeed have special plans for me.

There are those in our faith community (and other faith communities) that aspire to be, or perhaps are responding to inspiration to be, ordained and/or to hold certain offices and positions. This has never been the case for me. That said, when I was stationed in Japan I received a letter from my pastor informing me that I had been called to the office of Deacon. He stated that he knew that I would accept the call, and so it had already been approved administratively and by a vote of the membership. He then went on to say that there were men in Japan who could ordain me.

At that time, we had a small group of about six church members who were meeting together. We had just lost the only two ordained ministers we had because they had rotated home. When the remaining members learned of my letter, they became advocates of my being ordained so that I could offer "official" leadership to the group. Talk about the blind leading the blind, but alas, it was to be—and not to be.

Carl Crum, a US civilian employee working in Tokyo, said that he would come and ordain me. However, time had passed and our Division had received orders to deploy to Korea. Carl was running tight on time, but he came and our group celebrated the Lord's Supper together. This was especially meaningful since we had received our

marching orders. It was at that same meeting that I was ordained. At 4:00 on Monday morning, I went with the advanced party to load the ship. I had been ordained, but the new wrinkle was that I was in a front line infantry unit while the rest of the guys were assigned to Regimental Headquarter located some 40 miles to the rear. So much for offering ministry, but I figured the Lord knew what He was doing. As ridiculous as it sounds, this “new mantle of authority” gave me a renewed sense of assurance and wellbeing—and heaven knows I could use as much confidence-building as I could get.

On the 18<sup>th</sup> of May, 1952, I was ready to take my squad out on patrol for the 26<sup>th</sup> time when the Company Clerk came up to me and said, “Sarge, pack your gear...you’re going home at 0600 tomorrow.”

### **Going Home**

When I got to Japan, I got stuck for troop transport and was delayed for a little over a week. This was disappointing because Betty had hoped, and so had I, that I would get home in time to escort her to the Senior Prom. In fact, she had somehow managed to have the Prom take place a week later in order to give me more wiggle room. However, because of delays, I still didn’t make the Prom—but I did make the wedding!

On the day I came home, my mother and dad were coming to meet my ship upon its arrival at Camp Stoneman. While I was overseas, I had asked both my mother and Betty to keep in touch with each other and from their letters I knew they had hit it off very well. My parents invited Betty to go with them to meet the ship. However, Los Angeles City Schools had a rule that graduating students had to be in school the entire final week in order to “walk” (going up on the stage to receive one’s diploma). Betty asked her mother and father if, considering the circumstances, could she skip the “walk,” but they both said no.

Disheartened, she went back to her mother and asked again. Thinking Betty could never make this happen, her mother said, “Well, if you can get a letter from the school that says that you can skip school to meet Bob, and still walk when you graduate, I’ll let you go.” Betty went immediately to see the Girls Vice Principal Mrs. Caneely to talk with her about meeting my ship. As she spoke, Mrs. Caneely began to cry and said, “Certainly you can go, my Dear. My fiancée didn’t come home.”

When my ship docked, I had finagled a three-day pass, and we all drove home together. I think I embarrassed my parents to death on that journey home. They sat in the front seat and Betty and I sat in the back seat (under a blanket for the entire trip) making up for lost time.

## Getting Married

I had been very frugal while I was overseas. I had plans to come home, get married and then the two of us would go off to university together in Iowa. I had saved about \$2,000, which in 2013 dollars would probably be around \$17-18,000. That was pretty good on a sergeant's pay of \$139 or so a month. Betty was working at Sears in order to help pay for the kind of wedding that she always wanted. She had estimated that the wedding would cost \$500. As for me working, my dad lined me up with a firm called Tri Engineering, and I drove a truck all over Southern California for the entire summer delivering parts to defense manufacturers. At the end of the summer, we married on August 22, 1952. She had just turned eighteen and I was twenty. She could cook and I knew how to make a bed—so what else did we need to know?

In September, we moved to Lamoni, Iowa to go to school. Lamoni was a small farming town with a population of 2,000, counting 500 students at Graceland College (which is now a university). It was a small place, considering that our high school graduation class was larger than Graceland's entire student body. Looking back, I realize that Betty was very brave to move with me to Iowa. She'd always had plans to go to a major university like UCLA. And UCLA probably would have been a better choice for her. I think the only time that she had been out of the State of California prior to our trip was for a visit to Arizona with her parents and uncle.

When we left for our trip, I told Betty that we were going to drive at night since we were driving across the desert. Filled with excitement, she said, "I don't want to drive at night... I want to see the sights!" So instead, we took off during the day. After we'd been driving about an hour, I suddenly heard her snoring. So much for seeing the sights! The used car we had bought soon broke down in Arizona, so we were stuck there for two or three days because they had to send for parts. Of course, to be stranded with a beautiful woman in a desert motel room with nothing to do has its advantages. In any event, we finally arrived in Lamoni.

At Graceland, we had rented an apartment behind Ed Downey's barbershop as our first home together. It was pretty sparse. We had a small eating area, small kitchen and a bedroom. Coming from California where things were more "modernized," we assumed it would also have a bathroom. But the bathroom was downstairs in the basement *and* we shared it with the barbershop! One night Betty went down to use the bathroom and I heard her scream. I rushed down the

stairs to find a big rat staring at me, and from then on, anytime she had to go to the bathroom, I went down to the basement with her!

We soon had an opportunity to move to better quarters because a chiropractor that had rented an office next to the barbershop also wanted to rent our apartment. Ed connected us with Dr. Shipman, the town dentist. Dr. Shipman had a cottage and he was willing to let us have it for the same amount that we were paying for our barbershop apartment, which was \$35 a month. Now that I think about it, I suspect that Ed was picking up part of the rent, but everyone was very kind in helping us to get started.

### **Having a Family**

The following year, Betty was expecting our first child and we needed more room, so we moved to the upstairs apartment of Floyd Mortimer's house. Mrs. Mortimer was a Godsend—and I mean that literally. She gave Betty such loving support, something that a young mother so far away from home needed at that time in her life. By the time I graduated from Graceland and then San Jose State, we had two children and another on the way. The original plan was for us to finish college together. However, when Betty became pregnant with our first child, Claudia, she wanted to be a stay-at-home-mom. Education was very important to Betty, but her children were everything to her.

Betty was a wonderful wife and mother. I recall one time when she traveled with me to a distant congregation. She was sitting in on a women's group while I was in another meeting when the conversation in the woman's group took an odd turn. Evidently, according to Betty, they were sitting at a table when the person in charge asked them to go around and talk about their faults.

When it was Betty's turn, she said, "I'm perfect." All the women gasped. "That's what Bob tells me and he's never lied to me," she explained with a smile. And she was right. In terms of what kind of a wife, mother and person she was, she was perfect in my eyes. She loved our four children: Claudia, Robert (Bob), Larry and Mary. There was nothing she wouldn't do for them. She sacrificed for them and throughout our married life they would always come first.

### **Going to Work and Serving in the Church**

My first job out of the University was with Pillsbury in grocery product sales. I was richly blessed and I was good at what I did. For the five-and-a-half years that I was with Pillsbury, I won every sales contest.

My first territory was in San Rafael, California and then they moved me to San Bruno, California where I was the Assistant to the Branch Manager. That was a management training position. I was supposed to be in that position for a year, but at the end of six months I had learned everything there was to learn there. Thankfully, an opportunity came up to move to San Pablo, California in the East Bay.

I received a couple of other promotions that didn't require a move and then from San Pablo, Pillsbury promoted me to be the Key Account Manager, calling on the top five major grocery chains in Northern California. This position accounted for 60% of the company's business. Considering that we had a sales force of 23-25 men, I was doing quite well and God was continuing to richly bless me in every way.

About this time, I was recruited for a position with J. Nelson Pruitt, a company out of Rochester, New York. Pruitt was an advertising executive who had this "crazy notion" that you could sell products to mothers through their children. The problem was that he didn't have a product to sell, until the thought struck him that kids hate to take baths and mothers hate to clean tubs. This, in turn, led to the creation of a new product called Matey Bathtime Powder. Kids loved it because it had a pirate theme on the box. I signed with Pruitt because it was a ground floor opportunity. On paper, I was responsible for 11 western states and Hawaii, but the real work took place in the seven key television markets within my territory: Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Diego, Denver, Portland, Seattle and Salt Lake City. (I never did get to Hawaii until I went on my own dime.)

After working with Pruitt for about a year and a half, I was recruited by a food brokerage firm in San Francisco to be their sales manager. Again the Lord blessed me and business flourished.

Ironically, in every single letter Betty and I wrote to each other while I was in the Service, we talked about how when I got home we would stay together. Nothing was going to separate us. But all the sales positions and promotions came with huge spans of territories that I had to cover!

During the preceding 10 years, I had also been very active serving in the Church. In San Jose, I taught a Sunday school class for boys that grew from 2 to 20 in attendance. After that, I served for a year as the local youth leader in San Rafael, followed by a stint of five years as the District Youth Leader for 40 youth groups.

By this time, I had been serving two years as the Pastor of the

Fremont Congregation that the Lord had grown from 50 to a little over 100 in attendance. One night after a meeting with the ministers of the congregation and their wives, we came home and Betty went into the living room. When I returned from putting my things away, she was sitting on the couch, crying.

I came to her and said, “What’s the matter, Dear?”

“Nothing’s the matter...” (sobbing).

“Well, Honey, you’re crying. Something’s the matter.”

More sobbing. “No, no, no, no, nothing’s the matter...” We went on like that for a while before she told me that she felt that the Church was going to ask us to go under appointment, which meant fulltime ministry. And she didn’t want us to do that. At the time, I certainly wasn’t thinking that would happen—and I would not have even considered it unless she was fully on board with the decision.

Time went on after that night without incident until we were at a conference in Berkeley, California. Betty and I were sitting in a pew when a man tapped me on the shoulder and said that the Apostle would like to see me. When I went to see him he said, “Bob, I wonder if you and Betty would consider going under appointment.”

“I might consider it,” I replied, “but Betty never will and of course I’m not going to do anything that she doesn’t fully support.” He asked me to pray about it and he would check with us later. When I returned to the pew, Betty was crying and she immediately said, “They want you to go under appointment, don’t they?”

In our faith community, about 99% of our ministers are what we refer to as “self-sustaining,” which means that they have a full-time job in addition to their ministerial role. This is what I had been doing for years. However, the Church now wanted to know if we would accept the ministry position fulltime. To make a long story short, we accepted the appointment and it was a huge sacrifice for everyone—starting with a two-thirds pay cut and being away from home about 80% of the time.

### **Called as a Seventy**

My first assignment in fulltime ministry was in Fresno, California. At the end of two years, they would normally ask you to serve either as a High Priest, which was an administrative role, or as a Seventy, which was a missionary. I always assumed that my role would be High Priest because my degree was in business administration and I had been a very successful manager. But honestly, I was never particularly interested in a certain position of service. All I ever wanted to be was a

Disciple and to serve where the Lord wanted me to serve.

I will never forget the day I was coming back from Santa Barbara to Fresno. I had just passed a huge stretch of farmland when suddenly the Spirit of the Lord came upon me so strongly that I could hardly get the car off the road. I pulled over and tears streamed down my face as the Lord let me know that I was to be called as a Seventy. About two weeks later, I got a letter asking me to accept the call to the Office of Seventy. In the coming years, people wanted to ordain me to different offices. And I would say to them, “You know, I’ve got this call as a Seventy. Until such time as the Lord tells me something different, that’s where I’ll stay.” I served in ministry fulltime for 33 years and I’m continuing to do so on a self-sustaining basis.

As part of my training to serve in ministry, we went back to Independence, Missouri for graduate school (now a seminary) where I earned a degree in Religious Theory and Practice. Then we moved back across the United States to Vancouver, Washington. Vancouver is where our kids grew up, and that’s where I live today. In Vancouver, my territory was Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and part of Idaho. I would usually leave on Saturday night or Sunday morning and return on Thursday or Friday of the next week. I primarily drove because it wasn’t feasible to fly, and I averaged about 40,000 miles on the car a year. When people asked me what my job description was I told them that it was the 3P’s: Pop In, Pop Off and Pop Out.

### **Betty as a Teacher**

When our youngest child Mary went to kindergarten, Betty looked at my minister’s salary and said, “If we’re ever going to get these kids through the university, I’m going to have to go to work!” She had taught school when we were in Fresno after she earned her Associate’s Degree at Fresno City College, which qualified her to substitute teach. She had been in high demand as a substitute ever since and taught quite a bit.

Betty enrolled in Portland State University, probably an hour commute considering traffic. She received a Bachelor’s of Science in Education with an emphasis in Reading. She then got a Master’s Degree in that same field. She taught a number of years in kindergarten, and then she moved to second grade. We were a bit older by then and she used to say, “I had to move to second grade because I couldn’t get up off the floor anymore.”

All the while, she managed the household and the kids, even



though I was gone so much. Eventually, the Church transferred me to Sacramento, California, but Betty was under contract at the school and needed to finish out the year. The Church wanted me there right away, so I went to Sacramento and rented an apartment. I lived in my assigned area for six weeks and then I was home for a week. We made that arrangement work for about six months, and when Betty fulfilled her contract she joined me in Sacramento where we purchased a house in Citrus Heights.

Betty always regarded her role as a teacher as an honor bound stewardship. I remember when her school district came up with a plan to begin “alternate day” kindergarten; Betty was dead-set against that. The officials told her that they were doing it over in the eastern part of the state and that it was meeting with “marvelous success.” (What they didn’t know was that Betty’s husband traveled Eastern Washington and he had a tape recorder!) I went around and talked to all these teachers who were supposedly “in love” with the new program, and I learned that they had their own story. One time when the officials talked at a big meeting about the program’s success in Washington, Betty said, “Well, that’s not the information we have.” When the officials wanted to know her source, she said, “Let me play these recordings for you...” And that shot down alternate day kindergarten!

When she started teaching in the Roseville school district near Sacramento, she was appalled to discover that the classrooms were not air-conditioned. She stood up at a school board meeting and said, “If we can’t have air-conditioning in the classroom for our students, then I think it is only right that the district office shut down their air-conditioning.” And of course, the papers had a field day with that! In the end, the decision was made to install air-conditioning in all of the classrooms in the school district.

## **Retirement**

When I was in my sixties, I came down with colon cancer and was surgically treated for it twice. At that point, Betty decided to retire from teaching so she could keep a better eye on me. I was hanging in there regarding my work for the Church and was still covering a large portion of California and part of Nevada as the Regional Administrator. There were some issues in the Church, and part of me felt obligated to see things through. However, my area was handling things so well that I decided to retire early at age 64, rather than to wait for compulsory retirement at 65. It was a wise decision in that it gave us



an extra year to travel together.

Our retirement trip was to Australia, New Zealand and Fiji. Over the years, we also took several trips to Hawaii, England and France as well as to other parts of Europe. There were also cruises to Alaska, Panama, and South and Central America along with trips to all but two or three of the 50 States as well as to Aruba, Mexico and Canada. I think the only thing on our “bucket list” that we didn’t do was to visit the Scandinavian countries. And of course, our highest priority was always to visit family.

However, Betty always loved the ocean, especially the ocean on the West Coast. In an earlier time when her parents still lived in Van Nuys (about 100 miles from Santa Barbara), Betty’s dad would often haul their house trailer up to El Capitan State Park outside of Santa Barbara where we could spend a week or two at the beach with the kids.

I had always wished that I could give Betty a beach house and, of course, we could never afford that. One time in the Newport, Oregon area we were staying at a time-share when we drove up the coast to look at another facility. On the way, we saw a huge development with a sign that read, “Fractional time shares for sale.” The prime season was over and they didn’t have any units for sale right then, but they were going to build more. We looked at a 3-bedroom model and I looked at Betty’s face and that was that. I said okay and we purchased one so we could have four weeks a year during each of the four seasons. It is a magnificent spot where you can stand on the balcony and throw rocks in the ocean, and we spent many a week there.

### **A Wonderful Team**

Throughout our lives together, we were a great team and we complemented each other in every way. Fortunately, the kids got their brains from Betty instead of me. In our particular faith tradition, we had to account for every penny, so that required meticulous record keeping at home. Betty would manage the household and I would manage the car! She kept our budget and our books for the first 30 years and then one day she turned it over to me. She announced, “I’ve done it for the first 30 years. You’re going to do it for the next 30 years.” I like to say that that’s when we started to turn a profit!

We had some disagreements, and I’m sure we had more than I remember, but we would always sit down and talk about our differences together. If anyone talks to our kids, they are probably going to say that Mom got her way all the time. And that’s probably true because most

the time it didn't make that much difference to me, and it was my good pleasure to give her whatever I could. However, on the occasion that it did make a real difference to me, she would more often than not defer to me. She liked to get her way, but she was always fair and considerate.

Betty died on February 27, 2012. I don't think we ever really talked about what we wanted our legacies to be. However, I think her legacy was basically the life that she led. She did an extraordinary job raising our four children, especially with me being gone so often. All of our kids are amazing adults who are making significant contributions in the areas where they are involved.

Betty was such an outstanding schoolteacher, especially in the area of reading. If you had Mrs. Anderson in the second grade, when you went to the third grade you knew how to read. In fact after she retired, the third grade teachers wanted to know why so many of the kids couldn't read as well! I kid you not. Anyway, on her grave marker I had inscribed:

*"She taught hundreds to read."*

Continuing on this theme, in 2012 the *Betty Anne Ward Anderson Scholarship in Reading* at the University of Texas in Tyler was established in her honor by our son Larry, daughter-in-law Sasha and grandchildren Maxi and Boris.

So, having read this, perhaps you'll better understand why I always say that I'm the "Luckiest Man Alive."

Bob Anderson  
Vancouver, Washington  
March 2013

# *Love Letters*

— I'LL BE LOVING YOU ALWAYS —

BOOK 2

*November 1, 1951–June 5, 1952*



*November 1, 1951*

---

My Dearest Betty,

This one, Darling, is my last letter; at least I plan to make it my last, on religion. And before you go any further, get this into that pretty little head of yours: I love you more than anything in the world, and I intend to marry you regardless of what faith you may have the minute we decide it's practical—and possibly a little sooner.

It seems that there was a tremendous misunderstanding about one of my letters a while back. It looks like my letter was misconstrued to read “it's either my church or no marriage.” My Mother and Sister said that it sounded like that, and so I must have really flopped on that piece of journalistic material because nothing was further from my mind.

My church believes in prophecy. We believe that God, through prophecy, calls us into offices of the church. Therefore, I believe it to be more or less a sin to turn down an office in the church.

I feel that if God wants me in that office, I should gladly go and serve. In fact, I want to serve Him in any way I can.

Therefore, when I was called my mind was already made up. I would naturally, in accordance with my beliefs, accept. Now the above might sound that I was going along with the teaching of the church. And that in itself is right, but don't stray from the thought that I believe in these things not only as church doctrine but also as personal beliefs.

Now the much misconstrued “decision” was this. Now that I have been called, and had accepted the office of Deacon in my church, an office of the priesthood, did you still want me as your husband?

I knew that it wouldn't make any difference. I knew it way down deep in my heart, but I still had to put it up to you.

As I said before, I really must have failed in writing that letter. When I get home I want to take a good look at it. It's still hard for me to believe that I could pull such a boner.

Now in your letter of October 22 you mention dancing. Get a good hold on yourself because I'm pretty sure you're not expecting this. If I can get home in time for your Senior Prom, I would most certainly take you. My stand for dancing is that it's fine as long as it is done in the right

atmosphere, under proper supervision, and in the right frame of mind.

The only mention, to my knowledge, of dancing being wrong is in the Old Testament. I can't seem to recall where, but it says something like this: put away your light mindedness and revelries. Revelries can be defined as dancing. But it also means "noisy jollity."

The church takes no official stand on it. It seems to go along with the idea that it's up to the individual to make up their own minds. Most of the opposition comes from the older set. They seem to think that it's wrong. But the church in general has been accepting it. It's mostly a trend towards square dancing. In fact, Brother Tickemeyer has held square dances—they call it rhythmic games—with the central group. Brother Tickemeyer is the Stake President, and that makes him a big wheel.

Dancing isn't the only problem. I got a letter from one of the girls in the church yesterday, and she said her Mother didn't like it because she was going to the school football games on Friday night. League is also on Friday, and her Mother seems to think she should support it instead of the school.

Well you know me. I'm all for anything my church does, but it's got its limits, and I feel now, just as I always have, that our kids are getting a raw deal. Not only that, but it tends to make them shy away from the church.

I always went to dances. I not only went to football games, I played in them. I even played and lettered in two sports for a Catholic high school team. And, not meaning to brag, if everyone in this world was as good as me it would be a little (not much), but a little better.

For some odd reason I'm inclined to believe I was called to more or less work with the young people. I've always been active in youth work and was fairly successful. With this background, coupled with the experience I gained in the Army, and the things I hope to get out of Graceland, I hope to better things for the kids.

The Catholic and Mormon Churches went after their youth. They offered them a program, and the kids responded. I'd like to see my church do something like that. A better program is needed.

I know that my kids are not going to be brought up by a "stuffed shirt." They're going to do all the things I did when I was a kid, and if they get in a jam I'll get them out of it and explain why it was wrong (ask my Mom about the plaster I scraped off the new houses).

As for other changes, they'll mostly be on my part—and will not affect

you too much. For example, I've got to watch my language and study the Scriptures more. Don't worry about it. I know He's on our side, and I promise I'll make you happy.

Enclosed is a copy of the first issue of our 40th Division paper. Put it in the scrapbook and note my picture on the third page. As other issues are published, I'll send them on to you as well. That way you'll get the lowdown on what's what.

Well, needless to say, I love you more than anything in this world.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTG.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Honey, sometimes I wonder about you. It is so hard to understand each other by letter, and you always seem to take what I say a little differently than the way I meant it. Honey, I don't think I could stand it if you recited poetry to me or made up long speeches. I would much rather have you say little simple things that come from your heart.*

*But, Darling, that wasn't the point. The point is I don't like hearing what you say to me said to others. For heaven sakes, I don't know what ever gave you the idea that I might mind that you told another you love her. I told another I loved him, but what difference does that make now? I agree with you, actions speak louder than words. Darling, I know you love me more than anything else. Darling, you said to just try to forget it when you "drop the ball," as you put it. Darling, you might as well know it is my nature to tell or speak my mind when something bothers me, and then I forget it. I don't want you to rack your brain to think of things you can say to me because you think you have to. It doesn't mean a thing to me then. And don't kid yourself; I know when you do this.*

*I am not mad. I just don't want it to happen again. I feel as if I can tell you things that bother me, and that's the way I want it to be. I*

want you to tell me things I say or do that bother you. Honey, I am far from perfect. Now, so help you if you keep calling yourself dumb. My goodness, Darling, I could never love anyone that was dumb. You're not dumb, and I love you—and that proves it. However, you say you always tell me the truth, and you keep saying you're dumb—well, you can see where that might lead. I am proud of my Darling, and he is far from dumb so PLEASE DO NOT SAY HE IS; besides, you really don't believe it.

Darling, you don't "fumble" a lot. I love the way you make love to me, and I don't want you to change that. I love the Bob that went away last March and I don't want him to change, especially his matter of making love to me—the girl he loves. However, Darling, I don't want him to say to others the things he says to me when I am in his arms. True, they may have an entirely different meaning. Honey, everybody says more or less the same things to his girl, but he only says it to that one girl, and then only to one girl at a time. I don't know how to say it—but he just says those things to his girl, and he doesn't say them to his Mother, Sister, Niece, etc. Anyway, I hope you get what I mean. I'll drop this until you come home.

I know it's silly—all that really matters is that we love each other, but I don't want our love to ever die. You know it's the little things that kill a love, not the big things. I'm glad I can tell you things and that we can talk them over without getting mad, etc. Poor Lucy when she has a problem she can't talk to Phil about it; he just won't listen. But not you, Darling. Maybe I am wrong, but I feel as though we could settle anything by talking it over. I want you to feel as though you can tell me everything, too. I love you, Darling. I don't want to change you. Please don't think I am trying to. I want you to make love to me like you always have. I want to marry you, Darling, so we will be free to do the things I know we both want to do. I need you, Darling. I want to make you happy. I want to make us happy.

All my love always,  
Betty



*November 2, 1951*

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My Dearest Betty,

Honestly, Honey, this Army is enough to drive a man crazy. I guess I'll never get used to them changing their minds and upsetting everything at the last minute.

Here we were, all set to have our airlift the 4<sup>th</sup> through the 15<sup>th</sup>, and today they come out with a two-day program, the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup>. That little news item sure turned the applecart upside down.

As it stands now, tomorrow morning we have a class, then in the afternoon we leave for Matisuma, and Monday we lift the Second Battalion. On Tuesday we load the third, return to Schimmelfenning, pack and go to Ojo. With staff planning like that, no wonder Korea is taking so long. But then I guess I don't know the big picture, and after all these brass hats are supposed to know their job.

But whether they know what they're doing or not, the change of plans is causing me a lot of trouble. Here I had planned on Saturday as being my get-ready day instead of on Friday night—which means now. So if this is a little short, blame it on the boy who's in charge of bright ideas.

Before I forget, I mailed a \$100 money order home to Mama last night. With this lift, followed by Ojo until the 15<sup>th</sup>, I just won't have any time to shop, wrap and mail Christmas packages. There's a lot of red tape to go through when you mail anything over here, and I think it best to handle it this way. I told her to get a hold of you and for you two to work out Chet's, Mary's and your folks' presents. Yours is already taken care of. Bet you a dollar you can guess what it is.

Another thing, my Darling, it could be I might miss a letter somewhere along the line. If I should, don't worry about it, I'll be okay.

Gotta close. Remember I love you, and there's only nine months 28 days to go.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Tonight we beat Verdugo Hills 28-6. Guess what, Darling? San Fernando beat North Hollywood 13-6. We play North Hollywood next week, and our last game is with San Fernando. Now all we have to do is win both games. You and your predictions. Darling, all I can say is that you'd better not bet on them; you would go broke.*

*We voted on our class name; Athenians won. That was the one I wanted. The kids (some of them) are putting up a big fuss, so I don't know whether they will vote over again. I must say the name fits us (ha ha); God of knowledge, center of culture for the world. Of course the name Vagabonds came up, but they wouldn't even let it be considered, so the kids wanted Manhattans. They said if we couldn't be bums, we would be cocktails. But some of the parents complained, and Mr. Means is quite disgusted with us all. We will probably get it in Steering Committee on Monday. I like the name. I think it is pretty.*

*I finally remembered to send you the school paper. I came across this "Sweetheart's Prayer." Maybe you have read it before, but it expressed a little of what I think and pray for:*

*Heavenly Father up above  
Please protect the boy I love  
Keep him always safe and sound  
No matter when or where he's bound  
Help him to know  
Help him to see  
That I love him  
And make him love me.  
And, dear Lord, help me to be  
The kind of girl he wants me to be  
Keep us now and keep us forever  
Happy, Loving and always together.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*I LOVE YOU*

*November 3, 1951*

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My Dearest Betty,

Honey, this letter is a Standing Memorial of my love for you. If you knew how tired I am, you'd know what I mean.

We got up this morning at 7 AM, ate at 7:30, and were unloading and straightening up our ropes at 8:00. At 10:30 I went to church and followed that up by eating lunch.

Then at 12:30 we were out loading ammunition, then unloading, then loading, and then unloading until 7:30 PM. Then we ate dinner and finished up the night by loading and unloading 209 parachutes. All in all, I'm dead tired and I'm really going to hate myself in the morning.

Funny thing happened. Two of the many different types of ammunition we loaded were for M1's and 50 caliber machine guns. In comparison to the M1, the 50 crates were light, and I was going great guns until I found out that the 50's weighed 79 pounds. Man, I wonder what those M1 ammo crates weighed. Love, one of our more brilliant boys, figured out that each one of us loaded and unloaded 4 tons—that's 8,000 pounds—and, Honey, my back sure feels like it.

What really gets my goat is that we're getting up at 4 AM tomorrow. And if I can make it out of my bed tomorrow, it's really going to be rough one!

But regardless how tired I am, I've always got enough time and strength to write to the most wonderful girl in the world.

You know, maybe I don't always sound like it and maybe I make a lot of mistakes, but I love you more than anything else in this world.

Be sure and keep care of yourself and give my best to the gang and my love to your folks and remember I love you with all my heart and always will.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Well, today I spent the day in the Coliseum seeing two football games. First game was Cal Aggies versus Santa Barbara. Aggies won 13-7. The game itself was very poor. Neither team had much drive. In the second game UCLA beat CAL 21-7. California didn't have anything. UCLA pushed them all over the field. Darling, I am afraid some more of your other predictions were also off today. So-called weak Oregon also beat Washington—your choice for the Rose Bowl—so it would seem that on top of CAL'S loss, your prediction powers are pretty well washed up for the season.

I meant to say I got a letter from you today that made me feel a lot better. The one where you said you didn't mean that if I didn't join your church, then no wedding. You hadn't received my letter, but Claudia had written and told you. I know deep down that you didn't mean it that way, but it sounded like it and I had to be sure.

As far as you being a good Father, I don't see how you could miss. Darling, I could never have picked a better one to be the Father of my children. Whatever made you say and think that you want breast fed children? That's all up to the doctor, Darling. But if it makes you happy, I don't see why we can't do it that way. I love you, Darling. I am going to do everything in my power to make you a good wife and to be a good Mother to our children. I know we will be happy, Darling. I know we will.

The more I think about getting married in August, the better I like it...now if the government will only cooperate. As for my ring, I really want it now. I really do, but even more I want you to give it to me yourself—and it seems to me that is worth a little waiting. However, you might look around over there. Didn't you tell me that diamonds were less expensive over there? Maybe you could pick it up over there and bring it home with you. I'll give you a hint. I would rather have one big diamond than a lot of little ones. However, anything you get me I'd love. I can hardly wait until you come home. I love you so much that if you didn't ever buy me a ring, I'd love you just as much.

*Rings and diamonds are just customs, and what is important is our love. As long as our love is so great we can't possibly lose. I love you, Darling. The most wonderful day in my life will be the day when I can call you my husband.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*November 4, 1951*

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My Dearest Betty,

How I'm ever going to live through tomorrow without any mail from my Honey is beyond me, but since I'm now at Matsushima, it looks like that's the way it's going to be.

You know, you said something in your letter this morning that got me thinking about last year. If someone had told me then that today I would be sitting in a Quonset Hut, writing to you as I waited to instruct an Air Transport move, I would've called the men in the "White Coats."

But actually I'm somewhat in the same fix this year as last year. In November of last year I was at Fort Ord, finishing Leadership School and just changing over from my first stage to my second; that of teaching with Division Faculty.

This year I'm at Matsushima. They also have a Leadership School here, and I'm starting another second phase; instructing with what could be termed a Regimental Faculty.

However, there are a few little differences—like 4,500 miles from you. Funny how a four and five letter word can change your whole outlook on life—four letters like "Love" and five letters like "Betty."

At this time last year you were Chet's sister. Now you're the future Mrs. A. Who says there's no Santa Claus—I just got my present 16 days early, that's all. And of all the things I ever got, the date I had with you on December 9<sup>th</sup> was the greatest. It sure changed my life. Changed it for the better, I might add. I think that maybe the Hot Fudge Sundae that you, Mary and I had the week before was "spiked"—because that was the first time I ever got the notion. Then that night cinched it.

Well, my Darling, I'll write you more about the camp and the conditions tomorrow but right now I'd better hit the sack.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*This morning, like a good girl, I went to church. Jack Bedford was over; he is home on 30 day leave. You remember he married Ann last November. Well, she had a little baby boy at the end of last week. I think it was on Friday. He is in some kind of intelligence unit in the paratroopers and plans on making it his life work. Oh well, Jack was always crazy.*

*This afternoon I sewed. I missed one of my sewing lessons, and next week is the last one. Mother came in to help me but I kicked her out and shut both doors. I figured it was about time I did something all by myself. I had the slightest problem, called Mother and it was solved. Since I figure you won't be much help, I think I had better learn once and for all how to do it myself. I was surprised at how much I knew. I didn't have any trouble, and when I got the collar on the sleeve I was real proud of myself. Just a little bit more and I am finished.*

*Grandmother and Granddad were down from Santa Barbara this weekend. They stayed Saturday night with my uncle in Monrovia.*

*I love you, Honey. Just think, it is just a matter of months until we will be together forever. It seems like such a long time to wait. But then just think of all we get when that time is up. Just to be near you, no matter how short the time, would be worth waiting for. Just look at all I'll get when you do come home. I'll have all of you forever. See how selfish I am, always thinking of myself. The only reason I want you home is for me. But then you get me, all of me forever—small trade, I know, but I'm afraid that's all I have.*

*You already have—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

# November 5, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

It's been a long hard day, but it's all over now and only tomorrow remains. We loaded up the 3<sup>rd</sup> and 1<sup>st</sup> battalions today and, surprisingly enough, everything went pretty well.

We had a little trouble with Battalion headquarters of the 3<sup>rd</sup>, but other than that everything went fine.

Tomorrow is the big day, though. The 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion will be down bright and early, and we'll load 'em up and then take a ride. The way the brass has it all figured out, we'll be finished by noon. I guess we won't be heading for Oji until Wednesday after all. You know you can sure tell when I'm tired. I guess that I write the darndest letters when I am, but we're really hopping. The way things look, I'll get some long shuteye tonight, though. Maybe I'll get a medal. Goodness knows I deserve one.

Boy, I sure have missed your letters; it's been two whole days since I read that familiar hand. But unless the Mail Clerk flubs up, I'll be getting some tomorrow. I asked him to send it up with Sergeant Davidson, and if he doesn't, your letters will be waiting for me when I get back on Wednesday.

The weather hasn't been bad, but it's cold and an icy wind is blowing down your back all day long. The weatherman said it was 47° above this morning around 8 AM. Us Californians just ain't used to that. Then there is my wind-burned face, but I'll live. After all there are worse jobs, and it can get a lot worse.

Well, my Darling, it hasn't been much, but it's the best I can swing right now. Remember that I love you, and that I need and want you, and that I'll be out of this Army in nine months and 25 days.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX





*Dear Bob,*

*How is the henpecked Sergeant today? Now, Darling, do I really have to peck you? It seems to me that you're already telling me what to do. Now you just stop and think for a minute; how many things have I told you that you have to do?*

*And about telling you when I am going to stop writing for a week or so—are you saying that it might make you lose weight? Well, Darling, I think it will do us both some good. If we would lose only weight it might be all right, but I'm afraid that it might also have both of us in the nuthouse. Now I won't have to do that to you if you be good.*

*Well, I bowled today. That is, if you call it bowling. Tim, the man who teaches the girls how to bowl, decided he was going to teach me to bowl better. Every time it was my turn he took it upon himself to run over to show me how, which proved to be the exact opposite from the way I was used to bowling. The trouble with me is that I have had too many teachers trying to teach me too many different ways, and I never get time to learn one way well.*

*They're going to vote all over again on the class name. We will probably get stuck with some odd name. I went to the Steering Committee meeting today. Pat Hawthorne is in charge of the Sweater Committee and I am supposed to help her. We voted on colors today. I want yellow or powder blue or aqua. The yellow was real pretty.*

*Tonight I went to a meeting. We had to plan some entertainment for a faculty dinner the PTA is putting on. We're going to do a takeoff on a PTA meeting. It will be good if we work it out right.*

*Honey, believe it or not, I love you. Somehow I just can't see you being henpecked. But then I am told every boyfriend and husband thinks that they are. You know, Darling, we really don't have too many troubles. Look—here we have been going together for 11 months, and we have never had what you would call a real fight. It is late. I love you, Darling.*

*I really do.*

*You already have—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*November 6, 1951*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, the big day has come and gone and, except for a little wear and tear, I'm the same Bob.

We only had one upsetting factor in the whole operation, and of course it was Headquarters that we had the trouble with. Seems that they didn't know what they were doing. But four of us Assistant Instructors got together and had everything buttoned up in 15 minutes—a full 6 minutes before takeoff.

I flew in plane 135, and the crew really went out of their way to make the trip pleasant for me. I sat right behind the copilot in the engineer's seat, and the crew chief even rigged up a pair of headphones so I could keep posted on the latest events.

Surprisingly enough, there were quite a few of the planes that didn't take off. One or two said their load didn't suit them, but most of the trouble was mechanical.

My pilot said the load was peachy keen. "Couldn't be better" were his words. And speaking of better—the weather was great. It was a wonderful day and the entire operation was a huge success.

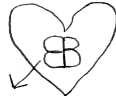
However, there was one disappointment. The boys didn't bring my mail up. But we'll be home tomorrow, and hopefully my mail will be there and not in Oji. At any rate, I'm bound to catch up with the postman sooner or later.

I'm going to include a paper with in this letter. There's an article in it about an UNESCO Club, and I want you to take it to Mrs. Smyth. She used to have a club there at Van Nuys, and I think she might enjoy the article. She's a funny, but very nice, person. And to be quite truthful, contrary to public opinion, I think she's got a lot on the ball, and I like her very much. Besides, by taking it in, you might pick up some brownie points. Goodness knows you're going to need them if you continue to insist on writing letters during class time.

Well, Sugar, I'd better cut this for now. Please keep good care of yourself and remember I love you with all my heart and always will. There'll never be another Betty as long as I've got you.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Tonight was the Mother and Daughter Banquet at school. It always is real nice. After the banquet and program, Vicki and I went over to Mary Jane's, where they were holding a club meeting, and played cards. It was fun. We played "Spoons." You probably don't know how to play it. It's kind of silly but fun.*

*Nothing much aside from the above happened today. After school I came home and went to bed. No, Darling, don't worry; I am not sick, but sleep comes in handy sometimes. I didn't get any letter so there is nothing to answer. Of course I can always go on and on about how very much I love you. But then you know that. However, on second thought, we shouldn't take it for granted ever, so I guess I had better tell you again. I love you, Bob. No one else would ever do. I'll always love you, and that is all there is to it. I have no doubts. Everything and every time I plan for the future, you are always there by my side. And if I have my way when you get home, we will never part.*

*I love you,  
Betty*

*P.S. for always and always, like always.*

# November 7, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

Honey, when I get home your job is going to be to check all of the items that I take out of the house every morning and then check them in when I get home because if my head wasn't attached to my shoulders I lose it. This time the missing item is a fountain pen, and I'm really kicking myself because it was just "one of those pens" that I happened to like.

By the way, it just occurred to me that you might decide to send me a pen and pencil set for Christmas. Well, I hate to destroy any thoughts you might of had, but if it doesn't turn up in a day or two, I'll lay the money down on the table and buy a new one at the PX. They're 20% cheaper here, and I wouldn't want to wait until 25 December, anyway. But the chances are that by the time you get this, my present will have been long bought and is in the mail.

Say, if you happen to find a red armband in this letter, don't worry about it. I'm not a communist and I'm not cracking up. It's just the band I wore as an instructor during the Air Transportability training program and is another item for our scrapbook. Boy, I sure send the junk home, don't I? I got a helmet liner from Leadership School. It's really quite pretty; why don't you ask Mom to let you see it? Tell her I said you could look for half-price.

It seems that I forgot to mention that I'm back at Schimmelfenning. We got in around 2:30 PM, and I've been loafing since 3:30. In fact, I've really been loafing all day. About the only thing I've done is to help load and unload three trucks of C rations. Sure wish I could get away with this sort of stuff every day. At times I really believe that these Privates have the best deal in the Army. If it wasn't for the money, I'd be tempted to take a bust. But that green stuff looks very becoming at the first of the month, and besides, being a Sergeant I don't have to wash my tray.

I still haven't gotten any mail, but I got a feeling that tomorrow is going to be my day. I'll probably have a whole bag full all for myself. My girl is a wonderful writer, and not only that, she's steady. Hasn't missed a day since the boat left, and that was seven long months and seven long days ago. But there's a bright side to everything, which is there's only nine months and 18 more days to go. The ol' calendar is moving slow, but it's moving in the right direction.

Well, needless to say, I love you. In fact, I love you a lot. And once more I always will, forever and ever.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Today was just another day. I bowled after school and then I did do something a little out of the ordinary. Tonight I stayed home. I am the only one here. It always seems to happen this way on Wednesdays. I always wash my hair, and here I was taking a bath when the telephone rang—three times and the doorbell once. I am telling you, the stairs look like a river, water all over the place. Why is it that the phone always rings when you are doing something? I spent the rest of the evening just fooling around and the phone hasn't rung once.*

*You know Harvey is a little worse for the wear. He doesn't hold air so good anymore. I have to blow him up every day and should do it more often.*

*The three highest colors for our sweaters are aqua, powder blue, and maize (yellow). I think any of them would be pretty.*

*Well, today I got the last letter you are going to write to me on religion (I hope). I have no comment because the same goes for me; no more—I'm tired of hearing and writing about it. We always say the same thing, so what's the use?*

*I love you, Darling, and I hate to have a lot of misunderstandings. It seems I have been spending half of my time saying to myself and others “just what did he mean?” Me and my imagination, I can have it mean most anything. I have said this before, but I suppose you like to read it because I know I do—I love you more than anything else in this whole world (I mean it!).*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*November 8, 1951*

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My Dearest Betty,

Remember that jackpot I was talking about? Well, I get it today to the tune of 20 letters, and six of those letters were from the prettiest girl in the whole wide world.

About the best thing to write about now is to answer all those questions and to comment on various things. So hang on, here we go:

#1 As for getting married in August, it's fine with me. But remember I may not be able to take my leave then. This Army is pretty funny, and it's not always easy to get one. By the way, my discharge date is August 31. That's the day I'll be a free man again.

#2 The Marriage Contract I signed, but I liked mine better, and let me warn you right now, I'm not going to be forced into doing the dishes. I've been a Sergeant for over a year now, and us Sergeants just don't do things like that. Besides, I'm lazy.

#3 As for the basketball team, it isn't good but it's fair for this league and has the makings of a darn good club if we could get more time to practice. So far we've won seven games; five were practice games, and we've dropped one. That puts us in a tie for first place.

#4 I hate to admit this, but I'm afraid you don't have too much to worry about regarding any competition. First of all, I'm stuck with you, and you're the kind that once you get your claws into a guy you just won't let go. Secondly, it happens that I love you just a wee bit. And last but not least, no one else will have me. As for the ol' flame, she really wasn't. Just a gal I met in the DAP's that I took out maybe a half a dozen times. Her name was Berdean Hammers, and she really wasn't a bad kid. And while I'm at it, I'm not sure I like that letter. Just what did you mean when you said "I can almost feel your arms around me, my stomach even turns over." A nice girl you turned out to be!

#5 When I saw Goose, he didn't mention anyone or anything to me. Tell Nancy I'm sorry. Goose and I never really got along. In fact, on the last day of school I bopped him. See what a Roughen you're going to marry?

Well, I think I got all your questions answered. If not, write and I'll do my level best—even if I have to use the E\_\_\_\_\_ (you know, that

big book with all the information in it).

And you're right about writing me about problems. Let's have them all. After all, that's one of the duties of a "faithful husband," and that's exactly what I plan to be.

Keep care, my Dearest, and don't you ever dare forget that I love you more than anything else in this world.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Tonight I stayed home again, but it wasn't my idea. My mother wanted me to go to this meeting last night, and I said I was too tired and didn't go. Tonight I wanted to go over to Carol's, and mother said no, so here I am at home.*

*I spent most of the day watching movies. We saw "Prince of Foxes," a pay assembly during third and fourth period, and then we had another movie during fifth period.*

*The operator just called me and said you would call on 9 December around 7:00 my time. It sure will be good to talk to you. I miss you so much, Darling. It is always so funny, every time I talk to you it seems I forget everything and all I can do is just sit there. There is so much I want to say, I just don't say anything.*

*It was too bad about the Army changing its mind and upsetting your schedule. But, Darling, that's life—someone is always changing their mind, it seems. I often change my mind, as you will find out after we are married. The only thing I'm sure about is you. I know I love you, want you, need you and miss you because I feel all these things every minute of the day and night. I could never change my mind about that.*

*You know, Darling, what to get you for Christmas is beyond me. Now look here, Honey, I think you ought to tell me what you got me for Christmas. You know curiosity killed the cat. I'm a very curious*



person.

*Mrs. Smyth is always telling me to say hello to you for her. I have gotten a 100 on every test in there so far. While I am writing, I got the highest score in any of Mr. Rankles' classes on a bookkeeping test and have gotten an A on every test in Business Machines, a feat that no one else achieved. Then I only got one point off in my Posture Test and got an A on my acting in the play that we put on—shall I go on? I feel guilty I have such easy classes.*

*Well, that's the news of the day. Of course the top event is my love for you. I sure do love you, Honey, something awful.*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

I LOVE YOU  
JUST MORE THAN  
ANYTHING

# November 9, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

Now don't get excited and get your hopes up, but the rumor that Mary heard was true. But I really don't think it will make too much difference. We haven't got the details on it, but we do know that your MOS, previous service, time spent overseas, dependents and length of service are to be considered. So you can see the only place I'm going to pick up any points is with those 20 months I was in the National Guard.

No one knows when it's to start or how many they will take, but rumor has it that it starts in January and 1,500 will be in the first bunch.

Until the straight scoop comes down I won't have too clear of the picture, but I'm still hoping for May. That in itself will be a big break. What they'll do with us after we get back isn't settled either. In fact the only thing that is sure is that there is such a deal in the offering. Settle down, say a little prayer and don't get your hopes up. When my turn comes I'll come home.

There isn't much news as usual. I went to Sendai to pick up a Birthday gift for Lulla Mae Vollmer. She's one of the church girls from Modesto. I've never met her but she's been kind enough to write and sent me a box of See's candy for my birthday. I bought her a set of dolls. They didn't cost very much, and, in fact, I also bought a set for you. Thought they might look cute standing around someplace in that future home of ours.

I also bought you another little gift. Why I don't know, but it was cute and I like it and so I bought it. I think you'll like it, too.

Well, Darling, I'm also sending you a ¥10 and ¥50 note. Put them in the book. Boy, the junk I send home.

Be sure and keep care of yourself and remember I love you the mostest.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*It's a good thing today is the 9<sup>th</sup>. I guess I can't be mad at you on our 11th month anniversary, but you and your darn old predictions—the only one that you got right—why did it have to be this one? I guess that by now you have guessed that the score was 19-12. Now, who knows what will happen?*

*We voted on the sweater color. Our class (I bet no one has caused the school so much trouble) wanted to be told what the color is, and can you imagine 600 of us keeping that secret? It is a beautiful color, and don't tell anyone, now, Darling, will you? It is bad enough with the whole school knowing, but we don't want Japan or Russia to know. They might send some saboteurs over and we couldn't have that. Anyway, the color is Aqua—something like the Star Dusters, only more blue.*

*Darling, it is late and I am tired and disgusted. I love you, even if you do pick the wrong school to win. Just don't let it happen again.*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*November 10, 1951*

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My Dearest Betty,

I know the excuse that there is nothing to write about is getting corny, but so help me it's the truth. There just hasn't been anything doing all day long.

This morning I was feeling lazy, and so I skipped breakfast and slept in until around 7:30 AM. Then I got up, made my bed, swept and mopped the floor, dusted off my shoes and went downstairs to wash and cleanup.

Around 9 AM, Sgt. Pillows and I went down to the post office, then over to the laundry to pick up my cleaning, and then we stopped at the PX for a cup of java and a donut. The last stop was the tailors where I'm having some elastic put around the bottom of my jacket. From there I went back to the barracks, opened and read my mail (just where is your letter?) and read a little before chow. After the meal I came back and wrapped some packages, answered some letters—yours being one of them—and read a little more. This evening I think I'll go to the show. Period, end of report.

So there, my Darling. In two short paragraphs you have the last nine hours of my life. See what a dull existence I lead.

About my only comment is on the clipping I took from the Stars and Stripes yesterday. Once again it isn't much, but put it in our book and one of these days when I'm thumbing through it I may get a good laugh.

My spies up at Regiment tell me a big story on the lift is going to come out in the Sunburst in the next couple of weeks. We'll wait and see; maybe I'll get my name in the paper. Then you can marry a man who has been in the news.

I'm also supposed to pick up a little something for you tonight. I won't tell you what it is because it may not be ready, but ready or not, I hope you like them. They're novel.

Listen, while I think of it, I don't want you to get any high hopes on this rotation. I figure I'll be lucky, VERY lucky to be home in May. There are just too many ahead of me. So please, Honey, don't get all excited about it. No matter what anyone tells you or what you read in the papers, don't expect me home soon. When I get on the boat, you can expect me

in 15 days, or should they fly us, 36 hours. Don't count on anything less. Remember '52 is an election year, and the people want the boys home—and it's the people who vote. Just hang on and wait to see how things turn out.

Mama is worried about Collin's speech where he said he wants to keep the 40th on active duty for five years. I wrote and explained it to her; that he means the Division and not the personnel in it. So don't worry your pretty little head. Things are looking brighter all the time.

It dawned on me this afternoon that perhaps I haven't been telling you enough times as to how much I really love you. Well, just in case the slightest doubt has entered your mind, the answer is: I have, I do, and I always will. There'll never be another Betty. "He" just doesn't make them like her anymore.

You, my Darling, are just about the most perfect deal I ever made, and every night just before I go to bed I let out a long low snicker and say to myself, "Look what I'm getting in return for what I'm giving." Ha Ho Ha Ho Ha Ho Ha Ho Ha Ho Ha Ho Ha Ho!

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Have you ever been over to the Beverly Hills "Y"? It is just beautiful. About 30 kids from our "Y" are going to have a party with about 25 blind teenagers over there on November 23rd. We had a committee meeting there tonight. I get myself into all kinds of things. This blind boy and I are in charge of the program. I think it is going to be real fine.*

*After the meeting the "Y" was giving a dance, so we stayed. In this beautiful place there was hardly anyone there and the spirit wasn't very good. There were six of us from Van Nuys (three girls and three boys), and we just about ran the party. It sure was fun. They had this man that taught dancing and sort of kept the party going. Was he ever good! He taught us all the Charleston, and he made it easy to*

learn.

*After we came back to the Valley, Richard, Lee and I (the three from our "Y" club) got something to eat at this real small place that serves real good food and is open all night. We will have to go there sometime when you come home and it's late, which it always seems to be.*

*I had not an argument but a discussion with Lee all night. He said all a girl needed was a good figure and nice eyes. That she didn't have to have brains or anything else for that matter. That just having a good figure and knowing how to use her eyes is all that anybody wants.*

*I brought up you and I said that if all you wanted was my figure and eyes, why would you still love me when you're so far away? That's stumped him for a while, but then he said you must love the memory. I disagreed, of course. I don't love your memory—I love you. I know you love more than my figure and my eyes. Those enter into it, but I think it is a small part. To me you're very real. I certainly wouldn't say I was in love with just a memory. I love that memory—of all the times we were together—but I love you most of all. The two sort of go together.*

*At any rate, anyway you or anyone says it – you have  
All my love always,  
Betty*

*November 11, 1951*

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My Dearest Betty,

By this time you've undoubtedly noticed the name tags. I figured that you might get a bang out of them and enjoy showing the gang what your name looks like in Japanese, so I had a couple made up. I hope you like them.

I only got one letter today, and that was from some dizzy blonde in Van Nuys who spent three quarters of her letter razzing me on some football predictions I made. But that's the way it goes. Stick your neck out and there's always somebody with a sharp ax to cut it off.

I remember the same thing happened last year just around this time. Come to think of it, it was in December. I was stuck for a date that night and was just about ready to give up (everyone else had turned me down) when I remembered this somewhat chubby, unglamorous, female who had a crush on me. Well I stuck my neck out and took her out, and like this time, I got my neck chopped off. Now I really am in trouble. She wants me to marry her. I just barely escaped last March. She almost had me, but I got a lucky break and volunteered for overseas duty. Of course none of the other boys wanted to be separated from me, so the whole Division went with me. See what trouble one big mouth and a girl can get you into.

By the way, you haven't seen my heart lying around anyplace, have you? Seems I lost it last December. On second thought—maybe it was stolen. Perhaps I should put Sherlock Holmes on the case?

Say good lookin', while I think of it I'm off to the salt (Oji) mines tomorrow, and it could be that I may miss a letter or two. I really don't expect to, but whenever I'm taking off for someplace I like to let my Honey know so if I should break the record she wouldn't worry. Speaking of letters reminds me of stamps and postage. We were figuring the other day and realized that in the eighth months I've been over here, I've spent close to \$75 on postage alone. Next time you see our Congressman, ask him what became of free overseas mail. But then, I can't really complain. I've got more enjoyment out of what those six cent stamps bring than from anything else I do all month long.

As for the breast feeding business, the answer is I don't know what

made me think of it, but ever since I was a little boy I felt that way. It's just that I feel that it is God's plan and that no science can ever equal, not alone surpass, His way of doing things. Of course I realize that it can't always be done. You know I was a bottle baby. But when it can be done, I feel it should be. Now tell me how many men would ever think of anything like that. See what a crackpot you got when you swung your ax.

Speaking of kids, I really saw a wonderful short on kids at the movies tonight. Honestly, I don't think I've laughed so hard since the last time I saw you. The camera was hidden from the view of the kids, and they filmed shorts of their first haircuts, at the show, playing games, and putting on plays. It was really funny and I can't think of any better audience to see it than a bunch of G.I.'s. G.I., by the way is short for "sucker for the kids." There's not a G.I. living that doesn't love kids. You should see them at the Japanese orphan parties. Boy, what a bunch of hams.

Well, Sugar Pie, there's not much more to say except I'm nuts. About you, of course. Honestly, it's getting pretty bad when a young, good-looking, rich, superhuman (well, anyway, I'm young) fellow falls for a wallflower like you. Maybe I should be a Botanist. But then the chances are I'll end up just being a plain ordinary husband like Artie Shaw. You know I am the "Roven' Kind."

But I'd better stop talking like this or I'll never get into Heaven. Speaking of Heaven, how is my beautiful future wife this afternoon? And one more item, are you keeping good care of yourself, and if not, why not?

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXX

P.S. I still love you just a wee bit. Love and kisses

P.S.S. I may be a flunky at math, but give me a chance; I'll make a good hubby.



*Dear Bob,*

*Boy can I get myself into more trouble. Today Vicki and I got ourselves into so much trouble we can't even see daylight. Vicki*



*is spending the night, and all we can do is wait until morning for everything to explode.*

*Remember, Darling, no matter what happens I love you. It all started the day I was born.*

*This is a little long, but here is a rundown. I went to church this morning. Vicki came over after church and I had to go to a meeting, so Mother let me have the car but said not to keep it all afternoon. After the meeting Vicki and I had to get the things for sandwiches for the picnic our club is having tomorrow. Afterwards we went over to Vicki's, and her Mother had a nice ham dinner that needed just a little more cooking. So to make a long story short we didn't get home till about six.*

*Mother was quite mad at that. Blake was supposed to come over and bring something to put the punch in. Then, if we wanted, we could go over to his house and make the sandwiches; his folks are our sponsors. Next, who should come over but Lee and Richard, and they wanted us to go to the show with them. Vicki and I felt like a show, but then Blake shows up with Jack and Mary Jane, wanting us to go over to make sandwiches. Then Mother said we could go to the show but wished that I would go to church.*

*We decided to give Blake the stuff we bought at the store and that he could do something for once. We went to the show, then afterword we thought we would play cards, and when we came home there was a big note on the table. Mother is ready to kill me. Mrs. Todd called, quite upset because we didn't come over. But she's more upset that we would go to the show with Richard and Lee rather than be with her Blake. So since we didn't play cards Rich and Lee are mad, and I can just hear what they are going to say to Mrs. Todd—and then there is my mother. Oh, Honey, I am telling you, it will take something to get out of this one. That's all I have done today, Darling.*

*I wish you were here to explain to my folks because they always seem to listen to you. Oh well. I love you, Darling—come home and marry me. Then I won't have any more troubles of this sort. See, you are my last resort—I'm just marrying you to get away from it all—*

*I love you.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

# November 12, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

My Darling, today's letter is going to be short because there's a truck leaving in 20 minutes that I've got to catch for Ojo.

I just want to say that I love you more than anything else in the world and that I want and need you something awful.

The Lovers Poem that you sent me was very nice, but I'm sorry to say that I don't feel that way about you. I don't care who wrote it! No one could ever put my feelings for you down with the use of mere words; perhaps with the aid of all earthly things—but never with just words.

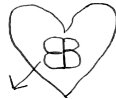
I want you to know that all I think about and plan for is you. Some people are Doctors for their life's work. Others are Soldiers, like Jack. But my life's work is going to be you and our family. I love you, Betty. Far more than you'll ever realize.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*No school today. Our "Y" club had a picnic, but as a result of yesterday's troubles I couldn't go. But it proved to be a good day and I was glad that I didn't. Mother took me shopping over in Beverly Hills. They have a new Bullocks store there that is just beautiful.*

*When we came home my Aunt and Uncle were here. My Uncle is funny; he always has some guy he wants me to meet. But I told him I didn't think you would approve. You know, I don't like holidays anymore. The postman always takes the day off, and then I don't get any letters from my Honey.*

*You know, for some odd reason I love you. Something else that is*

*very strange: I just can't seem to live without you, not that I try. You know you have been away for going on eight months—that's longer than I have ever gone with anyone and yet I love you so much more, so much more that you couldn't even compare it with anyone else.*

*I'll never know how I find so many different things to think and dream about, all about you. Come home and make my dreams come true. Until then you have—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*November 13, 1951*

---

My Dearest Betty,

After yesterday's shorty I guess we are no longer on speaking terms, but on second thought, bearing in mind that you're such a sweet, understanding, wonderful girl, I'm sure you understand that it couldn't be helped and that I didn't like the idea any better than you did.

I wrote to Leona this morning and described Ojo as an ocean, and that's exactly what it is—an ocean of mud! It started raining right after supper last night, and so far hasn't let up.

And of course your ever loven' is right smack dab in the middle of it. I, along with eight others, am guarding a C.P.X. But it really isn't as bad as I make it out. We only need two on guard at a time, and the boys stand 60 minute shifts. One on and three off isn't bad at all. Of course I am the big wheel, and all I do is sit in a tent and yell at the guards. The boys have a word for it, but the Army calls me the Sergeant of the Guard.

Of course I get wet every now and then when I relieve the guard or mosey over to talk a little with them so as to boost their morale. Then, too, when there's trouble, out I go to straighten things out. This morning the Colonel didn't know the password so Flores wouldn't let him in. I've heard stories like these before but this is the first time it has ever happened to me. But Flores was right. His orders were not to let anyone in, and that's what he was doing. After all, the Colonel of all people should know the password.

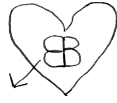
Well, Sweetest of the Sweets, it's time to make one of those trips and relieve the guard. Just remember to keep saying to yourself that "Bob is the most wonderful person in the world," and perhaps by the time I get home you will believe it. Also remember that I love you very, very much and with all my heart, and that there are only nine months 17 days to go.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX

P.S. "Baby, It's Cold Outside." Birr!



*Dear Bob,*

*Well tonight the PTA Board put on a dinner for the teachers at school. So a bunch of us kids did a takeoff on a Board Meeting. It was real cute and sure turned out better than we expected.*

*I spent the afternoon at the bowling alley setting up the tournament games which started today. The rest of the afternoon I spent reading the five letters I got from you today. About your coming home—don't worry about me getting my hopes up and being disappointed. I just hope and pray you're home by May 4th. I guess my reason is selfish, but if you aren't home it will just ruin my graduation. You never had the chance, and I want you to share mine with me. While I am on the subject, our name is—now, Darling, don't laugh—it's Tahitians. They tell me it's supposed to be a paradise with intelligent people.*

*You probably know that Shirley had her baby. It's a boy, and they say it looks just like "Woody"—how they can tell at that age is beyond me.*

*Well, Darling, I have a midterm Government test tomorrow. Leave it to me. I never study but I don't want to fall asleep on poor Mrs. Smyth. I'm glad your Air Transportability class came off so well.*

*I love you, Darling. The last sentence isn't new or original, but it means more to me than anything else in the world. You know you do, Honey.*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*November 14, 1951*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Remember all those stories about singing songs and renewing old friendships around a roaring campfire? Well, tonight your ever loven' is taking it easy and sitting next to the roaring flames, but this time we're not singing songs; we're keeping warm, and I'm trying to write this letter.

What I'm going to say is another subject. All we've done today is dig foxholes—what a way to earn a living! The foxholes measured  $2 \times 4 \times 6$ , and by the way,  $2 \times 4 \times 6 = 48$ , and that's exactly how many blisters I've got. I guess those nine weeks of Air Transportability didn't do my muscles and calluses any good.

We played a basketball game last night, and we dropped the tilt. It pushed us right out of the championship, but then you can't win them all. Word has it that a new league will start in December; maybe we'll be able to make a better showing. We've got the talent; it's just that we didn't have enough practice.

There was some bad news tonight. Only a few letters came in for the entire Company, and yours wasn't among the few. It was a big letdown. It always is, but then there will be two tomorrow. It's a wonderful feeling to get those dailies.

Well, Sugar, there's no news, and it's harder than the dickens to write by this light. Keep in mind that I love you very, very much, that I always have and always will. You're my Betty, and I'm your Bob. And when I get discharged in nine months and 16 days we'll really be living.

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Tonight being Wednesday I stayed home. Like always I went bowling this afternoon, and everything else was just like it always is. We had our midterm test in Smyth's class. I really fixed my test in Gym today. You know, Honey, maybe I'll get a B in Gym after that test. I never had anything but an A ever since I was at that school, except one first 10-week grade when I sprained my knee and couldn't play for a month.*

*You know, Darling, I was thinking today (it happens sometimes). You said way back about 7 1/2 months ago that you're going to make a record for me. A record of your voice, but you never sent me one. Now I want one, so you be a good boy and make me very happy by making a record of the voice I love so much.*

*This hasn't been much of a letter but then nothing happened. I love you, as you know or at least should know by this time—*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*P.S. Look at the article I enclosed. You guys are getting so much publicity that you're making others jealous. But then I wish they wrote more—*

*I love you—*

*November 15, 1951*

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My Dearest Betty,

I'm out in the hills again, still diggin' and camouflaging away, but this time I was smart enough to bring pencil and paper.

What I'm going to write in this masterpiece is another problem. There just isn't any news. What can you write about when you get up in the morning, eat and march out to dig holes?

I could complain about my sore feet, or my back, neck, legs, arms and hands. Or I could tell you it's cold, and that if it rains we'll have snow. But all these things are part of life, and I've been sore and cold before. And it's not going to make things any better by complaining.

So about the next best thing to do is stop thinking about it and turn my thoughts to more pleasant things.

Take the view, for instance. It really is pretty. We're on the military crest of this hill, and looking out to our right is a large valley. It reaches out about 25 miles, and the only break is a line of pine trees about 7 miles away. Then to our left is a town, and beyond that are endless rice patties. The valley is flat and is a perfect place for an air drop. The Japs thought so, too, because all along here are pillboxes designed to stop any drops that we might have attempted.

About 1,100 yards to our direct front is another range of mountains, and at the base of that is a good size gully that a river runs through.

By the way, this position we're in isn't any too good for a defense. The range across from us is higher, and therefore any enemy that controlled it would be shooting right down our throats.

But this is just for a firing demonstration, and we need that mountain where it is in order to stop all the lead we're going to fire during this F. P. L. demonstration.

But this terrain is old stuff. I've been looking at it, off and on, for eight months now.

So when I'm trying to get my mind off something, I just think of the most beautiful sight in the world and my proudest possession—you!

I just tell myself that it won't be too long now before I'm holding you in my arms and feeling your arms clinging around my neck with your warm



moist lips tasting mine. This is what really makes me happy and keeps me going.

Keep care, my Dearest, and never forget I love you more than anything in the world.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Tonight we had an Executive Meeting over at my house. After conducting the business we played cards (Jack, Blake, Vicki and I). I didn't do so well. Jack won, but then they say, "Lucky in cards, unlikely in love," and vice versa. You know, Darling, I just happen to think, I used to win at cards all the time. In fact, it was very seldom I lost. But ever since I got you, or should I say fell in love with you, I never win any more. So maybe there is some truth in that old saying because I sure am lucky. In fact, I consider myself the luckiest person in the world all because of you.*

*About those dishes—Darling, I am not going to force you to do anything that takes too much energy. I have a better system. Which reminds me—I am not forcing you to marry me. Anytime you want out, just let me know. But if you do, I'll sue you for Breach of Promise or contract. I have written proof, so it looks like you're stuck. However, seeing as how it's you, I'll give you a chance to get out. However I'll tell my big (???) Brother on you. Then you'll be sorry.*

*Did you know that it is late, and all this nonsense is keeping me from much needed sleep? So in ending I'll say the three words that mean so much to me:*

*I love you—*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

# November 16, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

This is one of those “never can tell when they’re going to end letters.” They pulled a fast one on us this morning when they woke us at 4:30 AM and told us an aggressor unit had been parachuted in north of Hogan and was pushing the 224th Regiment back in a southerly direction, and that both the 160<sup>th</sup> and 223<sup>rd</sup> Regiments had been alerted to move at a moment’s notice.

Of course the whole thing is the starting of the RCT (Regimental Combat Test), and the chances are we’ll be moving out shortly in a Northwesterly direction. The chances are we will attack, but then we’ve got a new regimental commander, and what his tactics will be remains to be seen.

It’s raining; it always does on these problems, and that puts us at a disadvantage. All of this mud will hamper our heavy stuff; such as tanks and trucks. That means that we boys in blue will be doing most the work again—since it seems that a man can go and do anything, in any place, at any time.

Of course I’ll try to keep you posted by our daily mail, but as always I can’t promise. When you get this, give Mom a ring and let her know the score. I’m going to be pretty busy from here on in.

In the meantime, keep good care of yourself. You’ll never know how I wish you were going with me so when we stop, and the cold sets into my bones, I could cuddle up with you and get warm. I love you, you big dope, and I know I always will. Be sure and keep good care of yourself and remember only nine months and 14 more days to go.

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Tonight we beat San Fernando 27-0; it was a good game. We ought to have San Fernando's passer on our team—we intercepted him nine or 10 times; half of them coming in the first half and the remainder of the interceptions in the second.*

*This afternoon I went up to Jackie's, who lives up on Mulholland in a beautiful home overlooking the Valley. We also looked at some other real beautiful homes up there.*

*Mrs. Smyth was real pleased with the paper you sent. She said to thank you for her—so thank you!*

*You should hear me; I can hardly talk. I guess you would say I had a cold. It sure has affected my voice. I bet you would like it if I couldn't talk—but then on the other hand I couldn't tell you how much I love you or anything like that. You know, of course, that I am crazy about you. To be very truthful, I love you—in fact, I love you more than anything else in this whole world. I can hardly wait until you come home and are mine forever. I just dare you to try to get rid of me.*

*I love you—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*November 17, 1951*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, everything went off just as I expected it to. We packed up and marched for about 10 miles, then loaded onto trucks and rode until around 5:30 AM when the trucks rolled to a stop. Then we climbed out and hiked into the mountains for about 3 miles, where we established our defensive positions.

As luck would have it, we had an order from Battalion to run a patrol, and as always your lover boy was selected as the P. L.

We started out at 9 PM, wandered through a couple of towns, up and down some valleys and over a few hills until midnight. Then we headed for home. A little better time was made on the return trip, and we got into the company area at 2:30 AM. Then I reported to the C. O. and hit the sack around 3:00 AM.

At 3:45 we were up and eating breakfast, and then the ol' Man said that my patrol and I go back to sleep, which we did until 7:30. Boy, we sure needed it.

Right now we're dug in on a ridge, having formed a regimental defensive line. I'm not sure what the overall plan is, but I've got a hunch the 224th Regiment is supposedly fighting a holding action and will withdraw through our lines before the day is out. That's about all, except that I'd better start digging before the Lieutenant comes around.

I didn't get any mail from you last night; just one letter from Mom and two from Sis. Yours will probably be in tonight's mail.

Well, Sugar, I've got to close this. Be sure and keep care of yourself and remember I love you with all my heart and always will.

BGGMBTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*I am listening to the Canoga Park–North Hollywood game. If Canoga wins, then Van Nuys gets the championship, so for once in my life I am for Canoga Park. Right now they're in the third quarter and Canoga leads 21-12. They also have outplayed North Hollywood, so it looks pretty good.*

*I didn't do anything today except fool around.*

*I got the little dog you sent me. Thank you, Darling. I think it is real cute. It is sitting up on my radio.*

*Well, Darling, Canoga just upset your prediction that North Hollywood would be Champs by winning the game 35-18. Poor North Hollywood. That puts them in third place with San Fernando in fourth.*

*I also got my letters back today. Chet is coming down Wednesday for Thanksgiving and to see the Milk Bowl game.*

*Darling, there isn't really anything to tell you about. I love you, and could go on forever about that, but I still wouldn't be able to express what I mean. So you will just have to be content with three little words—"I love you." Then when you come home and for the rest of my life I'll try to prove it.*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*November 18, 1951*

---

My Dearest Betty,

You know, you'll never realize the things I do and the times when I do them so as to get these daily items of joy to you.

But then when I stop and consider how much I look forward to yours and what enjoyment they bring into my everyday life, I realize that mine are just as important to you.

So that explains why I'm writing this letter while the Second Squad is maneuvering behind an aggressor force that has the Third Squad (that's mine) pinned down.

We've been here for about 10 minutes, and I figure that it will take the Second Squad at least 20 minutes to work their way over there. So, while the "hell of war" rages on, I'm just sitting tight in my little bomb crater and writing sweet little nothings for your pretty blue eyes to read.

There isn't really much news. We stayed at the positions that I wrote from yesterday until just about dark and then moved back about a mile for chow.

Afterwards we got a big break. We were still in reserve, and the Ol' Man issued all of us sleeping bags and told us to get a good night's rest. We were still short three bags in my squad, but the six who had bags took off the outside covers and gave them to those that didn't have bags, giving them two covers apiece. And after rolling up in their ponchos, they weren't too bad off.

We got up a little after 2:00 AM, ate around 2:30 and moved into our attack positions around 3:00. Then at 4:00 the support fire started, and we've been edging our way up this Razorback so-and-so Hill ever since. It's now ten minutes of nine. But sometime tomorrow the problem will be over, and then we'll head back for our nice, warm tents. I'll let you know who won tomorrow.

Honey, I have got to close; the Second will be in position any minute now. I love you. Never forget it. Remember only nine months and 12 more days to go.

*Picture of Drawn Lips  
written underneath  
Love and Kisses*

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*I just got home from going to the show with your folks. It all started this afternoon when a bunch of the clubs from the "Y" got together and went bowling. We went to the North Hollywood Bowling Alley. The different clubs bowled against each other, and our team won. Then I stayed at the bowling alley and bowled a game with your mother and Leona. Your Mother is getting too good; she bowled 173 today.*

*We then went out and looked at your new home and the famous "deep freeze." I think the house will turn out to be just the size your folks need. After seeing the house we went to "Bob's" and ate.*

*Afterwards on the way to the show, we were listening to the news, and guess what? They said 17,000 troops from the 40<sup>th</sup> Division would be home by the first of February. I know your Grandmother heard it yesterday, but I didn't believe her; and somehow I still don't believe it. It is just too good to be true. I still won't believe it until I read it, or you write and tell me it is so. Then when you do come home, when I see you, I'll know for sure it's true.*

*Maybe the woman who analyzed of my handwriting wasn't so far off. She said I looked on the Dim side of life, but at least this way I can't be disappointed.*

*I love you so much, Darling. I just hope and pray that the newsman is right.*

*It's late, Darling. I love you, and you know you have—*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

# *November 19, 1951*

---

My Dearest Betty,

“No rest for the weary” they say, and once again Fighting Fox is out in the hills making last minute arrangements for the firing demonstration.

And what a demonstration it’s going to be! They’re going to fire everything from 45s to 105’s, and that’s a lot of firepower.

When you take 500 rifles and fire them in one direction, that’s a lot of noise. But when you add to that 40 machine guns, 20 automatic rifles, 20 bazookas, 20 recoilless rifles, 9 sixty millimeter mortars, plus a platoon of 81’s and 4.2’s, 25 105’s, plus rockets and 500 pound bombs, along with their machine guns from striking aircraft, plus all the TNT and landmines that headquarters has planted in this area—and fire them all at once in a small area—well, you’ve got quite a show. Not to mention the bang! All this will take place before the advance of about 5,000 troops around 2:00 PM.

The only thing that bothers me are those 500 pound bombs, the 105’s and the 240 pound charges that they have planted within 50 yards of here. All that stuff is going to make this ground tremble just a bit, and I’m willing to bet I’ll get at least a pound of dirt down the back of my neck. But I figure my chances are just about as good as anyone else, so why worry. But all kidding aside, about the WORST thing that could happen is for our roof to cave in. Even if there are a few short rounds, there’s nary a chance of getting hurt. We’re too well dug in, and in order to do any real damage it would have to be a direct hit, and I’m too lucky for that. After all I’m going to marry you, ain’t I?

A little earlier a group of C119’s flew over and dropped us rations and ammo. It was another demonstration, and it was “real pretty” watching all of those red, green, yellow, black and white chutes floating down.

Right now I’m down in my hole waiting for the 81’s to start firing a few practice rounds. Why I’m down here I don’t know. But that’s what they told us to do, so here I am. By the way, in case you’re worried, the only thing that they will be firing overhead are the 105’s, and since we’re on a reverse slope they couldn’t possibly touch us. So don’t worry since I’ve got more of a risk of being run over by a jeep.



Well, my Darling, that's all the news for now. Just be a good girl and love me more than anything else in the world. Because I love you, and if you love me, I'll be happy; and if you love me, you'll be happy if I love you. And that way both of us will be happy. And perhaps pretty soon we'll both be able to be happy together; just 9 months and 11 more days to go.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Tonight I went to a Dance Committee meeting. This afternoon I went bowling and today I went to school. There you have the day's activities.*

*This morning we got our grades for the first three periods. Here are mine—*

A E E	Business Machines
B E E	Drama
A E E	Gym Office

*At noontime I helped with the measuring of our senior sweaters. Our bowling team won both games—how, I don't know.*

*It has been raining all afternoon and is still raining. I sure hope it stops tomorrow because the Milk Bowl is Wednesday, and if it continues to rain maybe we can't have it; Make sense? Well, I understand it.*

*I think I should write bigger because I can't think of anything to say.*

*My cold is better but I have a toothache, so I have to go to the Dentist on Friday. I think I will have my Wisdom Teeth out. They have to come out sooner or later, and the way I look at it, why not let my folks pay for it? If they were pulled too much later, and if we are married, we would have to pay for it. So it is saving us money by having them pulled now. Besides, they hurt and that's enough reason for me.*

*The main reason for this and every other letter I write you is to tell you how much I love you and that I think about you, want you and miss you in the worst way. In case you're wondering, I didn't mean think about you in the worst way, but I mean want and miss you in the worst way.*

*I only think about you in the very best way, always, because I love you and you have—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*November 20, 1951*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Tonight will be our last night out at Ojo because tomorrow we pack up our ol' kit bags and head for home.

Yesterday's demonstration went off without a hitch, and I guess the paying customers got their money's worth.

All by my lonesome I fired 215 rounds (rounds are bullets), and at a cost of seven cents each, that means the government, through me, just shot \$15.05 to the dickens. That in itself is bad enough, but when you stop to figure that there are 197 of us in a Company and that there were three Companies firing, that's a lot of dough. Add to that all those mortars, artillery, rocket launchers, and airstrikes, and you have a fraction of the reason why our taxes are going up the first of the year.

After the fireworks yesterday, we came back, had supper and turned it. The mailman didn't leave any mail from you for either today or yesterday, but the day before yesterday I hit the jackpot with three, so I guess I have no complaints coming. There'll be another bushel full tomorrow.

You know it's a good feeling to know that mail is coming even though it does get sidetracked now and then. I more or less buddy around with a Sergeant Smith, and he just doesn't seem to have the kind of wife that does much writing, and although he doesn't say anything about it, I know he's hurt every time mail call rolls around. I really feel sorry for the guy.

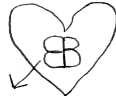
This morning we got up and had a chance to clean up a bit, and then we headed for the Third Battalion demonstration of a B.C.T. (Battalion Combat Team) on the attack. I am enclosing a diagram of the problem. It's pretty much self-explanatory. You might as well add it to our scrapbook. Man, the junk we collect.

Honey, it's dawned on me several times that I use abbreviations and symbols that I take for granted that you know, and that perhaps you don't. If I do, I'm sorry. And if you ask me about it, I'll sure explain them.

By the way, I got another letter from the brother of prettiest girl in the world. Keep good care of yourself and bear in mind that I love you very, very much.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*In case you don't know who this is, it's—as you put it—a "dizzy blonde, somewhat chubby, unglamorous female from Van Nuys." Of course, everyone is entitled to his or her opinion, but I can name quite a few people (boys) who wouldn't go along with your description.*

*I went to a "Y" meeting tonight; it was a business meeting for once. This afternoon I mimeographed some cards for the Council. Didn't do much of anything in school today; in fact, I was hardly in class at all. Ladies meeting, Senior "B" sweater measuring, serving for P.T.A. and having to see Miss Kenealy sort of took all day. I did get the rest of my grades. They are:*

A E E	Bookkeeping
A E E	Civics (U.S. Government)
B E E	Physical Education

*Just look at all those "E's"—everyone, even the teachers, think I'm an Angel. The funny part is that I spend three quarters of my day talking...*

[page missing]

*...If I remember you as the right guy, and to refresh your memory—it seems that this boy just kept after me so much. Every weekend he would almost live here and would keep me out for all hours of the night and morning. I even had to go up to his Camp because I was afraid that if I didn't, it would break his heart. He kept after me—it seemed he wanted me to marry him—until finally I wrote that President (he is a very good friend of mine) that if he didn't send this boy overseas, he would drive me crazy. Then this boy wrote me so*

*many letters—every day, in fact—and I just had to answer every one of them as a service to my country. And I suppose I'll have to marry this guy when he comes home. If I don't, he'll probably practically live here—so we might as well make it legal.*

*But on second thought, you said that you were the "Artie Shaw roving type." Well I'll tell you what: I'll let you do all the roving you want if you let me do some roving as well, and I'll let you have the house one night a week to entertain women if you let me have the house one night a week to entertain men. Of course, there's no telling where I'll be the other nights. That way you are the "roving type," and at least we won't get a divorce because you wouldn't get tired of me—just think of the variety.*

*Of course this is all very silly. No husband of mine is going to have to look for love any place other than at home or from anyone other than me, and all my love will be only for him. Like I say every day—*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*P.S. I love you—better change your mind about being the "roving type."*

*November 21, 1951*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, like I predicted I hit the jackpot today as three—count them—one, two, three, letters arrived from my one and only love.

As for that record I said I was going to make about seven months ago. It seems that my mouth is bigger than my knowledge because there just does not seem to be any place around where I can make a record. It isn't that I have forgotten; I've tried at all of the service clubs and even inquired about it when I was in Tokyo, but it was always the same "no." I'm sorry, Honey, but I'll keep my eyes and ears open; maybe I'll hit on something yet.

Another little item—since it was decided last Friday or Saturday and I can't jinx it one way or the other—didn't I tell you it would be North Hollywood, Canoga Park, Van Nuys, and San Fernando in that order? Well tell me, if N.H. topped Canoga and S.F. squeezed by V.N., will it not end pretty much as I predicted, except that Van Nuys will swap places with San Fernando? Of course by now all of my predictions are all for naught because the games have already been played and the crown decided upon. If truth be known, I really do hope that all of my predictions were all wet and that Van Nuys won the title and that my little Betty is happy. I know how much it would mean to her to have a championship team her senior year, and I truly hope that's the way it turned out.

I'm going to enclose another copy of the Sunburst. It has some information in it about the airlift, and you look closely at the picture; you can see plane #135. That's the baby your ever loven' took his ride in. By the way, I had charge of six planes; 152 plus the next five planes down from it. The newspaper also gives a good explanation of the new "Phasing Plan." Show the paper to Mom so that she'll also know the score. So far that's all the information I have on it. Then, like everything else, paste it in our scrapbook.

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving, and the cooks are really knocking themselves out trying to make it a filling one. I was at Fort Ord attending Leadership School last year, and although I got home to eat Thanksgiving dinner, I remember the Company Menu and all the praise that the boys

heaped upon the affair. If this one tomorrow turns out just half as good, I'll be a mighty happy lad. But don't for a minute—just because I'm filling myself with the goodies of the occasion—think that I'm not thankful to my Heavenly Father for the blessings of the past year, especially one in particular—that one being you! That is a blessing that I'll never really deserve—I guess it was just my lucky day.

Honey, I love you more than anything else in this world. Be sure and keep care of yourself and say a little prayer that we'll be together before too long. Just nine months and nine days to go.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXX  
0000000



*Dear Bob,*

*We hardly had any school again today. We had an assembly along with a long brunch and got out of school at 1:11 because of the Milk Bowl. Only one catch: it was raining, so they called the Milk Bowl off. We're going to have it next Wednesday. So tonight a bunch of us girls went to the show. We went down to Hollywood and saw "A Place in the Sun." I had already seen it once, but that's where they all wanted to go so I went, being a good sport. We had lots of fun.*

*I got the little wooden dolls today—Thank you, Darling. I think they are real cute. Chet came home tonight, I was told. I haven't seen him as yet. Rumor has it that he went to the show.*

*As you most likely noticed, I have enclosed the "Mirror."*

*Nancy and I are very hurt to find out that you and "Goose" don't get along so well. I like him, and I think he is very nice and real funny.*

*Did you know that I love you? Oh, Honey, how I love you! Then of course you know that you have—*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

# November 22, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

You know, my Darling, I got to thinking in church this morning, and I became aware that I've really got a lot to be thankful for this year. It seems that God has just poured his blessings upon me. No matter what or when a crisis has arisen, there has always been a way out. And during the many times that I have felt discouraged and beaten, it seems that a little light is always thrown my way, strengthening me and giving me the ability to escape my dreariness and to find new hope and a new way.

I thought of a lot of things today. I thought about last Thanksgiving when I was home with you and my other loved ones, and I thought of the many events and breaks I received throughout the year. You know, I am a mighty lucky boy to be sitting here in a nice warm barracks writing to you while others are stomping their feet and clapping their hands trying to keep warm in the frozen land of Korea.

There is also much to be thankful for the way I was ushered into the Army. Certainly, being a Sergeant made things a lot easier. I don't mean that the way it sounds because honestly I believe it was harder for me to come in and to learn to be a Non-Com then it would have been to enter the Army as a Private. What I mean is that I didn't have to go through all the basic discipline that the Army hands out; instead, for me, it was more or less a case of self-discipline. And then there are the benefits of advanced and specialized training and, of course, the money angle. That helped a lot.

Another blessing was being called as a Deacon. I'm really thankful for that. And, of course, for my health, happiness and well-being as well as for the theater I'm serving in.

However, tonight as always, as I say my nightly prayers I will offer special thanks for my dearest possession—you! Because of all the blessings that came my way this year or will ever come to me—you are the biggest.

A few times when I'm feeling sad and homesick, I've had the crazy notion that it might have been better if we had never met. But quickly I say to myself, "What Foolishness!" If I got but a single kiss from you,



it would be worth a King's ransom—and I immediately thank God for giving you to me. You see, in you I found everything that a man could possibly want or hope for. In you, I have found an undying love that will last through all eternity—a love that we built together in just four short months—a love that fills every day of my life with enormous joy.

Then it was your tears the night we were coming from Studio City and your smile all through those difficult days that strengthens me; filling my everyday thoughts and giving my life a sense of urgency.

But what I'm most thankful for is the promise of the future. Together, side by side, holding each another close, our love shines bright as we proved it could during these last eight long months, showing us the way into a new world overflowing with happiness.

No one knows what the future holds. But whatever, whenever or wherever, we will face the future together, building on the principles of love, hope and faith, and we will be a winning team forever.

Yes, tonight when I talk with God I will thank Him for all of my blessings—and especially for you—by far my greatest blessing.

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXXXX

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.



*Dear Bob,*

*Today was Thanksgiving. As usual I went over to my Grandmother Ward's. There were 20 of us there this year, and of course we had turkey, and, as always on such occasions, I ate too much. They all ask about you, Honey, and said to say hello for them and that they hope you would be here next year.*

*Tonight we went over to Aunt Annie Irene's. They showed us movies of us when we were little, last Christmas, etc. I also made a record for you. That is, Chet and I did. It is funny in spots. You understand I cannot say much with everyone sitting around. Then at the end Chet got to talking, and I shut him up just long enough to say "I love you"!*

*I do love you, Darling. When my Mother and Dad heard the*

*record, Dad said, "Do you really mean that?" Well, Darling, I never meant anything more in my life. I know next Thanksgiving we will be together again.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

# November 23, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

Whether you know it or not, you're one lucky girl tonight because, as you've probably already noticed, I've enclosed a picture in this letter of "The world's most perfect human." Notice the handsome features, the intelligent expression, and the muscular lay of the body. And while you're at it, also notice that, as always, I've got my big mouth open and there's a happy gleam in my big beautiful blue eyes because I've just finished reading a wonderful letter from a wonderful girl.

And speaking of pictures, I think you're falling down. Honestly, I think I should get a different snapshot of you in every letter. After all, not every guy has got a good-looking female like you, and I like to show you off. But what's more important, I can't think of anything I'd rather do over here than look at pictures of the most beautiful girl in the world, unless it's reading letters from the world's champion letter writer.

Now, being honest, I know it isn't the best picture in the world, but it is unique. Very seldom do you find me in the leaning rest position. By the way, in case you're interested, the Army slang for this is "pressing blankets" (I just thought I'd throw that in at no extra charge).

It was taken on a Sunday morning, and I was just taking it easy before getting ready for church. Be sure and note the cleanliness of the area. Just like an R.A. (not Robert Anderson but Regular Army).

The bag at the foot of the wall locker is laundry. You should to be glad I'm over here. If I was home, you'd probably be spending the afternoon doing it.

You probably also noticed the Friskies box under the bed. This is strictly taboo, but, being a Sergeant, I pulled rank and got away with it. And a good thing I did because I've got just about one of everything in that box. One more item; that white strip across my left chest is a name tag. Just like the one I sent you, only this has my first name and your future last name on it.

You know, it's not very often that I'm glad I'm wrong. But I sure am about North Hollywood winning the championship. To be honest, I just didn't think Van Nuys had it in 'em. And from outside appearance, they

didn't. There's just something about those Wolves, something inside, that wins games. It was there the year I played. Remember, we lost the crown to North Hollywood as a result of a 15-14 score. It just seems you can't keep a good school down. And boy am I going to have fun rubbing it in with the North Hollywood alumni that are in our outfit. They sure gave me the raspberries because of that 19-12 licking last year. Man, I haven't had so much fun since USC whipped TCU (Texas Christian University) 28-26. And that really was an important game as far as the 40th Division goes. Close to half of our troops are Texans. The other half are civilized Californians, and the two groups are always arguing over which state is the best. Of course the whole thing is silly—anyone with any sense knows that California is by far the best.

The information we got over here is that V.N. takes on Polytechnic in the Milk Bowl while Canoga tangles with Hollywood. Well, I've been wrong all along the line so far, so I'll risk life and limb once again going against—but hoping for—the Crimson and Gray, and pick Venice to win all the marbles. I also like Los Angeles, and I'm inclined to believe that the final game will be between these two teams. As for the Polly-Wolf game, I know next to nothing, so strictly out of loyalty I'll bet on V.N.

Honey, I'm tickled pink that you got your wish and had a championship team the year you graduated. It's all over by now, but just the same I'll cross my fingers extra tight and hope that the Wolves bring home the bacon. Wouldn't a City Championship be something!

I'm glad that you liked the little dog. Like I said before, I'll never know why I bought it except it was cute, and being cute it reminded me of you. So, plop went the Yen, crackle went the paper, scratch went the pen, slurp went the stamps, zing went the string and zoom went the package—Air Mail!

Honey, as I look around I see there's not much room left, and since I've already filled a book in this letter with all sorts of nonsense, I won't have any room to tell you how very much I love you. But it really doesn't matter because regardless of how many reams of paper I might have, I could never put the feelings I have for you down on even the most expensive parchment. The English language just isn't that far advanced. And so I'll fall back on three simple, basic words—I love you!

But remember, it's not the words that count but the feelings behind them.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXXXX

P.S. Tell Mrs. Smyth for me that she is indeed welcome for the paper. I’m glad she enjoyed it. I love you.



*Dear Bob,*

*Well, Darling, today I lost part of me. It came so unexpected. I guess part of my knowledge went with it. You see, Honey, I went to the dentist because I had a toothache. Well he gave me a worse one. He dug out an impacted wisdom tooth. It was growing sideways.*

*The way it happened at least I didn’t have to worry about it. He came in and said, “Let’s pull your wisdom tooth, shall we? After that major operation I went to a meeting at the “Y,” then came home and had another big turkey dinner. Then that dance for the blind kids was tonight, so I just got home from that. I am a dope fiend now; they gave me opium to help ease the pain. You ought to see the tooth; it is a nice big one.*

*The party for the blind kids came off real fine. One thing—they were all from Polly, and we play Polly in the Milk Bowl on Wednesday.*

*I found out today that they changed the law—you can now make up to \$600, so tomorrow I guess I’ll go down to Sears and get a job for Christmas.*

*Well, Honey, I guess that’s about all for tonight. No letter to answer, but then there will be two tomorrow. I love you just like always. In fact, you have—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*November 24, 1951*

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My Dearest Betty,

Did I ever tell you that you're just about the prettiest thing this side of heaven? Well, if I haven't I am now because you sure are, and I sure wish that you were with me tonight instead of 27 Privates, 3 Corporals, an Orderly and an Officer of the Guard. But I guess for now it can't be. Must be my unlucky day.

And speaking of lucky, or perhaps I should say unlucky, today was one of them. First of all, I'm on guard duty, and then there was no mail today. But worst of all you should see my Officer of the Guard. I took one look at him and thought "Sir, are you for real?" Man, what a dud. This lad I don't believe has ever heard of a formal guard mount, not alone has ever worked one. And he messed up the paperwork so badly that it took me the entire morning to get things shipshape.

But I guess it really isn't his fault. He's a R.O.T.C. graduate, and three months at Fort Benning is the only practical work he's had. And one thing I'll say for him: he knows when he's not wanted. I haven't seen him since the guard mount. He left word he was going to the Officers Club. When I heard that I leapt for joy, but when I found out he had taken MY Jeep, I really blew my top.

So I gave him a ring, and he's now getting drunk. But I got my Jeep back, so everybody's happy. At least we are until something happens. If it does, I sure hope it's minor because if the Officer of the Day is called out and my lover boy is pickled, he's in a fine mess, and so am I because I didn't report him.

I'll just keep my fingers crossed. Maybe I'll have a little luck today after all.

Just a little reminder. I'm nuts...about you, that is, and don't you ever forget it.

Be good now and don't do anything I wouldn't want you to.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Darling, you ought to see me. I bet you would hardly know me. I told you I had my wisdom tooth dugout. Well, that side of my face is swollen and is about twice the size it normally is. On top of that, my eye on that side is also swollen. It really looks funny. Now don't you go and worry about me. By the time you get this I will probably be back to normal.*

*I didn't do much today; slept until noon. Went down to Sears and applied for a job. Then I wrapped packages for you the rest of the afternoon. Now I will explain about the packages. You most likely won't get them for about a week after you get this. I am mailing them on Monday. The more or less flat one you can open on 9 December and not before. The one that says "Do not open until Xmas" you can open if you want. All the different things are separately wrapped in Christmas wrapping, so you just can't open them in until Christmas, but I'll let you shake them if you want to. Now you be a good boy and don't jump the gun by opening them.*

*I sure wish you were here so I could give you the packages in person. Just think of the postage I could save. Of course there are a few other reasons—one of them being that I love you more than anything else in the world. In fact, you will always have—*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*November 25, 1951*

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My Dearest Betty,

Honey, I don't like to start my letters off with a damper, but there isn't a chance 17,000 of us will come home by February. There are only 18,000 in the entire Division.

The word that we have got is in the paper I sent you. The number is still 1,500, and the whole thing is tentative. It could be changed tomorrow.

I wrote Mom all about it, and since I sent you the paper there is no reason to go all through it again. You two just get together and shoot me any questions that puzzle you. But keep this in mind: I'm due to be discharged August 31, 1952. They just about have to get me back in the States by July 30. If I get home by May, and I'll be lucky if I do, I'll be getting a two month break. Expect me in August, look for me in July and hope for May. Anything sooner is doubtful. By the way, now I'm sorry I didn't marry you before I left. All that money—and now those points! Oh well, that's life.

I got a letter from Dad today, and he tells me you're drumming up business for him. He said to tell you that as long as you keep up the good work, your team will win. He glues the other alley's pins to the floor and equips your pin boy with a stick. And that 172 Mom bowled; you'd better start watching her. She also gives the pin boy a stick. I used to bowl against her all the time, and every time she beat me. But I know she was cheating. She must've been; nobody could beat me.

Say, speaking of Mom, I want you to know you've been a big help to her. It really has made things a lot easier on her, with me being away, I mean. You know, Betty, she really goes for you. Why, every time you two go anywhere, she writes me all the details; like Leona writes me about a new toy.

Keep it up, Honey. It's doing her worlds of good, and from what I can gather we're not going to have any in-law troubles. Everyone is just nuts about you. In fact, if we didn't come off, I think the family would be as disappointed over that as they were about me going overseas.

Another little item that both Mama and you wrote me about is the new



house. She says you're going to make all the decisions about my room. Well, all I've got to say is that you had better do a good job 'cause I'll beat you if I don't like it.

But all kidding, aside I think that's great. After all, we might share that bedroom sometime soon. And you might as well get in the habit of picking our stuff now. Boy, am I going to be henpecked.

Another little item; I wrote you a little while back about some name and addresses of friends you think I should drop a card to, but so far no answer—Let's get with it!

And speaking of getting with it, I've got this Orderly Room to tidy up. Keep care and remember there's only one girl in my life, and that's the one who has my heart right now. Please send it back; it's hard living without it. I love you.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX

P.S. I got another USAFI lesson off today. Three Cheers!!



*Dear Bob,*

*Today is much like yesterday. I didn't do anything. I slept until noon and then just listened to the radio etc. this afternoon.*

*So you can see I haven't anything to write about. Chet went back to Santa Barbara about 3:00. Vicki and Doris were over this morning for a while.*

*I didn't mail yesterday's letters, so I'm just going to put this in with it.*

*Do you know that it was eight months today that we spent our last day together? It seems like years ago. You'll forgive me if this is short—just nothing happened.*

*I love you, miss you and want you—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*November 26, 1951*

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My Dearest Betty,

Took a long look at the calendar today, and lo and behold there are only four more days to go until the end of the month, and you know what that means. First I get paid—I'm highly underpaid, by the way—and secondly and more importantly I'll be able to scratch off another month of service, and of course that brings me just one month closer to the fulfillment of my most important dream—being with you.

Had a little bit of action last night after I wrote you. It seems that Master Sergeant Jones and Corporal McCloud left their room to take a shower, and when they came back they were minus a blanket, an O.D. (Olive Drab) Shirt and trouser, an Ike Jacket, a field jacket, a gas mask, a watch and a pen. The ol' Man figures it was either an inside job or a Company close by. We're having a showdown inspection today, and the chances are someone was making up shortages. The way it works is an Officer comes around with your clothing and equipment forms and checks to see if you're missing anything. If you are, he makes a note of it, and the Supply Room reissues what you're missing and then charges you for the lost item(s) by sending a Statement of Charges to the Finance Office, who then deducts the cost of the item(s) from your pay.

At any rate, the ol' Man really blew his top. If you'll remember back a ways, you'll recall that someone looted the Supply Room of close to \$500.00. Well the Captain turned in a Report of Survey, which means the items were lost through no fault of anyone, making the government responsible for the bill. But the charges were bounced back, and since the Company Commander is responsible for all Company equipment, he got stuck for half-a-grand. I don't blame them for being sore.

Man, I was ready to go to war when I lost that \$10.00, and when I found out that the #%@&# also took your pictures, I was really steaming.

As for the inspection, I think I'll get stuck for a Helmet Liner Band. How much it will be I have no idea, but not much. Actually, I'm missing a glove for the left hand and a tie, but I borrowed a tie, and one of the boys had a right-handed glove, and I should be able to pass the two gloves off as a pair.

Well, Beautiful, I think I did pretty well with this letter considering I

didn't have any news or letter to respond to—A gold star for me! Well, all good things must come to an end, and so I'm going to call it quits.

I feel kind of stupid saying this again. After all if you don't know it by now, you never will—and that's that I love you with all my heart.

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXXX

P.S. How about some pictures of the prettiest girl in the world?



*Dear Bob,*

*Well, I just got home from a Dinner Committee meeting. This afternoon I went bowling, as always; not too good today: 111 and 102.*

*Nothing but school today. On second thought, I didn't go to much school. I went to the Dentist. He took out the stitches and the pack and put in another one. So I didn't get to school until the end of the second period. Then during third and fourth period I went to a concert, and at noon I went to a Y Cabinet meeting, then was late to fifth and sixth periods. I was in there for the entire time, but it is only Gym and we didn't even dress. So you can see I didn't get much class time in today.*

*When I got home tonight, I got six wonderful letters from my Honey. They were all about the problem you ran at Ojo. You said to phone your Mother and let her in on the details since you may not have the time to write her. Only trouble is I don't know her number. Even your Sister doesn't know the number. I checked with information, and they don't know the number and neither do the people that rented the house. In fact, I can't find anyone who even knows the address: Fine Family You Have!*

*Oh well, your Mother always calls me at least once a week, and then I'll be able to ask her for the number, and by the time you get this everything will be fine.*

*I love you, Honey, just like always. I still miss you just as much and I want you just as much or more than ever before.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

# November 27, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

Just received your letter where you said that the only reason you wrote me was out of patriotism. We will now stand and sing the first and third verses of The Star Spangled Banner.

And I don't mean to be cruel, but those boys who said that they don't go along with my description of you—**really do!** They just say they don't; after all, this is "Be Kind to Dumb Animals Week."

And as for you using the house one night and me the next—it's no deal. I'm going to need all seven nights. Like you said, I like variety. But if you promise to be good I'll let you use the garage twice a week. After all, there's no need to be selfish.

But all kidding aside, I wish you'd write your pal the President (now there's love for you—even after admitting you're a friend of Truman's, I still write to you) and tell Harry to send me home. Baby, it's cold over here! It even snowed last night, and up at Camp Younghans they had six inches while Ojo only had four. We're a little too close to the sea and most of snow melted as soon as it hit the ground. But they say we'll have 2 feet by Christmas. What's that song about a White Christmas? Anyway, with 4 inches at Ojo we have all we want, especially since we're going back out in the field in early December.

And another reason I think I should come home is because I miss you. Just a wee bit, of course, but I do miss you.

About the only other item that I've got is that some pictures arrived from Mom. There were a couple of the new house, some of the family, and what's more important of my favorite sight—you! And boy are you a sight! How about getting on the ball and sending your loving G.I. some more? I don't know what I'm going to do with them, but until I think of something I just sit here and drool.

You know, I really do miss you. Every once in a while it really hits me hard, but with every day the time comes closer to when we can be together. I guess that's what makes me happy towards the end of the month.

I love you, Betty. Never forget that. And remember that there's never

been nor will there ever be another Betty. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Well, Honey, tonight I was going to stay home. Mother said I had to. So what happens? Vicki calls and says that there are not enough cars to go Miniature Golfing so they didn't know what to do. So kindhearted me said come on over and play cards. Mother and Dad were both gone, but Mother just came home and she wasn't mad.*

*Your Mother was over tonight to read the paper that you sent me. Believe it or not, we figured out what all the terms were.*

*Dumb me. Honey, you know what happened. A big filling came out of my tooth on the other side of my mouth. The swelling has gone down for my wisdom tooth.*

*As you know by now, your predictions were “all wet” as usual; the order was Van Nuys, Canoga Park, North Hollywood, and San Fernando—not North Hollywood, Canoga Park, Van Nuys and San Fernando—so there! I just don't know how you could have made such an awful mistake.*

*Honey, it is late. I love you even if you don't pick the right teams. Be good, Darling. Be real nice to your Company Commander and Staff Sergeant (it is said they would give the tickets home).*

*I have talked to several kids, and they have gotten letters saying there were difficulties coming home. Where they got their information, I don't know. I can only pray and hope you will be home soon.*

*I love you.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

# November 28, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

You know, every once in a while even we geniuses get stuck, so the rest of this letter is bound to be filled with lots of no news (but no news is good news). Even so, if you're smart you'll stop reading this right now and go on to more important things.

Still haven't stopped, hum? Well, I knew from the start that you were stupid. Any girl who goes out with me is. But actually you should feel quite pleased with yourself. Until I met you I refused to go out with the kind of girl that would go out with someone like me—it sure was lonesome!

I really do have one news item, however. It snowed again last night, and come the dawn we had just about one half of an inch on the ground. Yes sir, it's going to be a long, hard, cold, cold winter. Sure wish you were here to keep me warm.

Here's another news flash. The person who is writing this letter hasn't an ounce of sense. Come 2:45 PM he's going to make his debut on the Fox Company Eleven – except that we only play seven. Flag Football they call it, and of all the days to play, they picked one with a half inch of snow lying around. But you know the ol saying, "I have only one regret: that I have only one tale to freeze off for my Company."

Also heard a good rumor today that we're only going to be out three (11 through the 13<sup>th</sup>) days at Ojo. Usually we're out between 10 and 15 days. If the rumor turns out to be correct, it sure won't hurt my feelings.

You realize, I hope, that I am taxing my wittle brain composing this masterpiece.

I'm sorry I wrote all those nasty things to you yesterday. If I hadn't, I could have written them today. That would be nice, wouldn't it?

Hey I remember. I got a question to ask you. Are you going to go up to Sacramento to that California Congress? And if so, why don't you write me about it? I imagine that's quite an honor.

By the way, those were pretty good marks. But what were those B's doing on the card? I'm beginning to believe you're not up to my intellectual abilities. While I think of it, I'm taking a course in Military

Justice. I'll let you know how it turns out.

Well, I've spied off enough for now, so I guess I'll close and give you a break. Once again, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, and I miss you, too.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX

P.S. I love you!



*Dear Bob,*

*Honey, I am writing this in first period. It is for last night. Last night was the Milk Bowl, and I didn't get home until a little after one. It is a wonder I made it to school; I was late, but I wouldn't have come at all if it wasn't for the GAA Playday at San Fernando.*

*We had lots of fun last night, even if our team did come out on the short end of a 7-6 score (Polly). Canoga did real good, 12-0. They got ripped off by not being allowed to play in the finals. I think they should have.*

*We were lucky we got out of that place alive. We were sitting next to the Venice cheering section (just an aisle between us). They never yelled for anyone but themselves, so we decided we would yell for Jefferson when they played Venice. Well, the first 20 minutes they got mad, but not really. The same two teams played the final 30 minutes, and Jefferson proceeded to run over Venice, and we yelled like mad for Jefferson. There was just a small group of us. Mrs. Wichmer got scared that the whole Venice section would come over and murder us. We were a little afraid ourselves there for a while, but Mrs. Wichmer got so scared they left. It was fun and it made the game interesting. Jefferson won 28-0.*

*I had better stop now. They are putting on a play (Period II) that I want to watch. I love you like always. Be good and all that—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*



# November 29, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

Into every life some rain must fall, and it sure fell today. In fact, it rained so hard it melted all of our snow, and so I guess I'll just wait to take the remaining pictures on this role. I was going to take them today, but the weather is so lousy they would probably go to waste.

We came through with a win yesterday, and that puts "Fighting Fox" up as the Battalion Champs. Next we play the medics, and the winner of that tilt meets the winner of Third Battalion for the Camp Schimmelfenning crown.

For the victors, it means a trip to Camp Younghans and then up to McNair and Hagen for the Division Championship. If we get that far I'll write and tell you what comes next. By the way, they're calling the Younghans playoff the "Snow Bowl"—guess why? I still say we should have our heads examined.

Funny thing happened last night. Lander, the boy who went the WRONG way when we went through the infiltration course, received a discharge from the Naval Reserve. Seems he went into town one night, signed up, and then forgot all about it. Never went to a meeting or anything.

The guys were kidding him about it, and one of the fellows jokingly asked him why he didn't try to draw Longevity. So doggone if he didn't go down today to see about it, and sure enough he can. The government owes him since a year ago last October, which amounts to just about \$200.00. While he was down there, the Warrant Officer said it's too bad he didn't come in last month because the government will take out a little more in new taxes than they would have last month.

Boy is he burnt! "This government will do just about anything to cheat a man out of what is rightfully his," he says. How do you like that? All he ever did was sign his name, and now the government is giving him \$200.00 free for nothing, and he's complaining. What a lad, what a lad?

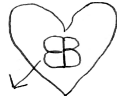
Well, my Dearest, I've got a date at this Military Justice class, so I'd best close.

But before I do there's this one little reminder that I love you more than anything else in the world. That I'm trying my darndest, studying,



and working hard, trying to learn and to improve myself so I might be a better husband. Just keep loving me, and no matter how high the mountain is, I'll scale it. I love and want you, Betty, more than I have ever loved or wanted anything else in my life.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*I'm writing this for this last night. You know you're in love with a girl that has no sense. Yesterday I was dead because of the Milk Bowl plus a million other things. Yesterday was the Playday at San Fernando. That means I got out of fourth, fifth and sixth periods, but it also meant that I had to play two sets of badminton, do a lot of yelling, and everything else that goes on at a Playday.*

*Well, I got home at five o'clock. Then if I had any sense I would have gone to bed, but no. Vicki called and said that she would be after me at 5:30 to go to the Santa Claus Lane Parade. The parade was real nice, and of course I had lots of fun, but the parade didn't start until 8:00 and we got into Hollywood about 6:30, so we spent the time walking up and down Hollywood Boulevard. We went from Hollywood and Vine down to Highland and back at least twice.*

*You know, Honey, it's funny. I wore the scarf you sent me; you know, the 40th Division sweetheart one. There were more people down in Hollywood who were in the 40th. The parade was two hours long, but we got home rather early, 11:30. I should go to the dance tonight, but I don't believe I will.*

*I wrote the above in the Second and now I am in Fourth period (Bookkeeping). We have a Substitute Teacher, and he is explaining the Cash Payment Journal.*

*It is almost lunchtime, Honey, so I guess I had better say I love you and stop.*

*I hope to get my letter writing back on track tonight. I guess I am not quite as good at writing my letters as you are. True, I get them*

*written; one for every day, but you write them on the day they are supposed to be written. I guess the important thing is that they get written. At any rate, the whole purpose is to tell you that I still love you, want you, miss you and think about you now and always.*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

# November 30, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Toothless, it seems as though once again there's nothing to write about. The biggest concern of the day had to do with you having your teeth out. I sure felt sorry for you. If you had broken your leg or been run over by a train I don't think that I would've felt half as bad. But when it comes to your teeth, I really feel for you.

Woman, you'll never know just how big of a coward I really am; especially when it comes to going to the Dentist. You know I wouldn't admit this to anyone else but you (and if you tell, I'll see to it that you wake up dead some morning), but up until the last couple of times, my Sis used to go with me and hold my hand. The last couple of times I wanted her to, but I just couldn't get up enough nerve to pop the question.

At any rate, Honey, I'm sorry it had to be done, but believe me, I'm glad that it was you and not me.

The only news over here is that we won another game today. The score was 13-6, and tomorrow we'll play the winner of this afternoon's game between Division Headquarters and K Company for the Post Championship. From there the winner competes for the Division title. Wish us luck! Maybe we'll be lucky.

All I can say is that you sure are a glutton for punishment. Why not just take it easy and have a little fun this Christmas vacation? After all, you'll have the rest of your life to support me. And remember, I expect to be supported in the manner I'm accustomed to. Or perhaps I should say, the manner before I got into the Army. Go ahead and use your own judgment, but don't be such a dope that you work all your days off.

And for garsh sakes, don't get tied up and miss my call. But on second thought, Christmas vacation won't start until after I call.

Honey, I didn't mention it before, but I thought that the Blind Kids dance was awfully nice. I sure feel sorry for them, going through life not being able to see the outward beauty of life. For example, the boys that danced with you couldn't see the beautiful creature they were dancing with. But on the other hand, perhaps they could "see" the beauty within, and while outside beauty is important, inward beauty is even more so.

I'm just an awful lucky guy who found a girl with both. There's not many of them around. I love you, Betty, far more than you'll ever realize.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX

P.S. I love you.

(Second Letter)

My Dearest Betty,

You know, I know better but it sure seems as though these months are getting longer. I thought that the month of November would never pass, but now that it has I can sit back and sigh and say to myself, "One more month served and only nine more remaining until I can be released from this Army and really start living with my ever loving wife."

Remember that football game I mentioned yesterday? Well, I've got bad news. We dropped it to the tune of 39-33. It was sure a heartbreaker, and believe me, it was one rock 'em and sock 'em affair. Really, it was a wonder somebody wasn't killed. They practically threw away the rulebook, and just about anything went.

In flag football you're not allowed to tackle or leave your feet while making a block, but we sure were today. The boys were really picking them up and laying them down, but by some miracle, no one was hurt. And in a way, perhaps, it is best that we lost. Now I can turn my complete thoughts to basketball. The league starts this coming Monday. This is another league than the one we lost, and believe me, we are going to have our hands full.

Two of our top players will be unable to play because they're playing for the Regimental Team, and another is going to be lost for a while with a bad tooth. But we've got some good new material, and judging from the practice tonight we shouldn't fare too badly. We haven't got a championship club, but we'll win one or two.

By the way, you're not the only one who gets good marks around here. I only missed 4 out of 110 questions on my Military Justice test. That seemed to be good enough for a passing grade. Maybe I should be a lawyer.

Well, my Darling, that is the news of the day, so I'm signing off.

Needless to say, I miss you more than anything and I love you with all my heart. You just keep loving, waiting and being true to me, and one of

these days I'll be seeing you. And then we can get down to business—the raising of dependents.

All my love always,  
“Your” Bob  
XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*I couldn't find the pen, of course. To be truthful I didn't look very hard, but I guess pencil is just as good as ink.*

*Well, tonight I did nothing, and in a few minutes I plan to go back to sleep. I came home from school, slept until dinner, went back to sleep after dinner, got up about eight, washed my hair, and here I am planning to go back to sleep; all that holds me from doing so is this letter and a cup of hot chocolate. Interesting, isn't it? But that's what I need.*

*Nothing much happened today. Nothing good, I mean. Oh yes, I did get a letter from you, and that in itself more than makes up for all the bad things.*

*My worst gripe is Mr. House, the new man in the Student Store; it seems he decided to practically take over the whole dance. Things at old Van Nuys are getting bad. Now, I know you don't want to hear about all my gripes, and I know you have lots of worse ones.*

*I read in the paper where the 45th was going to Korea and the 40th would follow MAYBE! Well, you're not there yet, and I hope and pray you never get there. But I figure there is plenty of time to worry if and when you do go there.*

*I love you, Darling. That's getting to be an old phrase between us, but I know it will never be stale.*

*All my love always,  
Betty  
I LOVE YOU, BOB*

# December 1, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

I'm disappointed in you. I'm afraid that you got your dates mixed up because it wasn't March 25<sup>th</sup> that I last held you in my arms but the 28<sup>th</sup>. If you'll recall, I went AWOL the night before we pulled out of Camp Cook; then on the 29<sup>th</sup> the Division traveled throughout the night, arrived in Oakland, boarded the ship and sailed on the 30<sup>th</sup>. So you see, it hasn't been as long as you figured.

Another thing has come to pass that we might have a little trouble over. And before we finally tie the knot, I want it straightened out—one way or the other. The question is—will our kids be able to open their Christmas packages on Christmas Eve, or are you going to be a meanie and make them wait until the morning? Now me, I was always spoiled and opened mine the night before. How about you?

And while I think of it, I promise—unless you write and tell me I can—not to open my gifts until Christmas Day. Honestly, you're as bad as my Sister.

Not much came off today. I just went to church and then to a show and followed that up by going into Sendai for some dye. We're going to dye some undershirts and use them as basketball jerseys. By the way, our new league starts tomorrow and our football team won an invitation to the Salad Bowl. Yep, you guessed it—were going to play L Company. What a game that is going to be!

Well, my Dearest, I've got to go now. I love you. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTG.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Today I didn't do much of anything. I got my job back at Sears.*

*That is, I'm going to sell. I start Monday by going to class for four hours. They have a system all their own when it comes to making out tickets and etc. Grandmother and Granddad were down just for the day. They went to see one of my Great Aunts who is visiting down here. They went back on the bus tonight.*

*About those names and addresses for Christmas cards. Honey, I couldn't think of any. I know I'm a big help, but after all, we didn't see many people but each other in the days you were home and we were going together.*

*I just got finished talking to Vicki on the telephone for 50 minutes. From what she said, there were a lot of people at the dance. All dance and sub-dance members were madder than anything because the coat room was a mess. I guess a bunch of us will have to go see Mr. Kenealy and have this Mr. House thing straightened out. Do you know he paid two boys \$12 just to sell cookies for three hours? That's two dollars an hour, and he expects to make money. Oh well. Enough of my major worldly problems.*

*I love you. Be good and don't do anything I wouldn't want you to. Don't let anything happen to you, Honey. After all, you're my whole life.*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

# December 2, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

This, as you have undoubtedly guessed by now, is your anniversary letter. It isn't anywhere near as effective as a soft kiss—but since I'm serving my country some 4,500 miles away from you, an actual kiss at the moment seems impracticable. But if you'll close your eyes at 6 PM on this our day, I'll do the same at 11 AM on the 10th, and perhaps with a little imagination you will be able to feel mine as I'll feel yours. Right afterwards I would like for us to say a prayer of thanksgiving for each other as we ask our Lord to watch over us and to bring us closer together.

By now we've talked on the phone, and I hope you received as much of a thrill from hearing my voice as I know I will from hearing yours. I have no idea of what we will say to each other, but no matter what I said, it was honest and true because I never have, nor will I ever, lie to you.

I also asked my parents to make this a special evening, and I hope that the three of you were able to get together. I realize that they could never take my place, but I love you and them dearly. And so on this day that means so much to us, I hope that the three of you can pitch-hit for me and that you will continue to look after each other until I am able to return and claim you as mine.

Hopefully my surprise has arrived by now, but in case it hasn't, I'll not say anymore for fear of spoiling the surprise—except that you're welcome—and that I sure hope you like them.

Now as I see it, the evening is staged. So go out and have a good time, but remember me and remember that someday soon I'll return to claim what is rightfully mine. But before closing I want to thank you again and again and again for loving, wanting, needing and being true to me. Thanks to you, I can honestly say that despite the fact that I've been overseas for the past eight months, this year has been the most blessed and beautiful year of my entire life. That's because for the first four months of this year I discovered and loved the most wonderful girl in the entire world. She stole my heart and tied it with a blue ribbon—a symbol that I fully belong to her and to no other, and that always I will.



What is mine is yours, and what is yours is mine, so take the love that is in my heart for you—and in return, offer me your love. For together we shall be strong and happy. It is the promise of true love, and true love is ours.

All my love always,  
“Your” Bob  
XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*The reason this is typewritten in simple: I can't write. Why?? Well, that is a long story, but here it is in the short form:*

*My folks and relatives don't think that our marriage could work because of the religious differences. It all started when you first left. They began showing me articles that different people had written about mixed marriages and about how they hardly ever worked and that there was always unhappiness.*

*When they saw that approach didn't work, they started lecturing me on the subject. My Mother is a very emotional person, and we have fights and arguments now and then. Usually I didn't say much; I'd just go to my room and close the door. But today was one of the other times. Even my Dad started in on me, but he more or less discussed the subject and didn't get all upset about it.*

*Today, to prove my point that things could be a lot worse or just as bad in same faith marriages, and that every family had their disagreements, I brought up that my folks have continuing in-law troubles. They have fought about this for at least once a week for as long as I can remember. Well, that started a fight between my Mother and my Father, thus proving my point.*

*After a while, I thought everything had calmed down, and I wrote a letter to Graceland asking for information about the college. I had been meaning to do this for a long time. But when my mother saw the letter she blew up again, and not wanting to argue anymore, I started for my room. Anyway, on my way, my Mother slammed the door on my right hand, crushing two fingers. You ought to see them; they're a*

*mess. So now you know the reason I'm typing this letter. See what I go through just because of you?*

*I guess I shouldn't tell you about all the family arguments, but they concern you as much as they do me. Darling, please don't think that my folks don't like you, because they do. They really do, but they are just trying to protect me because mixed marriages most always don't work.*

*Of course, the part that I have no come back on is when they say or ask "how much is Bob willing to give in?" Of course I have to say none. I have to admit that bothers me. What if I don't believe like everyone seems to think I will? What about our children? My family all say that I won't be able to see my children raised in your faith if I study it and can't accept it.*

*I know I was the one who said no religion in letters, and I still feel that way because I don't think it can be settled by letter. But, Darling, I am warning you it is getting to be a bigger problem than either of us thought it would be. I am not complaining. I can listen to my mother and the rest of them until you come home because I love you. What hurts is that there is some truth in what they say, and I know it. It is going to be hard if we marry and start out with two strikes against us with only one more to go. The question is, can we do it?*

*It isn't what my mother or anyone else thinks or says. We both have to give some, and so far you must admit you haven't given an inch. Everything has been your way or else. You have gone on and on about how much your church and being called means to you without giving one thought as to how I might feel about my church or for how hard it might be for me.*

*This is a pretty blunt way of putting it, but admit it because it's true! You would have taken that office in the church even if I had said that if you did we were finished! I know that, and it hurts!*

*I am not saying that you should give up your church. I am just trying to say that we have to look at all possibilities, and if we both don't give some, our marriage will not work. If you keep the attitude you have shown in the past, I think we had just better call the whole thing off—it wouldn't have worked anyway.*

*Think about all the bad things that might happen, and ask yourself if you could still love me. Oh well. They say the course of true love is never smooth, and I do believe that our love is true. I myself think it will work out, but we will have a lot to overcome, and we both have to be broad-minded. The thing you have to decide is, will you give a little when it comes to religion? If you won't, goodbye, Honey—it was a good idea while it lasted.*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

# December 3, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

This is just one of those days that nothing happened, and so letters become rather hard to write. In fact, things are so bad I didn't even get a letter to reply to.

The only news item is tonight's basketball game. We take on M Company, and how that will fare remains to be seen.

I went to a meeting this afternoon of all the Team Captains, and we decided on a few of the league's policies. Instead of paid referees, players from one league will ref the games of another league, and vice versa. That alone will save us a little under \$50. Then I came up with the brainstorm of dyeing some undershirts to be used as jerseys. If we do a good dyeing job, you won't be able to tell them from the store-bought variety, and that will save us another \$15. So you can see the Company Commanders are glad that the boys are using their heads instead of bleeding the Company Fund.

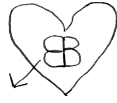
We went to a Winter Clothing class this morning. I guess that these winters get pretty bad over here. Last year in Korea they had over 5,000 casualties due to cold weather, and in an exercise that the 224<sup>th</sup> just recently concluded, they had 144 cases of Frostbite. Of course only a dozen or so of these were bad, but even that is a good-sized number.

This Trench Foot is nobody's slouch, either. Guess I'll have to watch my step.

Well, I've run out of things to say, so I guess I'll just say once again, from the bottom of my heart, that I love you very, very much. You're the only one I've ever loved, and you are the fulfillment of all my plans.

Keep care, my Dearest, and once again I love you.  
KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Well, tonight I went over to Sears and took a class in how to make out sales tickets, etc.—the Sears way. Of course I got paid for it. It is going to be good getting back to work; believe it or not, I really miss it.*

*I bowled one game this afternoon before going to work. My score was 131—and with sore fingers, too.*

*I'm having a U.S. Government test tomorrow that I don't know the first thing about. I never do study, but usually I know it anyway. But this is all about the different kinds of courts, and, never having gone to jail, I wouldn't know. I think someone like you—well, that would be different.*

*We got to see the dress rehearsal for the Senior play. It is really a terrific play, and from what I have seen, it is one of the best they have given us at school. "Young Man of Today" is the name of the play, and it is about the bombing of Pearl Harbor and how that affected a family, etc.*

*It's about that time to go to sleep and dream of—well, use your imagination. Like always, I love you. I miss you too, Darling, just a wee bit.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*P.S. I can hardly wait until Sunday.*

# December 4, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

Sometimes I wonder if this outfit is jinxed because we sure blew that game last night. Final tally was 41-39 against us, and honestly we should have won that game standing on our heads. I think maybe I'll go downtown and pick up some of this dope. Maybe I can hop 'em up enough to win one ballgame, anyway.

To make matters worse, my Center sprained his ankle. How bad it is remains to be seen, but it sure didn't do us any good last night and won't help matters any for the next couple of games. But what really burns me up is that he's such a nice kid; why him? If you're going to play ball, you're sometimes going to get hurt. But why is it always the nice guy that it happens to? But, as the ol' saying goes, "it will grow back" and he'll be raring to go.

Tonight your lover boy tries his hand at officiating. There's a good show at the theater tonight, and everyone wanted to go. So I said we will draw names out of a hat, and whoever's name is drawn goes. So whose name do I pick but my own? Boy, did I get the ol' horse laugh.

I got another pleasant surprise this afternoon. The Captain called me in to tell me that I'd been chosen as one of the instructors for a Company Leadership School they were going to have. It seems he's not satisfied with the quality of instruction in the company, so he's going to do something about it. And what he's going to do is to have me instruct instructors on how to instruct. In short, it's a pain in the neck, and I'd sure like to get my hands on the lad that recommended me. I know the Captain didn't think of me all by himself; in fact, sometimes I think he's forgotten I'm in the Company.

You know, I think that these letters are starting to sound bitter. If I don't watch my step, by the time I come home, I'll be an ol' grouch.

But ol' grouch or no ol' grouch, you can bet your bottom dollar that I'll love you with every ounce of my strength, with every pound of my flash, and with all the love that is in my heart.

I'm not the best buy in the world, but since I met you I've improved. And while we're on the subject of improving, why don't you improve and

send me some more pictures?

Keep care of yourself for me and remember I love you with all my heart.

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Tonight I went to our club initiation at the Methodist Church.*

*It is raining outside. You're lucky you have snow. It would be so much fun if we had snow here. Remember when we had it about two or three years ago? By the way, you said you wanted some pictures. Well, Honey, how can I send you pictures if I can't take them? How can I take them if it's raining? Well, so much for pictures.*

*Mrs. Smyth got your Christmas card, and she was very pleased. The ROTC got your letter, and Henry Rempt told me all about it. He said that they will save you a bid to the RO Ball in June, and they might even give you one. I told him that they had better give you one because you wouldn't have any money to buy one because I was planning on spending it all. Darling, I just hope you are home by then, but I'm wondering if you do go to the Ball—who you are going to take?*

*Darling, about that Sacramento California Congress; it is a long story. Youth in Government, they call it. I have never been to one meeting because it seems that they always have them when I have something else to do. The reason my name was in the paper is because all the kids and sponsors wanted me to be included. They've done everything short of kidnapping to get me there, but I just have too many other things to do. But I do hope to get to some of their meetings. So there is the story in a nutshell.*

*Honey, I didn't have my “teeth” out; I had my “tooth” out. I am ashamed of you for being afraid of the Dentist. I can just see me taking you and the children to the Dentist. Fine Father you will be!*

*Glad to hear you won the football games. I hope you won the Post*

*Championship, but if you didn't, that's life.*

*I guess I had better quit for now with the usual I love you—why, you big lug, I don't know—but I do, and don't you dare ever think about stopping to love me.*

*I love you.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*



# December 5, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

Finally got my publicity launched today, and I think it's gone over pretty well. At least I've had a lot of pats on the back, but what's more important, I think I lit a fire under the Company. Now a little more fuel and a little care, and perhaps it will flame up and get some rooters out to our games.

All it consists of was the writing of a story, some artwork, and four pictures of the game. We put it up on the bulletin board, and the next step is advertising the coming game with a cartoon.

Tonight we're going down to the kitchen to dye the uniforms. Blue is the color of choice, and I sure hope it comes out that color. Never can tell how this Japanese stuff will turn out. Then I'll work on numbers for the jerseys, and then trunks. We shall see what we shall see.

I got a letter from Janet Chapman today, and it seems that a lot of the old gang aren't around any longer, and that she and Walt's Soule are engaged. She, by the way, said some very nice things about you. But then I can't think of anything else that anyone could say but nice things when it comes to you. At any rate, it was good hearing from her and was a newsy letter. It's always nice, I guess, to hear from an old friend.

Speaking of friends, you still love me, don't ya? 'Course it's not going to do you any good to do otherwise 'cause I'm planning on getting hitched, and when I plan, I plan.

Just don't forget that I love you very, very much and I always will.  
Keep care and be good. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Tonight I went to the Drill Team Dinner at the Pump Room. It*

*was real nice. Sandy got the car and took us all (Bev, Marble, Lucy and me). Then we went over to Dolores Marino's house (they moved next to Lucy). You remember Dolores. Anyway, Dolores and her brother always have a Christmas party where they rent a big hall, have a band, and it is a really big affair. It is going to be a week from Saturday, and I'll bet that I have to work until 9:30.*

*Glad to hear your football team is doing so well. Battalion champs sound pretty good to me.*

*The senior play is tomorrow night, and there will also be a performance tomorrow during school. As I said before, it is a good story.*

*It is late and all that, so I'll just say I love you and close.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*P.S. I went to see your favorite man again today—the Dentist. By the way, I forgot to tell you that Chet thinks he would like to be a Dentist. Just think— a brother-in-law who is a Dentist. Be Good now—*

*Love,*

*Betty, because she loves you—*

*December 6, 1951*

---

My Dearest Betty,

I got your letter today about Mama coming over and reading the paper. You also mentioned that you had talked to several people, and they had received letters from different guys saying they were coming home. Well, I hate to put a damper on anything, but don't even think of me being home before May. It just won't happen.

There's not a thing on this earth that I would rather say to you than "rent the church, Honey; I'm on my way home," but I've been in the Army just a little too long, and I know better.

Don't forget that they actually NEED us here, and they are not going to take any chances sending us home and then having things go wrong. So I figure that I won't be home before May, and I'll be lucky if I make it then.

Today turned out to be a pretty good day. First of all, my class turned out well, and then I talked the Ol' Man into forking over \$30 for the rest of our basketball uniforms. Never saw a man so hard to get money out of—you'd think it was coming out of his wallet rather than the Company Fund.

The basketball jerseys came out great. We put blue dye in, and they came out green, but we all like them better that way; funny how things work out.

And brother, was that ever a job. This Japanese stuff is a lot different from ours. But the biggest job was trying to understand the Japanese woman who was trying to tell us how to mix the dye. But I guess we made out all right because they sure look snazzy.

It was a shame that your filling fell out. Just hang on and this bad streak will be over soon. Of course it may kill you, but it will be over.

As for me, I'm fine. A little overweight (about 50 pounds to be exact), but other than that I'm still A1. Tell me, will you marry me even though I'm fat? By the way, I'm sending home some more films, but I don't think they'll come out. We shall see.

I love you. KCBEGMLTYFANBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*It seems I spent most of the day seeing the Senior Play. I just got home from the night performance, and then, of course, I saw the afternoon performance at school today.*

*I didn't get any letter, so there's nothing to answer.*

*I did get some material today for the dress we're making for Dolores' party. It is going to be real pretty; maybe I'll take some pictures for you. This weather—I'm telling you, Darling, it is freezing here—is just terrible.*

*But then I think of you, and it must be much colder over there. Still, that doesn't help much because I don't even have my love to keep me warm, but then neither do you. You know, I know a good solution. Why don't you just come home and solve the problem?*

*I wish it were that easy. Honey, I can hardly wait until Sunday when I can talk to you. It doesn't seem like much—just 3 minutes—but it means a lot to me just to hear your voice. I love you so much, Honey; you always have—*

*All my love,*

*Betty*

# December 7, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, today I'm hurting in more ways than one. First of all, there is this novel stationary. I've been using scratch paper for just about two weeks now, and I figure it's just about time for the PX to get some more in. But it seems that the PX doesn't agree because they sure haven't.

Then I got a stinker of a Charlie Horse during basketball practice this afternoon and banged myself up further when I came down and whopped someone's knee against my thigh.

The third hurt is that this is Friday night, and tomorrow is inspection. Since I've got to go to town on Sunday for your call, I have to pass inspection or I'll be restricted for the weekend.

I've only been restricted twice since I've been in the Army, but I'm not going to take any chances this time. So I'm going to have to cut this letter short and get to polishing.

There's not much, if any, news anyway.

Remember that I love you from the bottom of my heart, that I want and need you and that I am all yours (such a deal). KCBEGMLTYFANBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Well, tonight was my first day of work. Night of work, I should say. I sure am glad to be back. Darling, I really love to work. I work in Division 96, Linen. You know, towels, blankets, etc.*

*Honey, you surprise me—I didn't think you had a brain in your head, but only missing 4 out of 110 questions I would say is pretty good.*

*Sorry to hear your football team lost, but I would say you did great*

*getting as far as you did.*

*You know what is said about our basketball team at school? Just a rumor, nothing confirming it. Anyway, our team is in first place in the Valley League, but it is said that we have to forfeit all of our games because we used an ineligible player. It seems he is only 14 or something. I don't see what difference that would make.*

*We had the Junior–Senior game today, and I heard it ended in a tie. I didn't go because it is so cold. Imagine, cold weather in California.*

*I love you. I really do. I'm just glad that half the time for waiting is up. You'll be out of that old Army in nine more months and home in about eight (I hope sooner). Then no more waiting! I love you—in fact, you have*

*All my love,  
Betty*

# December 8, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

Get ready to laugh because after I tell you what I'm about to—you'll laugh me right out of the country (come to think about it, I already am out of the country). But I knew Van Nuys was going to win the championship all the time. However, if I picked them to win, that would have jinxed them, so I picked the other teams, and we won.

Now as absolute proof of this, I offer the fact that I picked Van Nuys over Polly because I thought the game had already been played. Had I known differently, I wouldn't have jinxed us with that pick, but I didn't know, and I did, and the Wolves dropped the tilt. Now, you may still think my predictions are all wet, but one thing you KNOW for sure—I'm the biggest liar on the Isle of Japan.

Honey, while I think of it, would you please send me a 1952 calendar that I can carry in my wallet? 1951 is just about gone, and I'll be lost without one for the New Year. I'm asking all three of you guys, (you, Mom and Sis) to send me one with the thought that at least one of you will come through.

As you know, today marks the 10th anniversary of Pearl Harbor. I read an article in the Stars and Stripes that was written about the Japanese delegates who were in Washington talking peace when the Japanese hit. According to the article, they said they knew nothing of the attack. At any rate, they're now both out of politics, and one is married to an American woman. He also has two daughters that are married to American Army Officers. The other delegate is a retired Admiral and is just sitting around. Now you say, so what? So what nothing! I thought you just might be interested.

Another item that shocked the pants off me this morning is when I read that law enforcement officials just broke up another non-virgin ring in Colorado. The thing that shocked me was that seven ten year old girls were in on it. When I stop to think that Leona is only 10, it blows my mind, and I'm thinking that I'm either getting to be an old man and therefore old-fashioned—or that something needs to be done with the younger generation. Honestly, I'm beginning to think that maybe I'd better stop reading the newspapers.

I had to take our basketball jerseys into Sendai today, and while I was

there I stopped by the telephone office to check on our call. They assured me everything was all set, so come tomorrow I'll mosey over and give my love to my one and only love.

I also stopped and picked up some stationary, and when they gave me my change they handed me a ¥50 note. At first I thought it was a freak Bill, like our two dollar bill, but when I got on the bus I found out that two other guys had also got one. So now I'm inclined to believe that it's a new issue that's just out. At any rate it's enclosed. Please put it in our scrapbook and add it to our collection. By the way, have I sent you any Sen? Be sure to let me know.

Well, my Darling, it's time to eat so I have to go. Keep good care and remember I love you with all my heart.

KCBEGMLTYFANBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Hello, Darling. Just think, tomorrow night I'll be able to say that instead of writing it. I worked tonight, and I sure like the department that I'm in.*

*I didn't do anything much today. I slept late, and then this afternoon I went with your folks into Los Angeles to get you a couple of things. Then I went to work tonight, and that is the day's news.*

*Honey, you know it doesn't seem possible that it has been a whole year tomorrow. I love you so much. I wish every minute of every day and night you were here with me instead of half a world away. I should say half a world away in body because in mind and thought I am always with you. You know in 3 1/2 short months a lot has sure happened, but then you know I think our love is stronger now than it was over eight months ago when you left. It takes a lot to wait that long; but our love is strong, and no matter how long I have to wait, it will be worth it—you're worth anything, Honey—you know you'll always have*

*All my love,*

*Betty*



# December 9, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

I got your typed letter today, and, Honey, that was a rotten deal about your hand. It just seems that when a bad luck streak starts it just keeps going. It's a cinch you've taken your share of hurts these past few weeks. But cheer up; your luck is changing, because today— in fact, right now—I'm sitting in the office getting ready to call the most wonderful girl in the world about the third most important date in my life. The first was May 29, the day I was born. The second will be that day when I slip that golden ring on your finger, and the third is today's date, December 9, the anniversary of our first date.

In your letter you mentioned a little about religion, but it seems to me we promised each other that there would be no more of that until I got home. So I'm not going to say much about it, except that I think your parents are taking an unfair advantage, and that they're wrong about mixed marriages not working out.

I wish you would ask your mother (or perhaps I should write her a letter. I'll wait for your okay first) if she doesn't feel it's unfair for her to campaign while I'm over here. I feel that it puts me at a disadvantage and that she's not giving you the benefit of making up your own mind but trying to force hers upon you. And I realize that she must love you very much and that she feels she has your best interest at heart, but remind her that I also love you with all my heart and I, too, want to make you as happy as possible.

Now as for the mixed marriages, it's not as bad as some make out. Of course sometimes it's better if your faith agrees, but just because they do doesn't mean they will work out. It takes more to make a marriage than that.

As for "giving in," I won't say you're wrong, but I don't understand where either of us has had the chance to "give in" so far. Honey, I just can't think of any time that you or I have had the chance.

I've looked into the Lutheran Church since I've been over here, having a few talks with the Chief of Chaplains of the 40th. He is Lutheran, and we had some nice chats. Then, too, I've read articles about mixed

marriages, and thought a great deal about it.

But I still believe that you love me and I know that I love you. If we were going to practice this mixed business, we should have started a year ago. Not now, after we've fallen in love and planned our lives together.

A good example of this is the mixed marriage of one of the Elders in my Branch. All of his life he served his church, and his wife has never joined. There are thousands of people married every day, and out of those marriages how many are the same faith? How many of those "two faith" marriages last? How many of the "one faith" marriages last? And keep in mind that some of those "one faith" marriages are bound together because of the fear of what the church might think. And that certainly isn't a happy home.

As for the office of Deacon, you're right about it. If you had written me and asked me not to accept it, I would've written a letter to Brother Clark explained the situation and asking him to hold off on any future action until I could get things straightened out. But I wouldn't have turned it down unless I was convinced that it was the right thing to do.

Honey, I hope this letter hasn't offended you. I don't want to do that because I know you love me and therefore it would hurt you. And if that was the case, it would hurt me, too, because I love you, and never would I intentionally hurt you. But I want you to promise me something. Read your letter over (I'm enclosing it) and think of how it must have hurt me on, of all days, our anniversary.

But then remember that the hurt was well worth it because every day, every hour, you have filled my life with joy and happiness, and that I realized that your only intention was to correct a weak link in our chain of love so that we could be stronger together.

It takes a lot of guts to do what you're doing. A girl still in high school, who is "promised" to a boy she hasn't seen in over eight months, and whose family, acting in what they believe to be her interest, are pressing the question of religion. And to top it off, the boy, and possibly his family, keeps putting his foot in it and making the situation rougher.

I wish that I could be with you to help you weather the storm, but since I can't I can only remind you that this is one of our tests. You'll have to stand alone and do the best you can. And remember that we have a common ally, and as we pray unto Him, he will answer us and will help us to do what is right, and to be strong.

I don't think that you want to break it off between us. But if you do,

remember that we have promised each other we let the other know. Goodness knows I don't; I want and need you more today than ever before. If you feel the same way, remember that I'll be home before too long and that we can work things out then.

The above paragraph was unnecessary. I know you love me, and I know I love you, but I wanted to remind you of the agreement just in case you had forgotten. After all, it would be a lot easier to take now than in Korea later.

I got your packages today and opened the flat one like you said I could. However, I didn't get a chance to play it because I was due at the telephone office. But when I get back tonight I'll find me a phonograph and hear what's to be heard.

The basketball jerseys will be ready at 4 PM Monday. We won't get the trunks until the 15<sup>th</sup>, but at least we'll have the tops for the Monday night game.

McCarty, one of the boys who went home on emergency leave, got back today, and we also got word that SFC Walsh is on his way back. In both cases it was a surprise because the Army is not supposed to ship you over if you have less than a year to serve. But nevertheless, Mac is here and Walsh is on his way. Guess that's the Army for you.

I got a Christmas card from one of the boys I had in my squad back at Camp Cook. He was one of those lads they yanked out for Korea, and he's been over there for just about a year now. I was wondering where he got the card, but it was nice of him to remember me, wasn't it?

Well, my Darling, that just about does it. Of course I wish I were home and could take you in my arms, hold you tight, and wish you a Happy Anniversary like every young man who is head over heels in love would. But since there's 4,500 miles of water between us, I'll just say that I'm very proud of you and that I want and need and love you with all my heart. As for me there is—and only has been—one. The five letter word "Betty," and those three little words "I love you" are my whole life.

KCBEGMLTYFANBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX

P.S. I am, and never have been, anyone else's.



Dear Bob,

*I just got home from going bowling with your Mother. We bowled five games and I didn't even get tired; usually three is plenty for me. Then we went over to your house and ate all sorts of different things. The television broke.*

*I didn't do much of anything today. Wrapped Christmas presents this afternoon.*

*Oh, Darling, it was so good to talk to you last night. It was funny, but the operators said, "Did you want to call the 9th at 7:00?" That would have been tonight. Well, on Friday I got the funniest feeling that you would call on Saturday. I got a little worried because I worked Saturday. But I thought, "Oh no, that couldn't be." When I got home from work, I felt you were going to call. Your call came through a little after 3:00. Just before the phone rang, I woke up and I knew the phone was going to ring, and sure enough it did. Then about 20 minutes later, I got to talk to you. Honey, you don't know how much it meant to me to hear your voice, but then maybe you do because you must feel somewhat the same.*

*I am so glad that you found a place to make a record. If you haven't done so before you get this letter, you go down and make me a record as soon as you can, if not sooner. Then make them real often, just all the time, and I'll do the same. I've been waiting a long time for that record. Then anytime I want I can just turn your voice on.*

*Honey, I want to tell you what my Dad said today. He said not to say anything about it, but since it's you I will because I think it will kill some of your worries. I know it made me feel so much better. I went out to help him sort some mail (he is working for the Post Office like he does every Christmas). He said, "You know, I wouldn't worry about this religion. You and Bob are both big enough to work it out, and don't say I said this to you, but if you do get married I know you'll be happy." Now, that is something coming from my Father. He sure does think the world of you.*

*You know, Darling, a year ago things were so different. Just look*

how they have changed. Just to show you, I used to keep a diary, and I still write in it sometimes. But after writing to you, I just don't get around to writing in it. Well, here is the entry last December 9:

*"Worked from 11:30–4:00, 5:30–9:00. Bob Anderson called from Santa Barbara to ask me out. Mom said I could go then came down and told me. We went to the show, saw 'Four Flags West' and 'Glass Menagerie,' real good. Bob is so fine. I am real crazy about him as a good friend. Got home at 2:30—"*

*Just look, now you're going to be my husband in the not too far future. I am so crazy about you, I can't think about anything else. You know, I think I loved you from that time on but just wouldn't admit it to myself. I just couldn't see anything like that happening so fast. I knew you before and always liked you as a friend of Chet's, but no more. What did you think after you first took me out? Now be truthful.*

*You asked last night if everything was all right between us, and I said, "Yes, of course," but just in case you still have some doubts; Darling, I love you so much that if you would do most anything like rob a bank, etc., I would still want you, love you and miss you. Darling, it never fails, but when I get in bed I usually write your letter just before I turn out the light and go to sleep. I always say—most of the time out loud—"I only wish my Honey was here. Then everything would be perfect—."*

*It's about that time again—one more day over and one more day closer to the time we can be together. Never worry, Darling. I love you, and I always will love you; no matter what I may say or do, you'll always mean more to me than anything else in the world. Honey, you'll always have—*

*All my love,  
Betty*

# December 10, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

There doesn't seem to be a bit of news since yesterday as all I've done today is work on a lesson plan and run a two-hour football practice. The lesson plan is for an upcoming class this Friday. It's the second hour of a presentation for our "new" Leadership School, and how I ever got rooked into heading up this project I'll never know. But it's a class with a lot of meat on it, so I shouldn't have too much trouble giving it.

They let me start working on the class today because of Ojo tomorrow and a series of following events. We'll only be out to Ojo until Wednesday evening, where we are to run a short attack problem, but it still takes a hunk out of any study time I might've had. Wednesday, I went to a football practice, and on Friday we have a grudge game with "G" Company that I may not be able to play in because of a conflict with the class I'm teaching.

Tonight we've got another basketball game, and this time we tackle "K" Company. We shouldn't have too much trouble, providing we play the kind of ball we're capable of. But then that's what I thought about "M" Company.

I'm sending you a couple of pictures that were taken at our last practice session. I wrote on the back of them as you requested. The —— is a pass and the \_\_\_\_\_ is the path of the player and the symbol is the basket. See what talent I have.

As for the football practice, it went pretty well. We figure "G" Company will be expecting a passing attack because we have a fairly good one, so we work mostly on running plays. Maybe we will be able to throw them a few surprises.

We're supposed to get our basketball jerseys tonight. Since I had to be at football practice, I sent Marble after them. He's been gone a little over two hours. Chances are the jerseys weren't ready and he's been waiting for them, but I wish he's get back so I can stop worrying about him getting in an accident.

No sooner had I written this than in he walks, and I'm pleased with the way the jerseys turned out. While I was waiting I also talked with the ol"



Man, and he said he'd be at the game to see us win this one. So we just about have to win. Well, Baby, it's time to get ready to go, so wish us luck and we'll try and win this one for you.

I love you, Betty, more than you can ever imagine. And believe me, it was one worried boy sweating it out for a little over eight hours yesterday as I waited for my call to go through and hearing that reassuring voice say, "It's all right, Bob. There's no trouble between us." Keep care of yourself, Darling, and remember that I love you with all my heart. KCBEGMLTYFANBTTG

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Work tonight as it seems I'll be doing most of these nights until Christmas.*

*I got our Anniversary Letter today. A day late, but that's all right.*

*Well, you said to spend the night out with your parents, and I did. See, Darling, you didn't even have to tell me. I haven't gotten your "surprise" as yet, and what makes you think I would or will say "thank you"? I don't think I'll like it, Honey. I'm sorry, but I just can't like anything you send me—I love it because it comes from you and I love you.*

*Darling, I'm not wrong (not me, I'm never wrong). I know it wasn't March 25<sup>th</sup>, but it was the 28th when you last held me in your arms. But I always count the 25th as the last time. The 28 seems more like a dream; it was stolen time, and I can remember everything about it, but as I said, it was more like a dream. The 25th is more real to me and never will I ever forget that day. I can't explain it, but that's the way I feel; to me, the 25th will always be the day we said goodbye and the last time you held me in your arms for what has already proven to be over eight months.*

*Now about Christmas—well, I always open my presents on Christmas morning because we almost always, up to the last couple*

*of years, have our big family dinner on Christmas Eve (Dad's side). We would open some presents then and our family presents on Christmas day. This year the big dinner is the 23rd.*

*Well, Honey, it's late as always. I didn't get home from work until well after 10:00 and it is nearing 12:00 now, and school is tomorrow. I love you, Darling—it sure was wonderful to talk to you. I just cannot tell you how much it meant to me. As you know, it's hard waiting, and talking to you helps so much. I love you—I'll always love you—*

*All my love,  
Betty*



*December 11, 1951*

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My Dearest Betty,

Honey, this has got to be a shorty because in a little while we're off for the wilds of Ojo, and there are a lot of things I have to attend to before we shove off.

We will not be gone long. In fact, I'll be sitting right here writing your letter tomorrow. I don't think it's really the problem they're interested in but the winter conditions of it. In other words, they want to give us a taste of the cold and give us a general idea what it's like.

By the way, you know that game we were going to win for you? Well, we lost it 49-37. Accidents will happen. But I'll keep dedicating these games to you, and one of these days we'll win. Then you can be happy. I got seven points, by the way, and Agiulara, one of our Forwards, got high point honors with 16. On the 19th we take on "G" Company, and I promise (almost) we'll win this one for you.

There hasn't been any mail since Sunday with the exception of boat mail. I got a couple of Christmas Cards and a little note from one of the church members, but other than, that had no luck.

Well, my Darling, I told you this was going to be short, and I seriously doubt that it could get any smaller and still be called a letter. It's a shame because I really do like to write to the prettiest girl in the world, and I guess she kind of likes reading them. I know that nothing could happen to brighten my day more than a letter from her.

Keep good care and remember that I love you with all my heart and always will.

KCBEGMLTYFANBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



Dear Bob,

*I got two letters from you today, and I've looked all over and cannot find them. I put them someplace, and I've looked all the usual places and they aren't there. I don't remember any questions, just that it is raining, and, Darling, I cannot take pictures in the rain. Really, Honey, I promise as soon as the weather will permit I will take some.*

*Bowled this afternoon; one game I bowled a 128. And then I came home, ate and went to work. We had the Campaign Assembly today out on the bleachers.*

*I don't see why I bother to go to school. Tomorrow I will hardly be in class. First period I will be in class, but then I will be tallying votes during the second, third and fourth periods because I am on the Election Committee. Then I have a meeting fifth period, and during sixth period I have to go to the Dentist to have a filling replaced.*

*I sure love you, Darling. I miss you so much. I know it won't be long but even a day apart is too long. Just think, it will be months yet. But never fear, I'll still be here and will love you just as much if not more as before—*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

# December 12, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

I'm sorry, Honey, but this has got to be another shorty. We got in later than expected from the field, and there are a lot of things, such as cleaning my rifle and other equipment, that I have to do before turning in.

All in all, the problem went pretty well. It rained just a bit but not enough to bother us, and it was a warmer night than usual.

We didn't move out of the Assembly Area until 10 o'clock because we were in reserve, and we reached the forward area a little after 11:00. There we dug in and dropped our heavy equipment, such as overcoats and sleeping bags. Then we ate, drew ammunition and at 1:15 crossed the line of departure and started the attack phase.

We were still in reserve, so we moved slowly, stopping every three or four hundred feet. Then we sat for a while so as to give George and Easy Companies time to move forward, then we'd advance some more.

On the last objective we were called in, and we moved to the right flank of Easy Company where we carried out a sweeping movement.

About the only thing unusual were the patches of snow here and there and the amount of sleep we got. I only stood guard for three hours, which gave me seven hours of sack time—they must be getting soft-hearted.

Well I gotta go now. Keep care and remember I love you with all my heart.

KCBEGMLTYFANBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*I worked as usual tonight and went to the Dentist this afternoon—*

*you know, the guy you just love to go to. It seems I'll be seeing him again real soon. He filled the tooth that the filling came out of and was so nice he even gave me a mirror so I could watch while he almost killed me. He didn't deaden the tooth because dumb me didn't think he needed to. At any rate he found some more teeth that need to be filled and also took x-rays. I just know he is going to say that the other wisdom teeth should come out. All I can say is that I'm not having another one out for a long time; the other one still isn't well yet.*

*I've enclosed the "Mirror," along with a ballot that contains the election results. I thought maybe you would be interested. It seems real funny that all the kids I have gone around with for so long are running the school.*

*We had a class meeting fifth period. I was a half hour late to the Dentist because I stayed until the meeting was over. Then I went bowling where I bowled 127 and then rushed home. Carol picked me up; we ate at Sears and then went to work. So goes another average day.*

*About that '52 calendar you wanted. Thanks a lot! Ask all three of us to send you one because maybe one of us might remember to send it. I happen to know Claudia sent you one (several), so I won't bother, but then I don't think I would have bothered anyway since you put it the way you did. You know darn well that anything you write home for you get, and I don't think it was very nice of you to put it the way that you did – especially to your Mother and Sister. You don't have any idea of all the trouble they go to just to send you things. They sometimes spend days looking for whatever it is that you want, and then you say something like that. Enough said!*

*Who, may I ask, is Janet Chapman?*

*Darling, it is late and I have a U.S. Government test tomorrow, and I should get a little sleep. I love you, Darling. I really do. Believe it or not, I sure do miss you—*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*P.S. Sandy Nutt won as President of the Girls Student Body. I told*

*her I'd tell you. I was writing out the ballot of who had won for you, and I said that I wouldn't take a girls ballot because you probably wouldn't be interested. Sandy said that I must tell you that she won—so I have. You remember Sandy, don't you? She said she had you in one of her classes. I've run around with her since about the ninth grade.*

# December 13, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

In the Army we have an old saying: "I don't want excuses, I want results!" And when it comes to pictures, that's exactly what I want. Now I've lived in "Sunny California" all my life and I know it doesn't rain there, so let's get those shutters clicking and film exposing and keep up my morale. Of course it's just about as high as it can get now. I contribute that to the fact that I know you love me and you're waiting for me—and no one could ask for more (except for more pictures).

By the way, they finally broke down and gave us some mail today. I got two from you (the first since Sunday), one from Mom, a couple from Sis and some odds and ends, mostly advertisements and Christmas cards.

While I think of it, I want to remind you of that code we worked out before I left. They gave us a big spiel about security today and IF we do go anywhere, they might pull a fast one and censor my mail. They did when the 24th and First Calvary Divisions pulled out. Whatever you do, don't mention this to Mom. She gets pretty upset over nothing, and there's no sense worrying her over nothing. Of course, if anything official comes down I'll let her in on it. The only reason I mention it is so you can be on the lookout for the code. Now don't you worry your pretty little head; it's just another rumor, and even if it does come true I'll be OK.

The boys are having a Company party tonight, and since I had a lesson to study for I offered to pitch hit for Charlie Bell as C.O. (Charge of Quarters). They'll be getting in soon, and it's going to be a rough house when they do.

This afternoon we had another basketball practice. I sure wish we'd start shaping up. We still look ragged, and I've hit another snag about Taney. Seems someone upstairs doesn't think they should play on both the Company and Regimental teams. The ol' Man sure blew his top about it, and he's raising such a stink I think it will go our way. Never saw him like this. Usually he's as cold as an ice cube when it comes to athletics, but he sure has given me 100% cooperation. First time he's put out like this since I've known him, and that's been for about three years. At any rate, he leaves for a Winter Training School this week, and I'm going to

send him the game results. I think he'll appreciate it.

Well, Sugar, that just about "dood it." Keep good care of yourself and remember that if I can possibly make it, I've got a hot date to the R.O.T.C. Ball with MARY Ward's sister. We may not be the most handsome couple there, but she'll be the prettiest, and I'll be the happiest. I love you with all my heart, and the height of all my ambitions is you—or perhaps I should say us! KCBEGMLTYFANBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Nothing new—didn't do anything out of the usual. I did go to two out of my six classes today. They had a big Faculty Tea this afternoon, and since I am a member of the Ladies, I was asked to serve. They had all kinds of things to eat. Then I came home, ate and went to work.*

*My uncle Bill is spending the night with us. He lives in San Francisco.*

*My Sister said that if I didn't get this finished by the time she wanted to turn off the light, she would wake me up early tomorrow. You know, Darling, this is just one of those times that I can't think of anything to say.*

*Darling, I talked to your Mother tonight. She said that you told her to tell me that you love me very much, etc.*

*Darling, I love you so much. I don't know what I ever did to deserve someone like you. Maybe I don't deserve you but I'm telling you this—as long as I have you, you aren't getting away.*

*Mary is in bed and wants to go to sleep, so blame her because this is short. Besides, I can't think of anything more to say.*

*I love you—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*December 14, 1951*

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My Dearest Betty,

You know, every once in a while I could give myself a good boot where it would do the most good, and tonight is one of those times.

Seems that every time I get the urge to tell you how very much I love you, I can't get my thoughts down on paper.

In a way, I feel guilty for ever asking you to marry me. And when you said "yes," you sure put a crimp in your teenage life. What I mean is that it's a rotten shame you should "be promised" to a soldier who is 4,500 miles away and has so little to offer in return for what you have to give up.

I really am sorry. I wish with all my heart that I could be with you, taking you here and there, and living the life we should be—but I guess for the time being that's out of the question.

The only thing I can offer you is my love. And I give you my word, you have all of it. Since that eventful day, December 9, 1950, there's never been anyone else, and I've got a hunch there never will be.

I wish that I could buy you the most expensive thing in the world and lay it at your feet. I know that sounds like it's from a Grade B Movie—but it's true. I guess I'm just naturally corny. I don't mean to be because about you, I'm serious; serious enough to base my future happiness with you for the rest of my life.

All I can really say in my defense is that I'm trying to prepare myself to be worthy of you. In case you haven't figured it out, I'm in love. I've saved my money, I've worked hard, and I've been true blue. There's not much more I can do; at least over here. The trimmings will just have to wait until I come home, which I pray won't be for too much longer. If there are any particular traits you want in a husband, sound off—I aim to please!

And speaking of please, please love me because I love you with all my heart.

KCBEGMLTYFANBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX





*Dear Bob,*

*This is going to be a short one. I just got home from a dance, and I have to get up at 7:30 to go to work. Imagine me getting up that early.*

*I ran out of stationery again. That's why the paper.*

*Honey, in the letter I got today you said you had gained 50 pounds. Well, Honey, all I can say is that you had better be kidding or the minute you get this, or before, you go on a diet. I would rather have my man a little on the chubby side than on the skinny side, but please, Honey, let's not overdo it.*

*I am improving. I went to two classes today. I had to come home for Third period and part of Fourth to make out the Dance Chart. Then of course I worked tonight.*

*Darling, I really have to go to sleep. I love you very, very much—in fact, more than anything in this world. Be a good boy, Honey, and don't eat so much.*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

# December 15, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

You know I think you're spoiling me because it's getting more and more that I don't hope for your letters but I expect them. And believe me, when the Army flubs up and no mail is delivered, I'm an old grouch. But when there is a letter, I'm happy, singing all through the day and always having a "cheery hello" for everyone. You know, something like a Mr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Of course the part about being an old grouch isn't the absolute truth, but when two or three days goes by without any word from you, I'm really hounding the Mail Clerk, making sure he picks the mail up at exactly 10:00 o'clock. By the way, I got two wonderful letters from a certain dizzy blonde today.

If that rumor is true about you having to forfeit your basketball games, it's a shame. It seems to me that there is some sort of a 14-year age restriction, but I thought it applied only to varsity football. I can't understand why it would make any difference in basketball. But then the Los Angeles sports system has always been fouled up. Did I ever tell you about the time they almost expelled me from Junior High for playing tackle football down at the park?

Speaking of basketball troubles, I've got plenty of my own. That so-and-so A&R (Athletic and Recreation) Officer has decided that he will let Taney and Aguilera play for Fox Company after all because the ol' Man really blew his top about his lousy ruling, and said (make that screamed) that they either play for both teams (they're on the Regimental Team) or none. Talk about raising stink!

It puts me in a spot, but I'm really proud of the Captain. It's the first time he ever went to bat for any sport—and he hates basketball. It also looks as though I'll lose West. He applied for a transfer and it was OK'ed. Of course he can always change his mind, but I'm not going to say anything one way or the other because it's a soft racket that those MPs have—but I could sure use that 6'3" frame of his.

Well, my Darling, this is my last piece of paper, so I've got to quit before I hit the bottom.

Needless to say, I love you with all my heart and always will.

KCBEGMLTYFANBTTG

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXX

P.S. And when I write the word “Your,” I really mean it.



*Dear Bob,*

*My pen ran out of ink and I am too lazy to get it filled, so that's why I'm using pencil.*

*I went to Dolores Marino's semiformal dance tonight. It was real nice, and there were about 100 kids there. I don't think you know the boy who took me; Blake Huff. It was a nice party. I only wish you had been there to take me. Sometime soon you will be. Well, I worked all day today.*

*I just got those pictures you sent me of your basketball team. Honey, it doesn't look to me like you've gained 50 pounds.*

*Honey, I got the letter you wrote on December 9<sup>th</sup> today. Darling, I really am sorry you got that letter I wrote on our Anniversary. I know it must've hurt you, Darling, and I really am sorry. Of all the days to get a letter like that—I think it arrived about the worst time. I know everything will work out; they can't help but work out when we love each other so much.*

*Darling, I want to ask you something. In the letter you said, “after all, it would be a lot easier to take now than in Korea later.” Honey, do you know more than you are telling me? Honey, I want to know if there is anything to know. Don't worry, Darling. You will never get a “Dear John Letter.” I want you and need you, more now than ever. Darling, I've hurt you so many times; you know much better than I how many times I have hurt you. Why I do and say some of the things I do I'll never know because every time I do, it hurts me as much as it does you. Bob, just remember that I love you. I'll always love you. I may do and say things sometimes that may not seem*

*like it, but I do, Darling—I love you more than anything else in this world.*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*P.S. I wouldn't write anything to my parents. We'll just forget it until you come home. You know you have a way with them. Do you know it's my Mother who mails my daily letters to you? She buys the stationary and all of the stamps. Lots of times she makes special trips down to the Post Office just to mail my letters to you—*

*I love you!*

# December 16, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, once again you have rival for my affections, and this time it's the cutest little blonde you ever did see. Of course she's expensive. She cost me three bags of popcorn, but then she let me walk her home after the show, and I even got to hold her hand when we cross the street.

It all started when I went up to Camp Sendai to catch a picture I missed here at Shim. I met her in the lobby, and it seems she was quite upset about a dime she had lost. In fact, there were even tears. So big-hearted me offered her a dime so she wouldn't go without her popcorn.

Well, from that time on we were best friends. I don't know whether it was my money or my good looks, but we hit it off pretty well, and after the show we discovered we were going the same way, so naturally I snatched up the opportunity to walk her home. And then when we came to Sendai Boulevard, she reached up, took my hand, and said, "now look both ways and then we'll run."

However, it all ended in a terrible shock. When I got her home I found out that her Father outranked me by a mere seven grades and that the boy next door had exclusive rights already staked out. He had a swing and a train, and all I had was popcorn.

But this all points to one truism—Never trust a woman! Say, I wonder if by any chance she has an older sister?

But I wouldn't worry too much because for some odd reason I still consider you as my number one.

I guess it's just that I don't like changes, and now that I have you trained, I don't want to have to break in a new one.

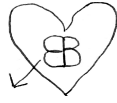
Better hit the sack now. There wasn't a letter and very little news. And as you say, the most important reason for the entire letter is to remind you that I love you with all my heart. And I do, Betty. There's just no one else.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX

P.S. We'll have snow tomorrow. "Baby, It's Cold Outside."



*Dear Bob,*

*Tonight I went to our annual Christmas dinner. A bunch of us girls have been going around together for years, so we always have a potluck Christmas dinner. This is the fifth year we have done it. This time it was up at Jackie's house. We had lots of fun, as we always do.*

*We bought our Christmas tree today. It is a real big one. It touches the ceiling.*

*Darling, I miss you so much. Just think, there isn't a chance you will get home for at least five months. It's such a long time. I want you so much. I'd give anything if you could just put your arms around me and tell me you love me. Sometimes it gets so lonely, I don't know how I stand it. I know it must be that way for you also. You have had to give up much more than I have.*

*Darling, will you have to go to Korea? Honey, did you make a record for me yet? If you haven't, please do. You don't know how much it means just to hear your voice. I took some pictures for you today. I'll get them Tuesday and will send them Wednesday if any of them are halfway good.*

*I love you so much. I never thought I could love anyone so much. You be careful now, Darling, and don't let anything happen to you.*

*I love you, and you will always have*

*All my love,*

*Betty*

*P.S. Honey, have you changed since you went away?*

# December 17, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

I'm writing this from the Service Club tonight for several reasons. First of all, we had basketball practice this afternoon and my boy Taney hurt his ankle again. Well, out of the goodness of my heart I offered to take him to the show tonight, but the only catch was that he couldn't walk.

So I ran around and finally dug up a pair of crutches over at the 115th Medics, but by the time I got back it was too late. But we decided we would really only miss the News, and so we took off anyway. Of course the Box Office was closed by the time we got there, and so our next plan of action was focused on the second show. So we went over to the Service Club in order to cancel out the walk home. It's pretty hard on these crutches.

I finally got your record played today, and it really was swell. Tell Chet I'm sorry to leave him out in the cold, but you were right.

My Leadership Class went over pretty well. We had a little mix-up on our assignments, but other than that it was peachy keen.

Well, Honey, it hasn't been much, but you really can't write in a Service Club.

You know I love you with all my heart and I want and need you even more.

KCBEGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*I didn't do anything unusual today, just went to school as always and then to work. That's all that has happened. Tonight was the last*

night for us to bowl on Mondays.

*Something unusual did happen today: I went to all of my classes—didn't even miss one. Tomorrow is school, and then two weeks of vacation. Of course during the first week I'll work every night from 5:30 to 9:30.*

*Sorry to hear that you lost another basketball game. Maybe you can win the one tomorrow. I hope we win ours tomorrow. You know, we were in first place in the Valley and had to forfeit five games. We have really only lost one game all season, and that was to Eagle Rock. Tomorrow afternoon we play them again.*

*You want to know something? I kind of love you just a little bit. I want you more than I ever wanted anything. Sometimes I look around at the girls at school with their boyfriends and envy them, but then I stop to think, look how much more I have even if I have to wait for you. I wouldn't trade places with any one of them. You'll always have—*

*All my love,  
Betty*



# December 18, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

I hate to say that there's no news again, but there sure isn't. Unless it's that the post office is in a rut. And I do mean a rut. I haven't received any letters since Saturday, and before that I hadn't received anything since Wednesday, and before that since on Sunday. I realize that there is a Christmas rush, but it seems to me that we should be getting more mail instead of less. But I guess they're doing as good a job as possible.

Packages have been coming in pretty steady. I got a box of goodies from Jeanne Maxfield today, and although they weren't as good as yours, they were good. And it was thoughtful of her to remember me.

I was assigned to three more classes today. The first one is "Personnel Insignias" that I'll teach on Friday, and then two Military Justice classes (this will teach me to only miss four questions): one on Monday followed by a second hour of presentation a week from Friday. It's not too much, but it should keep me jumping. You know, maybe I should be a School Teacher when I get paroled.

They've been letting us spend quite a bit of our afternoons practicing basketball down at the Gym. Tomorrow we take on "G"eorge Company, and I've got more troubles than Red Blake when they expelled his football team from West Point.

But if we are going to win a single game this season, it should be this one. They're big, but they're slow and clumsy, and we should be able to fast break them all over the court.

Of course we're hoping that they use a man-to-man defense against us, but I doubt if they will. I drilled the boys on offenses against a zone today, and they didn't look bad. But I think our players will really do well against them if they go with a man-to-man defense. I've also come up with a bit of strategy that I feel can't miss. It seems to me that if we score more points than they do, we'll win. Now it's up to the team to score the points. Of course I'll dedicate this one to you, so cross your fingers and wish us luck.

Needless to say, I love you. In fact, I love you a lot, and I can't think of anyone who I would rather be stuck with for the rest of my life than you.

So please keep good care of yourself so you'll be around when I get home. Also, promise not to change your mind, as if I'd let you, and remember who's going to be boss.

KCBEGMLTYFAMBTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX

P.S. I hope you like your Christmas present.



*Dear Bob,*

*I just got home from that party. It is 4:30 in the morning, and for the first time Mother was a little mad about the time.*

*Darling, thanks a lot for the flowers. Your Mother got an orchid for me, and it was just beautiful. I love you so much.*

*Mrs. Todd said they would have another big party this summer—they have a swimming pool—and that I could bring you. It was really some party. They had everything you could think of to eat; turkey with everything, Coke, ice cream, cheese, nuts, candy, etc.*

*Well, to start from the beginning of the day, I was sick and couldn't go to school. I had an upset stomach. Mother said I couldn't go to the party tonight, but after playing a few slight tricks, she let me go. I worked from 5:30 to 9:30, then your Mother, Leona and Claudia picked me up and brought me home. I got dressed, and then they took me over to the party. It was quite the party. Our club always has good parties. It would have been so much more fun if you had been there.*

*It is raining outside again. It seems all it does is rain. I love you, Darling; I want you and need you more than anything. You and just you will always have—*

*All my love,*

*Betty*

*December 19, 1951*

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My Dearest Betty,

The Post Office slipped up today, and I got two letters from my Darling. It seems as though this is going to be a shorty, though.

We were running a Compass Course all day, and I've got that game at 8:30, which means I've got to leave by 8:00; and since it's now 7:00 and my letter writing has just begun, this means that my letters are just going to have to be short ones—and besides, there is no news of any importance.

Honey, I'm afraid the Anniversary surprise of mine backfired. I tried to arrange for it through the mail, and since the mail is so messed up, the letter didn't get to its destination in time. I'm sorry; it was my entire fault as I should have written the letter earlier. But I'll try and make up for it on our next Anniversary.

I got four more Christmas cards this morning, which brings the total to 13. Funny thing, but it's sure a good feeling to be remembered. It's a real morale booster.

We also received some news from Davies today. He is one of the replacements we sent to Korea from Camp Cook. He's up at Hokkaido along with Lacey; Vela is back home; Roberts is a prisoner, and I guess we won't be seeing Reader anymore. That's the way it goes, I guess.

Better sign off for now, Honey. I sure wish we didn't have this game tonight; I just don't feel up to it.

Remember I love you with all my heart.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Didn't do much today. Slept late then went downtown, came home and helped decorate the Christmas tree. I went back to sleep, and then went to work. Interesting life, isn't it?*

*It is so funny at work—we work on a commission as well as for \$.85 an hour, so altogether I get around a \$ 1.10 an hour. All the ladies get so upset if they don't sell a lot, and then they are still upset because they didn't sell more. They are forever talking about each other, how the other girls grab customers, etc. I get the biggest kick out of them. It sort of discourages me that people would get so upset over a couple of pennies—and it isn't just one of them, it's all of them.*

*Just like always, I love you. It always seems that every night I try to think of different ways to say those three little words that mean so much to both of us, but it still comes out the same old way—I love you!.*

*You be good, Darling, and don't get into any trouble. Just remember that I love you and furthermore I'll always love you—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*December 20, 1951*

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My Dearest Betty,

We won that game for you last night, even though we did have to resort to it by a forfeit. We did, however, win (honest-to-goodness) our practice game 39-34. And if anyone wants my opinion, we look pretty good. Of course we need a lot of improvement and quite a bit of polish, but we are definitely shaping up.

As you know, there are only five more days to Christmas, and then I'll be able to open your package. Boy Scouts honor, I haven't so much as loosened a string on your package and haven't the slightest idea of what Santa has brought me this year.

At any rate, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and I sure hope you like your present.

I've got a class tomorrow morning on "Personnel Insignia," and then in the afternoon we have a basketball practice scheduled. The class tomorrow should prove to be a snap, but this "Military Justice" class on Monday has me going. It kind of looks like lover boy will spend some of his weekend on lesson plans. Why I get the stinkers, I'll never know.

I took in a show tonight and saw "Angels in the Outfield." I kind of liked it, and the little girl in the picture was sure cute. If you haven't seen it, try to take it in. It drags in places and is not an award picture, but it just caught my fancy. And besides, I like the cast.

By the way, what happened to the school paper? I haven't gotten one for a while.

As for pictures, take and send them on to me just as soon as you can. After all, I haven't seen you in almost 9 months and am wondering if you've changed much.

Well, keep good care of yourself and remember I love you with all my heart and always will.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Today I went Christmas shopping with your Mother. She will probably give you all the details on the things we bought for you to give to my folks, etc. but I'll give you a quick rundown. We got a real nice electric clock for my Mother and Father to put in the dining room; it is dark wood and matches the living room trim. For Chet, we got a beautiful navy blue suede belt with a W on the Pearl buckle, and then for Mary we got a belt with a big crest and a purse to match. I was smart on that one—now I can borrow it.*

*Your Mother bought me a beautiful blue long-sleeve pullover Lana Mere sweater. I have wanted a blue sweater for a couple of years but just never got around to getting one. I just know everyone will like all of the gifts we got them.*

*Now about those pictures—well, Darling, I took some the other day, but none of them came out. But I have another roll of film and will try to get some more pictures taken in the next couple of days. I got the ones you sent home today and, my heavens, Honey. I don't believe you need any more of me. Where did you get that great big one? And another thing, Darling, as I said before, less scenery and more of the man I love—or you'll be getting pictures of California instead of the girl you love (when I get around to sending them—so no cracks).*

*About the code, Darling, I won't forget. I just hope you don't have to use it. I won't say anything to your Mother either.*

*I love you, Darling, more than anything else in this whole world. It's been a long time, Darling, and we both know it may be a long time before we are together. But no matter how long or what may happen, I'll be here waiting just like when you left.*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

# December 21, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

I've got a hunch I'm going to be "henpecked" when I get home. In the three letters I got from you today, I was told off about a remark I made regarding 1952 calendars, told I was too fat, and that I should go on a diet.

First off, I'm sorry if I hurt anyone's feelings regarding the calendars, but I'm sure my Mother and Sister didn't even notice it. After all, they're used to me and I pull stuff like that all the time.

But believe me, I know what my Mother and Sister go through in getting things off to me. It doesn't matter what I need—all I have to do is write, and it's here. But in my family we just take that stuff for granted. What belongs to one belongs to all, and there's nothing that one wouldn't do for the other. However, a little thing like a calendar—something that we really need—is apt to slip one's mind, so I made a special thing out of it with the results that I got five calendars. And that, my Darling, made five Sunburst soldiers very happy.

About that 50 pounds. Are you sure I said I had gained that much? Because I really haven't; I don't think. I'm a little overweight, perhaps, but I still don't look like a whale. And just how do you expect me to diet in the Army? I eat what they give me and no questions asked. And for some odd reason Rye Krisp isn't on the menu. Of course I could cut down on the junk food, but I don't eat so much of it anymore. A whole lot less than I did when I was in school. By the way, things look like I'm going to put on a few pounds this holiday season. So far I've received candy, cookies, and the fruit that Mom sent.

Be careful of your teeth now, Honey, and get all the work done that's needed. Your smile is the prettiest one I've ever seen, and you wouldn't want to lose it through neglect. So if the Dentist says more work needs to be done, you get it done. After all, you can't trade your teeth in for new ones.

"Who is Janet Chapman," you ask? Perhaps you'll remember her by the name of "Little Willie." She was the one you met, along with Darlene, at Sears. If you want to know anything else about her, sound off. We

were just friends who met in the DAP's, and she came out to church for a while. Good kid and all that. As I understand it, she and Walt Soule, another DAP pal, are just about ready to tie the knot. They were going steady quite a while ago, and then Little Willie went back East. But I guess the two of them hit it off right well when she came home because, as they say, they're "spoken for."

Give Sandy my congratulations, but tell her for me that she never would have won if you had run against her! Seems to me we had Spanish together. I wonder what made her remember me; I was pretty much in the background, and if I was to venture a guess, it was probably my low marks.

Well, I've got to shove. Mom was right—I do love you. But she'll never be able to tell you how much.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Today I slept until noon then went downtown and did some shopping and afterwards went to work. Chet came home tonight. He is going to work in the Post Office for his vacation.*

*Now that we have gotten the day's activities over, lets write about more important things like you, for instance. Honey, sometimes I think I am in love with a boy who is not too smart about certain things. If you had any brains in that head of yours, you would know that I am crazy about you and love you more than anything else in this world. If you ever so much as think or "feel guilty," as you put it, for asking me to marry you, I won't like it in the first place, and in the second place you will be wrong, Darling. Terribly wrong. I love you, Darling, and it makes me happy to know that my love is returned. I would love you if you hadn't asked me, but I wouldn't be quite so happy. So you see, Darling, you shouldn't feel guilty for making me very happy.*



*Now, Darling, about it putting a “crimp” in my teenage life—yes it does. It’s a terrible handicap to be in love with you in a way—a very small way. True, I don’t have such a good time when I go out, but on the other hand, I am loved. It doesn’t matter to me what boys may think if I say this or that. I have a much better time on the whole than over 80% of the other kids. I have a place to go almost every night; I know a lot of fine guys that are wonderful to me, like the boys in my club. They know all about you, always ask about you, and, to be truthful, they have helped a lot. Many lonely moments they have filled with fun. Sure, Darling, I have had to give up a lot. I have to live without you for what will be nine long months by the time that you get this.*

*But, Darling, look what you have given up. You love me and have had to do without me for nine long months, but added to that is the fact you left your home, your family, and what about your teenage life? What for? I often wonder, and why is the big question in my life. They say it’s for our country. If it is, it is more than worth it. Let’s look at it this way: look how much we will have when you get home. Look at all the wonderful memories, the letters, all the happiness we have found in our love that so overshadows the last nine dark lonely months that before you know will be forgotten.*

*No, Darling, don’t feel guilty—Feel proud! I only hope I have given you half as much happiness as you have given me.*

*About getting me the most expensive gift in the world, Darling; you have given me something that is priceless. You have given me something that thousands, even millions, of people wish they had; a true and strong love. While we are on the subject of love, you’ll always have—*

*All my love,  
Betty*

# December 22, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

Right now there is a radio show being aired that is reading a bunch of kid's letters to Santa. And since I'm the active type, and since you've asked me time and time again, I'm going to get into the act:

December 22, 1951

Dear Santa,

I want peace in Korea, everlasting understanding, a one-way ticket home, a discharge, and a life contract with that dizzy blonde from Van Nuys.

Sincerely yours,

Bob Anderson

P.S. Daddy says that I should tell you I've been a good boy.

Now, if Santa will only come through, perhaps we'll be able to start living like we should.

Perhaps I'll get my first present on the 27th of this month, and with a little time, maybe the third and fourth will come true as well. And I feel pretty sure that the fifth will walk hand in hand with three and four. But that number two is a toughie, and if it doesn't work out, I'm just likely to be called back in for another hitch. If we don't get things settled, it's going to be one bang-up affair.

But enough of the serious stuff! This is the Christmas Season, and we're all supposed to be happy. And although I'm a long way from home and from my loved ones, Christmas has a special meaning. To me it symbolizes the fact that there is a Supreme Being to guide us, and that someday, somehow there is to be an everlasting peace. Maybe this will be the time. I sure hope so because I don't want to spend—nor do I want our son(s) to spend—another hitch in this or any other war.

There's not much news. I went to the show this afternoon and saw the "Magic Carpet," and now I'm sorry. Boy, what a waste of twenty-five cents.

I got my Christmas present from the Furlong side today. Sis wrote that she was sending eats, so I felt no guilt about opening their present; after

all, you have to catch that stuff before it spoils. At any rate, she sent something to match my personality—NUTS! And believe me, she got a ton of them in the box, and I'm really enjoying them.

But the gift that really put a lump in my throat was Leona's. She sent me one of her Silver Dollars. And if you know what she thinks of them, you'd know what a sacrifice it was for her to make. I remember I used to hide her Silver Dollars, and then she would look for them. Then after finding all of them, she would bring them to me, cover her eyes, and I'd hide them all over again. You know, I don't like to brag, but my niece is almost as sweet as I was when I was a child.

And all kidding aside, we are going to have to go some to have our kids turn out as sweet. Of course ours will be at a disadvantage since I will be their father, but then you as their mother will more than make up for it.

I love you, Betty. Wait for me, and I'll show you how much when I get home.  
KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

Good night, Mrs. Anderson (to be).

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob XXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Didn't do much today but worked 8 hours. My last night, I guess, because I can't work Monday since you are calling, No one said anything, so I just take it for granted.*

*Am I ever glad you are calling Monday. I know I just talked to you, but it means a lot if I get to talk to you. I just have to hear your voice. It is important. I guess I shouldn't say that; you'll get all curious. And after all, by the time you get this I will have talked to you.*

*I finally got all my Christmas shopping finished today. Now all I have to do is wrap them all.*

*I have been trying to get Vicki ever since I came home. It seems she went Christmas caroling with her sister.*

*You know I love you, and I hope to tell you so on Monday.*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*December 23, 1951*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Got a little bit of news for you. I love you, and don't you ever forget it.

I also got your answer to my December 9<sup>th</sup> letter, and I must admit that I'm a little ashamed of myself. I never should have answered your letter in the way I did. But then if that's the last mistake I make, I'll be doing pretty well.

At any rate, let me assure you that you're worth every ounce of your trouble, and I wouldn't trade you pound for pound for gold, uranium and diamonds all put together.

There's not much news. I was almost late for church this morning, but somehow I made it. The rest of the day has been devoted to tomorrow's lesson. My lesson plan had to be finished and some training aids made, and so I went to work. What burns me up is that I don't get time and a half for overtime.

Then this evening some of the boys and I took in the show. Of course, I just about always go to the show on Sunday, so that really isn't news. The picture was "Let's Make It Legal," and it made up for last night's stinker. Besides, this one had a Tom and Jerry cartoon.

Tomorrow I'll have that Military Justice class in the morning and then a basketball practice in the afternoon. We play E Company Wednesday, and I hope to talk my boys into doing their celebrating early. All I need is a dozen or so hangovers.

Well, Honey, this has been kinda short. But we have a hike tomorrow morning, and that means we crawl off the sack an hour early.

Just remember that I love you, want you and need you. That three letter word YOU is an awfully important one in my life. Keep good care of it. BGGMLTYFAMBTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Darling, I opened my Christmas present tonight from you, and, Honey, I think they are beautiful. To be real truthful, I didn't think you had such good taste. (What do you mean I don't have good taste—I chose you, didn't I?) Really, Darling, I really do like the set of dishes. It is something I can use the rest of my life, and it sure will look nice in our home.

Well, for once I was a good girl and got up and went to church. Then I went to church again this afternoon with Mother. Then I went over to Great Aunt Flora's (where you went at Easter), and we had a big turkey dinner like we always do. My Uncle plays Santa Clause. That's where I got this stationary and the pen I am writing with. I guess they know what I spend most of my time doing. Oh, I ate dinner with a Major. Fred, my Great Uncle's boy, was called back into service. He is stationed up at good old Camp Cook now.

Darling, guess who is home on leave? Our old friend Johnny. Darling, honest, I thought after what I did to him last summer I would never see him again. Honey, I am going out with him tomorrow night. Now, don't you worry. Maybe I shouldn't tell you, but you would most likely find out, and I don't want you to ever think I did something without telling you. I figure this way, he is home on leave, and he's been away for so long that he has lost touch. I'm the last girl he had here, so he doesn't even write to anyone else. He is a good guy and I like him, but I love you. Nothing will happen. We'll mostly likely go to the show, and that will be the end of it. I don't think I have to explain because I know you understand and trust me. Darling, I hurt Johnny. I hurt him terribly. I am just beginning to realize how much, and I feel I must at least be nice to him. It will make me feel better. Don't you worry; I won't be too nice. I love you so much, Darling.

I am over at your house right now, so I'll be sure not to miss the call. Honey, I do hope you have a nice Christmas. I remember last Christmas Eve we went to the show and saw half of two pictures

*with Chet, Hanna and Mary. I think the name of one picture was "To Please A Lady" with Clark Gable and Barbara Stanwyck.*

*Darling, it won't be long before you will be home. Until then, just remember I love you, want you and need you more than anything else in this world. Thanks again for the beautiful China.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

# December 24, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

Today two letters arrived from the prettiest girl in the United States. One was dated the 9<sup>th</sup> of December and the other the 16<sup>th</sup>, and so now you know why you haven't received an answer to your Anniversary letter.

Darling, you'll never know just how much that December 9<sup>th</sup> letter meant to me and I sure do wish that more of your letters were patterned after that one.

Needless to say, I enjoyed talking to you. In fact, other than being with you, there is nothing I'd rather do. You know, it's a lot of trouble placing a call, and these Japanese officials gum things up so badly that sometimes I feel like jamming the phone down their throats. But when I hear your voice, frustration is forgotten and everything is all right again.

And as for your feeling—it wasn't funny. I prayed that the call would go through, and He always answers our prayers, one way or the other. How can we have any marriage problems with Him by our side?

As for that phonograph record, I'm having my problems. I didn't actually find the place. Our mail clerk told me about it, and he's getting the address for me. I keep asking him about it every time I see him, and I promise that I'll get it made as soon as I can.

I'm glad your Dad spoke up. It helped me to feel a lot better. But I'm sure that he wants you to be happy, and if he has any sense, he certainly knows that I'm head-over-heels in love with you, and that I aim to please.

You also mentioned in your letter about our first date and your diary, and you wanted to know just what I thought after it. Well you're talking about one date too soon.

As far as I'm concerned, our first date was the Hot Fudge Sundae at the drive in. Remember, I came over to your house to see Chet and, when he wasn't home, asked you out for a snack? You said "no thanks"—but little ol' Mary was all for it and said she would go, so you decided to come along. Never will I be able to thank Mary enough for speaking up.

The next Saturday, the day I graduated from Leadership School, I took you out officially for the first time. As for what I thought about the evening, that's easy. You haven't gotten rid of me since, have you? But

I'm curious. Just what was your last entry concerning me in your diary?

And it's funny about going to bed. I have your picture hanging on the wall just over the foot of my bed. There's a streetlight outside my window that shines in such a way that it lights up your face, and so you're the last thing I see before I drift off to dreamland. Perhaps that's the reason I dream of you so much. But whether you know it or not, there is always a blown kiss and a "good night, Sweetheart" between us.

In fact, I said it a little too loud one night, and Williams, the boy who sleeps in the bed next to me, replied "Good night, Sergeant."

As for your December 16<sup>th</sup> letter, I'm glad that you've got some pictures on the way. They really make my day when they arrive.

You asked in your letter if I had changed. What in the world ever made you ask that question? And how would you expect me to answer it? I think I've grown a little, and I guess I'm more mature in my thinking—but after all, I am a year older now.

If you meant have I changed about you, the answer is yes. I loved you with all of my heart when I got on that boat, but now I love you even more.

Betty, I want and need you something awful. And one of these days I will hold you tight and close, feeling your soft arms around my neck and tasting your soft, sweet, red lips as I hear your voice encouraging me on and whispering—"I love you, Bob, and I've missed you so."

BGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX

P.S. I'll write about Christmas in tomorrow's letter



*Dear Bob,*

*Today I spent the whole day over at your house. I guess we just missed your call by about 15 minutes. I really am sorry. I wanted to talk to you, but then that's how things go. I opened all my presents from your family today. I got a beautiful sweater from your Mother, a wallet from your Father, a blouse from Leona, and a real nice jewelry*



*case from Claudia and Stan. It sure was nice, just like having two homes. I think the China is so beautiful. I just love it. Of course, I kind of love the man who gave it to me.*

*My Grandmother and Granddad are down from Santa Barbara. We had a big turkey dinner tonight. Of course, I'd eaten so much over at your house that I couldn't eat anymore.*

*Well, Honey, it's just about time for Johnny to be here, so I'll just say I love you and close. I LOVE YOU!*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*P.S. Merry Christmas*

# December 25, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

In yesterday's letter I stuck mostly to answering your questions and commenting on your letters of the 9<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup>, the reason being that I had a lot of material to write about and I figured that I'd save some news for today.

But before I get any deeper into this letter, I want you to know that you're about the only person in the world that would send her husband-to-be a tooth. I'm not quite sure what you expect me to do with or about it. However, when I was a lad I used to put pulled teeth under my pillow, and a good fairy would come and take it during the night and leave me a quarter.

So tonight I'm playing the Good (but cheap) Fairy and sending you a nickel via airmail. Value it highly because it's the last piece of American silver that made the trip over with me.

The rest of your gifts must have been inspired. I needed every one of them. My wallet was falling apart, and that photo album is really something. Don't be surprised if I'm sending you the money to buy more of them. When the fellows saw it, they went wild. And, of course, the picture was something special. A question: How much did you charge the photographer to photograph the most beautiful sight in the world?

Please thank your father, mother, sister and Chet for me for the slippers. Last week I almost bought slippers at the PX but, on a hunch about Christmas, held off. They really are something I can put to good use.

While I'm on the subject of presents, I hope you liked the China. Mom probably explained about the broken pieces. Right now I'm trying to get them replaced. They have been ordered for a month now, and they keep telling me that all that's required is a little time.

I also hope that you like the corsage on the 18<sup>th</sup>. It originally was intended for our Anniversary, but since the mail didn't get through in time, we switched occasions.

Of course I also hope that your folks enjoyed whatever I got them.

As for my holiday, it has been simple but pleasant. I opened your gifts

after dinner last night and then I went to the show and saw “Rich, Young and Pretty.” It reminded me of you—except you’re not rich. After that, they had a stage show entitled “Once Upon a Holiday.” They were both pretty good and made for a good evening.

The phone call was supposed to come through about 4:30 a.m., and so I broke the bad news to the CQ. He’s the boy that had to get up when the phone rings in order to wake me up. But it seems as though he had a good night’s sleep because it didn’t come through until around 12:00 the following morning.

Of course the only one there was Mom, which was a disappointment, but we had a nice chat and she told me all about you.

As always, the Cooks knocked themselves out fixing dinner. We had turkey and all the trimmings, such as potatoes (both mashed and sweet), peas, beans, corn, dressing, cranberry sauce, hot rolls, salad, fried shrimp, fruitcake, mince pie and ice cream. Now you know how I gained 50lbs.

As for our Christmas tree, we had two. A big one down in the Day Room, and a tiny one up here in our Platoon’s quarters.

However, we didn’t get our “White Christmas,” and I missed church because of the telephone call, but other than that, it was a Merry, Merry “second best” Christmas.

Keep good care of yourself and remember I love you will all my heart and always will. Tomorrow we play E Company. We’ll win this one for you.

All my love always,  
“Your” Bob  
XXXXXXXX

P.S.  
**Happy New Year!**



*Dear Bob,*

*Today being December 25<sup>th</sup>, it was Christmas. I had to get up at 7:00 o'clock, which just about killed me, the reason being that we had to open the presents before Chet and Dad went to work. They all liked your presents real well. The present I got that you will be most*

*interested in is another big box of stationary. See, you'll get it all in the end. Of course I got a lot of other things, but I won't go into them.*

*We had company in and out all day. I didn't do much of anything. I corrected a set of Mrs. Smythe's papers today, so that makes one less thing for me to do. Everyone thinks the China is just beautiful and so do I, of course. Darling, I am dead tired. I didn't get home until late and then I had to get up so early.*

*I love you like always. I wish you would hurry up and come home, but then that is something we will have to wait for.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*P.S.*

*I love you*

**A Christmas Poem to My Darling**  
*We'll think of each other on Christmas,  
Even though we're far apart,  
And I'm sure we'll both remember  
The love that's in each heart.  
Of course you know I love you, Dear  
And I know you love me too,  
Not only just at Christmas time,  
But every day the whole year through.  
You know I'm going to miss you  
All the time you are away  
But I'll keep thinking of you, Darling  
Every hour of each day.*

December 26, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

Golly, what I am going to write in this letter is beyond me, but I guess I'll think of little odds and ends as I go along.

I'm writing this before our ball game tonight. We play at 8:15 and it's now 7:00. That gives me 45 minutes before I have to go. You know, I'm kind of planning on winning this game. E Company is the outfit that upset our apple cart last season for the battalion championship. Taney is still out with that bad ankle, but we got the O.K. to use Aguilera, and West is filling in pretty good for ailing Walt. I figure that by using our subs and a fast break, we'll be able to outrun them. We'll just have to wait and see.

About all I've done today is go to classes and run errands. Sgt. Gollet needed a training film that was over at Camp Sendai, and since he was pressed for time, I picked it up for him. Then I got another pair of trunks at the tailor shop and the basketball uniforms from the dry cleaners. The rest of the time was spent in classes.

Honey, I'm glad you liked the orchid. You know how much I wish I could have been there to give it to you myself, but we've got a job to do over here first, and then I'll be home.

Another thing, judging from your record. You guys are expecting me home in May. Darling, I hope so, but don't count on it. If I make it by May, I'll be LUCKY. Remember that and if I don't make it, don't be disappointed. Remember that in the last war some of the guys were here for four years. But if I'm over here that long, you needn't wait (I'm just kidding).

I'd better close now and get ready for that ball game. You'll never know how much I love you. At least not until I get home—and then perhaps I can show you.

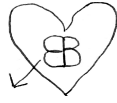
BGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXX

P.S. Why don't you ever send xxx's in your letters? Are you saving them? And if so—for who? I love you.



*Dear Bob,*

*Well, this morning I went to the Dentist. He filled a tooth and cleaned the rest of them. I now have two fillings left to go. I swear I have more fillings than I have teeth. Worst part is I have a tooth right in front that has a dead nerve or something. At any rate, it has to be fixed. It won't have to be pulled, but it will have to be cleaned out and will take about two months and four visits to the Dentist before the work is completed. Don't worry, he is married. You don't have to worry about the Dentist.*

*You said in your letter today, "remember who's going to be boss"—just what do you mean by that?*

*This letter isn't written very well. I am lying in bed and it is kind of hard to write, especially since I'm half asleep.*

*I'll think I'll go into Los Angeles tomorrow to get some shoes, etc. I was going to go on Friday, but I think I will go tomorrow.*

*Well, Honey, I have to get up early (nine o'clock), so I'll end this by saying I love you and sending you—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

# December 27, 1951

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My Dearest Betty,

Honey, in your last couple of letters you asked a question that I didn't answer because I didn't know for sure and I still don't. But I've got myself convinced that we'll move out for Korea next month.

Now perhaps I should have broken the news gently, but that would take time, and I figure the newspapers will break the news shortly, and I'd rather you get the scoop from me than from the front page of the Times.

Bear in mind there's nothing official yet, but also remember that if I wasn't sure, I wouldn't be writing this to you. There are just too many things happening and pointing to the same conclusion.

First of all, all of our troops have been recalled from service schools. This is the same thing they did with the 45<sup>th</sup> Division before they were shipped out to replace the 1<sup>st</sup> Calvary Division in Korea.

Then all Division activities pertaining to travel, such as post sports and road shows, were cancelled, and all of Williams's gear (he's in the hospital) was packed up and turned in along with his bedding. Then the checking came; dog tags, weapons, winter clothing, "next of kin" lists, etc. An order also came down that all athletic equipment had to be ready to turn in on an hour's notice. I also saw a list marked "Secret and Restricted" that cut our clothing down to a combat load. And when I saw the First Joe reading up on casualties and Charlie Bell was notified that he was to be on an Advanced Detail, I read the writing on the wall.

Now this letter may sound melodramatic, but believe me, I don't mean it to. To be truthful, I'm a little scared. Not of the killing and dying so much as all the guff you have to go through while that's going on.

But that's neither here nor there. Try not to worry. I know He will watch over me and I'll come back to you. Remember that! And believe and have faith.

I'm sorry, but we lost that game that I thought we were going to win. But it was close, 44-45. I got 6 points and only shot 3 times for a perfect 100%. Of course I would have much rather had a 001% and 8 points, but I guess that's the way the ball bounces.

Today was spent mostly in class and on a road march. Then I saw the

picture “No Highway in the Sky” with Jimmy Stewart. He turned in a good performance and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

By the way, rumor has it that the 17<sup>th</sup> is a big day in this Korea deal. Where the date came from, I haven’t the slightest idea. At any rate, I’ll keep you posted on future events.

Remember that I love you with all my heart and that the one thing I live for is us being together again.

Your Christmas card arrived today, and it was beautiful. I have it tacked up next to your picture.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXXXX

P.S. Try not to worry and remember you’re the only one for me—I love you.

P.S.S. You’re the only one that will have me.



*Dear Bob,*

*Today I went into Los Angeles—what a madhouse. Vicki went in with me. I bought some red shoes and a purse to match. Vicki bought a red sweater. When I got home around 3:30 I went to bed and slept until about 6:00. There you have my day’s activities. I was going to the show tonight, but with the way things look maybe I won’t make it.*

*I read in the paper that the 40th will probably go to Korea or maybe they are there now, but then I have heard over the radio that General Ridgway denies it and says that the 40th is in Japan. Well, that’s the way it goes. I guess we have about as many rumors here as you do over there.*

*Darling, I have something to tell you. I went out with Johnny again last night (it is now December 28). That makes three times in four days. It also makes the last time! I know I’ve said that before, but this time it’s so. Darling, Johnny still loves me. I didn’t like hurting him again, but it had to be done. You cannot love two people at the same*



*time, and I love you. It is a long story, but I don't want you to worry about it. There is nothing to worry about. I probably shouldn't have told you, but I always want to be honest with you. If you want to know where we went or anything, just ask me. I didn't do anything I couldn't tell you about. I know, Darling, that my even going out with him must've hurt you, but believe me, Honey, it was best.*

*I love you. No matter what, I love you*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*December 28, 1951*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, yesterday's bad news has all but been declared official today. We got the word to prepare for an overseas shipment, and it's a cinch they're not sending us home. The chances are we won't get any advanced word on it. We'll just be told to pack up one day, then we'll march over to the tracks, board a train and head for Yokohama and our ship; and we'll land the next day in Pusan. Of course they could take us up to Matisuma and fly us over, but just the top brass knows the answers.

Honey, after you read this letter, I want you to get on the phone and call my Mother and tell her the following:

Brother Ahlstrom sent me a Christmas card, and in it was the address of an Elder Carl F. Crum who is here in the Far East. I called him on the phone and talked with him about the possibility of ordaining me, but he needed official word from the States before he can do that. So ask her to get in touch with Brother Tickemeyer and have him telegraph and air mail a letter to him supporting my request. Telegraph him first because time is important, and then write him in case the telegraph hits a snag. Just put a plain airmail stamp on the letter. Nothing special since that might involve some red tape that would delay its delivery.

Also tell Mom that since I wrote to her and Sis, all three-day passes have been canceled and there is very little chance I'll get to go down to where Brother Crum is. I'm hoping that he will be able to make it up here. That's a lot to ask, but it seems to be the only way, and I'll pay his expenses.

At any rate, if "He" wants it that way, it will come out all right. And if it does not happen, "He" knows best. Here is Brother Crum's address:

*Carl F. Crum  
Gen. Service Adm.  
Emergency Procurement Service  
G.H.Q., F.E.C.  
APO #500 c/o Postmaster  
San Francisco, California*

And tell her that if we don't make it, that it won't make too much difference. I would like to have you and her there when it's done anyway.

We had a class today that was quite a class. It let us in on a whole lot of things, and so I figure I'd best share this information with you. It's all about Korea, and here's the scoop.

To start the ball rolling they told us that the Reds have 300,000 troops that have had from three to five years of training up above the Yalu River. I'm enclosing a map that shows the river, although I'm not sure if that's the way the river runs, but it's close enough. The troops up there are mostly Chinese with Russian Officers.

That leaves just about 450,000 Gooks who are actually in on the fight since the total strength of the Reds in Korea is somewhere around 750,000. Quite a lot of these are Korean while the rest are Chinese.

Then up at Sikkahlem, which is above the island of Hokido, are 13 Russian Divisions and the Russian Far East Headquarters. They also have a big submarine base in that area.

Now the reasons the Russians haven't attacked yet are because of two factors. (1) We have more "A" bombs, and (2) if they hit, they must hit three places all at the same time. They know we have the Atomic Bomb in Japan, Alaska and Europe, and they also know that in a matter of hours we could have our A bombs over Russia from any of these points. So they're playing it safe and waiting. How long will they wait? The experts say three years.

And here is the last thing they told us. Remember a while back when the papers were filled with the news that the 40<sup>th</sup> was going to make an amphibious assault at Wosan? Well, they claim that it was all a strategic deception; that the plan was to make it appear we were going to make the assault so the Reds would take troops from other areas in order to reinforce Wosan. Supposedly, 60,000 troops were rushed there, and since then the Navy has been blasting the dickens out of Wosan and these reinforcements. But I'm thinking that we're the ones that are covering things up; that we were going to land at Wosan, but that our orders were changed when word leaked out.

I've got some good news. A new policy has come down, and we're to return to the States 60 days (Instead of 30) prior to discharge. Also, there definitely will be a phase out program.

Well this has been a longie. I figure I might as well write 'em long while I've got the chance.

I love you more than you'll ever know. I'm sending the big picture

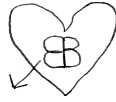
home that I had made of you over here. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXXXX

P.S. I love you



*Dear Bob,*

*Didn't do much of anything today. Spent most of the afternoon with Vicki; then spent the rest of the day cleaning my room—was it ever a mess. Vacation is almost over and it seems that it is just beginning.*

*Honey, I'm afraid you can't add very well (180+50 is not 240, it is 230). By the way, don't you think that is a little too much? I think you should lose some weight even if it is "all muscle."*

*For all these months I have been trying to figure out what to write about when nothing has happened. I still don't have the answer.*

*One thing: stop calling me "dizzy blonde." I am not dizzy. Maybe I don't know what I'm doing half the time, but that is beside the point.*

*Well, one thing I can always say is that I love you. Darling, I sure do miss you—more all the time. It's been nine long, long months. I don't regret the months that have passed, but I can't say I look forward to the next five months (more or less) that are to come. Anyway, you'll find me waiting along with—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

# December 29, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

There's not much news today, but then there very seldom is on a Saturday.

With this movement coming up, I began to wonder about your China replacements, so I went down to the PX to see about it. It seems that there are quite a few of us in the same boat, and they don't know what they're going to do about it. I'm hoping that they'll mail them home for us, but there's a better chance they'll just refund the money. In any event, I'm to go back Monday, and they'll let me know what's what.

If they do refund the money, I'll try to do business directly with the company, but how successful that will turn out remains to be seen. I might also be able to change the address on the order and have the replacements sent to Sgt. Bell, who could then mail them on to you. I'll try and work things out. No table of mine is going to be without a cream pitcher.

Speaking of Sergeant Bell, he may come up for New Year's. I called him today, and he said he'd call me back tomorrow. Chances are if he makes it, he'll come up Monday night or possibly Sunday night. That would get him into Sendai around 6:30 a.m.

While I think of it, I'm sending home some pictures Mom sent me. If you haven't already, please put them in the scrapbook; and by the way, just how big is that scrapbook now?

Took in the show this afternoon and saw "A Lady from Texas." It was pretty good and I enjoyed the afternoon.

I'm also making an attempt to cram this USAFI course through in one big hurry. I'm not interested in the grade I get, just so long as I pass. That way I'll have the course out of the way; and anyway, I'd kind of like to graduate with your class. I'll try, but you never can tell about these sorts of things.

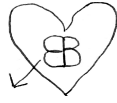
Just in case you're wondering, I love you. In fact, I love you a lot!

Keep good care of yourself and remember to have faith and to pray. These are the most important factors in our lives.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Tonight, Darling, I am at a slumber party over at Ann's house. All the girls in the club are here, and for some reason we didn't ask the boys. So if this letter is sort of off and on, you'll understand. We have been having lots of fun just moving around.*

*Your Sister called me this morning saying that you called. This isn't the place to write about it, but I was expecting it to come sooner or later. I know you will be all right.*

*Everyone is talking about all their problems.*

*I went to Bullocks with Jeanette and her Mother today (Westwood). You know, this letter must sound terrible. I write a sentence, than an hour later I write another one. I didn't get any letter today, but then I hardly ever do on Saturday.*

*Darling, I am going to finish this tomorrow; this is impossible.*

*Now it is tomorrow and I am still trying to figure out what happened last night. At 7:00 we went to bed, and then at 7: 30 we ate breakfast. You should have to see all of us this morning; you know, Honey, I am always beautiful—but if you saw me now, maybe you would wonder.*

*Everyone is now going to write something. They figure that they must do their part for the boys in the service.*

*"You really shouldn't leave Betty here. We don't think she can be trusted, as you know. She really had a gay time last night."*

*"Hello, Bob. Well, we really had fun last night. I really must admit that Betty didn't tell us as much as we'd like to know."*

*"Hello, Bob. I must say we really did have fun last night, but with all the boys coming in and out, we had a busy night (just kidding)."*

*"Well, Bob, Betty is standing over me, so I can't really tell you the truth about anything. We haven't been to bed all night, just eating and talking. New Year's Eve, our club is having a party, but Betty just goes for something to do, so don't worry about her. We're just trying to give you bad thoughts, but it's all in fun."*

*Sorry, Honey, no names or addresses given. I'll close this for now.  
Fine friends I have—*

*I love you, and you come home and please don't believe a word  
they say. I am good, Darling—really! I LOVE YOU!*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*December 30, 1951*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Boy am I stuck as far as this letter is concerned. There just isn't anything to write about, but as always I'll think of something as I go along.

By now you know all about my emergency call home, and I guess Sis told you all about it. But in case she didn't, I called about Brother Crum. That is, I called to have Sis have Mom have Brother Tickameyer wire Brother Crum.

We're hoping to get him up here next Sunday. Next week will probably be our last meeting, and it just so happens that it is also Sacramento Sunday, and since we're going where we are, it would be nice to be able to share in the Lord's Supper before we ship out. After all, it's been over nine months since I've been able to take it; then to be Ordained during the same service will really make this coming Sunday a special one. I sure hope everything works out the way we've planned it.

Honey, I hope you don't mind my rushing this Ordination through, but I'm sure you realize that it means "just a little more" to me now that things have come to a head. Not that I'm afraid, but I feel it will strengthen me for what's coming.

Honey, I don't mean to sound melodramatic. It's just that I wanted to explain "the rush." You do understand, don't you?

I've also been rushing with my USAFI lessons. I got two done last night and one today, and I figure I'll finish off another tonight. At this rate I'll get all of the lessons done on time, but I'm not studying like I should for the final test. But like I said last night, I have everything to gain if I pass and nothing to lose if I flunk.

Well, Honey, this hasn't been the best letter I've written you, but there isn't any news. Just keep good care of yourself and remember I love you very, very much.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBETG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXX



P.S. You'll never know how



Dear Bob,

*After last night, I didn't do much today. I got home about 12:00 and slept for a little over an hour this afternoon.*

*Your Mother came after me about 5:00 and we went bowling. We didn't bowl very well; in fact, it was rather bad. Your Father bowled one game with us; he didn't do so badly, about 155.*

*Your Mother gave me the orchid she got for Christmas. It still looks just like new. I am going to wear it New Year's Eve. Our club is having a party over at Richards's house. Chet and Cliff are going to take me, so I can wear the orchid. It is just beautiful. Your mother insisted I take it because she said she had no place to wear it. The kids and the club are going to wonder; every time I have an orchid.*

*Now, Darling, about this letter writing. I realize that you won't be able to get a letter off every day; that would be a little impossible. You have written me every day for over nine months now, so I kind of think that proves that you like to. I'll still write every day, Darling, but I want you to promise me you won't take any chances to get a letter off to me. I want you to get all the sleep you can, and be extra careful. After all, Honey, I love you—I would much rather have you than letters.*

*I know you will come back to me safe and sound, but, Darling, there is no use in taking any unnecessary chances. Now you do what you think is best. Just remember this, I will understand even if I don't get a letter from you for a week or two, just don't*

**TAKE ANY CHANCES!**

*I love you, I want you, and need you. I'll wait for you no matter how long.*

*You'll always have—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

# December 31, 1951

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, tomorrow I start a new page in a new year in my life, and what a year it promises to be.

Father Time hasn't even stepped out of the picture yet and already three life-changing events are promised. First on the agenda is the frozen land of Korea, with untold events that will shape my life. And indeed in contrast is the second event, my marriage, which, unlike the coldness and bitterness of the first, will supply understanding, companionship and the warmth of our love. And last but not least is school, where we'll graduate hand-in-hand and then go on to greater learning; not only the learning of facts and figures but the lessons of life as well.

However, no one really knows what '52 holds in store for them. If you had told me in 1950 what would happen to me in 1951, I would've called you loony—because a lot has sure happened to me.

Let's go back and see—way back to 1949. The month was September, and in the halls of learning at 'ol Van Nuys appeared a new face. It was a handsome face. It was mine. In that face, along with the rest of me, was starting out on a change of events.

I was like any other full-blooded American boy, interested in the usual things that boys around the age of 17 are interested in – football and girls. But I was a little different; I was in the National Guard and had a friend who was in the R.O.T.C.

Now it seems that the R.O. was pretty hard-pressed that semester (they had to be, they accepted me, and your brother was an officer) and this friend of mine, Don Byers, was on the prowl for recruits. Well, one spring September afternoon Don spied me, and the following morning at 7:30 I was standing in ranks, wondering what happened.

Jack was my Company Commander, and Baker Company was commanded by some egg ball—in fact, we were all egg balls.

Well, it seemed that I possessed a remarkable amount of leadership (leadership being defined as being bigger than the other guy, and if he didn't jump when you snapped your fingers you'd twist his arm), and

I rambled along the road to success with remarkable speed; Corporal, Sergeant and then Sergeant First Class when I replaced an SFC who got busted for getting plastered at March Field.

Of course, along the line were other events. We had a good football season, losing the championship to North Hollywood 14-15, and I was going great guns (although I was beginning to think that the only reason I was on the team was to have a good seat at the games), and Journalism was turning out to be just my meat (I was triple spacing because of my spelling). Then, too, there were the clubs I was joining; UNESOS and the Pegasus Club, and then later I “sneaked” into the Knights, which was due strictly to the R.O. and Hall’s and Estes’ pull.

Then I was chosen to go, together with Chet and Estes, to the Key Club Convention in Berkeley, and what a time “We Three Racketeers” had. I remember we flew up (my first time up in an aircraft) because we had won the Blue Devils Competition and that an egg ball from B Company, who was now a Lieutenant Colonel, had to be there to cash in on his glory. Of course Estes and I had no interest in the affair.

There were other things to be noted, like the time my squad won the Los Angeles County drill competition in the LA Coliseum, and the R.O. Balls. I took Sydney Read to the first Ball and remember that I had a cold sore on my upper lip—I really must’ve been a site—and then I took Freddie (otherwise known as “Anderson’s Folly”) to the second Ball.

The high school newspaper also kept me quite busy. I was the News Editor and wrote my own column entitled “Keeping in Step”—that was Anderson’s Second Folly.

Somehow I passed my classes despite all my running around, and I got a chance to go to California Boys State in Sacramento. I was designated to live in the City of Twain and was elected to the House of Representatives—and like all politicians, having been elected; I went home for summer vacation.

I also remember two other things about the school year. There was the “Handsome Five” basketball team, consisting of Fred Shultz, Walt Young, Bob Cornell, Marcel, Jim Smith, myself and a few other guys. I don’t think we won a game—WHICH reminds me we beat G Company 45-31 this afternoon, and that one, my Dear, was for you.

The other thing I remember was Berkeley. Chet and Leni, by hook or crook, were determined to get me elected as Lieutenant Governor, and they sure worked hard at it. The night before the election, they dragged me up to a hotel room where we met with the West Delegates and planned

strategy. It was simple. We were to vote for them, and they were to vote for us. The big day arrived and Leni stood up and made a brilliant speech, which resulted in a runoff between me and this other guy. Then Chet got up and gave his speech. The result was a 20-20 tie. Then I got up and made a speech. Next time I'll keep my big mouth shut.

But back to summer vacation. I played a little ball here and there, and I figured I really had things going. I was scheduled to be on the Varsity Football First Team, Assistant Editor of the high school paper, and Commanding Officer of A Company.

BUT—come September, I wasn't going to school but to Camp Cooke. Infantry Basic Training awaited me, and then Leadership School at Fort Ord—boy, I thought I'd never get through that one. I graduated on December 8 and was then placed on temporary duty with Six Army Division Faculty at Ford Ord. Then on the 9th I committed "Anderson's Biggest Folly" and invited my friend's kid sister to go for a hot fudge sundae at Bob's big boy.

From there you know the story. Why go into gory details? All of those unpleasant times—the dances—the shows—the 300 mile trips from Fort Ord to Van Nuys—and falling in love.

Then came March and Japan. First we went to Camp Younghans, then to Camp Shim, and from here on we go to Korea and God knows what else.

But after that—I go home. And then we start OUR new life together. What will this year hold? College, marriage, and maybe twins, who knows, but one thing is sure; "US" will happen—and after that it will be one big happy year.

*SO HAPPY NEW YEAR, DARLING!*

It's past my bedtime, and I have to go. This has been an extra-long letter, so I'm not going to write you again until next year. Gee, I love you.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBETG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Happy New Year, Darling! It is now 1952, although the date on this letter says 1951. I hope most of the year will be like the first three months of last year.*

*This letter has to be short. You see, it is late for one thing, and for another I have to get up early and go to the snow.*

*We had lots of fun at the party. It wasn't as gay as usual, but then maybe my heart wasn't in it. It couldn't be because you have it. Chet and Cliff took me, and the orchid looked real nice.*

*In the letter I got from you today you said you were going to be "henpecked." Now, Darling, just how can you say that?*

*About the diet, Honey, just forget about it. You don't look like you weigh that much, and anyway I love you and wouldn't want you to go hungry. Just don't go overboard on this deal.*

*Well, my Darling, I said this would be a short one. I'll make up for it. Really, I will. I love you. You know I do. In fact, I'll always love you, and I'll always remember 1951 because that was the year I fell in love with you for always.*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

# January 1, 1952

---

My Dearest Betty,

Even though today is the first day of the New Year, things are rather dead around here. In fact, it was even on the quiet side last night. But I understand it was a different story in town. The boys turned out in force, and they really went all out. I guess they figured it's their last fling before sailing.

I didn't do much of anything today. Just more or less took life easy. I got my "thank-you Christmas cards" off and finished up lesson number 12. I figure I'll knock off number 13 this evening, and that will leave only three more to go. I sure hope I'm getting enough out of these lessons to pass the test.

I also got back \$20 that I loaned out in December. That just about brings me up-to-date.

Old sleepyhead slept in this morning until around eight o'clock and wound up eating cookies for breakfast. I guess that isn't the best thing in the world for you at that time of the day, but it did help to fight off hunger complaints from my stomach until I ate lunch around one o'clock. The usual stuff was served, and the cooks kept the tradition going in the noblest manner by knocking themselves out. We had turkey with all the trimmings, and I really dug into it.

We've been trying to get ahold of Brother Crum for several days now. I guess he's kept pretty busy because so far we haven't been able to get in touch with him, and I sure wish that we can because this coming Sunday could be a big one in my life.

Of course I love you more than I ever have before, and I want and need you something awful. These feelings have been presented time and time again, and for now that is about as much as I can do until I'm able to say "I do." So hold my love for you close to your heart until I get home, and then we'll each put in a Buck and buy ourselves a marriage license. Is it a deal?

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Today I went to the snow with Bill, Richard, Dwane, Jean and Vicki, and did we ever have fun. We went sledding, and for the first time I want tobogganing.*

*My leg is about to kill me as we had lots of falls and even ran into a tree; of course I was steering at the time. Anyway, we had this one big time, but I must have pulled a muscle in my leg or something. Don't worry, Darling, I'll live. We took along all the food we had left from the party last night. A gay time was had by all.*

*I guess maybe you will be seeing a lot of snow, but I don't like to think about it. The only part of me that got cold was my feet.*

*Darling, you be good now. Don't do anything I wouldn't want you to. You know that I love you and that you have*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXXXXXX*

*(Cash in for the real thing later)*

*January 2, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, we went out to the firing range this morning to zero in our new rifles, and I got shot three times in the arm. But the shots weren't the kind that goes bang, but the ones they jab into you—otherwise known as tetanus, cholera and typhus. Like always, they burned a little at first, but since they were only boosters I doubt if they'll give me any trouble, and the arm feels fine now.

Out at the range it was a little cold, but we were only out there for four hours. We just zeroed in our weapons and shot about 20 rounds each; hardly worth cleaning your rifle for. But since this is a new piece, I was glad to get the chance to make the necessary adjustments (10 clicks up and two clicks to the right).

I finished off lesson number 13 last night, and I figure 14 will bite the dust tonight. If I can only pass this test, I'll be all right.

Last night just before I crawled into the sack, Dick Hacker called to tell me that he had contacted Brother Crum. It seems he can't get away next Sunday but promises that he'll be up the following weekend. Of course we might not be around that long, but there's a good chance we will, although the Advanced Party leaves sometime tomorrow.

I'm glad you liked the China, and I'm sorry the cream pitcher was broken. As you know, I've hit a snag in getting it replaced, but I'll keep at it and perhaps I'll be able to work something out—after all, we can't very well do without a cream pitcher, can we?

As for going out with Johnny, the answer is simple. If I can't trust you, who can I trust?

Sorry there's not more news, but we're not doing much.  
KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

P.S. I got a haircut and asked that Major if he can get me a transfer. It's too cold over here. I love you.





*Dear Bob,*

*I'm sorry, Honey, but this is going to be another short one. I know there have been a lot of them lately, and I'm sorry. As usual, it is late. I have been out, and I'm dead tired. Tonight was one of the Ladies' socials. We went to the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Philharmonic Auditorium. We saw the Ballet Coppelia. I was really surprised. I liked it. I really don't know what I expected.*

*I had to bowl this afternoon. I bowled 123 and 146. I got home at 6, had to eat, make a dozen phone calls, get dressed and be at school at 6:30. Besides that, I have five big letters from you. I read two of them while I was eating. I couldn't bear the thought of the other three at home, so I took them with me and read them at intermission time. I have a lot to say about the letters, but it will have to wait until tomorrow.*

*I love you, Darling, and miss you. And, Honey, no one could possibly say how much I miss you. Be careful now, and don't do anything I wouldn't want you to.*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*January 3, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, I sure called my shot wrong last night by saying I didn't think my arms would give me any trouble because they sure have. In fact, every time I rolled over in my sleep I'd wake up. But they've loosened up quite a bit and are feeling a lot better. Funny though, this is the first time I've ever had this kind of reaction to the shots I've received.

I took in the show last night, and it turned out to be a stinker. But maybe I'm just getting hard to please. Since I got you, all I want is the best!

At any rate, after the show I rushed home and completed another lesson; that leaves just two more to go, and I'll probably get number 15 on its way tonight.

When we woke up this morning we had about four inches of snow, but the sun is out and is doing its level best to correct the situation—most likely it will be gone by this evening. The whole day has just been a lazy affair. Most of the boys are on work details, and the rest are getting ready for tonight's guard duty. So far, all I've done is clean my rifle and check in the basketball uniforms. The rest of the day has been dedicated to reading civics and writing letters.

About the only news item is that the Advanced Party that was scheduled to leave this morning hasn't left yet. But that's "jake" with me; the longer I stay here, up until August, that is, the better I'll like it.

Well, Honey, this has been dull letter, but so has the day, and so I guess I'd better wind this letter up before it gets any duller.

Bear in mind that I love you very, very much and that you're the most beautiful creature that God ever created. You'll never know how very much I long for you, or just how the thought of you starts my heart to tingle. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

P.S. Will you marry me? And be the mother of my children?



Dear Bob,

*I have a million and one things to do but I haven't written you a long letter for over a week, and the most important thing in my life is you, so too bad about the rest of the things.*

*I am writing this in the afternoon because tonight I have to go to a dance committee meeting.*

*First thing, I'll have to read my letter of December 9<sup>th</sup> to see why you like it so much. I can't remember where it was much different from what I usually write.*

*Now let me tell you something—you are a little mixed-up. That first chocolate sundae you got for Mary and I. I didn't say I wouldn't go; I was the one who said yes. If you don't remember it that way, ask Mary. Not that it makes any difference. I don't write in my diary very often anymore because of the letters I write to you. It is more like a daily report. You wanted the last entry about you, I take it for granted that you mean before you left. So here is the entry for March 28<sup>th</sup>, 1951.*

*"Bob came home. He went AWOL with three other Sergeants. Mrs. Anderson called me at the Y. I came home and she picked me up. It was wonderful having him home for a few hours, anyway. He called me this morning, too. Bowled today 105—95. I love Bob so much it will be terrible without him."*

*This is fine, telling you everything I even write in my own diary. It is fun and funny to go back and read some of the things I wrote. I wish I could keep it up, but I have too much to do.*

*About the pictures, I am afraid they didn't come out so well, but I'll take more this weekend (I hope).*

*That question (Have you changed) was a rather silly one. I know you couldn't answer that one. Some people when they are overseas change terribly, especially when they have seen action. Some of the girls were talking, and I got to wondering. You know there is a big danger that we would build each other up in our minds so much that we will be disappointed when we see each other again. Everyone*

changes, but being away from each other for so long could make it harder to get back together, so that's why I asked it.

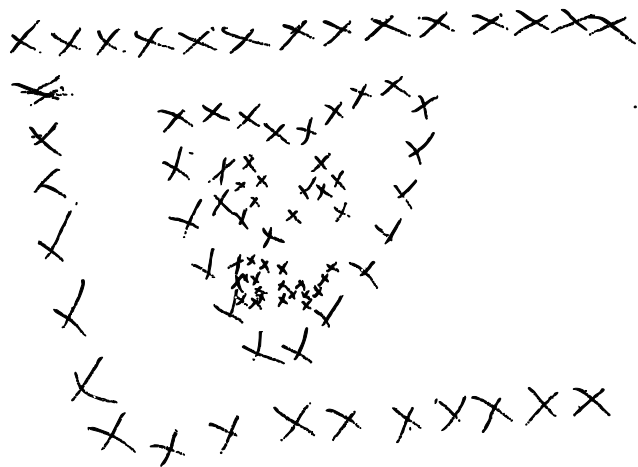
About that tooth, thanks for the nickel, but Dad says since you have the tooth he is sending you the bill. Don't ask me why I sent it to you. I'm sure I don't know. It was hard to give up. I am glad you liked and needed the wallet. If any of the guys want a photo album, let me know. I have to go to Beverly Hills to get them but I will if you like, or I should say if they like.

You ask how much did I charge the photographer, well let me tell you something, if you had seen the bill for those pictures—it just about broke us all, and I'm not kidding. Just out of curiosity did you like the picture? I mean do you think I look the same? I don't know why I don't put any XXX at the end of my letters. I do sometimes, but I just feel I couldn't put enough so I just don't put any. No kidding when you come home we will have to spend a whole day just kissing each other. Of course, we will spend most of the rest of our life doing that (and more). If you would like me to put XXX on my letters I will.

Darling, I said this letter was going to be long but I had better stop before I write two books. I have already written one. By the way, how do you like the stationery? My Grandmother got me lots of it. I also noticed that Mother bought me four books of airmail stamps. See I have lots of help with my letter materials. I really have to stop since I have so much to do—but I feel that this letter has made up for the short ones you have been getting lately.

I love you, needless to say. I want you to be careful, Darling. I know you'll come back home safe, but let's not take any chances. Just remember that it's my life as well as yours. I love you more than I can ever say. You'll always have...

All my love always,  
Betty



# January 4, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

Today, my Darling, CONGRATULATIONS are in order! Lesson number 16, the final one, is signed, sealed and in the mailbox. Now all I've got to do is pass the test. If I scrape by that okay, I'll let you give me a medal and that high school diploma that you're trying to arrange for me. One thing I'll give that course credit for is it taught me a lot. In a way I'm kind of sorry it's over, but then from here on out I won't have any time to study.

Your letter of the 29th arrived today, and I'm glad you're taking it so well. I'll let you in on a secret. I'm planning on coming home and a little thing called Faith tells me my plans will work out. Faith is a pretty big thing, and when united with Prayer it's really a big thing. So you guys just have Faith, or I should say keep up your Faith and Prayers, and I know I'll be all right. In fact, it's kind of funny, but I'm feeling like I'm closer to God than ever before—and it's a good feeling.

Today I went out to Nanaketa to work with demolitions, and while I know quite a little bit about them, I still don't relish the idea of working with them. But that's one of the things they pay me for, so I went about blowing up bunkers and setting charges. Such is life, I guess.

It looks as though we're going to relieve the 24th Division in Korea. There have been quite a few men from the 24th around lately that strangely resemble an Advanced Party. And speaking of Advanced Parties, ours moves out tomorrow morning. They're trying to keep things pretty quiet, so there really isn't much information to pass on.

We sent home a few of the boys tonight. They went home on the "Three and One Plan," and right now I'm wishing that I had enlisted a year earlier. My National Guard enlistment is up the 24th of this month—but we had a year added on to our enlistment—which makes my "Three and One" fall on January 24, 1953. Of course, my Army August E.T.S. (Estimated Time of Service) is up sooner and will take precedent, so I'll be coming home on that.

Went to the show tonight and saw "It's a Big Country." I rather enjoyed it, and if you get a chance, see it. It has a wonderful cast.

Since your slumber party friends were kind enough to write me—the least I can do is answer them. So here goes...

Dear Miss X,

I realize that I shouldn't have left Betty alone. However, Army regulations prohibit the smuggling of female personnel into a war zone. They also frown on deserters. Anyway, these Japanese geisha girls are all they're cracked up to be.

Dear Miss X+1,

Drop me a line. Anderson sees all, knows all and tells all (for a price).

Dear Miss X+1+1

The boys back home must be slipping. When I was home the girls used to come to see me. Ask Betty.

Dear Miss X+1+1+1

Thanks for your reassuring note, but it wasn't necessary. I know I've got the best gal I can hope for, and being over here has made me appreciate her all the more.

Well, Honey, I guess that takes care of my return letter writing obligation to your kind slumber party friends.

Be sure and keep good care of yourself, and here's a little tip. I love you with all my heart and I need and want you even more. In fact, I've pretty well set my mind on having you around permanently, so don't go and get any bright ideas and change your mind. You know here in Japan this is "Be Kind to Dumb Animals Week." KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

"Your" (and no one else's—I love you. I love you a lot)

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

P.S. I asked Pete Romero, one of the boys who went home, to give you and Mom a call. Whether he will or not remains to be seen, but if he does contact you please thank him for me. I loves you's.



*(Written on Jan 5)*

*Dear Bob,*

*Honey, this is for last night. I was so tired when I got home and I had to get up early, so I decided it would be best to wait until now.*

*Sears called yesterday, and I went back to work last night. What a mad house. They are having a sale. I sold \$276.00 in 4 hours, and that really wasn't too good with all the customers we had. After work, Chet's dumb car wouldn't start, you know that old '34 Ford he has. Was I ever mad, but some people helped me and we got it started. Then we had a dance last night, and, being the good dance committee member I am, I went. After the dance we went to Bob's to eat. Got home about 12:30 AM. That wasn't late, but I had to get up at 7:30 AM, which is early for me. Now I am on my lunch hour. I forgot the stationary, so I just got some of this so I could write your letter. We have been busy this morning, but not anything like last night.*

*We had elections at the Dance Committee the other night, so just so you can't say, "I never told you" here are the officers:*

*Jane Edson, President  
Vicki Segar, Vice President  
Jeanette Wichmer, Secretary  
Betty Ward, Treasurer  
Jim Petit, Sergeant at Arms*

*Didn't do much in school, but then I never do so that isn't news. Word came in the paper yesterday about the 40<sup>th</sup> and Korea. It said that quite a few, if not all of you, are there right now; however not at the front yet.*

*Darling, I have to close now. You know I love you; at least you should by this time. Be careful and be good, don't do anything I wouldn't want you to and you won't get into any trouble.*

*All my love always,  
Betty  
XXXXXXXXXXXX  
and more*



*January 5, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, tonight I've got my first date with a Japanese girl, or I should say I've got a date with a buddy who's invited to dinner tonight.

It all started when Dick Hackert met these missionaries and inquired about voice lessons. One of them referred him to a Japanese Christian girl who had been giving him lessons. Well, anyway, Dick got to know her a little and talked with her about the church, and she has shown interest. In fact he's trying to arrange a scholarship for her at Graceland, for which she is very thankful. At any rate, the family is trying to show its appreciation for his efforts and have invited him and a buddy to dinner—and it seems that I am that buddy.

When he called and told me about it, I quickly evaluated the situation. They were having Sukiyaki and we were having stew—so what could I lose? In addition, I have never eaten Japanese food and I have never been inside a Japanese home, so here was a good opportunity. The family is Christian and is well-to-do, so their hygiene should be better than, say, that of the average local natives. BUT, and this is a big but, this native food might give me some kind of disease that would require me to go to the hospital, and if I went to the hospital I couldn't go to Korea—so I said, SURE I'LL GO!

But all kidding aside, the Sukiyaki is cooked and a number of the boys have eaten it and it has never given them any ill effects.

It will also give me a little more knowledge about the Japanese people, and actually I know very little about them considering the time that I've spent here. So in a way, it's educational—so I'll risk any ill effect for the benefit of what I can learn. Will you please excuse me now—as I have to study up on the Japanese version of Emily Post?

I don't know why, but I sure wish I was going to your house for a steak dinner instead. I love you—a whole lot more than you realize.  
KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*This is really going to be an interesting letter. Absolutely nothing happened. I worked all day, came home, ate, fooled around, did a little bit of bookkeeping, read until I am sleepy, and then started this letter to my Honey.*

*After that last sentence I went to sleep. Now it is morning, and there is still nothing to say. Doris was over as she always is on Sunday morning. You know I think I'll have my hair cut real short. I was going to take some pictures for you today, but it is on the verge of raining.*

*Darling, I sure do love you even if the length of my letters doesn't always prove it. I don't think I told you, but the Prom is this Saturday. How I wish you were here to take me, but then I know you wish that also. Cliff Horn is taking me.*

*Darling, there isn't anything to say except I love you, want you, miss you more than ever and that you have—*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*January 6, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, the sukiyaka party is over, and it would seem that I'm no worse for the wear and tear, but I must admit that a few times last night I had my doubts.

I guess you're interested in the adventure, and so I'll give you a detailed account of the things that I saw and noticed.

First of all, their home, which would seem primitive compared to our standards, was very nice. It was a one-story bungalow that set directly on the ground with no foundation. The walls were of plaster with a tile roof and an enclosed front porch just inside the front door.

It was here that we removed our shoes. It seems that the Japanese are pretty particular about keeping their matting clean, and no wonder, because they use one room as a living, dining, and I'm told, a bedroom. We went into this one room that had a modern wood-burning stove where we met this girl's sister. She said she was 27 years old, and I learned that the Japanese all celebrate their birthdays together on New Year's Day, In other words, every January 1<sup>st</sup> she's a year older. She is pianist and is playing a concert this Wednesday. Of course, I found all this out during the course of the evening and not all at once.

When we arrived at 5:00 PM she had a pupil, and after she had finished her lesson she played a little for us. This is another custom, to entertain both before and after dinner.

The room itself was nicely decorated. A straw mat was on the floor and was tacked down like our carpets. Over the piano was a picture of Adam and Eve, and over to one side was another of some composer. There were dining room chairs to sit on and a shelf on which a coo-coo clocked rested.

After awhile we went into another room to eat. This was a bare room with a closet in one corner and a foot-high table with cushions around it in the center of the room. A small stove, called a cabachie, was next to the table that held unprepared food, consisting of beef, cabbage, etc. The food was placed in a pan on the cabachie, seasoned with sugar and some ingredient from a bottle, and then fried.

Somewhere along the line (we were talking about Graceland I think), Dick mentioned you and they wanted to see your picture. After looking at the pictures and asking questions, the sisters left and came back a few minutes later with four bowls of rice. They cracked one egg into each of the bowls and beat them as if they were going to scramble them. Then they placed the food from the frying pan into the bowls and announced that this was sukiyaki.

Then the blow fell—chopsticks. But with a little instruction I managed to get through supper. The sukiyaka was all right, but I'll take meat and potatoes anytime.

We then retired to the first room, and one of the girls sang a few songs. We also had some apples and tea. During the evening, I learned that the word for apple is ringo and mecan is the word for tangerine. Later we all sang some songs, and then around 7:30 PM, we headed for home.

All in all, it was a pleasant evening. These girls seemed to be very nice and both were very talented. Also, the evening was educational and now I have something to tell my grandchildren about.

This morning I went to church and then back here. It's been snowing hard all day, and judging from the windowsills, we have close to three inches. If this keeps up, we'll have a couple of feet by tomorrow.

Just remember that I love you and that you mean as much to me as every breath that I take. Possibly I could live without you, but life would be so bitter after tasting the sweetness of your love.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG,

All my love always,

Your Bob

P.S. The advanced party moved out last night by train. I love you—



*Dear Bob,*

*I am eating a best roast beef sandwich. I don't know what's the matter with me. I'm not hungry but I can't stop eating. At this rate, you will have to be writing me and telling me I had better be going on a diet.*

*Didn't do much today. Caught up on a lot of odds and ends I had to do. Then tonight I went bowling with your mother. We didn't so well. Your mother beat me all three games, so now she is going to try to teach me how to bowl better. I hope she can. All the times I have bowled you would think I could bowl better than 120, 113, and 107. Now I should be doing better than that.*

*Honey, I want you to know that I love you. I miss you, Darling. I could never say how much, but I think you know because you must feel the same way. It is something that must be done, I am sure I don't know why we can't have peace. Yes, I do know, if we can't even get along with our neighbors here at home, and a lot of people can't, I guess we shouldn't wonder why nations don't get along. It seems like a long time; in fact it seems like a lifetime since you held me close. But when you come home and hold me close again, all the waiting, all the worrying, all the tears, all the longing, all the heartaches will disappear, and I'll know it was more than worth waiting for. I won't say I'm not worried, I am. I love you, Darling. If I didn't, I wouldn't worry.*

*I know you'll be all right, that you'll come back to me, that I just have to wait. Don't worry. I'll wait, no matter how long, I'll wait for you. Bob you'll always have—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

# January 7, 1952

---

My Dearest Betty,

From the amount of accidents and troubles you have, I guess I'd better hurry up and get home so I can take care of you. Either that or quarantine you to your bed so you'll be in one piece when I get home.

For crying out loud, take it easy. It's fine for you to go to the snow and all the other things that red-blooded American children do, but lay off the torn muscles, mashed thumbs and aches and bruises. If for no other reason, do it for me. After all, who wants to marry a mass of beat up pulp?

You know at that Sukujaka party last Saturday I learned a lot of things, and one of them was that the man was the big wheel here in Japan. The lesson occurred when I waited for her to go through the door first. She waited for me until I went first and then she explained that "traditionally Japanese women have stayed in the background. They have always been considered inferior and in many cases little more than servants. They have two jobs, first, to serve the Master in the home and second, to bear children—preferably sons. When a family walks in the streets, or anywhere else, the husband who is the Master of the house goes first; then the oldest son, followed by others sons; then the wife and daughters, who carry the bundles." Yes sir, a guy could learn a lot from these people.

There wasn't much doing tonight. I went to a class this afternoon on Air-Ground Air Support. It only lasted four hours and was all review. That makes it three times that we've had this same class, so we know the material forward and backwards.

I figure it's not so much the training that they are interested in as it is in instilling confidence in us concerning the support. Several times costly mistakes have been made—like the time the jet fighter overshot his target and when the smoke cleared from the napalm bomb, there was no more Charlie Company of the 34<sup>th</sup> Regiment. Such incidents have caused the boys not to be too trusting. After all, there are 200 men in a Company, and it's getting pretty bad when one of our own bombs kills them off.

We had one exciting event happen today. The boys were having a snowball fight (we have about eight inches of snow now), and someone threw a curve that broke a window. Believe me, when the First Sergeant found out about it, we had excitement plus.

By the way, the broken window is at the foot of my bed, and so I figure I'll have cold feet tonight. I sure wish you were here to keep me warm. But since you're not, I scotched taped some paper over it. That should hold it until tomorrow when it can be repaired.

Well, my Darling, I hate to say goodnight, but I've got a few duties to attend to before I turn in.

Keep good care of yourself and remember that the two things I live for is you and your love.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*I worked tonight. It was real busy. Didn't do much today except to go to school. Then I bowled after school and went to work.*

*Darling, I have a confession to make. You asked how big the scrapbook is. Well, to be truthful I haven't started it yet. Now before you blow up, let me explain. You know that mix-up with your sister about the scrapbook? Well, Darling, I was plenty mad about it, the whole thing just wasn't right. I was so mad I decided not to make a scrapbook, I wrote and told you that, but you never mentioned it. Well, to make a long story short I gave most of the things you sent me at first to your sister to put in the scrapbook. Then a couple of months later I decided I'd keep one anyway, so I've kept the rest of it. It's all in a box and I expect to get it in a book the first of next semester. I wrote you a long letter about it explaining everything, but Vickie wouldn't let me mail it. I'm glad now I didn't because I wrote it when I was mad. You know you ought to thank Vickie. Whenever I get mad I say things I don't mean, so when I'm mad I usually call Vickie and read the letter to her. This cools me off and*

*she can usually talk me out of most of it. I have a couple here that are really dillies. Well, anyway that's the story of the scrapbook; it will be finished or at least up-to-date before you come home.*

*It would be wonderful if you could get home in time to graduate with my class.*

*I got the letter about your last couple of years. Sometime when I have more time I'll have to tell you about mine. They sure have been mixed up years.*

*I'd better go to sleep. That's one thing I don't seem to get much of lately, if ever. I love you just like always. I want you to be careful, not to get into any trouble or anything.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*



*January 8, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

You know once upon a time I figured I'd like to be a reporter. But since I've been overseas I've had so much trouble gathering little items of news to report that I'm now afraid that I'd be a flop.

I know enough about news to know that it's happening all the time, and the trick is merely to recognize it and then write about it. But I'll be switched if I can think of any cleaver way to phrase the fact that I've been reading a book all day. Of course, if worse comes to worse, I guess I can always submit a book report.

But I guess I can let you in on a secret now that I've changed my mind. I was going to buy your ring over here. In fact, I sent home for some money to supplement the money I had on hand to buy it, but Postelwait, who is a church member and meets with our church group, said he could get me a better price back in the States. His father owns a jewelry store, and Roland was a jeweler before he was activated with the 40<sup>th</sup>. At any rate, it was good that I mentioned it to him so that he could offer me some expert advice.

Another item while I think about it is your China replacements. So far there is no word from the PX, and if the pieces are not in by Sunday, I'm going to have to get my money back. I seriously doubt that we're going to be here much after that.

At any rate, if the pieces don't come in by then, I'm going to ask Sergeant Bell, my old ROTC Instructor, to order them for me. I'll call him tonight to see if I can order the pieces through the Camp Fuji PX. If I can, I'm sure that he will help. Any who, I'll let you know more about it tomorrow.

Well, Honey, I'm sorry this hasn't been more interesting, but I just seem to lead a dull life. In fact, since I sailed, you can't really call it a life. Who can live with their heart 4,500 miles away? KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Today the "Ladies" got out of school to go see "quo Vades." You have probably heard about it, maybe even seen it. We went to lunch first. The movie was just wonderful.

We got our Iowa test results back today. I swear I am getting dumber. It is just that my mind is filled with so many other things. One other thing I should say, I'll let you guess what that one thing is.

About the Major getting you a transfer. I don't know, but it's rumored he might be in the same boat you are in the near future.

You asked if I would "Merry you." Well, I might marry you, at least I would consider it if you would learn how to spell the word. (I was right! It has been, and is, a merry life with you.)

Miss McMillan gave me the new senior play (next semester) to read. I am the first one who gets to read it. I guess I didn't tell you I'm taking Drama II next semester, and if I'm lucky I'll get a part in the Senior play. I should say if I learn my lines for the one we are working on now. I should know them by tomorrow, of course I don't. We had a club meeting tonight. Well, I guess that just about takes care of today's masterpiece, except for—

I love you—tell you what, I'll be the Mother of your children even if you can't spell seeing as how I can't spell either. Our poor kids! Oh Well, we'll make up for it in other ways—

I love you.

All my love always,

X Betty XX

XXXXXXXX

*January 9, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, I just sealed the envelope that is going to carry my application for my Civics' test to APO 500. From there the test will be sent to either my Company Commander or to the I&E (Information and Education) Officer. Then I'll take the test, and if I pass I'll get my Diploma at last—so cross your fingers and hope that the right answers pop into my head at the right time. I wish you were here to give me a kiss for good luck because then I'd be a cinch to pass. But then maybe you could blow me one. From yesterday's letter you already own me 17, but you must be mad at me today, because there were none in today's letter.

This morning I attend an Escape and Evasion class. The escape part dealt with how to get away if you're captured and the evasion part had to do with avoiding being recaptured. A Lieutenant and Master Sergeant that had both escaped from Korean Prison Camps gave the class. They told of their experiences, and that made it interesting and entertaining as well as educational.

They told us where to head if we get loose and how to identify ourselves to friendly forces, how to signal aircraft, and about North Korean and Manchurian customs, so we wouldn't offend any of the natives if we had to deal with them. All in all, it was a good class and they really put it over.

I also took out an Allotment today. That way \$125.00 of my monthly pay will be sent directly to my folks so I won't have to be bothered with it. Things will get pretty rough over there, and there won't always be a post office handy.

You know I'm going to have to do an awful thing tomorrow. I have to send your pictures home, except for the favorite one that I carry in my wallet. Of course, there's also the other beautiful picture that is always with me in my head. I'm also carrying your rabbit's foot to insure my safety. By the way, how is Harvey? The last time I heard he had lost his wind. Tell me, do I need to send a replacement to watch you for me?

Well, my Darling, that dood it for now. Keep good care of yourself and remember that there's a fellow over here that's almost out of his mind because he loves you so much and because he has been away for so long

(among other things). KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*If this letter is short, blame Vickie. She sure did make a mess of my Wednesday night bowling records. I shouldn't let her have her Letter since she didn't do her job very well, but I think I have most everything under control. If Miss Shipley will let me use the adding machine and doesn't have anything important for me to do, I should be able to get it finished during First Period.*

*Nothing much happened today. I had 2 tests, one in bookkeeping and the other in U.S. Government. Were they ever hard! Bowled this afternoon, 127 and 139. I ended up with a 119 average on Wednesday, same as it was on Monday. That makes it 119 for 20 games, which isn't too bad, but it should be a lot better.*

*I am going to have my hair cut real short tomorrow. That is, if I don't change my mind. I'll send you some pictures, and if you like it better long, I'll let it grow again. By the time you get home it will probably be about the same length as it is now. I will enclose the "Mirror" tomorrow. I have to get another copy. I wrote the lines for the play all over this one.*

*Well, Darling, it is late and I have to get my beauty sleep. It does help to sleep sometimes, but one so seldom gets the chance. I should talk. I bet you get far less sleep than I do. At any rate, I love you. I want you to be real careful, don't take any chances; Remember I love your letters, but I can do without them. But I can't do without you—so get your sleep, write me a letter when you can and when it is safe—even if you don't get more than one off for a week or two. A letter won't keep me warm on a cold night, or bring me happiness the rest of my life—you will. I love you—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty X*

*I love you.*

# January 10, 1952

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, I tried, but I couldn't bring myself to send your pictures home. So I decided to keep them until the last minute and then put them in an envelope and send them on to you.

However, I did get all the rest of my stuff off, and believe me, I felt just like a two year old who has lost his Teddy Bear; but I just can't lug that stuff around. And really, you'd be surprised at all the stuff I've collected in the last nine months.

In today's letter you asked me about the picture and wanted to know if you had changed. Well, you do look a little older and even a little prettier, if that's possible. Then up close, the eyes look a little funny, but when it's tacked up on the wall you look like an Angel.

By the way, just because I'm sending all of your pictures home don't stop snapping them. I love you so very much, and your pictures along with our letters are my only contact with you, so "keep 'em snappen" and send them on even if I do send them right back.

While I think about it, I may be forced to write on the back of your letters and then send them back to you. So after you receive this, be sure and write on only one side of your stationary. Of course, I don't know what the score is over there yet, but I promise that I'll write you every single day if it's at all possible. And if I should fail to do so, remember that it couldn't be helped and that I love you very, very much.

As for the chocolate sundae, it looks as though I had my neck chopped off. You are, as much as I hate to admit it, right and I bow my head in shame. What's wrong with that sister of yours anyhow, doesn't she know that two is company and that three's a crowd?

You said that you assumed that I meant the last entry in your diary before I left. Well, I did and I didn't. At any rate, I'm noisy so tell me, what was the last entry. In fact, here's an idea for material that you can write me about. You can go back and, starting from the beginning, discuss each day's entry. It would be like living our whole "courtship" all over again, wouldn't it?

You're welcome for the nickel, and tell your dad to never mind about

the bill. I'll pull one of mine and send it to him instead.

As for this changing business, you're right to wonder about it. In fact, I've thought about it several times, and I'm afraid that while you're getting older and changing all the time, that I'm the one who will really change. But this is just part of the readjustment that I'll have to make when I come home. And if there should be any sharp differences in our make up, I figure we'll adjust ourselves gradually.

I believe that the whole thing can be boiled down to two things; First, love one another with all our hearts and second, be ourselves. If we do those two things we can't lose. After all, I'm not the only GI in the Army, and a lot of other couples will need to overcome the same obstacles as we will be. But don't worry; we'll work it out. And as for me building you up in my mind and being let down when we get together again, it could never happen. My mind just can't imagine such perfection.

As for you building me up, don't! I'm just an average guy, who succeeds and fails, who loves and hates, and who with most things is just like everyone else.

My best quality is that I have such a wonderful girl in love with me, and you watch, she's going to play a big role in my life.

I'm sending home a couple of articles that I want you to keep for me. Maybe you can put them in the book. By the way, Sergeant Bell said OK about the China, so if the pieces aren't in by Sunday, I'll toss the ball to him.

I've also been assigned to the Advanced Party for the ship. That means I'll leave about twenty-four hours before the rest of the troops to help get the ship ready.

I don't know why, but I'm nuts about you. You haven't changed your mind about changing your name to Anderson with R.L. for initials, have you? I love you.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*I don't think I told you I got the Graceland College bulletin several days ago, but until last night didn't I get a chance to read it. It doesn't offer just what I want, but it does offer enough things that I would be interested in to keep me busy for a year or so. It sounds like a real nice college.*

*I had my hair cut real short today. It's about an inch long—I like it real well.*

*I got all the bowling scores figured out. Thank goodness that's all over with. It sure was lots of work but lot of fun, so I guess it was worth it.*

*Darling, I love you—I miss you and want you. I've said that before and I'm sure that I'll say it many more times to you before you come home—but I never get tired hearing it from you, so I guess you don't get tired of reading it from me either. Honey, I am afraid I just ran out of words. I can't tell you how much I love you. There just aren't words.*

*Be careful and remember no matter what—I love you. You'll always have—*

*All my love,*

*Betty*

*I love you*



# January 11, 1952

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, the old man called us in today and gave us a little bit of the scoop, and I didn't especially like what he had to say. First of all, he warned us about being trigger happy and gave us the old pep talk that if everyone does his job we'll do alright for ourselves. Then he told us that we would be in the central part of the country and that OUR COMPANY will be the farthest into North Korea than any other U.N. force, except for prisoners of war.

In the Army we have what we call an MLR (Main Line of Resistance), which is the line that we intend to hold. And in the front of that we have an OPMLR (Out Post Main Line of Resistance), which is about 500 to 1,000 yards in front of the main line. The OPMLR is usually of Company size, and FOX Company is it. Since the line pushes north where we're taking over, we'll be the farthest unit to the north. Honestly, we're not even on the ship yet, and already I'm feeling like I'm all by myself. But there's one good thing about it. The Company on the OPMLR doesn't run patrols, and patrols are where we've been taking casualties. We'll be out there for fifteen days, and then another outfit will replace us.

We're also going to fill up with veterans since they are going to leave some men from the 24<sup>th</sup> Division behind and mix them in with us. Having these experienced men with us should help to bolster our confidence. After all, if you have someone to set an example, it's easier to follow. There's also a good chance that our Platoon will be getting an experienced Platoon Leader, which will mean a lot.

Here's an item that Chet might like to know about. In each squad we'll have a Machine Gun and two AR's (Automatic Rifles). That's a lot of firepower. But companies are covering fronts of 2,000 yards, which is stretching it just a wee bit. It all boils down to one fact. It ain't going to be any picnic.

One of the boys is heading home tomorrow, and he's got yours and my Mother's telephone number. He's a Mexican lad who was a vet from World War II and is really a pretty nice guy. I don't know if any of the others have called you, but Boriquez is a North Hollywood boy, and my guess



it that he will follow through and call you. The rest of the boys may not have even stopped in California.

I guess that that is enough for tonight, so I'll "Thirty" it for now. Keep good care of yourself, and take how much you love me, multiply it by five, and you've got my love for you. There are just two things in my life—you—and getting back to you.

All my love always,  
Your Bob  
XXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Well, tonight I worked, like I hope I'll be doing for a while, though I doubt it. The sale is over tomorrow. I only have to work from 11:00—3:00 tomorrow, which makes it nice because of the prom. Then I'll have to have my hair done. Mother refuses to put it up because it is so short. I put it up tonight. I can just see it tomorrow. You can hardly get it around your finger once.*

*I hope you had a nice time over at the Japanese house and that you didn't catch anything; which I doubt you did.*

*I keep forgetting to get another "Mirror" for you, so I am enclosing the one that has a couple of my lines written on it that is for the play I'm in.*

*You are probably wondering where I got the enclosed History paper. Well, I am wondering, Honey, why is it just a B, why isn't it an A? So you won't wonder, Jeanette, Linda and I cleaned out Mrs. Smyth's closets during Fifth period today and it was among a lot of papers.*

*I love you, Honey. In fact I love you very, very much and more. I miss you; no one could ever know how very much I miss you. Take care of yourself Darling; be careful so you will come home to me safe—*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

# January 12, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

I guess that congratulations are in order for you being elected Treasurer of the Dance Committee. You know I always wanted to be a Treasurer, but I never got elected because no one ever trusted me. Can't say I blamed them.

But of all people to elect, I wouldn't elect you. Not after you stole my heart the way you did.

And as for your eating too much and getting fat, that suits me fine. First of all, I'll just have that much more of you to love, and secondly, if you were not so beautiful I wouldn't have near the competition.

Speaking of short hair reminds me that I may soon get mine cut. Never have I had a butch, but I'm afraid the sacrifice has to be made for sanitary reasons. When the time comes I'll let you know and try to send you a picture. Who knows? Maybe I'll chicken out, but my only hope is that you look better with your short hair than I will with mine.

You're right about the Prom. I'd give every stripe that I have if I could just have one dance with you. It would be worth every penny just to hold you close and hear your voice. But I'm afraid I can't make it, so tell Cliff for me that he's a mighty lucky man to be escorting the likes of you.

By the way, get out your gold stars. In fact, get out three of them because I was a good boy today and had three records made for you. However, I flubbed up on them pretty badly, so don't expect too much. I've been swamped studying USAFI, and I didn't get a chance to properly prepare what I wanted to say. So it's all adlibbed and I'm afraid it sounds like it.

In replaying them, I noticed two mistakes. One was that I said it was Sunday when it was Saturday, and the other mentioned a problem about Graceland. To clarify, I was speaking about financial problems, but I also mentioned that our pay raise and the GI Bill would help with this concern. So, like I said, don't worry about it; everything will work out OK.

I won't be able to get the records off to you until Monday, but they'll be on the way as soon as I can get them in the mail.

Brother Crum is coming up tomorrow morning, and your old dad has to

get up at 5:30 AM to meet his train. We always get up at 5:45 AM except for Sunday, and since tomorrow is Sunday—poof goes those extra hours of sleep. But under the circumstances, I really don't mind.

We tried our darrest to get some grape juice for the Communion Service but we were just out of luck, so we're going to use orange juice. Dick Hackert called Brother Crum this evening and that's what he suggested we do.

There seems to be a little question on whether I'll be ordained. You probably know all about the telegram that Brother Clark sent, but Brother Crum doesn't know him from Adam, so he said that he'd let me know tomorrow. I think he wants to pray about it, and I'm certainly doing the same thing, so I feel that God will let us know what's right. But if the Ordination doesn't happen, I'm not going to let it worry me. After all, His ways are not our ways, and this may not be the way he wants it to take place. So I'll just wait and let the ball bounce in whichever direction it's guided. At any rate, I'll let you know tomorrow.

After I made your record, Dick and I went down to the Stateside, and I ordered a Tenderloin Steak. It set me back \$2.00 but it was sure good and will be the last one I'll have for many a day.

Well, I guess that just about puts this letter to bed, and speaking of bed reminds me that 5:30 comes awful early in the morning, and that's where I need to be right now—in bed.

Keep good care of yourself and never lose sight of the fact that I'm your fella and that I love you with all my heart.

All my love always,  
Your Bob  
XXXXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Tonight was the prom; it is now 3:30 AM and I just got home. We (Cliff and I) doubled with Vickie and Gene. We had a real swell time. The weather, Oh that it should happen in California, was just terrible! It rained all day, water everywhere. We went to the Trails afterwards. Is that ever a nice place, and the food is just wonderful. We'll have to go there when you get home. They have dancing; it's a*

*small place. Monkeys in a cage, fish, birds, all sorts of things. It was lots of fun, but the next prom is what I am looking forward to. You'll be home (I hope).*

*I am glad you had such a nice time at the sukiyaki party. It was interesting reading about it. I think it would be fun to travel and see all those things, with you with me, of course. I believe I am getting a little sleepy, I can't imagine why—anyhow I love you—In fact it kind of looks like I'll always love you—self-defense you know—*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*January 13, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, everything went off according to plan, and I'm now a Deacon. Honey, I wish you and Mom could have been there because it really was a wonderful meeting. There was just a Holy Spirit there that is hard to express in words, but the entire service certainly did pep us all up spiritually. It was the first time in a long while that any of us had Communion, and Brother Crum really knew his stuff and delivered a wonderful sermon. So it seems that today was well spent.

It doesn't necessarily mean anything, but it's interesting to note that such a man, with such authority, ordained me. In our church we believe that an Angel came down from Heaven and ordained Joseph Smith, and in doing so restored the Gospel to the earth. In turn, Joseph Smith ordained his son, and that son ordained W.W. Green and John W. Rushton and it was these two that ordained Brother Crum. So you see I couldn't have picked anyone with more authority if I had tried.

I'm sure that you realize the seriousness of this step that I've just taken, and that perhaps this Ordination means more to me now than it would at another time. I'm just feeling that I'll be strengthened by it and therefore will be able to face what's ahead of me with more conviction.

There's no two ways about it. I'm proud of being Ordained, and I hope that despite the difference in our religions that you're proud of me too, because I want you to be. I've always tried to live a good clean life, and one of the reasons for this is that I want my wife to feel pride for me as her husband. I've always wanted this, and I've found a girl that I'm very proud of and who I love very, very much, and always will.

We have a good life and a wonderful future ahead of us, and in a way it makes things a lot easier over here because I have a goal to work and look forward to. Right now, home and you are my major goals, and after we're married, one of my goals will always be to make you happy and proud of me.

I love you so very, very much.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*I am over at your house watching television. Your mother and I went—I guess some people call it bowling. I sure don't. Then we came over here and your mother fixed me something to eat. Then, since my hair is so short, I couldn't get the ends in so you Mother put my hair up. She got all the ends in. I know your mother isn't noted for her hair setting, but I bet it looks good tomorrow.*

*I was going to sleep late but Doris woke me up this morning at 10:00.*

*I am now at home. I was going to write you a big long letter but I didn't expect to get home at 12:30. It was late last night; tomorrow Lettergirls go into Hollywood to the show and to eat, etc., so I'll be getting in late tomorrow as well. I hate to write such a short letter but I'll write an extra long one to make up for it. I always have, haven't I? I love you. Always remember that. In fact, I'll always love you.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*January 14, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, compared to yesterday's activities, things were pretty calm around here today.

Today I wrote a lot of Christmas thank you notes on the cards that you sent me, and I also turned in my duffle bag, which means that most of my gear is now on its way in some boxcar. I figure I'll be lucky if I ever see it again.

I'm not sure, but I'm willing to give you two to one that the Advanced Party will leave tomorrow. Things have been rush, rush all day long, and when they start pushing that means that time is getting short and you had better be ready to go.

Me? I'm all set and ready to go. At least, I'm as ready now as I'll ever be.

Your records are on the way along with a cap that I neglected to send home in my other boxes. Put it away somewhere. Maybe some Fourth of July, I'll march in a parade. You'll also find some needles in the envelope. I don't know if they're special or not, but I'll let you figure that out.

Another envelope will be on its way tomorrow, but there will be more than letters in it this time. You might call this my odds and ends envelope that includes your pictures, Harvey, money order stubs, and everything else I hadn't sent before. Check with Mom to see if she received the money orders and, if she has, you can toss the stubs away.

Tomorrow we're scheduled for a moving out run through. This means that we'll move out of our buildings so that they can check if the buildings are clear. Then we'll move back in until the real move takes place.

I'm also going to take that Civics test tomorrow morning, so I'd best knock this off and do some studying. Keep your fingers crossed for a good outcome.

By the way, I love you just a wee bit. How about you?

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*I want to ask you to let me do something. Now Darling, if you won't let me, it is perfectly understandable. I'll start by telling you what happened the first of January. You remember that I wrote and told you that Johnny and I decided not to see each other again. Well, the first of January he called me and I went out with him that night. We decided that we could just be friends, so he wanted me to write to him. I told him he would have to write me first because I didn't have his new address. I really didn't expect him to, but now I am beginning to think I should expect the unexpected from him from now on. Well, I got the enclosed letter Saturday. Honey, you write to several girls, I am just asking to write to one boy. I know how you must feel about Johnny, and I would not blame you if you said no. At any rate, write and let me know what you think on the subject.*

*Today was the GAA spread. It was real good. Then the old Letter Girls took the new Letter Girls into Hollywood to a show, and then we ate afterwards. Vickie is my slave this year. We went and saw "Panadora and the Flying Dutch Man" that was really good, just terrific.*

*Darling, I love you so much. You'll never know how much I think about you. Hardly a thought goes through my mind that isn't of you or related to you. There'll never be anyone for me but you. I want you, Bob; I love you and miss you. Same old lines, but is there any other way of saying it?*

*Darling I love you—*

*All my love always,  
Betty*



*[Note enclosed from Johnny]*

*January 11, 1952*

*Hi Betty,*

*How is everything at good old Van Nuys High? What have you been doing for excitement lately?*

*We had a swell trip back, stopped at Palm Springs and took in everything. Palm Springs is really wonderful! I had forgotten it was so nice. Next we went through Indio to Phoenix, Arizona, Las Crusos, New Mexico, and El Paso, and we went across the border to Juarez, Mexico. Naturally to buy trinkets, and see the Old World architecture. Oh! What a cultured civilization.*

*Well, anyway we finally arrived in San Angelo at 6:30 Saturday morning. We really had a fine time coming back.*

*Last night we flew to San Marcus, Texas, in a C-45, twin-engine plane. We were in the air an hour and ten minutes. It is 250 miles from here, near San Antonio. The night was clear as a bell, and there was a big white moon out that lit up everything, it was really a beautiful sight.*

*We are having the time of our lives down here.*

*Love,  
Johnny*

# January 15, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

When I was playing football I was always going to get a flattop, but I always chickened out because I thought I'd look pretty sick in one. Well, today I found out that I was right. I got one, and believe me, I look awful. But I felt it was necessary, and in a war, everyone has to make some sacrifices—but I do maintain that this sacrifice was “above and beyond the call to duty.”

I also took that Civics' exam that I've been dreading this morning, and it was a lulu. But I'm pretty sure that I passed, and I should know for sure in a week or so. Just keep your fingers crossed.

Last night was spent cramming for the test, and at times I felt like I was back in school again: storing up last minute information that could mean the difference between passing or failing. It was a little worrisome to take the test because I didn't know what to expect. However, it wasn't nearly as bad as I had figured it would be. Such is life, I guess.

I got your letter about the scrapbook today, and I sure hope that there are no hard feelings between you and my Sis. I never dreamed that there was any kind of trouble, and I really do believe it was due to a misunderstanding, because I know she likes you. In fact, she has written a few letters to me that pinned my ears back for some things that I've written to you, such as my “religion” letter.

If there's one person in the family who isn't afraid of hurting my morale it's Sis, because she tells me straight from the shoulder—no punches barred—what's what at home. And she's 100% in back of us. In fact, she's the type of person that if she didn't care for you, she'd not only tell you, but me as well.

In fact, she's mentioned several times that you're already a part of the family, and Honey, I really believe that she means every word of it.

As for the letters that you have written when you were mad, I sure hope that they were not written because of anything I've done. There's not much that I can do over here to make you happy, and I'd hate to think that I'm doing things to hurt you and cause you to get mad.

But if I do, or if you want to blow off steam about something, sound

off. Don't try to hide it because it may be a misunderstanding that can be straightened out. Besides, if you hold it inside, it's just apt to build up into something big.

So forget that I'm overseas and don't hold things back for the sake of my morale. There are only two things that I ask of you, and that's to love me and be honest with me, Just like I am with you.

But enough said. Just remember to be honest with me, and if necessary, to give me a good kick.

I just read this letter over and it seems that I left out one little item. In about 2½ hours I'll be boarding the train and leaving for our ship. We're leaving from a southern port, and my ship will be the Bexar (pronounced Bear). So by the time you get this letter, I'll either be in or near the "frozen land."

Well, my Darling, I'll sign off for now with another reminder that I love you with all my heart and always will.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXX

PS Enclosed for collection: big piece, 5 yen; smaller one, 50 sen. I love you.



*Dear Bob,*

*I am in bookkeeping with nothing to do, so I decided to write you a letter (my favorite pastime). About my leaving one side of the paper blank so in case you can't get paper you'll have something to write on. I have a better idea—why don't I just enclose a couple of sheets of paper every day.*

*After reading your letter about some of the Japanese customs concerning women, I think it's a good thing you didn't have too much to do with them. No wonder Japan is a backward nation.*

*Dear Bob,*

*I want you to know you have a wonderful girl who loves you very much. You're a very lucky guy!*

Sincerely,  
Lucille Tobias

P.S. I was not bribed to write this. I just wanted to let you know.

Lucy sits next to me in here. She just can't resist reading my letters to you when I write them here. Lucy said she has to know how to write letters to her boyfriend when he goes away. Right now he is in San Diego in the Navy.

I am now at home. It has been raining all day. I got a letter where you suggested I go back over all the entries in my diary beginning with the first. Well, Honey, I don't think I want to do that. Sometime when you come home maybe I'll let you read it.

I got the letter today where you told me where you are. I've said it before and I am saying it again: don't write me unless you have had enough sleep and there is nothing for you to do. "It was tough writing those letters in the dark while I was out on patrol" —I don't want you taking any chances. I love you, Darling. I know you will come home to me, but I don't want you to take any chances. I must say they picked a fine place to put you, but then I guess one place in Korea is as good as the next. WRONG! Let's just hope you have a quiet 15 days. I love you, Bob.

You asked if I have changed my mind about changing my name to Mrs. R L Anderson. Well, let me tell you—just try to get rid of me. Don't ask such silly questions, Darling. No one but me is going to be Mrs. Robert L. Anderson ever, and don't you forget that.

I LOVE YOU

All my love always,

Betty

XXXXXXXXXX

P.S. I got the letters you sent back in case you wondered.

I LOVE YOU

*January 16, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

There's not much that a guy can write about a move because all it consists of is standing in line, grabbing a seat and riding until the train, or whatever is carrying you, stops. And this one is no different. We got on a truck at 4:45 last night and rode to the Depot. There we unloaded and stood around until the train rolled in around 6:30. We were assigned to car number 7, and after we had limbered aboard we found it to be typical Japanese, wooden seats and all.

Well, the only thing that remained to be done was to read, and so I borrowed a book and proceeded to read a war story. It was "To Hell and Back" by Audity Murphy and I did rather enjoy it. Even though, ever so often, the thought that I would soon be living the real thing sent chills up and down my back. You know that stuff is alright when you're reading it in a book or viewing it on the screen, but when your feet are the one's that are frozen and when it's your buddies that don't come back, the whole plot changes. And even though I'm not there yet, I'm worried—plenty worried! But I've got a jump on the rest of these guys because I know that I'm coming back, and what really worries me is the cold and dirty grime that we'll be forced to live with.

But that's getting off the subject of the move, so we'll drop it there. Much to my surprise I got a good night's sleep. I guess this Infantry has taught me to sleep under any conditions. At any rate, I slept well, and come the dawn I awoke, washed up and went back to Audity Murphy. Then there was breakfast (scrambled eggs, milk, an orange and bread and jelly) and then more reading.

At 10:30 AM we got here and stood in line, boarded the ship, found us a bunk, and I did a little shaving. Afterwards there was more reading and I finished the book just in time for chow. Following chow we had a meeting and were assigned our duties. All I do is punch chow tickets and keep the chow line straight. It's a cinch, and I got off easy.

We'll be in port for another two days, and so you can expect two more letters after this one. Then there will be a lapse, but you'll know that I'm writing them and that they'll be coming to you in about a week.

Of course, the only thing I think of is you. Guess maybe that's because I went off the deep end for you. At any rate, keep good care of yourself and remember that I love you with all my heart and always will— forever and ever.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*It rained most of the day today. We put on our play in drama. It went off pretty well. That's about all that has happened today.*

*You asked how "Harvey" is. Well, I am afraid he is not very good. He had to be put away because he didn't hold much air. But I still have my pink bunny; he sleeps with me every night and stays on my bed all day long. Mary played with Harvey too much and he sort of got a few leaks in him. I tried to patch him up but he sort of went flat.*

*I know that you will pass your Civics test. I am not a bit concerned that you may not because there is no doubt in my mind that you will pass. In plain old English, you won't have any trouble with your test. We have our Citywide test Monday.*

*I have to get up early tomorrow at 7:00 o'clock because I have to be at school at 8:00 to vote on new Ladies.*

*Darling, when I don't put any kisses at the end of my letter it isn't that I am mad at you, it is just that I forget. To me XXX on paper doesn't mean too much. Now when you come home, don't worry. I won't forget. When I deliver my kisses, I like to do it in person, and believe me I have saved just millions of them for you in the past months. I love you so much. Please, Darling, be careful, don't take any chances. For some odd reason I want you back. It couldn't be that I couldn't live without you. I should say my life wouldn't be happy without you. But then why think of something that will never happen.*

XX  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX I LOVE YOU XXXXXXXXXXXXX  
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*All my love always* XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
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*Betty* XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
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*January 17, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Don't let this get out but I'm afraid ships do something to me. And I don't mean that they make me seasick.

It seems that every time I get aboard, I really start getting home sick, which is just another word for missing you something terrible. Of course, I miss you all the time and want you near every minute of the day, but on land I've got duties and activities to keep me busy, so I don't think about it as much. But on a ship I have tons of time to myself, and it really hits me hard.

I guess that I'm just not the traveling kind. I want you to promise me that when I get home you'll tie me securely to your apron strings and never let me roam.

Kind of reminds me of the old story about the guy who goes into a restaurant and orders burnt toast, stale coffee and raw eggs with the explanation that he's homesick. Well, unfortunately the chow on board is pretty good, so that's no help.

They changed jobs on me this morning and I'm now loading troops. Everything went off pretty smoothly this morning, and we only have two more trainloads to go. One comes in at midnight and the last one will pop in at three in the morning, which means that I've got a full schedule ahead of me tonight.

When we pull out from here is another question. It may be tomorrow, and then it may not be for a week. But tomorrow is a good guess. So if you don't get some mail from me for a while, you'll know why.

Well, Sugar, I've got to get some sack time in because of tonight's duty. Keep real good care of yourself and remember that I love you with all of my heart.

All my love always,

Your Bob  
XXXXXX





Dear Bob,

*Yes sir, this is good old sunny California, only trouble is it is still raining. You ought to see this place. Tyrone is worse than a river and the rest of the town looks like a lake. Mary and I went across the street to McWhirter's to see a television show. Mable McFarlin, Mike Dill, Sandy Nutt and Bill Socweroff were on Teen Trails. anyway, we stayed and watched a few programs. When we started to come home, there was a big truck stuck at our corner. We went down to Victory where they were pulling a car out. The water was up to the car windows, and there was a line of cars a block long that couldn't start. Well, we came back down to Gilmore. The water was running from curb to curb so we had to take our boots off and wade across because the boots weren't tall enough. Still it keeps on raining.*

*May I say I can't believe it? You didn't really get a record made for me, not really at last. You do deserve several gold stars, but I don't happen to have any so I'll just save you a kiss for every word you spoke on the records. Don't forget now, we'll have to count them.*

*I'll owe you so many kisses by the time you come home we'll never be able to catch up. Isn't that terrible!*

*As always, I want you to be careful. I don't want you doing anything I wouldn't want you to do. Of course, I don't want you over there. You don't belong there, you belong right here with me, now and always. Someday soon it will be that way. Until then I send—*

*All my love always,*

XXXXXX Betty XX  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXX

*January 18, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Starting today it looks as though I'm going to be saving us a lot of money. Because as you've undoubtedly already noticed, I can now send my mail home free for nothing. Now as I figure it, that saves me \$1.26 a week, or \$5.04 a month, just for you three guys alone, and that's not counting the six-cent stamps I use for various other people. But just to show you my heart's in the right place, I'm enclosing all of the remaining stamps that I have on hand. I won't have any use for them, and since you're doing such a peachy-keen job of writing, I'm going to bestow the honor of receiving my stamps upon you. Congratulations!

You might also save the envelope because it's the first "Free" envelope I've ever sent. Some day, when we thrum through our scrapbook, things like this will bring back a lot of memories. You wait and see. By the way, did I ever tell you that I love you?

There's a little news today. First of all, I was up all night getting the troops tucked in for the night, and secondly, I got my first shot of penicillin today. As for the first item, we have 1,327 troops aboard. Now that in itself isn't news, but when you stop to consider that we only have 1,330 bunks on this tug, you begin to appreciate the situation. At any rate, we were up all last night getting them squared away, and believe me, it was one big job. Then this morning I went to sick call because of a boil on my right forearm. That's the first one I can remember having and, believe me; the Navy guy really took care of it. First he lanced it and they had me soak it in hot water for an hour. Then they wrapped it with enough bandages for a broken arm and, last but not least, they gave me a shot of penicillin. I won't say where I got it, but it's a good thing that we eat standing up in the Navy mess hall. I've also got to go back at 7:00 this evening to soak it again. I guess they don't want to take any chances on infection because of where we're going.

Well, that's just about it, except that we pulled away from the dock at 6:00 this morning and we are now sitting off of Yokohama, which is fine with me. The way I figure it, the longer we're here the less time I'll have to spend in Korea.

Well, Sugar, keep real good care of yourself and remember that I love you with all my heart, and that I want and need you more than anything else in this world.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Am I ever tired? I'll start at the beginning of the day. When I got up (8 o'clock) I was informed that there was no school because of the water, and upon looking out of the window I could see why.*

*Well, I got dressed and decided to go out and see all the water. When I went across the bridge at Tyrone, cars were stuck all the way down to Sylvan, and it was almost as bad at Tyrone. I looked down the street, and there was Joan and another friend, so I went down there and we all waded across Sylvan. Van Nuys Boulevard was a river; the water was running into all the stores, and when we went downstairs in Penny's, the floor was covered with six inches of water.*

*We waded up the sidewalk and happened to look in the door of a Western store, and there was an old lady—all by herself, merchandise all wet, and two inches of mud covering the floor. Joan's friend happened to know her, and we couldn't leave an old lady there with all that mess, so we got all of the wet stock off the floor, wiped it off, and cleaned all the mud off the floor as well as doing some other things.*

*When we went outside we found Mil Roy, a guy from school, there with his car, and he took us to school so I could get some books. Then we drove up to the Los Angeles River and all around to see the water.*

*Finally I came home about 1:00, and Newberry's called and wanted me to come down to help them. So I went down and what a mess! Downstairs, where all the stock is kept, there was a foot-and-a-half of water; mud all over the floor and hundreds of dollars of merchandise ruined. Then came the work—and I mean work—we must have mopped that floor three times and cleaned all the*

counters twice with water and then once with oil. You should see my hands. They are all red—and to think I won't even wash dishes because of my hands. Never did I ever think I would do the work of a scrubwomen! All I can say is OK in an emergency, but for any other time—forget it.

I'm also going down to help them tomorrow. It really isn't worth it, and if I get tired, I'm coming home. You ought to have seen all the stores. There wasn't one that wasn't flooded, and all the furniture in the furniture stores is ruined.

Worse than the ruined merchandise, just down on Hamlin, a body was washed up on the lawn and two women were drowned in a car when they got stuck in Tyrone.

As for me, I can hardly move. I'm so stiff and sore. You know, Darling, maybe I had better stay in bed until you get home to take care of me, because at this rate I won't be here!

Just kidding of course, I'll be here if it takes ten years to bring you back to me. I love you so much, Darling. It's beginning to look as though I'll always love you; in fact I know I will. All you have to do now is be careful, don't take any unnecessary chances and come back to me. I LOVE YOU.

All my love always,

Betty

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*January 19, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

I really don't see how these sailors could possibly write home every day, but I guess that (if it's possible that they love their gal as much as I do) it can be done. Because when you're writing to that "certain person," it isn't a chore, but a pleasure that one looks forward to. To me these letters sort of take the place of our dates, and since they are my primary connection with you, I hold them in high regard. But regardless of a sailor's feelings, what he could write about is beyond me. I guess he thinks of something.

For me it was just another day. This morning I went to sick call and soaked my boil, and then I supervised the PX line until lunch. The afternoon was just as dull.

I did find out one thing today, and that is that the 160<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment from our Division is already in Korea. In fact, this is the same tub that they went over on. According to Remono, who got his information from Warrant Officer Tribie, who in turn got his information from the Captain, they've already had a few casualties. Which means that they're moving us right up to the front.

But I like the way they are doing this. This way the 160<sup>th</sup> will have received their "baptism of fire" and will be a little seasoned by the time we get there. This way we won't have such a large portion of the line "green" at the same time, which in turn will allow for heavier support of our "green troops" coming on line should they need it.

We've also got quite an escort with us. Today we saw planes overhead from the Aircraft Carrier that's giving us air support, and there are three Mine Sweepers up ahead that keep weaving in and out. Then we have some Destroyers and a Cruiser or two that are keeping watch over us. I guess they don't want the Fighting Fortieth to be dunked before they get started.

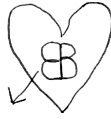
Well, my Darling, I guess I had best get up to sickbay to soak my boil some more. Be sure and keep good care of yourself and remember that I love you more than strawberry ice cream, and to prove it I'm going on a diet because you said I was getting fat. No more strawberry—just

chocolate.

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Today I worked all day. The store is beginning to look better; we got all the mud out of the basement. There is over \$3,000 worth of merchandise ruined in Newberry's alone. There is hardly anything left that is in good condition. I'm also going to work tomorrow, why I don't know, but I am. Every day it gets a little less hard. It was still hard work today, but yesterday it was murder. Tomorrow I figure we'll spend most of the time counting stuff.*

*Darling, it is real late and I have to get up early tomorrow—I know it isn't much of an excuse, or much of a letter for that matter, but you know I love you no matter how long or how short my letter may be.*

*I love you more than anything. I want you to know that if it weren't for you, life wouldn't be worth much. But because of you, my future is bright and I have something to live for. I only hope I can succeed where others have failed. With you at my side, together with understanding, I know we can, then with God's help we can't fail.*

I Love You

All my love always,

Betty

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*January 20, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

I don't remember if I told you about the large envelope that I am sending home, but in case I didn't, here's the scoop. I mailed it at Schimmelfenning, and when the rest of the troops came aboard our mail clerk had it with him. Seems there wasn't enough postage on it. But in a way, I'm glad, because your pictures were in the envelope and this way I can look at you for the rest of the trip - which brings an idea to mind. Why don't you try to get me a colored photograph that I can carry in my wallet? I sure would like one.

But back to the subject of the envelope; it will be mailed tomorrow, seeing as how it's our last day aboard.

There is all sorts of stuff in there, including a copy of the Stars and Stripes and a couple of pamphlets. In other words, stuff that I want to keep but can't carry around. I put the Stars and Stripes in there because I thought you might like to see what kind of news we get over here.

Speaking of newspapers, I just got the Ships Daily, and I don't like the story I read about your flood. But I know that all of you will be watched over, and so I'm not going to worry. At least, I'm going to try not to worry. But I'll feel a whole lot better when I get to Inchon and receive some mail from you guys. I'll slip the ship's paper in to the envelope in case you're interested. You might also save it for our scrapbook.

Honey, there is another thing that I'm going to put on your shoulders, and that is helping me out with this graduation business. I'd like to be a part of it and get in on all the trimmings, so I'd appreciate your carrying the ball for me. See if you can get my picture in the Annual and let me know what the class dues are so I can send the money on to you. I'd even like a sweater, and while this may be a little foolish, perhaps it will make up some for missing out on last year.

But you'd better hold off on all this until I give you the word because I might have flunked that Civics course, and wouldn't that be embarrassing. So when I give you the word, you can see the necessary people and get me all squared away.

The reason I'm springing this early is because there's bound to be



different sorts of information that you'll need to get in order to get this done, and this will give us plenty of time to exchange questions and answers. I know all this is foolish, but I'm still just a kid at heart, and I've always been the sentimental type.

As for me, there's not much news. We passed some islands this morning, and right now we're chopping around in the ocean; if the Chinese are just half as rough as this ocean—we're in for trouble. Half the troops aboard are hanging over the rail. In short, it's a rough crossing. At any rate, around 10:30 AM we'll be in Korean waters. That means that I won't have to pay Income Tax for the month of January. Goodie for me.

Well, Sugar, that seems to be all that my wittle brain can think of—except I'm always thinking of you—so I might as well close by letting you in on a military secret. Now I want you to promise not to tell anyone, even my Mother, because if this got out I could get in a peck of trouble.

The secret is:

I LOVE YOU!

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Honey, I love you. That's not new but it never gets old.*

*I just got home from going bowling with your mother, Claudia and Leona. At last I beat your mother again, however because of the rain she wasn't feeling so well.*

*I worked all day today, but it wasn't hard work. Everything is all ruined, all wet and muddy.*

*After I got all my books from school I haven't even opened them. We have a citywide U.S. Government test tomorrow. If I don't get an A on that, no A in the class, and I haven't even looked at my book. Not that it makes any difference.*

*You know I kind of miss you, Darling. In fact I miss you all the time. Believe it or not, hardly a thought passes through my mind that isn't in some way connected with you. Believe it or not I do think*



*quite often!*

*Just like always, I want you to be careful, not take any chances. I  
love you—*

*I Love You*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXXXXXX many more*

# January 21, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

According to the paper today, you guys really must have had your fill of water. Says the "Daily Growl": "The San Fernando Valley was hardest hit in the Los Angeles district." That, of course, is bad news, and while I know you are all right, I can't help but wonder if I have a home left. In fact, I'm wondering if any of us has a home left, but I just can't see the damage being as bad as they say. At any rate, I sure hope that any damage that was done was slight and, of course, I'd be perfectly happy if there was no damage at all.

It was mostly the same old routine on board today. I went up to sick call and soaked the boil for another thirty minutes, and the Doc said that I was cured. Then I came back and read a little and followed that up with lunch.

I did do something special after lunch. I washed out my dirty clothes. Figured that it was my last chance since we'll be embarking the ship early tomorrow morning. Right now the wet clothes are draped all around me, drying.

I also took a good shower and gave my head a scrubbing. Something tells me that these will have to last me for a while. You know nothing gets as dirty as a foot solider.

The word is out about tomorrow, and it really isn't much. We'll get into Inchon sometime tonight, and the chances are we'll all be ashore by noon tomorrow. A lot depends on whether or not they're in a hurry.

They told us to wear our winter clothing since there is no heat on the train, which tells us that we're going to ride a train to somewhere. Guess I'll find out where to tomorrow.

Well, my Darling, I guess I'll sign off for now. Remember, "Greater love hath no man—than I have for you." KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob

- I love you -



Dear Bob,

Tonight I went over to Jane Heacock's for dinner. The President of GAA always gives a dinner for the GAA board, and tonight was the night. It was real good and of course lots of fun.

Honey, I have something real good to tell you. I was elected President of the Ladies today. I didn't run for anything else because I wanted to be Ladies President. Now you can't say I never told you. Carol Maginnes is V.P.

Now my dear, sweet Darling, dope let me tell you something. I am crazy about your Sister; in fact, I even think about her as my Sister and there isn't nor has there ever been any trouble between us. Your Sister didn't even know I was making a scrapbook. It wasn't her at all. But then let's not get started on that again. All is forgotten.

I am making our scrapbook as soon as I get a minute, which will be soon, so you just keep on sending all the stuff and don't worry. It will get put in a book.

Now, Honey, about me writing when I'm mad or not telling you when I get mad or want to let off steam. First, when I get mad I say a lot of things I don't mean. I am noted for not mincing words, I can think of more things that would cut and hurt deep. I am not proud of this, and then after I have cooled down I am sorry I hurt whoever it was. So you can see that you really wouldn't like letters like that when I don't even mean them. But if I get mad or am put out about something, let's just say I dislike something, don't worry. You'll hear about it and have heard about it. Ask anyone that knows me well—I never keep anything inside me, it comes right out. Then I forget about it. You know, Honey, I am beginning to think you really don't know me very well.

Honey, I bet you look good in short hair because, after all, you always look good to me.

Honey, about being ordained; I don't know much about your church, but I will say this: I love you and I couldn't love someone and not be proud of him. I am proud of you, Darling; proud of all

*the things you are and stand for. Later on, when I know more about your church, I am sure I will be proud of your office, but I don't think I know quite enough about it and to be truthful I feel that one can't say they're proud of something if they don't know much about. Now Honey, I'm learning about your church, but I have so much more to learn. And the important thing is that I know it made you feel better, therefore I know it was right.*

*I spent the afternoon at the Dentist. I had two more fillings, and he also drilled out the dead tooth I told you about and put a treatment in it. Later he will fill it, and he said that no one would ever know that it was dead.*

*Well, Darling, I kind of think I have written a book tonight and I had better stop. Never forget that I love you. I want you to be careful. I miss you, Darling; I want you and need you. You know you have*

—  
*All my love always,  
XXXXXX Betty XX  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX*

# January 22, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling, the sea voyage is over and sitting right out there on our port side is Inchon, Korea. It doesn't look so tough from here, but you can see the scars left by the Second Division Amphibious landing. In fact, there's one hill where only a few scattered scrubs are left. I guess the Navy really laid it to this place before they went in.

Things aboard are rather quiet. The crew is going about their duties, lowering the boats and getting things set up, while us Army guys are attending to our own chores. SFC Wilber has issued us our ammunition, and some are filling their carbine clips. Others are playing cards, some are reading and a few are just lying around doing nothing.

So far it's not as cold as we expected. But we've got a little trip before us before we get to where we're going. The word has it that it was 18 degrees below zero here at Inchon yesterday. Maybe so, but it's nowhere near that today. At any rate, I've got enough clothing on to supply half the population of Van Nuys.

First of all, there are my drawers and T-Shirt, then my long johns, OD pants and shirt and over my pants, and my Iron pants. Then right beside me is my sweater, pile jacket and overcoat. On my head is my pile cap, and a muff is in my bag. My tootsies are warm, as I've got two pair of winter ski socks and my shoepack on. So you can see it's going to have to get rather cold before it really bothers us.

The information we've got right now is that after we're ashore, we'll hop a train for Wonsan. There we'll stay overnight, and the following morning we'll ride trucks to the front. Of course, things could be changed in a minute.

So far there's no word about the mail. I guess there is a chance that we'll get some when we go ashore. At least I hope so. Well, Sugar, things are going to get rougher from here on out, but you know I'll try my best to get these dailies off.

Try not to worry about me because both you and I know that with all of your prayers, I'll be all right. So keep yourself beautiful and don't shed any tears. Just remember that one of the reasons I'm over here is to

spare you people back home grief, and if you go and worry, you're just defeating my purpose. Of course, there are other reasons that I'm here, and among them are to protect our kind of life; the kind of life that we'll have together just as soon as I can get home. Remember that I am and always will be your guy, and the privilege that you've honored me with will never be shared with anyone but you.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Tonight I spent at home for once. I should have gone to a club meeting, but I had to make some things for the Ladies Installation tomorrow night.*

*Nothing much happened today. We had an Awards Assembly this afternoon.*

*Now, Honey, you said when you get home you don't want to travel. But Darling, I like to go places and see things. I don't want to stay home all the time. But then maybe you mean it the way I look at it. Anyplace with you is going to be my home.*

*I hope that it is not too cold over there. I just happen to think I said I would enclose paper with each letter then I promptly forgot all about it. Well, I'll try to remember from now on.*

*I took some pictures today. I hope they come out all right. If they do I'll send you some since that is the reason they were taken.*

*Darling, it is time to close again. I'll never be able to tell you how much I love you. I miss you terribly, Bob. I want you to be careful, not to take any chances. Get your sleep, etc. before you write any letters. I mean that, Darling. Be good now and remember I love you very, very much.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

XXXXXXXX

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XXXXXXXX

*January 23, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

After spending twenty-four hours in Korea, I feel that I can describe it with two nouns—mountains and mud. No kidding, it seems that this is all that this country has with the exception of cold and all the things that go with it.

But so far we really have no complaints. It was rather cold last night, and for awhile I thought I didn't have any feet left. A couple of the boys suffered mild cases of frostbite, but things weren't really too bad.

We rode the train from Inchon until we got off at ChonChon at 1:00 PM. Then after a coffee call we hopped on trucks for tent city. That's when we were hurting because it took us four hours and the trucks had no covering. Add that to the cold and the lack of movement, and that spells trouble. At any rate, we're here now and are in squad tents. The only complaint we have is that they neglected to install bunks, and the ground is covered with about three inches of mud, which makes things rather untidy. But if it doesn't get any worse than this, we'll be sitting on top of the world. It was far worse at Ojo.

Starting tomorrow they're going to move some of us up to the front. Unless changes are made, I won't be going up for five days though. However according to the old timers around here, it's better up on the front. Seems that things are rather quiet, and with the exception of some motor fire now and then it gets down right dull, which of course, boosts my moral quite a little bit.

There was quite a bit of mail for me this morning, and I'm sending yours back by letter.

I hope that the Senior Prom was a huge success and that you had a wonderful time. I want you to miss me and all that, but I also want you to enjoy yourself, as such a wonderful girl as you are deserves. I'm sorry that I was busy and couldn't make it, but perhaps we'll be able to get together next semester. If we can, believe me, we'll be the happiest couple there.

I got a big charge out of the test paper, and I can't understand how that B got in there. But the final grade was an A, and you can't do any better than

that.

Just in case you're confused, you're still my Number One pin-up-girl,  
and I love you just a wee little bit. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*I just got home from Ladies Installation. It was nice, and I am so proud to be the President.*

*Darling, I got the records today. I just love them. It was so good to hear your voice. I am playing them now. I've only played them about 10 times this afternoon. You're just saying that you were studying for your Civics test. Well, remember I told you about the Citywide Government test we had to take. Well, I only missed 2 out of 85; I got the highest in any of Mrs. Smythe's classes.*

*I am now listening to the record where you are singing. Well, Darling, you know what I think of your singing—need I say more. Just kidding, Honey, it sounded real good. Just imagine me being in love with a man with such talent. I am so glad you got the records made. It really means a lot to me.*

*Darling, you know how much I love you. You mean more to me than anything else in this world. I want you to be careful; please don't take any chances. Remember I love you no matter what happens. You'll always have—*

*All my love always,  
XXXXXXXXXX Betty XX*



January 24, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

Funny thing about today; this is the day that my National Guard enlistment was suppose to be up, and look where I'm celebrating it. Such is life, I guess.

I was looking through the *Mirror* yesterday and I came upon an article that I thought did you an awful injustice. And since I was "almost the Assistant Editor" of that scandal sheet, I've set out to remedy it:

PERFECT GAL

Ambitious

Bashful

Cute

Eyes

Glamorous

Hair

Personality = Betty Ward

Voice

Kind

Figure

Serious

Tops

And everything else

So now that things are all straightened out, I can go ahead with my letter. There's not much news, just the same old routine—cold, mountains and mud. It also seems that they fine you \$25.00 every time you turn around. If you haven't got a helmet, \$25 bucks, no rifle another \$25, if the tent is dirty another score plus five. So it seems that I've either got to be a good boy or go broke. Excuse me while I have the boy's police up around the tent.

About the only thing new is that we got our rations for the first time today. It consists of two candy bars, a pack of cigarettes, a bar of soap, a tube of toothpaste, and five boxes of matches that are to be divided between the men. We'll get these rations every two days, and since I don't smoke, I'll just trade my cigarettes for candy bars. It works well, except for the guys that are sore at me because I didn't trade with them. Well, I've got to get

going. You know darn well that I love you. But don't let it go to your head.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Well, Honey, I finally started the scrapbook. It looks pretty good if I do say so myself. I am still sorry the things have to be kept in two different books. I am telling you it takes hours looking through letters to find out dates and what this and that are for. Do you remember a picture with a bunch of men? You have black stuff on your face, and you had all the men sign the picture. How about some information about it, such as what kind of group it is. Most of the things I don't know about, I'll just stick them in and trust your memory when you get home.*

*It is raining again. I swear all it does is rain now days, and imagine that in California.*

*Mary had her hair cut short and a permanent just like mine.*

*You know, Honey, it was fun reading through the old letters. You know when you first went away I didn't believe you would be gone a whole year! That just couldn't happen to me. Now when I look ahead I know it will be a full year and more; in fact, it might even be a couple of years, heaven forbid! Just think, it's been ten long, long months tomorrow since I have seen you. I've missed you so much, so very, very much.*

*Darling, I want you to be careful. Remember I love you. I want you Bob; I need you. It's lonely here without you.*

I LOVE YOU

All my love always,

Betty

XXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXX

many, many more

# January 25, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

Before I forget, Tom has a complaint that he wants you to forward to the *Mirror's* office for him. Seems that they placed "Goose" with the Fighting 40<sup>th</sup> in their last issue, and Tom wants it clearly understood that he's not in the 40<sup>th</sup> and, in fact, he's not even in Korea but is still fouling up our mail back in Yokohama. And he also wants it known to one and all that he belongs to the J.L.C. (Japanese Lumber Company) and that either one of us would gladly trade places with him. In addition, He wants to know what happened to his "free *Mirror*." He says that he "hasn't even received an envelope and that he's going to sue if it's not corrected." How do you like that guy? They give him free mail and right away it goes to his head—but enough about Tom for now.

As you've undoubtedly noticed by now, I've enclosed a pair of stripes and a 40<sup>th</sup> patch. No, I haven't been promoted or demoted; I'm just safer with them off, seeing as how an enemy sniper would rather knock off a non-com than a Private. When I was cutting them off last night, Joe Scholtz asked what I was doing. I replied that if you were a sniper and could get off only one shot—who would your fire at, a Sergeant or a Private? Joe, who is a Private, replied, "Ya, but why make him guess? He might shoot me by mistake." Come to think about it, he has a good point.

But don't let all this talk about shooting worry you. So far, and until Monday night, we're way back in the rear area. In fact, we're so far back that they light up the airstrip, which is only about a mile from us. So actually, I'm safer now than I would be driving in California.

It seems that the Army has flubbed up again and has sent all of our mail up to the front. But there will be a pile waiting for us on Tuesday.

For general information, we've been assigned to the 9<sup>th</sup> Corps and, of course, all of the American Forces in Korea are assigned to the 8<sup>th</sup> Army.

Well, I guess I had better wash up if I'm going to. We do it in the afternoon since it's colder in the morning.

Just in case you've forgotten, you're still my gal as far as I'm concerned. Tell me, just who do you belong to?

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Tonight I went to the show. I saw "Blue Veil" and "American in Paris." Mary Jane (a girl in our club) went with me. It is funny how people's troubles differ. She feels lost because she doesn't love anyone and I feel lost because I love someone so very, very much. We went to Bob's after the show and got something to eat. You know that place isn't very good anymore.

I enclosed some pictures. Two with my hair before my hair was cut and three after. They were taken just about a week apart. I don't think they are very good but I wanted you to see my short hair. How do you like it? I should take some pictures of the back of it for you.

Do you know how you use to feel when you went to school, and they let you out for summer vacation? Well, Darling, that's the way I feel about you. I am not kidding. In one of the pictures I saw tonight, it said that was the way you felt when you were in love, so I'm in love with you.

Honey, I am just crazy about you for some reason. I often wonder what I would think about if it weren't for you because you're all I ever think about. Just remember you have a girl back home who loves you and always will. You know you have—

All my love always,

XXXXXXXXX Betty XXX

*January 26, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Now it's a possibility that these words may seem to be a little cold, but if they do, it isn't because my heart isn't warm for you—but because the ink in my pen froze last night and so far hasn't completely thawed.

By the way, as you've undoubtedly already noticed, I've sent you a present. It's a little bit of Korean soil. Show it around if you like, and then paste it away in our scrapbook.

Everything is going rather smoothly so far. We've had a little trouble with the cold but so far our rations have been good and the cold hasn't been so severe that it has bothered us too much.

About the biggest problem that we've had is that the fuel line between our stoves and fuel pumps have been freezing up, which has caused our stoves to go out. This morning the problem was solved by staying in our sacks until Long got up around 10:00 AM and fixed the stove. Tonight I think we'll move the fuel cans inside, which should prevent them from freezing.

I took a walk down to Regimental Headquarters this afternoon to look up Dick Hackert and the rest of the boys who met with us on Sundays in the hope that we could meet together tomorrow for services. But the majority of them are up on line, so I guess we won't be able to get together tomorrow. But there's bound to be some sort of worship services around here somewhere.

Well, my Darling, things really are quiet around here and there's not much news to write about. So I'll just sign off for now with that little reminder, which is, of course, that I love you.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Today I spent most of the day fixing our scrapbook. It takes so long because the white ink is so hard to write with, so I just take my time.*

*Your folks came over this afternoon to hear the records you sent me.*

*I just got home from a party over at Mary Jane's house. It was one of those club parties. Our parties aren't exactly wild, but then on the other hand, they are far from tame. They sort of last forever, or at least the kids would like them to. Mary Jane just about had a fit when I left, and I just got home. It's now 3:00 o'clock. I figured that Mother would have another fit if I pulled the usual on club parties. I know this isn't much of a letter, but you understand.*

*I love you, Darling. Honey, I want you and miss you something terrible.*

*Darling, I want you to be careful, please don't take any chances.*

I LOVE YOU

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

XXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXX

*many more*

*January 27, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Honey, every once in a while I get a warm feeling way down inside of me, and when this warmth comes over me, I feel like I want to shout about it and let the world know about my feelings. But I guess I just haven't got the ability, or perhaps there just aren't words in the English language to express myself. So I get discouraged and I look at the crumpled sheets of papers on the floor and write you the same old dry and uninteresting letter.

But I want you to know that while my letters don't burn with fire and while my words don't flow with the things I want to say, my heart does. Because way down, deep inside, is an image of the most wonderful girl in the world, the girl I hope to live with for the rest of my life.

In the Army, a guy thinks quite a bit, and sometimes when he's faced with grim facts, and his body is worn and his spirit is about to break, he needs to fall back on something. He needs to call way down deep inside of himself and pull that added something—the one thing that gives him hope and determination—up from stored away resources. Some resort to this and others to that, but I resort to two things that are more important to me than life itself. Perhaps it's because I hold these two things far above what the rest of the world offers, or perhaps it's because I feel a desperate need for them. But in all honesty, I believe it's because I love them both so very much. Of course you know what the two things are; one is God and the other is the woman I love—the one I've chosen to cleave to—who I will leave my Father and Mother for—and that God will join me with—making us one flesh.

What I'm trying to say is that I love you so very much and that already you've made me so very happy and have given me so much that I don't see how I'll ever be able to adequately express the warm feelings which stir within me.

One of these days, one of these days soon, I'm coming home. And then we're going to have another courtship. There'll be an Engagement Ring, and then the Wedding Band, and after that we'll start our life together. And it will be a life together that the critics will be able to hold up as a

shining example, for in it will be a love, a deep, burning love, that is found only among a few, for there are only a few whose love is as deep as mine is for you, and I know that this same feeling exists in you for me.

It really is a blessing. And I intend to make it pay off in a life of happiness and fulfillment for us both.

My only hope, my everlasting prayer, is that I've made you as happy as you have me—and that your love for me is as strong as mine is for you. Betty, you are my treasure and I love you so very, very much.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Today I didn't get up until after 12:00, and then the only reason I got up was that Janette called and got me out of bed. And once I am out of bed, somehow it is never the same.*

*About 2:00 Vicki and Gene picked me up and we all went over to Jeanette's house to work on Dance Committee files. That took all afternoon, so I just had Gene and Vicki take me over to your house.*

*I ate at your house and then your mother and I went bowling. I didn't do too badly. At least I am improving. Now here I am at home.*

*Darling, tell me something. Where did you get that big picture you had of me on your wall back in Japan? I have it now, along with the other pictures. At least they are here for the time being.*

*Believe it or not, I love you just a tiny bit. Not very much mind you, just more than anything else in this world. Honey, I want you to be careful and take good care of yourself. I miss you, as you know. As far as I'm concerned you have been away ten months too long—in fact if I had my way you wouldn't be away from me for a single minute.*

I LOVE YOU

All my love always,  
Betty  
XXXXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXX



January 28, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

This one has to be short and sweet and to the point as we're moving up to the front soon and I'm running short on time. And besides, there's really nothing to write about.

I did manage a small miracle today as I finagled myself a shower. Tom and I went down to the 24<sup>th</sup> Division's shower point and just walked in when no one was looking. The result was that I was clean for about twenty minutes.

They're only going to feed us two meals today because of the move. Breakfast was at 8:00 this morning and then at 2:00 we have lunch. That will be the last meal of the day as we're moving up the front by truck at 4:00 PM.

And believe me; I've got a thousand and one things to do before we move. But I'll manage to get them done somehow; I always do.

One good thing about it is that I'm so busy that I haven't got time to get scared. But then there's a two-hour truck ride that will give me ample time. Really, I don't know whether I'm a man or a mouse, but I am awfully fond of cheese.

I'm also awfully fond of a certain little gal who lives in "good old" Van Nuys. I'll give you one guess who that is, and if you guess wrong, there's going to be trouble. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG. I love you.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Tonight I went to two meetings. What an ordeal. First we went to the Dance Committee meeting where we voted in new members; and believe me something has to be done about that committee. Then we*

went over to the end of the Hi-Y Coed Council meeting.

I've spent most of the day running around arranging things. How I get myself into so many things I'll never know.

I got five wonderful letters from the most wonderful boy in the world today. Thank you for the airmail stamps. You'll just get them all sent back to you.

You said you gave up Strawberry ice cream for me and now you just eat chocolate. Well, if I remember right, chocolate is your favorite and it is much more fattening than strawberry, so if you gave up chocolate it might mean something. But I kind of think you won't be getting much ice cream now.

Now as for your graduation, I'm sure that you passed your Civics' test, however I'll not do much about making graduation arrangements for you until you let me know what it is that you want. As for your picture in the annual, I'll see about that tomorrow seeing as how they have to get the pages made up for printing, etc.

You can start sending me information by telling me what your measurements are: 1) shoulders 2) arm length 3) chest. I think that is enough. That is so we'll know sweaters' size. Don't worry, I know I can get everything fixed up all right.

Try to find out if you passed the test so I can get right on it. Now is the time to do it.

I finally remembered to bring the "Mirror" home so I could send it to you.

Late as usual, so if I am going to keep beautiful I had better get some sleep.

I LOVE YOU as always and will always. Now Darling, you be careful. Don't tell me not to worry; that is silly. I love you, Honey, if I didn't love you I wouldn't worry. I know you'll be all right, but that doesn't stop me from worrying. Be good now, Darling. Just remember I love you more than anything else in this world.

All my love always,

Betty

XXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXX

January 29, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

This isn't much, but it's the best I can do for now. These bunkers weren't in too good of shape, and a lot of work had to be, and much more remains to be, done. Ice formed on the top of the bunker, and when it melted it seeped through the roof and caused a "drip—drip" effect on the inside.

I got a lot of mail today, and I won't be able to comment on much of it because of the lack of time. As for writing Johnny, that's up to you. Me, I'm the jealous, selfish type and I don't like you writing or going out with anyone but me. But I'm smart enough and love you enough and I realize that you should and I actually want you to go out and have a good time. As for writing, that's up to you and is really none of my business. After all I have no official strings tied to you what so ever. So remember that I trust you with my life; in fact I have, and use your own judgement.

The weather here is cold and we've had a few cases of frostbite. However, I'm fine. The position is fairly safe. I'll explain more about that tomorrow. Also, there wasn't any activity last night except for some enemy artillery fire over on our right flank. Remember that I love you. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTG.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Well, I just got home from a basketball game. The "Y" league has started again. We had two games and won both of them. Score tonight was 34-31. It was a good game, a little sloppy but close, so that made it exciting.*

*I got my pictures, etc. today. Your dad picked me up after school*

*and we went down to the camera shop with your camera. They took the film out and your dad got me a roll of colored film so I can take some colored pictures for you.*

*Nothing much of anything happened today. You know how the last week of school is. After seeing about five people I got it fixed so I can take Bookkeeping II in the Bookkeeping III & IV class; Clever—nothing like being different.*

*I also went in to see about getting your picture in the annual. It is too late to get it in the Senior Section. They already have the pages made up. However I will give them some snapshots and Mrs. Price promised that they would be put in. I am going to wait until we get the other roll back before taking any in.*

*As you should know by now, I love you, just a little bit, however. I want you to be careful; don't take any unnecessary chances.*

I LOVE YOU

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

XXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXX

*January 30, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

To begin with, I want to correct a little error I made yesterday. I'm afraid that I was a little selfish about this letter writing to Johnny. I could offer several excuses such as the cold and the fatigue, but I won't because I'm sure you know that the first couple of days are the roughest, and that I was a little nervous and upset. So if you want to write to Johnny you go right ahead. It'll be OK with me.

Things are pretty much the same over here. Everything is quiet, and with the exception of yesterday's artillery fire, not a thing has happened out of the ordinary.

Right now the cold is our main enemy and biggest problem. I'm afraid that it took a turn for the worse last night as I really froze my tail off when I stood guard. But I got through my two hours all right, and I guess I'll be getting through the rest of them as well.

Our position is pretty good and relatively safe. We're at the face of a valley with the Second Platoon on the left finger and the fourth squad on our right flank. The enemy is on a mountain range far out to our front. In fact, we can't see them without binoculars. And that means we're well out of the range of small arms fire.

The word just came down that we'll be going out on patrol on February 2<sup>nd</sup>. That will be the rough and dangerous part of the whole affair.

But try not to worry because by the time you get this it will all be over and I'll be back safe and sound.

I forgot to ask my Mom, so would you call her and ask her to send me some candles right away. We haven't any light at all.

In case you're interested, I'm nuts—about you.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Just one more day and I can turn the calendar. That means one more month has passed, bringing us one month closer together.*

*Tonight I went to a meeting on the snow trip this weekend. Did I tell you all the Y clubs are going to Big Pines Saturday and Sunday? I almost didn't go because Sears called and wanted me to work Saturday and Sunday taking inventory. It might have lost me my job, but I got to thinking I am only young once. I have the rest of my life to work. There are about 75 going. There is only room for 60, but I guess we'll all find someplace to sleep. Our club is in charge of cooking the dinner Saturday night. That means Vickie and I, but we will have the help of 9 others kids. That ought to prove to be fun.*

*I wish I could put down in words the way I feel about you, but I just can't. Never do you leave my thoughts. I know that must be hard to believe. Heaven knows I do enough things, but always I am thinking what it would be like if you were there, of all the times we have spent together and of the future. Something else that is hard to explain is that when I am having the best times, then is when I am the loneliest. I miss you so much, my Darling. As always, I want you to be careful. Don't forget to send me those measurements because I was told today that the last order for senior sweaters would be placed in about 2 weeks and that after that we couldn't get any more.*

I love you —

*You'll always have*

*All my love always,*

Betty

XXXXXX

XXXXXX

XXXXXX

XXXXXX

*P.S. Honey, I love you— Write me everything that goes on over there.*

Just everything.

*January 31, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, I guess congratulations are in order now that you're the big wheel of the Ladies. Man alive, you should have seen me running around telling Tom and all the rest of the Van Nuys grads about it. Honestly, I'm almost as proud of you now as I will be when you present me with our first child.

There's only one trouble. Now that you're such a big wheel, how does a poor GI like me stand a chance? Guess I'll just have to find someone in my own class. But all kidding aside, I really am proud of you. Congratulations!

Some of the other units had some excitement last night. A patrol from G Company ran into some trouble and their Medic was hit in the neck. He died early this afternoon.

Then someone cut the bobbed wire over by our First Squad. We know it was done by the Chinese because of the size of the footprints that were left in the snow. Then some motor rounds fell pretty close to Weading and Scott last night. They're both from our Second Squad.

Sands, one of my boys, said that he heard noises down in the Valley last night, so we sent up a flare, but when it burst we didn't see anyone. But we'd better be on our toes, just in case.

From what I can find out about this patrol, it's going to be a stinker. We've got to get up around 2 AM and be on top of this hill by 5 AM. We're only taking 17 men, which indicates that they don't expect that there will be any Chinese on top of it. Our mission is not to take the hill, but to protect a patrol from G Company who will be hitting Hill 354. You've probably heard of it. We've lost a lot of patrols up there. It will be their job to chase the Chinese off the hill and then to blow up their bunkers. Then it's back home for breakfast.

Try not to worry. It will all be over and done with by the time you receive this letter. Remember how much I love, want and need you, and that I'll be home for graduation. That's a promise.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



Dear Bob,

*I was over at your house all evening. I wanted to see the latest pictures you sent home. We just watched television and talked.*

*You know you sure picked a good year to be away. Not that a year isn't long enough, but you had to pick a year with an extra day in it. One in every four is this way and it had to be this one.*

*Well, we got part of our grades today. Mine were:*

*A E E Bookkeeping*

*A E E U.S. Government*

*A E E Physical Education*

*My program for next semester just got a blow today. I told you about all the special permissions, etc. that I got, didn't I? Well, now it seems that they have too many signed up for Business Machines. I can't possibility change my program; it would foul everything up, and there isn't another thing that comes Second Period that I would want. Another thing is that I have to get an A in whatever I take in order to get my Gold Seal. Oh Well, I could always take Child Care II, an easy A, but the question is could I stand it? But I'm sure it will all work out.*

*I love you, Honey, as you should know by now. Please be careful, Honey, and take good care of yourself. Just remember there is a girl back home who loves you and will wait no matter how long—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXXXXXX*



*February 1, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Things are pretty grim around here. The Third Platoon took a patrol out last night for the purpose of ambushing a Chinese patrol and got the tables turned on them. There are all sorts of stories, but from what I hear the boys gave a good account of themselves. But that still isn't going to bring back Valdez or help the eight men that were wounded. But they play for keeps over here and the ground rules say, "Winner takes all." At any rate, there are at least twelve Chinese who won't be wandering these hills any longer, and we've got a platoon of veterans.

I was on guard at the time and saw the whole thing taking place. It started off with a shot followed by mortar flares, and then all hell broke loose. They had about a ten-minute firefight, and then the mortar started dropping in on the boys. I talked to Morgan this morning, and he said it was the mortars that hurt them.

Right now I'm sitting back in the rear area waiting for a truck to take me back to the front. I had to come down after breakfast this morning to pick up some equipment and, low and behold, I got stuck for the lack of transportation. So I've made the best of it by cleaning myself up and taking a helmet bath. Right now, I feel almost human.

I was in such a hurry this morning that I didn't get a chance to pick up my mail. I'm still kicking myself, but if you had any questions I'll attend to them tomorrow.

Well, my Darling, that takes in the story of the last 24 hours. It wasn't a very pretty story, but it feels even worse when you're writing about it and you know that nice guys like Valdez won't be around anymore. I sound bitter, but I'm not. Just a little sad and teed off at this whole rotten mess.

But it will be over pretty soon, and the whole thing will disappear like a bad dream. And when I wake up I'll find that I really wasn't gone at all and that everything is the same. At least the same between us because a love like ours can't be crushed, no matter how great the pressure. Just bear with me, take into consideration my rotten moods, and love me more than ever. Because right now, that's what I need! And I'm going to

need it a lot more when I get home.

Just in case you've forgotten, I love you just a wee bit.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXX



Dear Bob,

*It is late, as I have just gotten home from the Aloha dance. It was a real fine dance, just like the old dances use to be. I hope we can keep them this way the rest of the semester. The orchestra was terrific.*

*I was just reading over one of the letters I got from you today. It was about that test paper I sent you. Well, speaking of grades. You remember you asked about the 2 B's last time? Well, I fixed it this time:*

*A E E Business Machines*

*A E E Drama I*

*A E E Gym Office*

*A E E Bookkeeping*

*A E E U.S. Government*

*A E E Physical Education*

*Just look at the grades. Please do not notice the easy classes.*

*Honey, do they really fine you all that money or are you just kidding me, or is someone kidding you. If so, who gets the money?*

*Honey, I have to get up real early—Well, anyway, early for me—to go to the snow.*

*I LOVE YOU. Be good now, Darling, and just remember I love your more than anything.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXX*

*XXXXXX*

# February 2, 1952

---

My Dearest Betty,

There's not much to write about today as things were nice and quiet last night.

One thing did happen last night that gave us a quite a scare. About 11:00 PM Stangland woke me up with the news that our telephone was dead. Now Sound Power phones just don't go dead like that, and so we reasoned that something was wrong with the line. To be more specific, I was worried that our line had been cut, so I got all of the Squad up, alerted the machine gun crew, and sent a runner to the CP (Command Post). From there the CP had someone run down the wire, and they discovered that the wind had blown the wires together, causing them to short out. I took quite a ribbing about getting the Squad up and all that, but I'd much rather be safe than sorry.

Tonight we go out on patrol, and I've got to get up to the CP now and get my briefing.

By the way, I love you more than my feet are cold. That's plenty!

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Here I am up in the snow, it is kind of hard to write with everyone sitting around talking. Jane is telling Mrs. Todd's fortune. It is just beautiful up here, and we have this big lounge with a great fireplace. It is so nice.*

*We had lots of fun this afternoon. There is about two feet of snow up here. We left the "Y" about 9:00 and got up here at noon. We cooked the dinner tonight. It came out good. You know what I did? I picked up a real hot frying pan and burned my hand. Leave it to me;*

*sometimes I don't think I am very smart.*

*Now it is the next day. We have only had fun this morning. We didn't get much sleep as we went to bed about 3:00 and got up at 6:00. I have been sledding and tobogganing all morning. It is now 12:30. We have a wonderful toboggan run—just terrific. One of the girls might have broken her arm; another hurt her leg and can't walk. Now me, except for snow burns all up my legs and one arm, and a few pulled muscles here and there, I am fine.*

*Hi Bob—*

*I really don't know why I'm supposed to be writing this but Betty informed me that I was. We are all right in front of a big warm fireplace right now, although I don't think anyone is very warm at the moment.*

*Everyone has been out in the snow playing with the toboggan. We've had several accidents, and I don't think there is anyone out there right now. I personally like the snow for only one reason—because it's pretty. We're waiting for lunch now and really getting hungry.*

*I don't know what I'm supposed to say. I'm a Tahitian, and the only other thing I know to tell you about me is that I play the piano. I plan to be a piano teacher. I also play by ear. I play for the kids a lot, and I'm accompanying several of them at Activity Day. I love all types of music, classical and popular.*

*If you get anything out of this letter, that's swell. If not, and you probably won't, try not to blame me. I'm not use to writing to people I don't know.*

*Betty says maybe you'll get to come home and graduate with our class. I sure hope so for both of your sakes. That would be really nice.*

*I'm the poor soul that took twenty pictures of Betty on Friday. You'll probably get them pretty soon.*

*So in a way, you see, you do know me.  
(Author Unknown)*

Hi Bob,

*This is your #2 from the last time. Well, Betty has been behaving herself lately (for a change). We're having our fortunes told. Very nice.*

*(Author Unknown)*

Hi Bob,

*This is Miss Triple X, who was about the only (sensible) girl at the slumber party because I went to sleep. My fortune hasn't been told yet but I guess I can wait.*

*(Author Unknown)*

Dear Bob,

*I have never met you although I feel I know you. We are having a lot of fun and should be asleep right now, but right now we are very busy with cards. All the other girls are asleep. Well, someone yelled, "lights out," so goodnight.*

*(Author Unknown)*

Hello Bob,

*I was going to say what a nice girl you have, but there is nothing I like better than honesty, so I must tell you nothing, because "if you can't say anything nice, don't say anything at all."*

*(Author Unknown)*

*This is such a marvelous place to be, I could stay her for a month or more. The sledding and tobogganing are really swell. The weekend would have been perfect except for a toboggan accident by Jane Heacock. So I've been playing nurse. The Todd's just took her home in the car because we think she might have broken or cracked her arm and hurt her back. Of course, I think Betty would have been happier with you here. Everywhere we go Betty always says, "now Jeanette come and take some pictures for 'My Honey.'" Well, they just called "soups on," so I'd better run.*

*(Author Unknown)*

*A few of the kids wrote again as you can see. Well, Darling, it is almost time for lunch. You know how I wish you could be here with me. I know one thing; it wouldn't be half as cold. Last night was just beautiful. The moon was out and it was clear as a bell. I was a bad girl and snuck out and did some sledding in the moonlight with Richard. Now, Honey, you know you don't have a thing to worry about, so don't take that last sentence the wrong way. Time for lunch—You know how much I love you, just be careful and don't do anything I wouldn't want you to.*

I LOVE YOU

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*February 3, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, my first patrol is over with, and believe me, I'm happy to announce that Sergeant Anderson of the United States Army is all in one piece. In fact, we're all in one piece, but it wasn't the Chinese's fault. They even shot at me but fortunately, or un-fortunately, according to your point of view, they missed. But to be truthful we were lucky, and God must have been right there because we really were in a tight situation.

At any rate, we did our job, which was to provide security for the right flank of George Company that went up Hill 306 to blow some bunkers. However G ran into half the Chinese Army and had to withdraw without doing the job.

A funny thing happened when we were ordered to withdraw. We got the word and were off that hill and on our way back in nothing flat. About that time a Lieutenant from G Company called us on the radio and wanted to know if we wanted their Company to cover our withdrawal. Rodrigues was on the radio and he called back: "Lieutenant, we HAVE withdrawn, which stated the situation rather well because about that time we were scaling our own MLR (Main Line of Resistance).

But believe you me, these mountains are rough. I was carrying a cartage belt and four bandoleers of ammo along with grenades, and when I got back I was pooped. In fact, I crawled over to my bunker and went to bed for about six hours.

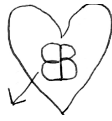
How those guys carrying those machine guns and radios, or better still how the 3<sup>rd</sup> platoon carried those eight wounded men back, I'll never know. One thing for sure, they must be better men than I.

Well, my Darling, that sums up the days activities and so I'll sign off by reminding you that I'd scale each and every mountain in Korea if it would make you happy, and that I love you with all my heart.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXXXXX0000000



*Dear Bob,*

*Well, here I am at home. I can hardly move. My legs are now a new color; black and blue. Don't worry about me—in a few days I'll be as good as new (I hope). We didn't do much after lunch. Cleaned the place up, got our stuff up to the trucks, and then we went sledding some more. Then we waited in the trucks for about an hour until all the stuff and kids were packed in, and I really mean packed! It is a wonder I lived through it, but here I am. We really had a lot of fun this weekend.*

*You know that Major I told you about? Well, anyway, he is going to Japan and then he doesn't know where, but most likely to Korea. Mother was talking to Lucy, his wife, today and gave her your name, Company, Serial Number, etc. She in turn is going to give it to Fred. You will probably never see him. I guess Majors are busy, but Mother said that he would try to see you if he could, so in case he happens to, his name is Major Fred Flo. You remember when we went at Easter time; Well, he is Uncle Hans's son.*

*Chet is home, for how long I don't know; about a week I guess.*

*Well, Darling, I suppose I had better get to sleep. To say the least I am a little tired. I love you, miss you and want you. Be careful now—You'll always have*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*



February 4, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

Not much to write about today, just the same old routine.

This handwriting of mine may look a little funny because my hands are cold, but it will probably improve as the stiffness wears off.

I got a bunch of letters from you and the folks today, and of course I was glad to get the pictures. Being honest, I think I like your hair the way it was, but then I'm probably prejudice because that's the way it was when I left. At any rate, you look like a million dollars to me, and I guess you always will.

On the other hand, if you could take a look at my short hair and the rest of me, you'd probably trade me in for junk. I think I'm going to write John Wayne and ask him where he gets all of his uniforms pressed while he was fighting the war in the movies. But I guess he had his share of things in the last one, and so I might as well lay off.

The Second Platoon went out on patrol last night, and they all got back without a scratch. I'm not sure but I don't think they made contact.

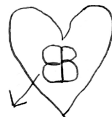
Here's one for the books. The Chinese put a sign out where our patrol was the other day that read, "Chinamen come; GIs run." How do you like that? At any rate, I'm glad the brass had sense enough to have us run. That spot that we were in wasn't pretty.

Well, I guess I'd better knock off for now. You'll never know how much I love you, want and need you. Little gal, you're the only one for me.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Today we got all our new classes. I have the following —*

I    *Adv. Comp.*                      *Williamson*

II   *Modern Literature*    *Price*

III	<i>Bookkeeping</i>	<i>Rankel</i>
IV	<i>Sr. Problems</i>	<i>Thompson</i>
V	<i>Drama II</i>	<i>McMillan</i>
VI	<i>Phy Ed</i>	

*We did the signing up for classes differently this time. First come got in. Of course, I was signed up beforehand because Knights and Ladies had to watch to see that no one ran. I didn't go to any of my classes but just to sign in. Chet, the dumb guy, got a card and signed into classes under the name of Beauregard Bunderville. He signed into Mr. Young's Physics II class, and Mr. Young crossed out his name and wrote A. Einstein.*

*I have the worst cold. If there's anything I hate, it is a cold. Speaking of cold, I do hope you aren't too cold over there. After all, I don't want you to turn into a berg. Who would keep me warm?*

*Thank you for that little bit of Korea. My Dad said not to send anymore; he doesn't want any bugs over here. I think it is real nice to put in the scrapbook.*

*You be good now, Darling. Just remember that I Love You.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXXXX*

February 5, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

Not much to report today as nothing much happened, and there was no mail to answer.

About the most exciting, or rather revolting, development that happened today was that some joker took a pot shot at me. I was coming down the hill to my bunker when I heard a round zing over my head. I was ten yards from a hole but I made it in one leap, and just as I hit the hole, a second bullet flew harmlessly by. Those were all the rounds that he fired off at me. I guess he was somewhere out on a hill and didn't want to give his position away.

The Chinese have also been hitting E and G Company with mortar fire all day today. Just a round now and then, but it keeps the boys on their toes and harasses the dickens out of them.

Honey, I don't mean to talk about what's going on here so much, but that's all there seems to write about. If you'd rather for me to write about something else, just say so and I'll fill it up with something. And try not to worry. They can shoot at me all day, just so long as they miss. I love you.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*The reason for this paper is that Chet took all the rest. He is sitting over there writing to some girl.*

*I went to our club basketball game tonight. We lost by two points. Now we are tied with two other teams for first.*

*I got some pictures yesterday. I will enclose some taken in the snow. Then I got the colored slides. They came out real good. I am going to*

*have some of them printed up for you. I went over to my Aunt's and Uncle's to decide which ones since they have a projector.*

*I was talking to Mr. Means (our class sponsor). Anyway, he said that this Friday was the deadline for ordering sweaters. So I don't think I will get your measurements by then but your mother and I are going to get together and measure one of your old sweaters and add a couple of inches.*

*Well, my Darling, this hasn't been much of a letter, but then nothing happened either. Just remember I Love You and be real careful.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXXXX*

*February 6, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, the mailman brought some mail today, but he neglected the most important letter of all, But the chances are it'll roll in tomorrow.

While I think of it, how about sending all that information that you've gotten from Graceland to me? I'd write back direct, but they'd send it regular mail, and it would take a month of Sundays for it to get here. And anyway, this way you can comment on it. Let me know what you think you'd like to take and all the other stuff we'd talk about if I were home.

You know I'll be coming home pretty soon and there's not going to be too much time before the semester starts, and so perhaps it would be best if we discussed our options by mail.

Things were pretty quiet over this way last night, but our first squad had a little action. They're over at Roadblock Two in support of a halftrack, and some Chinese started messing with them last night. They opened up and Pillows heard one scream. They went out this morning to check and found all sorts of bloodstains, so they figured they had nicked one. But a little later a report came in from G Company that a dead Chinese was found in front of their position, which is a few hundred yards to the left of where our guys had been firing. The way the body was cut up, they figured the Quad-Fifty on the halftrack at the roadblock had done the job since this was the only Quad-Fifty that was fired last night. But the big surprise was that the dead Chinese was a woman. This is the first time that we've heard anything like this. I sure hope those guys are running out of manpower.

We also got the word that we go on another patrol on the 8<sup>th</sup>. It seems that we're going to blow those bunkers that G Company couldn't get to on Hill 364. I made a mistake the other day when I wrote that it was Hill 306. I'll let you know more when I get additional information on the operation.

I forgot to tell you in yesterday's masterpiece that we fixed up our bunker. I rigged up a bed for myself and, with the aid of a canteen and

some gasoline, Strangland fixed up a light for us. We also made some shelves out of some old boxes. Yes sir, we're really living.

Well, I've got the first shift on guard tonight, so I've got to call it quits. Keep care and be good. In order to know how much I love you, think of the biggest thing in the world and multiply it by the largest number there is.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Hello, Darling. Well, today I spent the day in bed. I didn't feel like going to school and I had a bad cold, so I just stayed in bed. So you can see I haven't done much today, just read, etc. Your mother came over this afternoon and we tried to figure out your measurements. I hope the sweater will fit.*

*Darling, I want you to get something straight. Look, Honey, everything I do is your affair. You said in one of your letters I got today that you had no "official strings tied" to me. True, Darling, but I couldn't love you any more than I do now. Maybe I'm funny but an engagement ring won't make me love you anymore than I do now, and just because I will wear your ring it won't mean that you could stop or make me do anything I wouldn't want to. You have just as much right to tell me to do, or not to do, something. I would do what you asked because I love you so very much, not because of any official ties you may have on me. Reading this over I can see I haven't explained things very well, but try to understand.*

*I got the letter where you said you were sorry for saying things the way you did, and I understand, Darling. I just want you to understand that I belong to you, my Darling. I'll always belong to you, just do what you want with me. Just one thing please, don't stop loving me. I know I am a problem. I always seem to say the wrong thing at the wrong time. When you need me most it seems that I am always doing or saying something foolish. Why you love*

*me I'll never know, but as long as you do I'm never going to let you go.*

*I LOVE YOU!*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*PS Be careful, Darling; just remember how very much I love you.*

*XXXXX*

*XXXXX*

*XXXXX*

*XXX*

*X*

# February 7, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

About the only thing to write about today is a patrol that three of my men and I ran today. It consisted of checking barbwire, footprints and empty bunkers. There wasn't much to it, and I didn't even know that I was to go on the patrol until late last night. As usual, we didn't hear or see a thing; which suited me fine. From the way I understand it we'll be pulling these "search" patrols every nine or ten days.

Right now we're being hit with a little artillery. But most of it is landing in the valley to our left rear and so I'm not too worried. I figured we'd be getting it sooner or later.

By the way, I picked up some of our surrender leaflets while I was out on patrol today and I thought I'd send them to you for our scrapbook. Speaking of the scrapbook reminds me of a question you asked in your last letter. The picture of us in black faces was taken at Camp Younghans as we were preparing for a night patrol test.

And speaking of questions reminds me of another question that you asked me regarding that big picture. I had it made here in Japan from one of the photos you had taken just before I left. They do it with lights, but they didn't do a very good job and so I didn't have any more of them made. But now that you've got it, take good care of it because after we're married I'm planning on putting it in my den and use it as a dartboard. Either that—or maybe I'll put up a map of Korea.

About the only other thing that's newsy is that I was decorated today. The orders came down authorizing me to wear the Combat Infantrymen's Badge. They tell me that that's a Badge I won't give a hoot about until I'm out of combat, but that's when it'll become meaningful. Right now we've all got it so it doesn't matter much, but there's supposed to be a pride among combat men that the other services don't have. I don't know about the pride but I sure do the smell. Right now I'd trade the badge and throw in my Japanese Occupation ribbon for a bath.

Well, enough said. Chances are I was getting corny anywho. But



here's one thing that isn't corny and that's that I LOVE YOU.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob



Dear Bob,

*I just got home from a Dance Committee meeting. For once it was rather quiet. This afternoon I went to the Dentist, and it seems that I spend more time at that old place. He just did another treatment on my front tooth.*

*I spent most of the day running around doing things for the Ladies. Sometime I wonder when I go to class.*

*You will probably get this around Valentine's Day. As usual I haven't gotten the things I wanted to do done. First I was going to send you those colored pictures for Valentine's Day, but I won't get them until the 14<sup>th</sup> so you'll get them a week later. Then I was going to bake you some cookies, but I got this darn old cold and couldn't. I am going to try to get some made Sunday night. Usually your mother and I go bowling, but we are going Sunday afternoon and maybe we can make cookies after. Anyway, I didn't forget you, Darling, it will just come a little late. You know how much I love you, and for some odd reason I love you just as much all year around as I do and will on February 14<sup>th</sup>, even if it is the day especially for sweethearts.*

*Honey, how I wish I could hold you close to me and tell you myself how very much I love you instead of depending on paper and a few written words to do it. You're the last thing I think of before I go to sleep and the first in the morning. This continues all day long, never do I or will I stop.*

*Be careful, Darling; take good care of yourself. Just remember you have—*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*I LOVE YOU!*

*XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX*

# February 8, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

Two letters came today from a special little gal, and before I forget I've got one measurement on that sweater. That's the arm, and it's 32 inches. The rest I just don't know, and of course we haven't got any kind of a tape measure up here. If it's any help to you, I wear a 36R Field Jacket. I know I'm some help, but one of these days before too long I'll be home, and then when a problem like this comes up I'll just run to you and say "measure."

We didn't go out on patrol this morning but we will tomorrow. The 224<sup>th</sup> Regiment moved into position last night, and I think that this was the reason for the postponement. I won't kid you, this patrol is commando stuff, and my squad is it. We'll go all the way to the top, and believe me, I'll have a prayer on my lips all the way over, up, down and back.

But like everything else the job has to be done, and so naturally they picked the "BEST" to do it. Try not to worry. By the time you get this, I'll be sweating out another one.

We had a little activity last night over in front of G Company when 100 to 150 Chinese came calling. The 625<sup>th</sup> Artillery opened up, and that was all she wrote. How many were killed or what the details are I don't know. But I guess we did all right.

I'm going to enclose some clippings from the Stars and Stripes. The date of the paper was the 5<sup>th</sup>, and of course the clippings deal with the 40<sup>th</sup>.

We also got some new boots today. They have two- $\frac{1}{4}$  inch of wool fleece insulation which is sealed in to keep the insulation dry. They also have a steel shank for support. The boots seem to be pretty good. At any rate, we only wear a regular pair of socks with them instead of two pairs of ski socks. This morning they should have a good test.

Well, this war is demanding, and I've got things to do before I go beddy-bye.

Just between you and I, there's a certain someone that I'm a little fond of. Make sure she keeps good care of herself or I'll break her pretty little neck when I get home (check clipping entitled 40<sup>th</sup> Division Killers). I've

also given up chocolate ice cream.

All my love always,

“Your” Bob



*Dear Bob,*

*At last I got your card for Valentine's Day. You'll probably get this letter about the same time.*

*Today was Alumni Day at school. The Ladies had to help all day, so this meant I was only in a few of my classes. It was fun seeing all the old kids back again; only most of them aren't kids anymore. They sure do grow up fast. Nothing much of anything else happened today. I didn't go anyplace tonight because of my cold. I am more or less just going to take it easy this weekend and see if I can't get rid of it.*

*Chet is going back to Santa Barbara tomorrow morning. He has to get back for Sunday—did I tell you Chet teaches a Sunday School class of little boys? 5<sup>th</sup> grade, I think. I think that is rather funny myself. It sure surprised me.*

*Tell Tom I talked to Sherman, the new editor of the Mirror about his problem, but in order to get any action I'll most likely have to go in and see them. The Mirror drive is starting Monday, and the first edition won't be out until almost the end of February.*

*Well, Honey, I have run out of news. Of course, I didn't have any to begin with, so I think I did pretty well.*

*Just remember I love you. I want you to be careful and take good care of yourself. Tell me, Darling, do you still have that cold? You just be good now, Darling.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

XXXXX

I LOVE YOU!

XXXXXX

# February 9, 1952

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, it was a little rougher going this time, but we blew the bunkers we were sent after and not a one of us got a scratch.

We hit a little bit of scattered resistance, and a couple of Chinese gave us some trouble with their burp guns. They were sitting on top of this hill, and either they didn't see us coming up or they were letting us get up real close before they opened fire. My squad was just about to cross this clearing when they opened up. We called back to the First Squad, and they and the Fourth Squad laid down a base of fire on the hill while we crossed the clearing.

I was the first one to cross and I said to myself, "Well, here goes nothing" and yelling back said, "O.K. Third Squad, let's go!" With that I was off and running and had taken about four or five steps when I slipped and landed flat on my face in the snow. I never felt so naked in all of my life and, on my knees, I finished the rest of the clearing in nothing flat. I'm really taking a ribbing about it, but as long as my Guarding Angel was there to protect me, I don't mind.

Battalion tells us that we killed three Chinese during the attack, and I also saw my first Chinese soldier today. He was quite dead and must have been that way for several days because the first thing I noticed was the smell, and then the body. Neither was pretty.

Well, Honey, I guess that this sounds rather coarse and unpleasant, and, I suppose, that's because it is. But you wrote and asked for me to tell you everything; so that's what I'm giving you. No punches pulled.

And in case you're interested, I love you more than my cot—and I'm awfully tired right now.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob



Dear Bob,

Today I did next to nothing. I read a book, worked on our scrapbook; that's about all.

I went downtown, and do you know what happened? I put on my Lettergirl's sweater; I wear your ribbons, etc on the pocket of my sweater. Anyway, when I got to Von's I noticed the UN Service ribbon was gone. The back was still on but the ribbon was not there. So Honey, I think you had better get me another one when you get the chance. Might as well get the Japanese Occupation ribbon while you're at it. I might lose the one I have. It really wasn't my fault; can I help it if the ribbon falls apart?

I must say I don't have a lot of news today. I was just trying to get rid of my cold, so you can see there is nothing to say.

I love you so very much, Honey. I don't think I need to tell you how much. In the first place, I couldn't. Darling, just take care of yourself and be good.

All my love always,  
Betty

I LOVE YOU!  
XXXXXXXXXXXX

PS Darling, remember what happened 14 months ago tonight? A year ago I wrote this in my diary: "Bob got off this morning, so he came down, brought me some real pretty orchids, and took me to dance. He is so fine. I love him very much. Worked at the store tonight as usual. Vicki—Carol came over and got dressed for the dance at my house."

I love you Bob; in fact, it kind of looks like I'll always love you. I'm so glad you fell in love with me 14 months ago. I'll do everything I can to make you happy the rest of our lives. That's a promise.

I LOVE YOU

# February 10, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

There's not much news over this way except for a deal they call "Operation Clam Up." But before I get into that I want to let you know about my test results. Only two things about them. One—no results. Two—I wrote a letter asking about them. At any rate, I'll let you know the minute I receive the results, and brother, I sure hope I passed. It would be awful if I didn't after your sticking your neck out the way you did. I'll try not to let you down.

As for this "Operation Clam Up," it's a good deal for us. At least it will be for six days because during that time we won't be running any patrols. In fact, the whole idea is to make the Reds think that we've withdrawn so as to draw them out. At least that's the official reason. But between you and me, I don't believe it. There must be something bigger behind it than that.

At any rate, we're to keep out of sight as much as possible and we're not to fire unless we're forced to. All in all I think the next six days are going to be on the quiet side.

I'm enclosing our Division and Regimental papers. They're the first ones to be published in Korea, so put them in the book. You will also find a clipping from the Stars and Stripes. I'm just sending these along for added information. I figure that you're interested, and after you're finished with them you might let Mom look them over.

Speaking of Mom, I want to let you know how much all this time you're spending with her means to her. She's alone quite a bit, and I guess she gets downright lonesome at times. At any rate, you're a big help, and I really do believe she's fallen in love with you, just like me. You're tops in both of our books, and I really believe she'd be hurt if one of us would change their mind about getting married.

But I guess that's one hurt she'll be spared because I doubt if either of us will ever change how we feel about each other. Unless our love grows, and I don't see how I could love anyone anymore that I love you right this minute.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob



Dear Bob,

*This morning I was a good girl (for once) and went to church. I think I'll start going more often; heaven knows I need to. Then I came home and ate, and Vicki came over. We went down to the "Y" at 1:00. Then a whole lot of us went bowling. I swear they have one pin boy down at your old bowling alley that if I ever get again I'll refuse to bowl. He is the first bad one I've seen down there. Then I went over to your house. Your mother is spoiling me. She made me a steak dinner.*

*Then I made you some cookies, and watched television. I went through all the stuff you sent home. I got my I.D. bracelet back. In fact, I'm wearing it now. I also took your League sweater home with me. You know, pretty soon I am going to have all your stuff over here. Each time I come home from your place I have a little more. This way, when you come home, all you will have to do is move in with me—just so you can be with all your things, of course. In order to get them back you have to take me. Looks like you're stuck.*

*I love you, Honey. Why is it that when I write that, it means my letter is coming to a close? And it seems that your letters are the same way. You know I think I'll change things and start my letter that way—but then they say to save the best until the last, and I'm afraid that my love is the best and only thing I have to offer you.*

*Now you be good, Honey. Be careful and take good care of yourself for me.*

I LOVE YOU

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

XXXXXX

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XXXXXX

*February 11, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Boy this "operation Clam Up" is enough to give you the heebie-jeebies. Usually our artillery and motors are blasting away, and our planes are flying overhead and the telephone is buzzing to tell us that such and such a patrol is on the way back, but everything is "clammed up," and things sure are quiet around here.

In fact, things were so quiet during my guard period last night that I almost felt I was all alone on this mountain. No kidding, it is a funny feeling. I bet it's driving those Chinese nuts. They probably figure we're up to something.

Not a thing took place today with the exception of carrying some ammo up the hill. All of our native laborers are away because of this operation, and that means we do all our own carrying. And believe you me, that's a lot.

Those cases of ammo weigh 80 lbs. and they felt more like a 180lbs. as we were carrying the darn things up this hill. But they say that it will either cure you or kill you, and while I'm far from being cured, the job had to be done and so we dood it.

There wasn't any mail from you today, and so naturally I have no comment. All I've got to say is the mail had better come through because with these "quiet days" ahead of us there won't be much to write about.

Of course, I can always rave on about you and how much I love you, but every time I get started on that I get a bad case of writer's cramp. And so I'll take the easy way out by sending you—

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX





Dear Bob,

*This has been a very interesting day. I lost my voice. I had to MC a dinner at the "Y" tonight, so Vickie and I went down the "Y" to practice. Vicki was in a skit, and we ended up cooking the dinner. Good thing we like to cook. Then we had the dinner, and all the girls in our club and a couple of fellows went over to Mary Jane's house and we fixed the lunch for the picnic tomorrow. Did I tell you what our club has planned for tomorrow? First we meet at the "Y" at 9:00 o'clock and go to Griffith Park for a picnic. Then we go into Hollywood to the show, out to dinner and then to the gym for an 8:30 PM basketball game. They never try to do more than one thing each day. Only problem is that Mother says I can't go if my voice isn't better. You ought to see me. I'm all doctored up and I am pretty sure I can go.*

*I got some letters from you today; also some of mine back. I am glad that you got back from your first patrol in one piece. Darling, I love you so very, very much. I want you to be careful. I know war isn't very pleasant; on second thought I don't believe I do know—just remember you have a girl back home who loves you, wants you and need you, and who just lives for the day you'll come back home to her (meaning me).*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXX*

# February 12, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, three letters came in from the woman I love today, and it's a good thing they did because this letter is going to be a toughie to write because of the lack of news.

From the sound of your letter I had better buy a ball and chain and send it home for your mother to snap it on your un-bruised leg because at the rate you're going, there's not going to be any of my girl left by the time I get home.

You know it was funny, but as I read your letter over, I compared it to life over here. Here's what I would have written if this was a pleasure trip over here. (In order to appreciate this, read your letter of the 2<sup>nd</sup>).

"Here I am up at the snow. It is kind of hard to write with everyone standing around cussing. Long is telling Joe's fortune. He says it isn't bright. It is just beautiful up here. All the fellows have this great big hole in the ground with a fireplace (a can of heat). It is so nice. We had a lot of fun this afternoon. There is about 4 feet of snow up here. We cooked the dinner tonight, a warmed up can of C Rations, it came out real good. You know what I did; I picked up a real heavy ammo box and carried it up the mountain. Nearly broke my back. Leave it to me. Sometimes I don't think I am very smart."

Now, Honey, forgive me. I really don't mean to make fun of your letter, but it struck me as so funny. I just had to pass it on. Honestly we've got things fixed up pretty nice, and it's getting warmer every day. In fact, I only wore my pile jacket while on guard duty last night, and I had the 3:00 to 5:00 AM shift which is the coldest, or at least one of the coldest.

I went down to the rear area today and got a good chance to clean up. I took a helmet bath from head to toe and even washed my hair. Add to that a complete change of clothes and you have a new man. And believe me, I feel like one.

When I came back the boys had a surprise for me. They had rigged up double bunks and had dug a hole in the wall for our shelves. The place looks like a million bucks and we've also got some elbowroom now. In short we never had it so good.

In answer to your question, "Do they really fine you." the answer is yes, and the government gets the money. You see, they deduct it from your pay. If I was suppose to get \$150.00 and got caught without a helmet, I'd only receive \$125.00 at the next payday.

About this major. I doubt very much that I'll ever bump into him. Chances are he's not in the Infantry and therefore would not get within a hundred miles of me, even if he were sent to Korea. And besides, Majors just don't go around looking up Sergeants. But you never can tell. We just might meet one one of these days. But I hope for his sake he stays in Japan.

I guess that pretty well keeps care of things. I hope you didn't take my ribbing of your letter seriously. I was just having some good clean fun at your expense.

As for you and Richard in the moonlight, I'm not worried. First of all, I trust you and secondly, when I get home all your moonlight nights and every other night is going to be taken up. I'll be going to college and someone has to help me with my homework. I love you.

All my love always,  
XXXXX "Your" Bob XXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Today was a holiday; in other words no school. As I told you before, our club went on a picnic at Griffith Park. We went on the Merry-go-round and through the zoo. Then we went to the show and saw "Sailor Beware" with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. About twenty of us went. Mother wouldn't let me go to the basketball game because of my cold. But it was just as well because I had a lot of things to do.*

*Darling, you asked in the letter I got today if I would rather have you talk about something else besides what's going on every day over there. I want you to keep your letters just as they have been. I want to know what is going on over there. I want to know what happens when you go out on patrol, or what happens to others. Honey, I love you, I would much rather have you tell me the facts rather than*

*leaving me to wonder and imagine all the things that did or might have happened. So, Darling, please tell me what happens just as you have been.*

*I just talked to Judy, Vickie's Sister, and she said that we won the basketball game by one point.*

*Bob, you should know by now how much I miss you. I just live for the day when you will get off that boat and hold me in your arms once again. I hope and pray it will be soon. You know I want you to be careful and all that. After all, you belong to me, so don't go doing anything I wouldn't want you to do.*

*I Love You*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXX*

*XXXXXX*

*February 13, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Yesterday I thought I was hurting for news, but after completing the letter I figured I'd didn't do too badly. However tonight is a different story and I'm really going to be pressed to get past page two.

About the only interesting item I have to offer is the enclosed clipping. You'll probably recall me mentioning the incident. At any rate, the clipping isn't for the scrapbook but is just for your information; that is if you're interested in this sort of thing. Strangland thinks that the Chinese have a pretty good idea about this. Why don't you and some of the girls write a letter to the government? Old knuckle brain has gone for everything else so maybe he'll go along with this idea as well. But if he does, remember that you're private property and don't do business with no one but me!

Things were pretty quiet last night, but K Company really raised a ruckus. The Chinese sent out a patrol to see why we were so quiet, and K let them get within 50 yards and really let them have it. That's all the information I have about the firefight, and in a way I feel sorry for them. The poor jokers didn't have a chance, but then we play for keeps over here and they'd do the same thing to us. Funny thing—this war.

Today was just another day. We worked on our bunker and I re-strung my bed. Other than that there wasn't any thing special that took place; including no mail. But there'll be a pot full tomorrow.

Speaking of mail I'm afraid some of mine has gotten lost along the way. I still haven't received my score from USAFI and I think I'm missing your letter of the 16<sup>th</sup>. You might check your returned letters to see if you have it, or maybe it will turn up later.

I'm also sending some more basketball pictures to you today. I think they'll make it all right, but then they're in a rather make shift envelope. We shall see what we shall see.

Well, I guess I must like you because when I sit down to write you a letter—things just pour out. It's like spending some time with you. But the time is up because I have to get out on guard duty.

Keep your chin up, Kiddo. I'll be home before too much longer. And

when I get there, you and I are going to make up for a lot of lost time.  
Garsh darn, I love you.

All my love always,  
“Your” Bob  
XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Nothing unusual happened today. I went to about half my classes; was late to the other half. There sure is a lot of things to do being Ladies president. Like tomorrow the Ladies are serving cider and cookies to the teachers after school. I had to plan for it all, arrange for the girls to make cookies, get the cups, tablecloth, etc. That's where I was all afternoon, doing the shopping. Then I spent most of the weekend cutting out 150 little hearts. Besides that, the Dance Committee wants the chart made, notices put in the bulletin, \$20 for Mrs. Roberts, along with all the other things I have to get done. That's a typical day's routine in my life. Now when you come home it will be a little different. If I am still in school it might be something like this. Brunch with Bob, lunch with Bob, and any period I can get out of with Bob; then all afternoon with Bob, all evening and half the night with Bob—but, of course, I would rather have it all day and all night everyday and for always with Bob.*

*You said in today's letter that you think you might like my hair better long. Well, maybe so, but wait until you get the pictures I am getting for you tomorrow; then decide. You know if you want, I'll let it grow just for you. It ought to be long by the time you get home if that's what you want. About trading you in because of the way you look, don't be silly. I bet you look cute; besides, you would always look good to me, no matter what. I'd give anything just to see you, if only just for a minute.*

*Well, Honey, here it is time to end my daily letter. You know I have to get up rather early: 7:30 to be exact. I usually get up at 8:00, so you can see that it is a whole half-hour earlier.*

*I love you, Honey—you be careful now and don't fall down and*

*hurt yourself diving for holes, and be sure not to get your feet cold or wet.*

*I love you just more than anything.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*I LOVE YOU*

*XXX*

*XXX*

*XXXXX*

*XXXXX*

# February 14, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

Honey, I hate to bring this up, but it's something that's been bothering me for the entire month and I really think I should get it off my chest.

After all, when questions like these arise, decisions should be reached, and so I'll ask and you decide. And whatever you decide we'll go by. Now the big question is will...

[missing page]

Of course you realize what your answer means to me, so please think it over carefully before you answer.

Again there is not one bit of news as things were just as quiet as quiet could be last night. I guess that neither the Chinese nor the UN felt like sending out any patrols last night, and of course that suits me fine. Man, I sure wish they'd hurry up and sign that Peace Treaty. But then I guess everyone else does, too.

About the only thing I did today was clean my rifle and work on my bunker. The rest of the time I just read and gabbed with the troops. Actually we spend more time up here doing nothing than fighting the war; which again suits me just fine. But I sure hope that this habit doesn't carry over into my civilian life because I'd sure be a lazy, no-good bum.

Well, Darling, it's time for me to sign off. Be good now and remember whose Valentine you are.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX





Dear Bob,

*I love you, Honey. Thank you for the candy. Of course I'll be your valentine, who else's would I be but yours? The enclosed pictures are part of your valentine present even though they are a little late. I spent the evening over at your house watching television and eating your mother's candy. I also had dinner with your folks.*

*I didn't go to any classes all afternoon and only to the first three in the morning. All afternoon Vicki and I were sitting in the main office eating cookies and drinking apple cider. Such is life. Over here, that is. While I remember, we had a class meeting Fourth period. Our dues are \$9.*

*Thank you for the surrender leaflet, but next time tell me what all the writing means.*

*About the information from Graceland, your mother now has it. I asked her to send it to you. By the way, tell Tom I spoke to Mr. Miles about his problem today. He said he would check on it for him.*

*Something else about the pictures—they didn't come out so well. The slides look much better on the screen.*

*Be good and remember*

I LOVE YOU

XXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXX

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

I LOVE YOU

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# February 15, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, the sound of bursting artillery and motor shells today seems to be the official announcement that “Operation Clam Up” is no more. At around 2:30 this afternoon our red legs (Artillery) in the rear really started pouring it on, and we’ve had shells screaming overhead ever since then.

I’ll bet on one thing, and that’s that the Chinese won’t get much sleep tonight, and frankly I’m glad because the Reds have had a darn good opportunity to dig in these last six days, and that just means more sweat and blood for us Infantry guys. Because the deeper they are, the harder it is to get them out. But then they could always sign the peace treaty and save everyone a lot of work—we shall see what we shall see.

By now you’ve probably noticed the enclosed clipping. And there, in twenty-four words, you have a summary of my second patrol. It kind of tees a guy off. Here they send two patrols out to do the job and both of them are driven back. So they call on fighting Fox Company. Up the hill we go, do the job and run like the dickens, dodging enemy fire all the way home and they didn’t even mention that we destroyed the bunkers. I think I’ll write that editor a nasty letter.

But I guess it really doesn’t matter because it’s not the press clippings that win the war but a combination of little things. But it’s a funny thing. When someone is shooting at you, it doesn’t seem so little.

You know, an amusing thing happened when our artillery opened up this afternoon. We just got the word over the telephone what was going to happen, and I was on my way up to tell the boys manning the machine gun what was what when the Third Battalion opened up.

At any rate, the Fourth Squad was cleaning the gun at the time and ‘ol McVey thought it was a Chinese attack. Believe me, I’ve never seen a weapon put back together so fast in all my life. And me, being the stinker I am, let them do it before I told them the score.

Well, it seems they didn’t catch the humor of it all, and so I caught a dozen or more snowballs. Believe me that’s the last time I climb that mountain to tell them anything. They just don’t appreciate me up there.

But our morale is high.

Seems to me that this covers things pretty nicely for the time being, and so I guess I'll wind this thing up.

I would go into "all that my heart would like to say" stuff, but daylight is running out and I'm not much good at that anyway. And besides you know how I feel, and if you've forgotten in the last 11 months, I'll teach you all over again when I get home. In the meantime, remember that I love you just a wee bit.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*I just got home from the Hello Dance. It was a real good dance. They are getting back to where they were. Vicki is spending the night with me again. We only had a few at decorations. 79 kids came, and we had so many that wanted to work tonight we were kicking them out.*

*Now it is morning. I am waiting for Jeanette to come after me and we are going to clean up.*

*I didn't do anything yesterday. We had the Welcome Assembly at school. Then we got dismissed for the first time, which was fun. Then I was seeing Miss Kenealy all of Periods III and most of IV.*

*Well, Darling, I know this hasn't been much of a letter but I love you anyway.*

I LOVE YOU

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

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# February 16, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, maybe I have some good news for you and maybe I haven't. It all depends on how things work out.

At any rate, the news is that the Army has just come out with a program that can release the N.G.'s anywhere from 1 to 4 months before their time is up. But to be truthful I'm not counting on it because under the priority they have set up, I'm one of the last to be effected. So if I get 30 days cut from my time, I'll be lucky.

First of all, they have to have the replacements. Then the priorities go to WWII Veterans, to men with Korean time and to men with dependents. The one thing in my favor is that I'll be easy to replace; the rest are against me. But you never can tell and there's always a chance I'll be lucky. After all, I'm a lucky fellow and I can prove it. Look at the girl who is going to marry me. If that isn't luck, I don't know what is.

But don't get your hopes up because my chances are slim. Just cross your fingers, say a prayer, hope for the best and expect the worst. That's the best way.

By the way, I came across a cartoon in the Stars and Stripes today that I figured might set your mind at ease, in case it was troubled, about the Chinese Comfort Corps clipping I sent you the other day. Believe me, it's the truth.

Things were rather slow today, and about all that we did was to occupy the Third Platoon's positions while they went out on patrol. The patrol was just a routine affair for the Third as they went out just after daylight, searched for and blew up a couple of bunkers that the Chinese had built between us and their MLR during "Operation Clam Up." No contact was made with the enemy and, to be truthful, those are the kind of patrols that we wish for. Especially because it's the 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon's turn next and then comes our turn, and I'll lay money right now that ours will be Hill 364. And between you and me, I don't like it out there. But you never can tell, maybe we'll pull an easy one.

At any rate, all we did up at the 3<sup>rd</sup> Platoon area today was read, gab and sit around. I read the February 13<sup>th</sup> edition of the Stars and Stripes

from cover to cover, and believe me, I'm really up on my current events.

Well, Honey, it's getting late and I have things to attend to.

Keep care now and remember that I love you will all my heart.

All my love always,

x Bob

XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*I love you—no this isn't the end of the letter. I just want you to know I love you all the time, not just at the end of the letter. Of course, you should know that by now, but I have to make sure.*

*This morning I got up, had some orange juice and some toast. Jeanette picked me up and we made an appearance at clean up after which we went down to the "Y" and checked some names for the campaign. Then all afternoon we were out trying to raise money for the "Y." What a job, it really is work. Needless to say, we didn't get much, and it kind of looks like we'll also be doing this all tomorrow afternoon. The club that collects the most money gets a day trip to Catalina.*

*Then tonight Grandmother, Aunt Annie Irene and Aunt Jean came to visit us, and we all had quite a session of talk. Then Dad and I talked an hour or so after they left. You know, he isn't such a bad guy. You know, I never really knew or understood my Father, but then I guess I never really wanted to before. You know of course I have never been close to my parents.*

*It is late, Honey. How is the war coming along? I would think that it ought to be over by now. After all, the "Fighting Fortieth" is in there now.*

*I want you to be careful now, Darling. It won't be too long before you get home. I hope and pray.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

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XXXXXXXXXX

I LOVE YOU

# February 17, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

Business before pleasure, I always say, and so I'll tell you all about the answer I got from USAFI regarding the letter I sent them. If you'll recall I waited and waited for my test results, and when they didn't show I sat down and wrote the Director, Paul Edwards, a letter. I asked him to look into the matter and to please send me the results as my high school was waiting for them.

At any rate I got an answer from him today and here's what he had to say: "Checked with testing yesterday 11 Feb. Your test was returned to your S&E Officer for certification on 18 Jan 52. Evidently he forgot to sign it. Check with him." Which means that the test is tied up in a batch of red tape at Regimental Headquarters.

I got a hold of my Platoon Leader and gave him the scoop on it, and he has started tracking it down for me. The only thing I can do now is to keep my temper and wait. I sure hope this latest development isn't too much of an inconvenience, but being up here that's all I can do. I'll "flash" you the word just as soon as I get the results. And one thing about my Lieutenant, he'll hound them until I do.

The only other news is that we move tomorrow. My squad is going down to the roadblock to relieve the First Squad. I never saw it to fail. You work like the dickens on something, in this case our bunker, and just as you get settled, you move. There just isn't any justice. But one good point about it is that we'll be getting three hot meals a day. Up here on "Bunker Hill" we only get two, and they toss us a can of C Rations for lunch. Me, I favor my stomach rather than C Rations, so at least I'm happy about getting an extra hot meal for a few days.

The mail is still fowled up. I've only gotten one letter from Sis and two packages from Mom in the last week. I'm beginning to think that something has happened back home (knock on wood) that they don't want us to know about.

But I know better, and so I just contribute it the inefficiency of the Army red tape. When everything else fails ART succeeds. But the dam will break soon, and then we'll be flooded with mail. Such is Army life.

Well, my Darling this outfit moves out in the early AM, so I need to get to bed.

Sometime remind me to tell you just why I love you so much. But be sure to have a lot of spare time because I'll never finish.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Today I started the day off right by going to church. Then all the kids from the club were going out to try to collect some money for the "Y." We changed our minds and ended up at the show. We saw "Red Skies Over Montana" and "Room for One More." They were real good, especially "Room for One More." It sure was funny. Then we went over to Jody's and had pie and coffee.*

*Now here I am at home thinking of you as always. It has been so long, so very long. It sure has been hard living over here with only your letters. If I didn't have them, I think it would be near impossible. All I can say is when you come home I'm not going to let you out of my sight. I am afraid that you are stuck for life. Darling, I don't think you will ever really realize how very much I miss you.*

*You know you have*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

XXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXX

I LOVE YOU

# February 18, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

Honey, I want you to know that you're very privileged because this short letter that I'm writing to you is "the" letter of the day. I've just been too rushed for time and too many things have happened for me to write any others.

There's a little bit of news—all bad—but I guess I might as well get it over with. When we arrived down here at the roadblock they were bringing in casualties from the 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion of the 224<sup>th</sup> Regiment; and they've been arriving all day long.

It seems that they sent out a task force comprising of 20 tanks, 15 half-tracks and the 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion to blow some bunkers. Something like Hill 364, only on a bigger scale. But the Chinese had dug in deep during "Operation Clam Up" and they were ready for them. I don't know what the official release will be but I was told by a litter jeep driver that there were 10 dead and 50 wounded and I saw three half-tracks that the tanks had to pull back to our position. Two had treads blown off and the other had its front end blown to pieces. It seems that they hit a minefield.

What we did to them I don't know but I don't think this whole country is worth the price we paid for those bunkers.

We also got some mortar fire in on us today. One hit pretty close and scared a year's growth out of me, but no one was hurt.

Gotta go. No ink left. I love you.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Just an ordinary day, nothing unusual happened. I missed the usual three classes. In fact, Mrs. Price, my second period teacher, and*



*I have an agreement that if I am not there she will just make my tardy excused because I always seem to be someplace and that will save bookwork.*

*As for you buying me a ball and chain and sending it to Mother so I won't get hurt, for your information I am in great shape except for my cold. You have to expect a few bruises, etc., now and then. However I have had more than usual lately. About that letter your wrote concerning the one I wrote up at the snow—all I can say is that it is a good thing I have a sense of humor. After reading the letter over I can see it did sound kind of funny and you did a nice take off on it.*

*By the way, do you want any cards or announcements? If so how many of each, etc. Also the Annual drive starts in about a week. It is \$3 this year. I sure can see why everyone complains about the senior year costing money. Every day it is something else.*

*As you can see, I ran out of stationary again. I forgot to tell Mother and I used the last of hers last night.*

*Well, like all good things this letter has to come to an end. Now is as good of time as any seeing how I ran out of things to say, except that I love you, which I can always say just to you.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

# February 19, 1952

---

My Dearest Betty,

They say that miracles will never cease, and I'm actually beginning to believe it because low and behold we had two mail calls today and I really hit the jackpot.

At any rate, thanks for the pictures of you at the snow, and be sure to keep 'em coming because it really boosts my morale, and that's what you people back home are suppose to do.

As for you losing my medals and me sending you more, I'm afraid not. There just isn't anyplace over here to get them. But if you'll go into Standard Outfitters and ask for them, I'm sure that they'll have them. If you want, you can also buy the Combat Infantryman's Badge, and while you're at it, you might as well pick up the Korean Ribbon. I'll have that in another five days. See what a hero you're going to marry?

But don't let the medals fool you. They don't bring in anymore money and they don't mean a thing.

Everything was quiet last night, and I sure hope it continues that way. You never can tell though. We might be here and not a thing happens, and the day after we leave, one hundred hopped up Chinese could come roaring over the hill. Or, it could happen tonight. It just depends on the breaks.

Actually we've got a pretty good set up here. I don't know if this rough diagram makes sense to you but it shows that we have two 30 and one 50-caliber machine guns. Then we have two half-tracts and they each have four 50-caliber machine guns. Add to that our automatic rifles and M1's, and you have quite a little bit of firepower. In addition we also have all that wire, mines and trip-flares in front of us.

Well, Honey, I'd better sign off for now because I've got to check my guards.

Just as a reminder, I'll say that I love you with all my heart and that I always will.

I'm awfully proud of my little gal and I know darn well that she can never be beat. That's why I'm grabbing her just as soon as I get home

(What a guy won't do to get his sweater and bracelet back).

All my love always,

"Your" Bob



*Dear Bob,*

*I went to our basketball game tonight. Was it ever exciting—we won by two points. We beat one of the teams that we were tied for first with. Now it is only a two-way tie. We play the other team next week. The game was real close all the way.*

*Nothing unusual happened today except that I finally got my tattoo and I only missed two classes instead of my usual three.*

*By now operation "Clam Up" is all over, but I bet it was a nice rest for you all. Did you have a good book?*

*After the game some of us went over to Blake's house and had cokes, etc. We were going to see a movie but it was too late to start watching it; it is after 12 as it is. Before the game we had a club meeting.*

*As you can see Mother forgot the stationary. I'll have to remind her tomorrow, that is if I remember.*

*Well, Darling, I had better stop. Mother didn't want me to go tonight because of my cold, so if it's hard to get me up tomorrow she will be a little mad to say the least. I love you just like I always do. You be careful now, Honey.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXX*

*XXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

*February 20, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, I got your Valentine today, and although it was a little late I sure enjoyed it. It probably would have been here on time only we didn't get any mail for such a long time. But that's the way the ball bounces, and I always say "better late than never."

There's not much to write about today, and I haven't got much time. So if this seems scratchy and vague blame it on those two factors.

Bright and early this morning I hopped a truck and went back to the company's rear area. I had to go back because we still haven't gotten our AR (Automatic Rifle), and its been ordered for over a month now. But a good thing happened when a major stopped me to ask where my Field Jacket was. You know we're not suppose to wear our pile jackets as an outer garment, but underneath the Field Jacket. I told him that I didn't have one and while I was at it, put in a good plug for our AR. He was very interested and said he'd look into it. So I'm willing to bet that we get some action on this, and that we'll get it soon.

While I was in the rear I cleaned up, but they were fresh out of clothes, so I've still got my dirty ones on. But there're not too bad.

The thought just occurred to me that you might worry about my jacket and the AR. Don't, because in our position we don't really need the AR because of all of our machine guns, and we can always borrow one when we go on patrol. As for the jacket, I don't really need it.

Needless to say I love you just a little bit, and I guess I always will.

Honey, I realize that these letters aren't up to par, but I'm really rushed. I'll try to do better tomorrow.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*As you can see I am still out of paper. I reminded Mother again tonight. I had better do something or I will be out of this paper as well. On the way home from school my books disappeared. If I lost them I am really in a bad way. I have so many lists for Ladies, Activity Day and various other things that if I lost them it would be a tragedy, not to think of all the homework, etc.*

*Well, tonight I had to go to a P.T.A. meeting. It was a little on the boring side but everyone liked my tattoo—especially the part about my always obeying you—and I managed to live through it.*

*I swear Activity Day is going to be a mess the way things are going. It is only a week off and everything is not at all organized. But then I guess it will all work out.*

*Nothing much of anything happened today. Not that it ever does. I guess I have said that same line over a hundred times since you went away. This I have also said to you many times—it is late, I am tired, school's tomorrow and all that. But the last three words I am going to write I have said hundreds of times to you and thought millions of times, I love you. Those three words mean the world to me. Be careful now, Darling.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU, Just You*

# February 21, 1952

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, I'm sorry but it looks as though I'm up to my old tricks again because if this letter contains any news it will be news to me.

By now you've probably noticed the enclosed clippings. I cut them out of the Stars and Stripes and thought you might be interested. Anything to fill out a letter, I always say.

While I think about it, I mailed your Valentine back to you today in those via mail folders they give us. Chances are you'll get it before you receive this one. When you get it, I'd like for you to put it in the scrapbook. I really did like it.

We got a bit of bad news today. Tomorrow night we're going out on another patrol. The good thing about it is that it's an ambush patrol. Other than a Recon and Sweeper Patrols, I think they're the best. At least they're 50% better than a Combat Patrol which is the kind that we ran last time.

First of all there's a good chance you won't make contact with the enemy and secondly, if we do, we have the advantage of being in position. This forces the enemy to move and causes disorganization in their ranks, which makes them easier to spot.

The one bad thing about them is that you have to remain still. That means that things get chilly. But try not to worry because we'll all go out and all come back without a scratch. You wait and see.

While I think about it I wrote you awhile back and asked you to send the Graceland stuff on to me along with your comments. Either I haven't gotten your answer yet or it slipped your mind. At any rate I still think it would be a good idea to start planning a little now.

There wasn't much of anything that took place today except that I got an answer about my USAFI from the Lieutenant today. Regiment says they haven't received it yet and that they'll send it down just as soon as it arrives. Like I said before, we'll just have to wait. It also snowed quite a bit today.

You know, whether or not you know it, you play a pretty important role in my life. I don't know what I'd think about on guard duty if I didn't have you. It may seem silly but it sure helps the hours to fly by. And the faster they go, the better I like it, because each passing hour brings me

just that much closer to you.

I was figuring today and I've only got six months and eight more days to go; and tomorrow it will be seven days and so forth right down the line. I look forward to each new sunrise, but I'm living for the sight of the Golden Gate Bridge and you.

You may not realize it, but I know how lucky I am, and while it's tough being away for so long, it's wonderful to have you for my very own. In plain old fashion words, I'm head over heels in love with you.  
KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Mary Jane is spending the night with me. We went to the show and saw "Decision Before Dawn" and "Ten Tall Men." They were just average pictures. Tomorrow being a holiday, we couldn't stay home.*

*As you see, Mother got me some stationary. One thing I can say is that Mother must shop around so as to find the most different looking envelopes she can.*

*It is now the next morning. Mary Jane and I talked until all hours last night and I couldn't write very well while trying to carry on a conversation.*

*By the way, Darling, before I forget, the Annuals are on sale now. They are \$3.*

*Do you know what I did? I lost my books. They just disappeared into thin air. I had a lot of lists, etc with them. What a pain to lose something like that.*

*Honey, you know I love you. I want you to be careful and by all means be good.*

*All my love always,  
Betty  
XXXXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXXXX  
I LOVE YOU*

*February 22, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, I guess I live right or perhaps this is my lucky day because we're not going on patrol tonight. It all started when I called Battalion to see if it was all right to test our weapons. I told them we were going on patrol and this guy blew his top. He said that you, meaning the squad guarding the gate, was not supposed to go on patrol. And I said, maybe so but we're going, and so he said that he'd check.

A few minutes later a call came in from Lt. Wiggins. He wanted to know the story and so I told him. At any rate, he called the company and explained that we were under Battalion control here and that they said we were not to go.

Here I spend all day getting ready for this thing and then they say we're not going. Boy, am I (Ha Ha) disappointed.

Everything was quiet last night with the exception that Long, my AR man, got sick. He had terrible stomach pains, so they took him out on a litter jeep. So far we haven't gotten a report on how he is doing.

It looks as though I jumped the gun on the Graceland business. I got your letter saying Mom has the materials but I still haven't received your comments on it.

As for the pictures, I think they're swell. In fact a guy couldn't ask for a prettier Valentine. They were beautiful and are of my favorite subject, but they sure put naughty ideas in my head.

I'm glad that you liked my valentine, and I really do regret I couldn't present it to you personally. But one of these days —

It's getting dark and so I have to knock it off.

Honey, I love you so darn much and I'm really itching to get home. If you're going to change your mind about me you'd better do it now because I'm not going to let you once I get home.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX





*Dear Bob,*

*Good news! I found my books. They were at the Tattoo shop.*

*Today a bunch of us went out and collected money for the "Y." That is about all that happened. The dumb old mailman didn't come today. I would almost rather go to school than not have the mailman come.*

*So you can see I don't have anything to write on.*

*GAA starts next week. I am going out for bowling and badminton. On Tuesday I am in charge of bowling and on Wednesday I am head of badminton.*

*I will start sending you the "Mirror" again when it comes out on Wednesday; for the first time this semester. It sure took them long enough to get the thing out.*

*I know this hasn't been much of a letter but just nothing happened. I love you, miss you and want you more than anything else in this world. Be careful now, Honey—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

# February 23, 1952

---

My Dearest Betty,

I'm sorry, Honey, but I'm afraid this is going to have to be another shortie. I know how disappointed you are when I only get off three or four pages because I know I always am when a "shortie" arrives from you. There just doesn't seem to be any replacement for those longer ones, at least over here. But down here at the gate they keep me jumping, and so sometimes it's just has to be this way.

There's no news, anyway, except for a letter I wrote to USAFI. I asked them to send a tracer for the letter with my test results and to see if they could un-stick my stuck test. When I say stuck, I mean to get the person on the ball whose desk it's laying on. Like I've said before, all I can do is wait.

The only other item is that our mortars have been zeroing in this valley all day long. I'm not sure, and I don't want you to mention it to anyone, but I think they figure the Chinese will hit here when and if they attack. But don't worry, no one is going to make a push until my time here is up.

Nevertheless I've got some flares to rig up before nightfall and so I've got to ring off.

I'll make this up to you tomorrow. In the meantime I'll give you three guesses who my number one gal is.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*It never fails, when I can think of a lot of things to say, there is no time to say them. It is now after 3:00 and I just got home from a party over at Richard's house. Chet is home for the night; he is*

sailing down at Santa Monica. Leave it to him—he locked me out. He use to do it all the time, and this time I had to wake up the whole house in order to get in. I can just hear Mother in the morning.

We had a lot of fun at the party. After the party we went to Bronies for Pizza. It was only funny. We got there just after they closed, so Chuck went around to the back and got in some way and came around to the front and let us in when the waiter wasn't looking. The waiter went and tried the door, which we had unlocked; he couldn't figure it out, but we got pizza.

This morning I happened to see your mother downtown. That is, she saw me and I went shopping with her. I did some sewing this afternoon and then went over to Vickie's house and baked a cake. Vicki then came home with me, and we had dinner before we went to the party. There are the day's activities in simple form.

Most important of all is that I got three letters from you. Bob, you'll never know how much your letters mean to me. I love you so very, very much.

You asked if I would be your Valentine. Well, it's a little late and I did say I would once, but in case you're not sure, I'll never belong to anyone else but you, Darling, and you know it.

I love you, just you—you'll always have

All my love always,

Betty

XXXXX

XXXXX

I LOVE YOU

*February 24, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, I guess I'm just going to have to get use to the mail being delivered in bunches because it sure looks as though that's the only way we're going to get it from now on. In short, there wasn't any mail today.

Things have been pretty quiet around here, but believe me it's not going to last. Because as soon as a certain solider named Sands shows up, I'm going to start another war of my own, He's been riding for a fall for a long time now, but today he took off without letting anyone know where he was going and he still isn't back. In fact, I'm pulling his phone guard for him right now. But the point is that we've got to man the gate with a certain number of men at all times, and with him taking off like that, Humphrey couldn't go to the rear for a shower. And today is his turn to do so. So like I said, the two of us are going to have it out.

John Long, the fellow who got sick the other day, just got back. He says he feels a little weak but other than that, he's O.K. One thing about him, he's a good soldier and there's not any faking about him. It's good to have him back.

Chances are this letter is a little scratchie. The reason being is that every vehicle that goes through this gate has be checked out and then in, when it returns. That means a call to Battalion to get it cleared. So I'm spending more time on the telephone than I am on the letter.

A funny thing happened today when John Perverar's tent burned down. The poor guy had been working on the thing for three days and had it fixed up real nice. Of course at night he sleeps in the bunker, but the tent was more or less his "dayroom." The tent covered a hole that he had dug and was surrounded by sandbags and he even had a little stove in it. Then all of a sudden POOF and up it went. It was really funny watching him as he tried to put it out. In fact we were all laughing so hard that we just stood around and didn't give him a helping hand. Well, now he's mad and not speaking to anyone. Guess we just have to let him cool off.

Well, my Darling, I guess you know by now that I love you just a wee bit. Just don't forget that I'm your guy and that you're my gal and that I'll always love you.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*I just got home from your house. I know why I am gaining weight. Every week when I go over to your house, your Mother gives me so many good things to eat that I just couldn't help but put on a little weight. Don't worry, I weigh the same as when you left. I just have gained back what I lost at Christmas. Your mother and I went bowling. As usual we didn't do too well. Out of 5 games we both bowled only one decent game; your mother 133 and 145 for me. The rest were real low, about 100 (some lower).*

*This afternoon I went to a meeting on Activity Day. I am in charge of all the Extras in Act III of the Paris nightclub scene. What a meeting! I am sure glad I don't have to go to those kinds of meetings often.*

*About your camera, I'm sorry, I am not going to let you have it back. That is, not until after Friday. I want to take some colored slides of Activity Day for you. So later when we are old and gray we can look back and remember. That way you can see the colors of the sweaters, etc.*

*Before I forget, your mother asked me to ask you how long it took to put the machinegun together after you went up on the 15<sup>th</sup> to tell them to put it together and they threw snowballs at you. She says that you never answer her questions and she would like to know. When I got to thinking about it, so would I. So let us know as soon as you get this—you have been real good about answering my questions, so let's keep up the good work.*

*I haven't had a chance to check if I got my letter of the 16<sup>th</sup> back yet. I have so many letters, as you must know by now. Two people*

*writing every day for 11 months amounts to quite a few. However, I'll try to check on it tomorrow. I hope you haven't lost any mail. Not that I say anything important, but you might just miss something I would want you to know about.*

*I'll try to get a copy of the class song for you. It is to the tune of, "Red Sails in the Sunset." It is real pretty, of course.*

*Darling, you know how very much I love you, or at least you should know by now. The time is almost over. Just a few more months and we will be together again. Be careful now, Honey. Just remember you have—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXX*

*XXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

*February 25, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, I don't rightly know what I'm going to write about, but the only way this letter is going to be written is for me to guide this pen around and so here goes nothing.

Right now I'm sitting here trying to write this while Sands and Long are working on an oil burning stove. If it works we'll have it made, but these homemade jobs sometimes smoke just a wee bit.

Except for a few stunts by some of our gang, everything has been rather quiet. In fact we haven't had a bit of trouble since that first day. Funny thing about that; the squad that was down here before us had all sorts of trouble. Mortar rounds were coming in and wire was being cut and once someone got close enough to heave a grenade in on top of one of the machineguns. Luckily, no one was hurt.

But since we've been here not a thing has happened. In fact, the most exciting things that have happened around here is when Humprey fell against the machinegun and it went off, and John's tent burned down yesterday. By the way John is talking to us again.

The boys and I were talking it over yesterday and Spardo pops off and says, "that the Chinese aren't so dumb, that they made a recon, discovered that the Third Squad was here, and since then has given this place a wide berth. Everyone knows they had better not to mess around with us." Well, I don't know. Maybe so and maybe not, but I sure hope our luck holds out and we don't have any trouble.

Well, Honey, these letters aren't much but when things are like they are they're pretty hard to write.

But you know there's a certain GI over here that's just eating his heart out, waiting for that boat to take him home to the most wonderful girl in the world. And that when he gets home there's going to be one less Ward and one more Anderson in this world; and after a while, we'll add a couple more Andersons. I love you.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



Dear Bob,

I just got home from Activity Day rehearsals. It has some real good acts if they will just work together. Right now everything is more or less a mess.

Vicki and three other kids from our club went down to the television show, "What's the Name of That Song" and won \$30 for the "Y." They called Mrs. Todd and said they were going to be on some Quiz program later tonight. I can hardly wait to see if they won anything.

Today was another average day. First period I stayed in class (it's Advanced Composition and I have to), then I spent Second Period talking with Miss Kenealy, Third Period at a Scholarship Meeting, and during Fourth Period I let everyone see my tattoo during Show and Tell. By the way, I'm mad at you. You didn't even say you were proud of me for getting all A's and all E's, and I worked hard for them—just for you (ha ha). Forth period the teacher wasn't even there so all we did was talk, then I stayed in class during Fifth Period and during Sixth Period I practiced for the New Girls Assembly since I have to make a speech tomorrow and I don't have any idea of what I'm going to say. Such is a day in my school life. Where the reading, writing and arithmetic comes in, I'm still trying to figure out. I got the basketball pictures today. They arrived in real good condition.

That is wonderful about being able to release the NG's 1 to 4 months before their time is up. If you get home in May, I'll be more than satisfied, and if before—well that would be just too good to be true. I love you so very much. Just think, eleven long, long months today.

I thought the cartoon about the Comfort Corps was cute, but I am not or was not the least bit worried about you, Darling. I know you too well. There is no one but me for you (there had better not be) just as there is no one but you for me (believe me I know).

I know how you must feel about the mail tie up. If I go a couple of days without hearing from you I go mad until I get some letters. But



*believe me it isn't because I'm not writing every day, and as long as I can breathe you'll get your letter every day. You know, I am really surprised at us. Every day for eleven months is an awful long time to not miss writing so much as one day.*

*I sure love you, Honey, as you once said, "garsh darn I love you."*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

*February 26, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, I think that someone ought to pin a medal on me because I did a very brave thing today. I went to the Dentist all by myself.

I had an inflamed gum for the last couple of days, and since this is Tuesday and Tuesday is the day the Dentist comes to Battalion Aid, I went down to see him. You know you have to be careful with things like that over here. At any rate, he cleaned my teeth up and gave me some mouthwash with orders to brush and then rinse after every meal. Says that should clear it up. The Dentist looked at me this morning, but since there were others whose teeth were hurting them, he deferred working on me until two in the afternoon.

In the meantime I went back to the rear area, got myself a change of clothes and did a little scrounging. I now have a small rubber hose, which we needed badly for our stove, ten candles and a squad burner to my credit. Believe me, over here that makes me a topnotch scrounger.

The mail finally came through last night, but there wasn't too much that a guy could comment on. I still haven't received that package though. Maybe the plane that was carrying it crashed or something.

As usual everything was quiet last night. I had the last watch, which means that I pull the first one tonight. Of course, these two are the best shifts to pull. Other than that there isn't any news. It was just the same old routine.

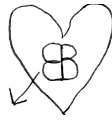
Oh yes, there is a final item. The halftrack crew that has been here at the gate has been replaced, and now we have to break the new guys in. Such is life, I guess.

Well, Honey, as always you know how very much I love you. It's kinda meaningless in words but you know way down deep in your heart that it's true and that it won't be too much longer before I can substitute actions for words.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Well, I just got home from a basketball game. Our Club is in first place now. Our guys beat the team that we were tied with in first place by 66-38. They were the worst sports.*

*Bowling started for me again today. I sure wish I didn't have to be in charge of it for Tuesday night. I'm not head of bowling anymore; being in charge of badminton is enough. They just decided to have badminton for Lettergirls only. I think it should be a lot of fun.*

*Nothing much happened at school today. We don't have much time for anything but Activity Day. Oh yes, we did have the New Girls Assembly. I had to make a speech.*

*If I oversleep again tomorrow, Mother is going to be mad. I usually get up at 8:00 and I'm ready for school at 8:20, but today I got up at 8:30. I can't do that. She will think I'm tired (little does she know). Why, she might make me stay home one night. That would be terrible.*

*My Darling you know how much I love you. Just come home and all my nights will be for you—in fact you might as well just take all of me because after all I belong to you, just you.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXX*

*XXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

*February 27, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Sugar, this letter is the same old story—not one single bit of news, but like I wrote in Mom’s letter, that’s good. Because the biggest percentage of my news has to do with the war and when there’s not any news that means there’s not any activity, which suits me fine.

About our biggest achievement today was making improvements on our stove. Believe me when this thing gets going it really puts out the heat, and considering that we made it from scrap materials, that’s something. In case you’re interested, it’s made from a 60mm mortar can, some 30 caliber machinegun ammo boxes, some shell casings, a tomato can, and a hose from an air pump. Our tools consisted of a bayonet and a hammer. In short, once a GI gets started working on improving his comfort, nothing can stop him. By the way, I forgot the sand and a piece of wood that we used in building it. Now I realize that you’re probably not interested in oil stoves, but like I said before, I’m hard up for news. So anything and everything goes in this letter—even the weather.

And speaking of the weather, it’s a little warmer. At least it has seemed to be that way for the last couple of nights. But you can safely wager that we have a few cold days ahead of us.

One thing about the weather is that we stay put. One of these fine days it’s going to be Spring, and as soon as that happens, somebody is going to make a push and then the going is going to get tough. But I guess I’ll just wait and cross that bridge when I get to it.

By the way, I was wondering the other day. Where you would like to go on your Honeymoon? And who would you like to spend it with?

Well, my Darling, this type of letter is bound to happen once in a while. Just grind your teeth and say to yourself “he means well. After all he loves me more than anything else in the world.” KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*I am waiting for Pat and Lucy to come after me to go to Activity Day rehearsal tonight. As you can see I enclosed the "Mirror" that came out today (If I remembered).*

*Not much of anything unusual happened today; of course I say that everyday. I did get the girls signed up for badminton this afternoon.*

*I also will enclose our class song. I got an extra copy today just for you.*

*Well, here I am, home again. Rehearsal went real well tonight and it is really going to be a fine program. You know you didn't miss anything when you didn't have Senior Problems. That is the most boring class; but of course I'm not there  $\frac{3}{4}$  the time. In fact, between the teacher and I being absent so much there has only been two times this semester that we have both been there at the same time.*

*We did have a Girls Activity Board meeting at noon. "Royal Holiday" is going to be the theme for our Mayday (I suggested it). Do you know that after this semester there is not even going to be an Honor Girls breakfast? All I can say is that it is a good thing I am graduating in June. There isn't going to be anything to do after that—almost everything is being discontinued.*

*Honey, do me a favor and make a list of everyone you write to even if it is only once in awhile. All the time people are saying, "Do you know Bob writes to so and so." "No." "Well, he does." Not that it matters Darling, just next time I am going to fool them and say "yes."*

*You know I love you so there is nothing more to say. Words just don't fit the situation.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

*February 28, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, if you thought yesterday's letter was a stinker just wait until you read this one because the word "news" has just been scratched from the English language over here. In short, there just isn't any.

We were honored by a visit from the Major today. Evidently he got up on the wrong side of his sleeping bag this morning because he was a huffin-and-a-puffin like the big bad wolf.

He was here for about 15 minutes, and in that time he managed to exert his personality on a Sergeant, a jeep driver, a truck driver and a Lieutenant.

Unlucky for me, I was the Sergeant and it seems that my boys are to put their pots (helmets) on and keep them on or there's going to be trouble.

He was telling me that this is the MLR and that mortar fire was not uncommon in this area. I don't know what his point was in telling me this because I'll guarantee you that I've stood more guard and dodged more shells around here than he has; but he's a Major and so I let him rave.

My point is that the boys were working on their bunkers and those pots get in the way. The troops do wear them everyplace else.

Fine thing a guy hasn't even got privacy in his own bunker anymore. So I guess we'll just have to keep our eyes open, and every time he comes around the boys will put their lids on—and I'll hide.

By the way I got the surprise of my life today. Your Valentine package arrived, and believe me, those cookies were sure good and will make a fine snack when I come in off of guard duty. Thanks a lot.

I'm also feeling a little like Thomas Edison today. You see we can't put any oil on our rifles over here because the oil freezes and they won't fire. So we keep them dry, which isn't much better because the bolt doesn't slide easy and they often malfunction. Yesterday John Long left his Vaseline Hair Oil Tonic outside, and although yesterday was one cold day, the tonic didn't freeze. So I put some on my rifle and it works like a dream. Tonight I'm leaving my rifle outside overnight and if it fires in the

morning like it did today, I'm passing the word around.

There has been more than one life lost due to a weapon not working at the proper time, and if I've discovered something then I've done more good over here than a lot of people. At any rate, I just hope it works out.

Well, Sugar, the only other thing to say is that by all means get me the Annual and the Announcements. I'll be sending you a money order to cover the expenses in a few days to cover most of the costs. I would send it earlier, except that over here, there is only one day a month that Money Orders are issued. That date will be coming up soon. In the meantime, if you need money, ask Mom and she'll give it to you.

Keep care now—I love you.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Honey, I am sorry this has to be extra short. I am dead tired and it is after 12:00. I have had sort of a hard evening, upsetting anyway. I had a little argument with my parents, but Dad was just in and I guess everything is all right now.*

*I went to a meeting at the "Y" tonight, and then all afternoon Vicki and I read college catalogs.*

*I got the film for your camera today so I can take the pictures tomorrow.*

*Darling, I am really sorry for this letter. I'll make up for it later. I love you.*

*All my love always,*  
*Betty*  
XXXXXXXXXX

# February 29, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

History is in the making. Today I have some news. And like all news some of it is good and some of it is bad.

For example, the Chinese dropped a few mortars in on us today—that's bad. But none of their rounds fell close and no one was hurt—and that's good. At least they added a little excitement to today's routine.

We also had a little excitement last night when Jim Sands set our oil bucket on fire. Man, for awhile I thought our bunker was gone and we were going to be homeless because we couldn't put the darn thing out. First we tried stamping it out, then we tried to smother it with a Field Jacket, that in turn caught fire, and finally the wood that our bunker is build with started to burn. Just then Pevear came charging in with a bucket full of water. Sands says "never mind, water isn't any good on an oil fire", and I said "forget the oil, toss it on the wood." From that point on the fire was easy to put out because the wet Field Jacket wouldn't burn and that allowed us to smother the oil fire.

After everything was over, Humprey comes up with, "It reminds me of an oil fire we had back in Texas once..." Man what a bunch of characters we are.

But like everything else in the world, it wasn't as bad as it seemed. No damage was done except to the jacket and a towel that happened to get in the way, and while it was serious last night, it gave us all a good laugh this morning. That is, everyone laughed except John Long. It was his Field Jacket.

Today has just been routine. This morning Long and I went out in front of our position to set up more trip flares. Honestly the place has so much in front of it I don't think that a field mouse could get through. Then this afternoon I cleaned up a few items, including me.

Able Company is having themselves one heck of a fight right about now. We can see the entire show from here, and it's really been a down and out fight. So far they've been at it for eight hours with no signs of letting up. They are trying to take the same hill that the 224<sup>th</sup> got so chewed up on when they tried to take on the first day that we got to the gate. I



don't know what's so important about that hill, but it must be something special because both sides are fighting like the dickens to control it.

Today I got a call through to the Division I&E Officer about my USAFI test. Same old story, he hasn't seen it. But he asked me to write him a letter with all the details and he'd try and locate it for me, so I sat right down and dropped him a line. I figure the more people I get working on this, the better and faster results I'm going to get. Like I said before, it'll turn up. I may be an old man with ten children when it does, but it will.

I also want to send another thank you for your cookies. Honey, they were really yum yum, and together with a cup of coffee, they really hit the spot when I came off of guard duty last night. The boys also send their thanks and praise.

Well, my Darling, all good things must come to an end and so must this letter. But one thing that will never end is my love for you because you, and only you, have

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Today was our Great?? Activity Day and wouldn't you know, it rained. The program came out real swell. It was better than any Activity Day I've seen. We did the usual stuff; eat lunch, ran through the halls and classrooms. We almost had some of our activities taken away because of running through the rooms. We still may. I am not worried about it because if they do we can always just have them on our own.*

*Then we had the usual dance tonight. It was real good, over 500 kids were there. Mother let me have the car so a bunch of girls went with me. Afterwards we went to Bobs, and like I said just the usual things happened.*

*I got your sweater all right. I don't think it will be big enough in the shoulders. I am going to see about it but I don't think much of anything can be done.*

*Being how it rained I couldn't take any pictures, so I will have to wait until Monday. Don't worry, I'll get your camera back to you sometime.*

*About your medals that I lost. I am just going to let you get them when you come home. I don't know from nothing about anything like that.*

*Honey, if this letter sounds funny, just say, "Oh well, the poor girl was so tired she couldn't help but write a letter like this one."*

*I love you, Darling. No fooling, I sure do.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

*March 1, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

I liked writing that date up above because today starts off a new month, which means that February is no more and I'm just that much closer to all my dreams and hopes coming true. From here on out it's all down hill.

By now you've probably noticed the picture. Dick Hackert enclosed it with a letter he wrote me. The girl on the left is the one trying for the scholarship and the one on the right is her sister. The book I'm holding is a Hymnal and the picture was taken of me just before I left. One of these days I'll be receiving a picture that one of my boys took over here. When I get it, I'll send it to you and then you'll have "before and after" pictures.

About the biggest news is that tomorrow we move back up on the hill. I don't know just what the overall plan is, but in general the line is going to shift slightly to the left. My guess is that they're going to pull some Company out of the line for some reason, and we're just filling in. At any rate George Company will take over down here and we'll be up on the hill by noon.

I'm going to miss the chow and all this level ground down here. And then there's the disadvantage of running patrols now. But we'll only be standing two or three hours of guard every night as compared to six hours at the gate. At least I'll be able to get a good nights sleep. And I guess that we're having things a little too soft down here anyway.

I did get a letter from you today but there wasn't much of anything to comment on.

Things were just quiet last night as they always have been while we've been manning the gate. This afternoon I gave my rifle a good going over and she's really spotless. And fire! Man since I coated her with Vaseline she fires like a dream. It's a good feeling to have her working smoothly. I sure hope she doesn't let me down when I need her.

Better close now and do a little packing. Just as a reminder—I love you with all my heart.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



*(Written March 2<sup>nd</sup>)*

*Dear Bob,*

*Darling this is for last night. When I tell you what happened you will understand. As you know, the Saturday after Activity Day all of the seniors go into Hollywood to raise general cane. We went in on the streetcar. About 250 of us were down there. It was freezing cold. When we got down there, Patty was drunk. Her Uncle had given her a pint of Vodka and a pint of Bourbon and she drank it all. We all ran down Hollywood Boulevard stopping traffic and trying to crash all the theaters. anyway, Patty was so drunk we took her into a restaurant to give her some black coffee. She was so sick the people suggested we take her to the rest room in back. Then Lucy and Bev went after the rest of the kids to get the keys for Carol's car.*

*While they were gone, Vickie and I tried to take care of Patty. She was so sick, throwing up all over, etc. I guess you know how it is after all the guys you have taken care of. Finally they came back and got a cab for her so we could take her home and put her to bed.*

*After a long story we all got back together. By that time the police had broken the big group up into small groups. Some of the kids were in jail. The big glass door on the Palladium was broken, etc., so we decided to go to the show. Everyone was coming out. Then they wouldn't let us in. They said we were a mob (7 girls and 1 boy) and would tear down the place.*

*After arguing with the manager for half-an-hour we went down the street, and just Sandy and I asked the manager if he would let us in. Boy was he mad. It seems the kids had tried to make a deal with him that they could get in for 25 cents. After talking with him for another half-an-hour, he let us in.*

*We didn't get out of the show until 2:30 AM. Then Vicki and I came home here. I had given Jackie the key because she was also spending the night, so we were locked out. After getting almost the whole house up. We got in. There are the night's activities in as short*

*as form as I could get them. I love you, Darling.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

# March 2, 1952

---

My Dearest Betty,

Honey this is going to be a stinker of a letter, but when you move from one position to another you have one big mess and it has taken until now, ten minutes of eight, to get settled.

The mailman was good to me today and he bought me four letters and a package. Two, of course, were from a pretty special person.

I'm also enclosing some surrender leaflets that you can read. Remember that you complained about the last ones.

As for our position up here, it's not bad. It's plenty safe and all in all our bunker isn't too bad. It needs a lot of work but after that we'll have it made.

By the way, I sent that Money Order with our Mail Clerk today but he said that I wouldn't get it back until the 10<sup>th</sup>. I guess they're pretty swamped back there. Any who, if you need money just mention it to Mom; she's loaded. And look for the Money Order to arrive sometime around the middle of the month.

There's not much more for me to say without going into details but I'm sure that you understand that sometimes these shorties can't be helped.

Keep good care now and remember I love you with all my heart.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*I just got home from your Sister's house. As you most likely know, they decided to come home. We (your mother and I) went bowling first. I didn't do so well, so after two games I gave up.*

*I didn't get up until 12:30 PM. Then Vickie and I just talked all afternoon. Me, I was going to study a whole lot today (ha, ha).*

*Patty called this afternoon. She had a bad headache and bumps on her head, but at least she could talk. You know I think that was a good experience. Now she won't do it again, and I doubt that any of us that were with her will either.*

*I will try to get those pictures taken tomorrow so you can have the camera. Well, Darling, I know this has been a rather short letter but I should at least glance over my notes for the Drama test tomorrow.*

*I love you just like I always do. Just think pretty soon you will be home (I Hope). You be good now and don't do anything I wouldn't want you to do.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXX*

*XXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

*March 3, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Not much to report tonight except a lot of hard work and the fact that I nearly killed myself. As for killing myself, it happened this morning when I started to slide down one of these mountain trails. We often do it when we come to a slick spot for the simple reason that it is the only way that you can get past it. At any rate this area is new to me and so I came to this icy spot and started to slide down to a spot with no ice. That's where I made my mistake because there wasn't such a spot, so instead of sliding five or six feet, I just kept going. That is, I thought I was going until I hit a sharp curve. Then I was really going. But the big trouble occurred when I didn't curve with a curve but just blazed my own trail right off the side of the mountain. Luckily it snowed heavily last night and there was a handy drift for me to flop into. All in all, I slid about 25 yards and "flew through the air with the greatest of ease" for about five of them. It must be some kind of a record—if only for stupidity.

The work is the same old story of fixing up a new bunker. We made beds and replaced some sandbags during the morning, and in the afternoon we cleaned the place out, worked on trails and tried to improve the stove. It doesn't sound like much, but when you consider that the poles had to be chopped, and the communication wire hunted down for our beds, and various parts scrounged for our stove you begin to appreciate the day's achievements.

Two letters came from you today, which, needless to say, I tore open and read. You know I go down the hill every night at 6:00 PM to pick up the mail, and whenever there's something from you I open them right then and there. My other letters I wait to read until after I've passed out the boy's mail. In one of your letters you asked a question that my Mother asked you to ask of me about a machinegun. To hear you guys rave I never do anything right. But just to show you how wrong you are, you can check with my Mother for the answer. Because I answered her question in the letter that I mailed to her yesterday.

The rumor of the week has it that we, the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion, will go into reserve on the 18<sup>th</sup>. Right now the 3<sup>rd</sup> is back there, and I guess it will be



pretty nice if the rumor turns out to be correct.

Well, baby, I've got to run because I have the first guard tour and it's time for me to be up there on duty. There just doesn't seem to be enough time for anything anymore. But I've always got time to tell the most wonderful girl in the world that I love her more than anyone loves anything in this world.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Tonight I went to the Council Meeting (Hi Y). At last I am not Secretary of anything anymore. In fact, Vicki and I aren't even on the Council. We figured it was our last year and we should give other kids a chance. We practically ran everything. Glenn, our "Y" Secretary, gave Vicki and I this big line about how they were not going to be able to get along without us, etc. It was nice of him to say it, anyway. By the way, Darling, I got you into something. Glenn asked me when we got married and came back to the Valley to live if we would sponsor a Co-Ed Hy-Y club. Of course I said yes, because the sponsors have as much fun as the kids do. I really would like to. Don't you think it would be fun, Honey? Of course, you will probably want to sponsor a young peoples club at church, but why couldn't we just do both? That is, of course, after we get out of school.*

*You asked what I would like to take at Graceland. Well, Darling, to tell you the truth they don't have much that I want to take in the way of business. They have a lot of psychology that I am very interested in. Really though, Honey, I don't see how we can write about this subject because it all depends on when we get married, how much money we have, along with a number of other things. You'll be home pretty soon, and then we can decide all of this. Frankly, I am worried about how we will manage all the things we want to do, but nothing can be decided until you come home and we see how things are. I know they will all work out; they always*

*do. Take that drama test we had today—I just knew I would fail. I didn't get any chance to study and yet I got an A. That isn't a very good example but you see what I mean, don't you?*

*I was over to your house for just a minute today to see the color of paint they started to do your room in. Honey, I am a little surprised at you. I read the letter where you told your mother to stop worrying, etc. Darling I don't know for sure, but your mother has always told me that she tries not to put or infer she is worried in her letters. You were kind of blunt about the whole thing. You must realize that every Mother worries. It is just natural. Of course I worry about you. Don't you worry about me? When you love a person you just worry when they are away from them, no matter where they are. Your mother worried about Claudia when she went back East. Now, Darling, I know you can carry it too far, and maybe she did. I don't know for sure, but, Honey, she misses you an awful lot just as I do, and it hurt her to receive a letter like that, and I don't believe it was necessary to write it.*

*Don't worry. Anything you tell me not to tell anyone, you can bet your life I won't. They would pick just that place to put you but I guess it is the same all along the line. I have finished my lecture for the day. I don't need to tell you how much I love you. Believe it or not I miss you just a little bit.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXXX*

*March 4, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Honey, I'm afraid that this is going to be another shortie because I've been down the hill all day long and just got back a little while ago. As usual, I went down to scrounge, and it took all day to find a piece of copper tubing and another length of hose. But I got em.

I also got myself a shower, the first one in over 30 days, and believe me, I really feel good. However I couldn't get a complete change of clothing, but did get everything except long john bottoms and a wool shirt. My iron pants, by the way, are a size 40. How's that for a waistline?

But I sure do feel good after that cleaning up, and I wish I could make it back to the shower more often.

As for neglecting to comment on your grades, I'm sorry. I just didn't want to spoil you. But I'm just as proud of you as ever. In fact I'm afraid I brag about you just a little too much. The boys are beginning to shy away from me. (Maybe they'll come back, now that I've taken a shower).

I did get some good news in the mail today. It was from USAFI, and here is what they had to say: "However, they are writing to Lt. Demmerle today. So matters should be adjusted within a week or two." From that I'm assuming that they either have the test or the test grade at their office and all that is lacking is the certification. If that's the case, we're in like Flynn. I sure hope so.

As for the camera, keep it as long as you like. The only reasons I want it is to get some pictures of the county and our activities. I can just see me now. Instead of shooting, I'll be snapping.

Well, my Darling, I go on guard in thirty minutes and there's Mom and No No to drop a line to. In fact, I'm afraid that No No is going to lose out tonight.

Keep real good care of yourself and remember that I'm just as proud of you as can be and that I want, love and trust you with all of my heart. Say a little prayer for me, and in it, thank God for us.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Believe it or not, I love you. If you don't believe it by now, I don't believe you are very smart.

Nothing out of the ordinary happened today. You remember that door to the Palladium I told you our class broke last Saturday night? Anyway, it's costing us \$83 to replace it. You would think that they had insurance to cover it. We don't have to pay for anything else.

Mary has a cold so she didn't have to go to school today.

Do you remember Jr. (Van), the boy across the street? Anyway, he was drafted today. They put him in the Marines class "C," which means that he won't be trained or have to fight. He has one leg that is all covered by scar tissue. This was the result of catching his pants on fire. At least that shows they are drafting them. Of course, we can overlook the fact that he took his physical and was called last year about this time and they are just getting around to taking him.

I bowled this afternoon. I won't mention the first game but the second was 149. Considering all the times I go bowling you would think that I would get better. I came home, ate and then went over to a "Y" meeting; followed by a basketball game. Then your mother picked me up because they were showing something on TV about the 40<sup>th</sup> and so I just got home from your house. I wish I had the time to write long letters like your mother does. But then, on second thought, what would I find to say.

Hon, it is late. Me, I should have been in bed a couple of hours ago. I love you just like I do every minute of every day. You be good now, Honey, and don't do anything I wouldn't want you to do.

All my love always,

Betty

XXXXXXXXXX

I LOVE YOU

*March 5, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

There just doesn't seem to be any news today, and what I'm going to write in today's masterpiece seems to be a problem.

I did get the Korean Ribbon issued to me today, and I'm debating on whether I should send it in this thing or not. I'm all out of envelopes and I think I'll hold off until I can borrow an envelope someplace.

In your letter today you mentioned that your team was now in first place and going strong. Other than you, I don't believe I know any of the team members, but be sure to give them my heartiest congratulations.

I also hope that your speech was a huge success because you know how much I want you to be happy, and therefore your Senior Year must be perfect.

You know the thought just struck me that this is the first time that I've ever commented on any of your outside activities. It seems to be that it was rather selfish on my part and for the life of me I can't figure out why I haven't commented on them more often. I truly am interested in them. I guess that it's just because I have so much on my mind over here that those kinds of things just slip my mind. I'll try to be more observant in the future.

There's an ugly rumor going around that a patrol is coming up and if it's true, it'll be my squad for sure. I should know whether the rumor is correct or not in the next couple of days.

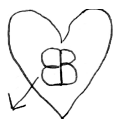
Well, Sugar, things are rather rushed today and so I've got to get going.

I wish with all my heart that I could tell you how very much I love you.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



Dear Bob,

Well, today I thought I'd go to all of my classes without missing one. But at the beginning of the Fourth Period I got a summons from Miss. Keanelly. It seems a man from Japan wanted to see our school, and a supertenent from downtown was bringing him over today. He wanted to be shown around by some student and didn't want the administration or teachers around. So Dan Marham, Bill Souveroff and myself showed him around. He is attending USC at the present. He plans to return to Japan this summer. He is a big wheel in the railroad over in Japan. I can't remember his exact title, but it was an impressive one. He is also very interested in education.

It was lots of fun showing him around the school. I really learned several things about the school that I didn't know myself. For instance, we took him to a couple of the shops. Of course I had never been in shops for more than a few minutes while classes were in session, but today I had a lot explained to me. I think they should let girls take shop; after all, they let boys take cooking. It just isn't fair.

It is raining again. You know, Honey, at this rate I'll never get those pictures taken. Oh Well, I hope you get home before you get the camera; however I doubt it. Notice the semicolon. It probably isn't used right, but anyway, it looks good.

You know I should get a fountain pen. This dumb ballpoint gets all over my hands. I'll have to do that tomorrow.

You know I am not use to homework, but this semester I have done quite a bit. Being out of class so much, it more or less piles up, so I have to do it outside of class. Sure, I am use to missing classes. I have always missed several classes a week, but this semester it is at least three every day. You sure didn't miss much school by missing your Senior Year. I doubt that you would have learned much. Miss McMillan is a little mad at me for being out of class so much because in Drama you have to be there everyday for the Senior Play. I missed tryouts again today. If I keep this up I won't even get a small part in the play.

*Well, Darling, it is about time to close today's letter. I love you, want you, miss you and need you, so please, Darling, hurry up and come home to me. I know it won't be too long now. Until then, and always, you have*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

*March 6, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Funny thing happened 'ol girl, but I received your "short letter mentioning your fight today," and your lover boy also had a rip roaring one today. In fact, I'm afraid that this one is going to get him busted, but believe it or not, I don't care.

It all happened this afternoon. I went down the hill for oil and slipped in the mud three times. On the way back up I went down two more times and also managed to spill an oilcan all over me. In short I was covered with mud and oil and I was not in a very good mood. Now this in itself is all right, but it so happens that I met the Captain who also wasn't in a good mood, and he proceeded to tell me in no un-certain terms that my rifle was dirty. About this time I really blew a fuse and I started telling the 'ol man off. And it seems that you're not suppose to do that. But I wanted to know where my water cans were and also my A.R. and other equipment that I'm short. In other words, we had a little discussion in which both of us raised our voices more than once. He threatened to bust me, and I told him that anytime he wanted my stripes he could have them for the asking and also the job that goes with it. So if he busts me O.K. and if he doesn't he'd better keep clear of me when he's in a bad mood because I'm not going to let anyone step on me over here.

Enough is enough of that. Enclosed you'll find the Korean ribbon and picture that I received from Postlewaite today. It was taken back at Shim the day I was ordained.

Also the rumor about that patrol is no longer a rumor; it's a fact. Along with the second squad and a machinegun, we are to run it tomorrow night. It's an ambush affair and we shouldn't run into too much trouble. I'll know more about it tomorrow and will let you in on the details then.

I also received the Graceland Catalog from Mom yesterday. I gave it a good going over this morning and I'm going to write for more information sometime this week.

I hope that the argument with your folks wasn't too bad or that it wasn't over us. If there's anything you want to discuss, let's have it.

Goodness I know that I love you. In fact you're the main thing I live for



these days, and any of your problems are also mine. Remember that I'm the guy that you're engaged to be engaged to.

All my love always,  
Your Bob



March 6, 1952 (dated March 5)

Dear Bob,

*Nothing much of anything happened today. You know I say that every day. You must think I live a very uneventful life, but really, Honey, things are always happening to me. I just can't think of them or put them down on paper.*

*As you can see I enclosed the school paper. Do you know I had three people interview me this week for that school paper, and I only got my name in once; and then it was for something that I didn't know was going to be put in. Such is life, they tell me. We had that Jazz Concert today at noon. It wasn't what the kids wanted and they were not very happy about the whole thing.*

*You know, Darling, I just looked at the first two pages of this letter. All I can say is that it is a good thing you love me. Mrs. Williamson says that you should always write well because no one would read it unless it was your English teacher or someone who loves you if it was written incorrectly. I have just one excuse. I always write (almost always) your letter laying down in bed and it is kind of hard that way. You know I sure have gotten careless when it comes to letters. Believe it or not I use to write all my letters on a piece of scratch paper first and then copy them over. Now it is a wonder if I even read them over once. So if something doesn't make sense, just overlook it, please.*

*Today I had badminton GAA after school. It sure is fun and I like to play it. Yesterday I broke my watch playing badminton in Gym. I hit it with a badminton racket. Don't ask me how.*

*Tell John Long I am glad he got well; after all, every man up there helps. I don't want you to be short handed; you just might get hurt*

because if it. So you just tell John I would prefer it if he didn't get sick again.

Now about you and that inflamed gum. The very idea getting even the slightest thing wrong with you; you ought to know better, and I hope that it is all better by the time you get this. By the way, did you ever get over that cold you had ever since you went to camp?

Honey, I was wondering about the stationary. Does the Red Cross give it to you free, or do you buy it?

Darling you know I love you more than anything. I was wondering how much notice they give you before you get on the boat to come home. You be good now and don't get into any trouble.

All my love always,

Betty

XXXXX

I LOVE YOU

*March 7, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, right after you read this masterpiece I want you to give my Mother a ring and let her know that we all got back from that patrol in good condition. In fact we just got back, and it really isn't the 7<sup>th</sup> but the 8<sup>th</sup>. To be exact it's ten minutes to two in the morning and we're fixing ourselves a can of C Rations and a cup of coffee. That is, Strangland's is fixing them while I write this letter to you. The reason I want you to call Mom is that this will go out with the 7<sup>th</sup>'s mail on this morning's Kitchen truck.

If you're interested in why your letter wasn't written sooner, it is because my rifle wouldn't function properly. And of necessity, that's one of the few items that have to come even before you. After all, at times, my rifle and God are the only thing that stands between death and me, and when a showdown comes I want them both on my side. At any rate my rifle was working as good as new before we left here. It really wasn't anything to worry about. She just froze up a bit.

Well, anyway, we left here at 6 PM and took a truck to the OPMLR. From there we hiked over to the LD (Line of Departure) and crossed it at 7 PM, and then we passed through several burnt out villages to our ambush position. We didn't go too far past the OP and were in position at 8 PM. As we passed through one of the villages, little 'ol me used his head and picked up a chair. As it turned out, we were out there for 3½ hours, and on an ambush patrol you can't move around, so the chair really came in handy. It helps a lot when you're able to stay off the ground.

At any rate George Company passed through us at 8:30 PM and was back by 9:30. However some jerk sitting by a hot stove in Battalion decide it would be a good idea for us to stay out there a little longer. So at 11:30 PM we finally got the word to bug out.

This is where the going got just a wee bit rough because it's pretty dangerous at this hour to get back to your own lines without getting ambushed. Humprey and Bost led the way until we got to Smities hill where the Lt. called me up. It was then that I was assigned to advance with my AR Team to Ambush pass, scout the area and set up to cover

the rest of the patrol's withdrawal. Well, I don't mean to sound overly dramatic, but if there had been any Chinese on the hill, I wouldn't be writing this letter tonight. But God was with us, as He always is, and we got through it all right.

After clearing Ambush pass, the rest was down hill and we coasted home in nothing flat. All in all it was a good patrol. We got the job done and got back without a scratch. They can't be done any better.

As you've already guessed, the day was spent in preparation. I slept until 10 AM and then I cleaned my ammo and checked various odds and ends. Mostly routine, but things that had to be attended to.

Well, if you put 2 and 2 together and got the right answer, you know that I'm a pretty tired lad. But I'm also a lad who loves a certain girl with all his heart. So I'll blow you a kiss and hop in bed wishing that the kiss didn't have to be blown.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXXXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Tonight Vicki is spending the night with me. Believer it or not but we spent most of the evening in the library. We have, that is I have, a notebook to get in and a couple of essays or compositions.*

*It rained all day today. In fact it rained so hard that there was hardly anyone at school. Of course Tyrone was a big flood and it is a mess of mud out in front of my house again. Now it has stopped raining and Tyrone is way down. We even got out of school a half an hour early because of the rain.*

*Mrs. McMillan cast the Senior Play today. I got a small but good part. She said I was out so much and this way it wouldn't matter so much as the scene I am in just involves one other girl and me. It is only single casted so I will be in all three performances. Now when you come home I can take a couple of days off, and she can't take my part away because no one else will know the lines and it won't do any harm anyway.*

*You asked in one of the letters I got today where I would like to go on my Honeymoon. Well, I don't know exactly. I haven't got anyplace in particular in mind. As for you, I want to go with you, seeing as how I am going to marry you, and I think I had better go on my first Honeymoon with you. Just so people won't talk, you know.*

*Honey, one thing. You won't be an old man with ten children before your USAFI shows up because we are not going to have 10 children. At least I'm not, and if you have any with anyone else I am telling you won't live to have another. See how vicious I am?*

*Now, Darling, about your announcements and cards; what do you want on them: Robert L. Anderson, Sgt. Robert L. Anderson or just what and how many of each.*

*Well, Darling, it's time for your girl to get some sleep. Just remember I love you just more than anything.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXX*

*XXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

March 8, 1952

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling, this is going to be a little short for the simple reason that my last candle is about to be consumed and when that's gone, I've had it.

But it really doesn't matter because I slept until noon today and therefore there is very little news.

Enclosed you'll find a Money Order for \$24.75 to cover some of my graduation expenses. If you need more, just give a holler. Should there be any left over, then use it any way that you want to. After all, in a few months you'll own all of me and half of what I own, and so it won't make too much difference.

This is a stinker of a letter I know, but this candle has just had it. From here on in I'm flying blind. Hold everything, Strangland is striking matches for me. After all the mail must go through.

Needless to say, my Darling, I love you more and more every day and, believe it or not, I consider myself as the luckiest man in the world to have you waiting for me.

It's downhill from here on out though, and then I promise you I'll spend the rest of my life making this last year up to you.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXX



Dear Bob,

*As usual, nothing much of anything happened today. A bunch of us went out and collected—I should say tried to collect—money for the "Y." We spent most of the afternoon over at Blake's house playing the player piano and singing. Our club has done pretty well. So far we have collected \$300. The club that collects the most gets a trip to*

*Catalina. Right now we are ahead, but for how long is the question.*

*Tonight, for once, I didn't do much of anything. I washed my hair, and then did some work for bookkeeping. Then I did some work on my job analysis survey for Senior Problems. You know, after looking into personnel work I am beginning to think I should major in Psychology. That would be better if we went to Graceland because they offer a lot of courses along that line. You know this all seems kind of silly to me. Looking up all this stuff I know darn well I'll end up marrying you and I'll spend the rest of my life trying to be a good wife for you and making you happy. So you can see there will hardly be time for anything else.*

*Thank you for the picture. I'll keep it in the scrapbook. That is I'll put it in when I get the rest of the things put in. It isn't quite up-to-date yet. But it will be before you get home (I hope).*

*I got my watch back today. I sure was lost without it. I can't see how anyone could ever get along without one.*

*It has come time to end the daily letter, seeing as how I can't think of anything further to say except I love you. You be careful now, my Darling. Just remember you belong to me.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

*March 9, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

You know this may sound a little silly, but since it looks as though I'm going to graduate with the S'52 class, and since I now own a sweater that's not broad enough in the shoulders, I feel that I'm entitled to know what our class color is. If I recall, you were debating on several colors and I don't believe I ever got the official decision. More likely though, I got it and it just didn't stick. But how about letting this dumb GI in on it. (I just read that last paragraph over and it sounded like a crack. It wasn't meant to be. It is just my way of filling up space).

I was also sorry to hear that it rained. I guessed that did put a damper on things, but that's the way the ball bounces, and it seems that you and the gang didn't let it dampen much of your activities. At any rate I sure hope you had a good time.

By the way, I got some good news about my USAFI today. It seems that the Captain received a letter from them and in it was a Certificate of Certification. So he filled it out and sent it on its way. Now if all goes well I should get the results in 10 to 15 days. Also USAFI should send a copy of the results to the school. But I'll forward my notification on to you along with another Certificate so that you can take it in to Miss Young for me. Now all I have to worry about (if nothing else fouls up) is if I passed the exam, and if I get home before too long. Just keep your fingers crossed, kido. Just keep them crossed!

I've also got another little item of interest. Captain Welch is no longer my Company commander. He and Lieutenant Hartman, who commanded H Company, swapped places, and while I jokingly kidded with the fellows "that that should teach him to mess with me," I really hated to see him go. He had his faults—in fact he had more than his share of them—but I've been with him for over three years now, and I guess I just kinda liked the guy. And believe it or not, I think he liked me, too.

I just happened to be at the bottom of the hill when he left, and he came over and shook my hand and said that he hated to leave and for me to take care of myself, and I couldn't help but feel a little sad. I thought of General MacArthur's statement that "old soldiers never die" and



thought of how Welch was my first officer and about the first time he chewed me out and all of the other things he did and how he did them.

True he may not have been the best officer in the United States Army but he was far from the worst. He was fair, some of the time, and he was hard and mean on the outside. But after you'd been around him awhile, you realized that it was all a shell and on the inside he was a softie who never held a grudge.

But old Guy K is gone from our ranks tonight and in his place comes Lieutenant Hartman. He's going to have to go some to fill his shoes, but Hartman is no slouch. He's a big man, and I saw him lick four other officers when he had one too many one night, and believe you me, he's one man I wouldn't want to tangle with drunk or sober.

Back in garrison he was a stinker, but the story has it that he's a good Joe over here. One thing about him—he's all for his men, and H Company has always been noted for its chow. Perhaps he'll carry it over into Fighting Fox. I guess we shall see what we shall see.

Darling, I guess it's time for me to ring off now, but in closing, just for a change, I want you to know how much it means to me to have you in love with me. I'll just say that it makes me the happiest man in the world and I wouldn't trade your love for anything in this world. By the way, I love you too—just a wee bit.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXX

Note on outside of V mail:

This will be a little late. It came apart and they sent it back to me. I love you.



*Dear Bob,*

*Today like a good girl I went to church and then this afternoon I did something I seldom do; I took a nap. That pen sure isn't very good; you can hardly read the above.*

*Anyway, I felt like having some Banana Cake so I made one. I am eating it now, it is real good if I do say so myself. I didn't do much*

tonight, just worked a little on my notebook for Senior Problems. You know I think this is the first time in the history of my life that I have a notebook ready to turn in a long time before it is due. I don't have to turn it in until a week from Monday (tomorrow).

Maybe you're wondering why your Mother and I didn't go bowling as we usually do on Sunday night. She wasn't feeling very well; said she had a headache. Honey, I am sorry for writing you that letter about scolding your mother for worrying. I had read several of your mother's letters and couldn't find anything about worrying. But after talking to her tonight I can see where she might write such a letter without her really knowing it. It has been quite a while since she has been that way that I know of. Of course, I only see her on Sundays as a rule, but I do talk with her during the week a lot. So, Honey, I think you were right in writing the letter. I'm sorry, I should have thought of those things.

Do you realize that today makes fifteen months that we have gone together? That sure is a long time, isn't it? But when I stop to think that at the end of this month it will be a whole year since we have seen each other, I realize that we really didn't have much time together; a little less than four months. Then it was only on weekends. One thing I will say, we made up for all the weekdays we were apart on those weekends. As I remember, we spent almost all the time together, with the exception of a few hours of sleep, and then it wasn't our fault we weren't together. This Society has certain rules for things like that. But when you get home we'll fix that.

Just remember I love you, miss you something awful and want you terribly. My whole life is waiting for you. All the things I do are just to make the time go faster, so hurry up and come home —

All my love always,

Betty

XXXXXXXX

I LOVE YOU

March 10, 1952

---

My Dearest Betty,

I just finished tearing up ten pages that I wrote to you. I'm in a bad mood tonight so if I sound off key, try to understand.

As for that letter that I wrote to my Mother, you know I didn't mean to hurt her feelings and that I wouldn't do that for the world. I guess a woman feels a lot different about things, and so I won't try to explain how we feel about it over here. It's just something you've got to experience and feel. And anyway, her worrying like that makes me feel dejected.

Mama also writes that you're beginning to think I'm a muscleman. I do not weigh over 200 pounds. In fact I'm getting thinner every day, which is only natural because of my running up and down these mountains. The biggest muscle I have is still in my head, but I guess my legs are pretty well built up. But the rest of me isn't worth much; especially my arms. I hope you won't be disappointed when I get home.

As for sponsoring the "Y" and church groups, or possibly the two combined, we'll have to wait and see. Two years is a long time, and where we'll settle or what I'll do after finishing college remains to be seen.

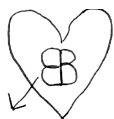
As for college, you know I want to go to Graceland. And I certainly don't want to leave you behind when I go. But your letter puzzled me a little. Do you want to wait until afterwards, or what?

Also when we do tie the knot, No No has got to be a part of it. I think I mentioned it once before and you said she was too big for a flower girl. What else can she do? There just has to be something that she can do that she will feel is important. Otherwise, she'll feel hurt and I wouldn't hurt that little Angel for anything. And I know darn well that you feel the same way.

As a closing item, I'll say that coming home looks pretty good. The draftees took over our jobs today with us acting as supervisors. I sure hope we get home soon.

Well, my Darling, I'm going to bed where I belong. ~~I know I'm not good to anybody,~~ but I love you.

All my love always,  
Your Bob  
XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*I'm listening to the Washington-UCLA Championship basketball game. UCLA has the Pacific title all sewed up and there's only a few minutes to play—one minute to be exact. Washington has had seven of their players put out of the game for committing personal fouls. The game is over and UCLA won 60-50.*

*I went to a Dance Committee meeting tonight. These meetings—what a mess they are. Sometimes I wonder why I belong to that Committee, but then I must admit I do have fun.*

*It rained all day again; at this rate I'll never get the rest of those pictures taken.*

*Nothing much happened today, just the usual number of meetings. This week being Girls Week, Sandy Nutt and I are going down to the Board of Education meeting tomorrow. Then on Thursday, I get to be Miss Young for the day. Of course, you'll hear more about all of this later.*

*Thank you for the Surrender Leaflets. Yes, I could at least read these. True, as they say, you have someone to live for—in fact you have a whole lot of someone's—but that is about all that I saw in the Surrender Leaflet that was halfway true. Really, Honey, do you think any of our men give themselves up because of these leaflets?*

*Nice to hear you have winter sports where you're at. That slide sounds like a lot of fun—and here you are complaining. Just think of us people that have to travel miles just to do that very same thing.*

*Needless to say, I love you with all my heart. You be a real good boy now and don't go getting into any trouble. Be careful and all that. I don't care if they shoot at you, if you remember to be smart and duck at the right moment. If you don't, there is going to be trouble!*

*Honey, I know I don't need to tell you to be careful; but I like to. Just think of me and say to yourself, "Now just what would that poor girl do without me—why I don't even know how she could possibly be able to breathe without me there to tell her when."*

*I love you very, very much and many times more —*  
*All my love always,*  
*Betty*  
*XXXXXXXX*  
*I LOVE YOU*

*March 11, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Kinda looks as though something was wrong with the chow last night because come to find out that I wasn't the only one that was under the weather last night. Both John Long and Marble were sick enough to stay in bed this morning, and from what Joe says Ray was pretty upset about his upset stomach last night. I went over a little while ago and believe me, your girlfriend and her vodka had nothing on Ray and his bunker.

About the only news today was a rumor on why the old man was transferred. It seems that there was a general shakeup because they want no favoritism regarding the phase out. Which makes sense? After all we were all civilians back in the Guard, and Captain Welch even worked on the same telephone repair truck as Sergeant Walsh. But it doesn't necessarily mean that it's so. Once a rumor gets started it really goes, and whether the above is fact or fiction remains for the brass hats to know and for us to find out later.

We had ourselves quite an air show earlier this morning. Some of our Navy planes paid us a visit and left the Chinese a calling card. At any rate they hit that hill that the 224<sup>th</sup> has been having so much trouble with, and with our location we had a box seat.

There's also some animal that keeps running around here that has to go. He gets down in front of us and makes the darnest noises, and you don't know for sure if it's that animal or the enemy coming to slit your throat. But so far it has been an animal because we checked for footprints. The question is how are we going to get rid of him? Wish I had a good answer. Perhaps we'll have ourselves a hunt one of these days.

By the way I think I've been neglecting you just a wee little bit. You know there's not a fellow in this outfit, or in the whole world as far as that goes, that wouldn't give his right arm for a girl like you, and while I may not always show it, I feel the same way.

I was writing to Mom the other day and commenting on something she said when I wrote that you just continue to grow on me and fit into my life as snug as a bug in a rug; and I sure meant it.

You know I'm still trying to figure out what happened on our first date

because, you know, from that time on I was hooked. There just wasn't anyone else in the world, and about my only thoughts were of you.

But what's more funny than that is the fact that I thought I had it bad then. Man, here it is over a year. In fact I've been away for over a year and I'm worse off than ever. Standing guard, working, sleeping, running patrols, it's all the same, I'm thinking about you.

And here of late I'm beginning to appreciate you more and more. Because while the other fellow's sweethearts are dropping by the wayside, mine is still there, doing more to help me than ever, and turning out just as my heart said she would.

Some fellows marry for money, others for sex, and still others for companionship. But I want to marry you because I couldn't get anyone finer, or better, or anyone who loves me as much as you must do. In other words I'm going to marry you because you're you and because I love you so very, very much.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Today Sandy and I went down to the Board of Education. Jeanette road down with us but went on to some Junior High School. We went through all the buildings; it was most interesting and, I might add, was very tiring. We ate lunch there and the school paid for it. We also met two of the Board Members and talked with Mr. Montgrumy, the Superintendent of High Schools.*

*We got home about 4:00 and then I went down and bowled two games, came home again, ate, went to the "Y" meeting and then to the basketball game. We won the game of course. We have been in first place for about four weeks now. If we win the next two games we are League Champions (if you ask me, they really don't play basketball but they do try). Don't let that out; I would get killed, and you wouldn't want that would you?*

*Well, that is the day's activities.*

*Did I tell you that when I got my watch back it refused to run? I am so mad at it; I just can't get along without it. So I'll just have to have mother take it down and get it fixed tomorrow. The watch is getting old, anyway. I think I already told you the above, but after all I have to fill these pages with something.*

*Now I could always say I love you. Sometime when I can't think of anything to write, I am just going to write that for five pages or so. Now how would you like that? I myself could listen to you say it all night, but when it comes to writing the same thing over 100 times I don't know. But just leave those three little words out of one of your letters and see what happens (or on second thought, don't).*

*I love you. Goodbye for now in letter only, never in thought or spirit.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

*JUST YOU!*



*March 12, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Before I forget I'm going to comply with your request and send you the names of the people that I write to. But since there are quite a few, I'll only mention the ones that I've written to since I've been in Korea. They are Janet Chapman, Jack Bylin, Brother Clark, Jean Mansfield, Dorothy Morrissey, Richard Runyon, Lula and Luella Vollmer, Sgt. Bell, Herb Baron, and Margie Hinton. That completes my list of addresses. Besides these I can't think of anyone else with the exception of those that I've sent Christmas Cards and Thank You notes to. Of course, letters have also been written to USAFI and to family members, but I don't think you're interested in these names. This should cover all of the people that I've written to during the last six months. If you want the names of those that I've written to before coming to Korea, just let me know and I'll send them on to you.

But the next time someone says something like that, just remember that I always write your letter first. Then I write other letters. And as for girls that I write to, remember that Jean and Janet are both old friends and are very interested in someone else. The others are church members and, with the exception of Dot, I've never met them. By the way, you can also add Sister Ard, Dick Hackert, Rollen Postlewaite, and Charlie Bickle to the list.

And by the way, you know darn well that if you want me to stop writing to any of them you only have to say the word and I'll stop right now; without a regret in the world. Half of them are 'duty letters' anyway.

In short I enjoy writing yours and the folk's letters and actually look forward to writing them as my way of sending my love, and you know that I love you more than any person, brother or sweetheart loves anyone. And if my writing to others is putting you in an embarrassing position, then it stops PDQ. Because I value your feelings and your love beyond anything else, and my discontinuing the writing of a few letters certainly won't hurt me. You KNOW, because I said so, that there has never been anyone but you since our first date.

But enough of that, and on to a little bit of bad news. Tomorrow

morning at six we're off on another patrol. Our job is to blow some bunkers out near Hill 364 and then bug out and get back to our lines. I don't like it. But then I don't particularly care for patrols in the first place. But like always I, and all the rest of us, will be back in time for lunch without a scratch. So don't let it worry your pretty little head.

Sunday is the day we go back in reserve. I hit it right on the head when I said the 16<sup>th</sup>, didn't I? How long we'll be in reserve I don't know, but any time spent in the rear is a good thing.

You've undoubtedly already noticed that I've enclosed some Korean money and a Chinese Christmas Card. One of the boys let me have them so I don't know anything about the money; not even what it's called.

Well, my Darling, there are things that I must attend to, so I'll sign off for now.

By the way, if you happen to see the President of the Ladies around, tell her that I love her with all my heart and that I always will.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXXXXX

*March 13, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, just like I told you yesterday, we're all back and we haven't got a scratch on us. However we did run into a little trouble and we had to bug out before we blew the bunkers.

George Company was running some sort of a patrol out there, and they were working their way along the Valley while we were scrambling over ridgelines. At any rate, G Company ran into a hornets nest and called for support from Easy Company. About this time we pulled up on a ridge overlooking G's position, and so we covered them while they withdrew. We didn't fire a shot, but our movement must have caught the enemy's eye, because they started lobbing Mortar rounds in on us. So we bugged.

SFC Davidson said that today was our lucky day because the Chinese were in the same area as were the bunkers that we were to blow, and if G Company hadn't drawn their fire, we might have walked into something bad.

You know it's a funny thing how everything works out over here. I'm going to have a lot of stories to tell when I get home, and all of them have a great deal of luck connected with them. But you and I know that nobody is that lucky. He's just taking good care of me, that's all.

At any rate, since we were a Combat Recon Patrol we got our job done even if we didn't blow the bunkers. We found out where the Chinese were and that's what we were sent out to discover. So Battalion gave us the word and we headed for home. Once back at Easy Company we caught a truck, and Davidson went on to Battalion to give his report. That is it. The job's done and no one is hurt. That's the way I like 'em.

By the way, I picked up all sorts of Safe Conduct Certificates out there. I'll send them on to you. I had to go out and get these myself, so take good care of them.

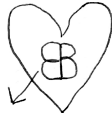
I'm awfully tired, Honey. The letter probably sounds like it. So I'm going to quit. You know darn good and well who my favorite Tahitian is. Who's your favorite?

Keep care now and remember I loves youse.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Well, today I was Head Counselor for the day. It was lots of fun; however there wasn't much to do. I gave an Entrance Test and corrected it, answered the phone, sat in on some conferences and help choose ten A11 girls to go to Occidental for May Day—you remember, like I did last year in May.*

*I also got out all your records, and Miss Young and I looked them over. You only need that course in Civics to graduate. Miss Young told me to tell you to be sure to have USAFI send the school your test results confirming that you took and passed the course. You should be sure that it is sent directly to the school, according to Miss Young.*

*Miss Young asked me what you wanted to be, and I said we didn't know, so looking at your record she said you ought to be a Coach—you know, a Physical Educational Teacher. Then she came up with the brilliant suggestion that you should make the Army your life's work. Just what we both need! I told her we would have to wait until you got home and then we would come in and talk to her about what you needed to take to get into college, etc.*

*You know what else I found out? They have made up the class ranking list for our graduating class (with only a few more to go). They do this by averaging all of our grades, and I am number 8 out of 479 in my graduating class with a 2.7 average (3.0 is an "A" average, so my average is about an "A-"; this point, however is questionable). See what a smart girlfriend you have (ha, ha)—Anyway, I'm feeling proud of myself since I think it is doing good to be in the upper 25% of your class—but to be in the upper 2% is really something. Well, now I had better watch out. I think my head*

*is getting too big.*

*A girl came in today and she will not be able to graduate because she just doesn't get school in general and Civics in particular. She was a real nice girl, and we got to talking, and it seems she wants to be a Fashion Designer. Well, I may be able to get an "A" in Civics without even opening a book, but I could no more be a Fashion Designer then fly. I often think that someone with a useful talent like that might just get a lot further ahead than someone who knows Civics backwards and forwards; so you see I am really not so smart after all. In fact I can't think of one real talent I have.*

*I take that back! I do have one talent, and that is being able to win the most wonderful man in the world. Why, he even loves me and wants me to marry him; so you see I am smart after all because now I can leave everything to him (with my help of course).*

*I love you so very much, Honey. You be good now and remember to be careful and all that—but most of all remember that I love you and always will.*

*All my love always,  
Betty*

*P.S. Did you know Jeannie Maxfield is going to be married in June if her boyfriend gets home from Korea in time? She is planning a great big wedding.*

*I LOVE YOU*

*March 14, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

You know after we're married and get settled down it's sure is going to take an awful lot to get me to move because I'm sure getting tired of it. In short, it's a big pain in the neck, but at least this time we're moving to a better location.

Just what we're going to do back in reserve I don't know. But one thing for sure is that I'm going to get all cleaned up and see some shows. That in itself should pep me up 100%.

At any rate you know that I'm writing this letter like mad because I'm really pressed for time. It just seems that there is never enough time to get everything done but somehow, somehow we always manage to it.

I was also offered, and turned down, my first real job today. Seems like they're going to start up another National Guard unit back in Sunny California, and they want men for full-time jobs. Davidson said that it would be more or less like a civil service job and was open just as soon as we got out. But I've got my mind set on Graceland, and I'm not going to get involved in anything that has to do with the military.

We haven't done much today except to clean up the area and pack. Then this afternoon Ray Marble and I took off in the hills to our rear to snap some pictures. I borrowed John Long's camera the other day, and so I got a few shots myself.

One was of a dead Chinese soldier. It wasn't taken because he was dead, but because of his size. These people are very small compared to us. But they sure can put up a good fight. I also photographed some of their equipment such as mess gear, clothing, canteens and ammo. In one of the shots Ray is holding a grenade. It's a Russian job and I tried to get close enough to show the label. Guess we'll have to wait to see how it comes out.

Well, my Darling, that dood it with the exception of my reminding you just how very much I love you. In fact I love you so much that I love you more than I want to get home. But then the biggest reason I want to get home is because you're there waiting for me.

All my love always,

Your Bob  
XXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Tonight I went to a school dance. It was a real good dance; however, because of all the rain there wasn't many there (250). I guess this is really going to be some storm.*

*Well, Honey, it is now morning. I am laying here in bed, it is sure raining hard, the wind is blowing, and you look outside and it looks like a Lake. They say the worst is to come but I don't really see how it could rain any harder than it is right now. Of course good old Tyrone is running full speed. Mother and dad went over to San Fernando to decorate the church for Grandmother. They left about two hours ago and I hope they didn't get drowned on the way over. Ten minutes after they left, Grandmother called to tell them not to come on account of the storm. So I am all by myself. No, I forgot my kitty is here keeping me company. You know the big black one. I don't know where the other one is. Mary went down to Long Beach to some kind of a Confirmation.*

*You know I forgot all about my Dentist appointment last Thursday. That is the third time something has come up to interfere with that appointment. At this rate I'll never get that tooth fixed. I'm afraid to call him now; he would probably say "come right down." Not in this weather, I might get wet.*

*Well, my Darling, I suppose I had better get up and get something done, what I don't know, but looking around I see there is plenty to do.*

*I love you as you know. Don't get into any trouble now. Be careful and all that —*

*All my love always,  
Betty's  
XXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXX  
I Love You*

*March 15, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, by golly I've got some questions to answer tonight and so here goes.

One, the Red Cross gives us the paper and envelopes that have the Red Cross printed on it. The "V Mail" type is issued to us through the Quartermaster, and this stuff that I'm writing on now is some bond stuff that the Chaplin gave us. The envelope is one that I got from John Pervear.

Two, as for my gum, it's fine. Hasn't given me one bit of trouble since the Dentist worked on it. But never the less as soon as I get home I'm going down to old Doc Peterson for a check up. After all, these munchers are the only ones I have and I'm not going to take any chances.

Question three, "How much notice do they give us before the ship sails?" It's hard to say. Sometimes we know two or three weeks in advance and at other times they call up on the phone and you leave that afternoon. But I'm not fussy. I'll go on ten minutes notice. Just let me get my toothbrush.

Four, John Long is beginning to be a problem. When we bugged out on that patrol the other day, old John wasn't moving like he should. Then the following day he got sick again.

I sent him down to the Medics to get a good check up today, but all that happened was he got some wise guy Medic with a big mouth. This Medic told him that if he couldn't handle his job, to turn in his stripes (an Automatic Rifleman holds the rank of Corporal) and get an easier job. First thing tomorrow I'm going to go back and find myself a certain Medic, and believe me all hell is going to break loose. Those dirty so and so's who are sitting back in the rear area on their big fat butts are due for a fall. They didn't even examine him. Stuff like that really burns me up.

At any rate I talked with SFG Davidson, and he thinks we can swing him a rear area job. He's going to talk with the Old Man about it.

As for the day's activities, it's been a long drawn out day. We cleaned the entire area up and covered our trash holes over. Then some officers



and non-coms from I Company took a look see around the area.

They move in early Sunday morning and we move out at around 8:00 AM. That means we'll be back in the rear for lunch.

I also have two good rumors today. One says that the Division will go in reserve next month and the other is that all the NG's will be on their way home by the end of the month. Me? I don't believe either one of them, but then I'm hoping that I'm wrong.

However one thing is for sure. I am a Combat Veteran, and it's official because I got my Combat Infantryman's Badge today. They came down with the PX rations, and as you've already noticed I've enclosed it in this letter.

This one is the one to be proud of. All the rest are just so much junk. But the only guys who get, or are suppose to get, these are the guys who are actually slugging it out. From now on just call me "Slugger"!

Well, it seems that I'm now at a loss for words. You be sure to keep good care of yourself, and if anyone should ask you who my gal is you tell 'em; because no one should know any better than you;

And while I'm at it let me tell you that I'm right proud to have a gal like you in love with me.

No matter what happens or how rough things get I'm still the luckiest guy in the World—and that's because I have you.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*It rained all day today; I should say it just continued to rain. Tyrone was real high. In fact, a new Mercury tried to drive through it, and it was washed down and turned around. The water was almost going over the top of it. A big truck pulled out. Then another car was washed down, but somehow it managed to pull into a driveway half a block down. So it went all day. Mary isn't coming home tonight as was originally planned because most of the roads are closed, and they were afraid she might not make it home.*

*I didn't do much today between getting up late and watching all*

*the water. But I did get all our letters straightened out; they were in kind of a mess. Now they are all in order, etc. You know reading some of them over, it is funny that there is a big, well not big, but a difference between the ones that were written almost a year ago and the recent ones. You know, even with the separation we have grown so much closer together. I feel that we have, anyway, and it shows in our letters. You could also tell that we are both older. I loved you when you left but I don't think I realized just how much. I believe the longer you love someone, the deeper that love becomes. You know when you come home, Honey, we are going to have to spend a couple of days reading over those letters. I think that would be fun. Things we thought were so serious seem kind of funny now.*

*At last the mailman was good to me; he brought me three letters from you. Thank you for the ribbon, I'll try not to lose this one. I don't think I will because it has a different kind of clasp.*

*About your little discussion with your Captain—maybe I'm wrong, but I bet he doesn't bust you. You ought to be more careful. Falling down all the time you might just happen to hurt yourself. I don't know, but the way you're going I kind of think you are more apt to get hurt by yourself than by the Reds.*

*Also, thank you for the pictures. That is one thing I am more than happy to get. I know if I would hurry and finish with the camera I would get some more, but as I said before, this liquid sunshine sort of gets in the way.*

*Honey, you'll probably get this letter with a bunch of others from me. The reason being is that I have two here that I haven't mail. I didn't mail the one today because I figured you'd rather not have me drown. Maybe I'm wrong, but in any case I didn't want to drown either. The one for Thursday I forgot to mail. I carried it around with me all day yesterday. With it still raining I don't know when I'll get to mail them. Most likely tomorrow because we are supposed to go over to Grandmother's for dinner.*

*I have tried to write longer letters lately because you said not long ago you were disappointed when you received short ones from me, so if my letter seems to just go on and on, it is your own fault.*

*I was supposed to go to a dance over at the Beverly Hills "Y"*

*tonight, but it sort of got rained out. Do you know that a year ago today you, Chet and I went swimming in the ocean at Santa Barbara? You were home on leave and we went up to see Chet. I could just see us if we tried to go swimming now. I almost freeze to death when I stick my head outside. I should complain; I bet it's four times colder over there—I just wish it would snow here.*

*Enough is enough. I am told you shouldn't overdo a good thing. One thing I can never get enough of or overdo is our love. I love you, want you, need you and miss you —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I Love You*

*PS I just heard the weather forecast—more rain. Wouldn't you know it? I am beginning to think we should live in Florida.*

*March 16, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Today I received a very pleasant surprise. Mrs. Ross, the Radio Speech Teacher, sent me a nice package. It had just about everything under the sun in it, and it sure was a nice gesture on her part. Needless to say I appreciated it and I sent her a thank you note, but I do wish that you'd drop by and thank her again for me. After all it's not every student that gets a package from an ex-teacher, and as I recall she had a time with me. Seems I talked too fast and later on, when I was instructing, all of her efforts were a big help to me. I guess I owe her quite a bit.

As for my announcement, put Robert LaZelle Anderson on them and get me as many as necessary. You might check with Mom about that. I really have no idea of how many I'll need.

By the way, I'm back in reserve now and we're staying in a squad tent. It's pretty nice and I've got myself an air mattress. It really pays to be friends with the Supply Sergeant.

As for that part in the school play, I hope you didn't sacrifice anything because I'm coming home. In the first place I may not be home as soon as I hope, and you can bet your life that I'd wait for you while you rehearsed.

Also, I shouldn't mention this now, but if I decide to play football at Graceland I'm going to have to do a lot of work getting in shape. But don't feel too bad. We'll have the rest of our life to spend together.

Also, this past year hasn't been pleasant, but in a way it was a good thing. Because we proved we'd stick together, I saved a good deal of money, became eligible for all GI benefits such as housing and schooling, and you became quite chummy with my folks. So while we missed a lot, we also accomplished a lot.

Well, my Darling, it's late and I'm dead tired. Remember I love you just a wee bit.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXX



Dear Bob,

*The stars are out so maybe it won't rain anymore. Oh well, I can hope can't I? Writing about hope ... if I couldn't hope, there wouldn't be much left for me.*

*I went over to Grandmother's with my folks today for dinner. We spent the whole afternoon over there. Uncle Hans got a new television so we spent part of the afternoon watching it. On the way home, Mother and Dad left me off at your house. Your Mother and I watched part of a movie on television. Then we started out to go bowling and ended up at a movie. We saw "I Want You" and "That Woman is Dangerous".*

*That reminds me I want you Honey - as if it takes a picture to remind me. At any rate they were pretty good shows – another evening past, one day closer to when you will come home to me. But then one more day we have been apart.*

*I guess this letter doesn't sound very good and I am sorry. You must admit you don't get many like it. You can just keep it inside of you just so long. I think it will be okay tomorrow, same old thing, and same old smile. I go to school, laugh and joke with my friends. They always say the day you stop smiling that's the day all of the responsible people stop saying and doing nice things for you. How many more days are going to be like tomorrow, how many more days without you? And in nine more days it will be a year, a whole year. People are always saying to me, "Hasn't the year gone by fast, just think you're a Senior now – my but you must be having fun." A little detail like the man I love being half a world away doesn't enter into their minds as anything of importance. I don't really blame them. I just found that this is something no one understands unless they have had a similar experience.*

*I shouldn't say all these things to you. I know you have enough on your mind – me being one of the things. You must feel the same way I do. Don't worry, I'll be all right in the morning, I always am. I send*

*you all my love on paper as I do once every day. You'll always have*

*All my love*

*Betty*

*XXXXXX*

*I Love You*

*PS I am sorry about this letter. A fine girl I am. My letters are supposed to boost your morale. But I just can't help it.*

*March 17, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, I got some more stuff on my USAFI today, and the First Sergeant gave me a jeep to go over to Easy Company to have Lt. Demmerle sign the papers. Seems that something came down about it from Division, and this should clear up everything. I'm pretty sure that all I have to do now is sit back and wait for my Diploma. At any rate we'll soon see.

This reserve is really a racket. We did a little work on some steps this morning and that was that. The rest of the day was ours and we did almost anything we pleased.

We did get a good laugh today. Today was "wearing of the green" day, and Moffett received an Irish flag through the mail the other day. You probable know this but it's an orange, white and green job O W G, while the Italian flag differs in that the orange is red. At any rate, bright and early this morning we all fell out at Present Arms and we raised the Irish flag over our tent. Then we all took off for breakfast. But when we came back, the flag had been sabotaged and the orange was now red. Old Moffet took one look, let out an oath, and tossed an accusing look at Bart Spardo. I honestly don't know if that no good Dago done it or not, but it sure handed us all a good laugh.

You know I don't like the Army and I want to get home to you more than anything in this world, but I'm going to miss this bunch a lot. We sure have had some good times together.

But it's surprising just how fast the personnel changes around here. We've been more or less away from the Platoon since we went down to the roadblock, and when we got back here there were a lot of people that I'd never seen before. It use to be that we all knew about a guy. Where he was from, what he did on the outside, whether he was married, but with all of these replacements we're lucky if we know their names.

Well, my Darling, I think I'll more or less use the rest of this page for a good purpose and tell you just how much I love you. Only I can't.

But you know how much you love me. Just remember that I love you twice as much, and you'll know that my love for you has no end. And

that's the way it will be between you and I for always and always.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Today was just another day. This afternoon six of us went down to Robert Fulton Junior High to officiate at basketball games for the G. A. C.*

*There was a Steering Committee meeting during Fourth period. Next time we are going to vote for what we want at Candlelight Dinner. The choices are Chicken Pie, Ham or Swiss Steak. Did I tell you that we are having Candlelight off campus this year? It is the end of May so I hope you will be home by then. While I'm on the subject of graduation, I got the Money Order today. Thank you, it won't be that much and I think I asked you this before, but Honey what do you want to say on your Graduation Cards and Announcements and how many of each do you want? Like on the cards do you want Sgt. Robert L. Anderson or Mr. Robert L. Anderson, or all your name spelled out, or just what? I might have to order them before I get an answer and if so I'll just use my own judgment and will talk it over with your mother.*

*At noon I went to the GAA Board Meeting. We decided on a circus theme for our spread (which you probably don't understand and so you aren't interested in but writing about it takes up space).*

*I'm glad your patrol went over without any trouble. Let's pray they are all that way. I have tried to call your Mother ever since I read your letter about it, but she hasn't been home. However, I believe she received a letter today saying you were all right because I received two letters today: one for the 7th and one for the 8th.*

*Tell me, Darling, when it's 10:00 o'clock at night in the US, what time is it where you are? I always write my letters to you around 10:00 so I can figure out when I'm writing what time it is over there.*



*I know it sounds silly, but I like to be silly at times.*

*Please thank Strangland for me for fixing the C rations and coffee on March 7th while you wrote to me and then the 8th when you ran out of candles and he struck matches so you could see to finish my letter. So tell him thank you for me, because if it wasn't for those letters – well you know how I feel.*

*I Love You*

*All my love,*

*Betty*

*March 18, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Yes sir, I'm really beginning to like this reserve business, and I'm sure sorry that in another week it has to come to an end. But then I guess the fellows up on the line will enjoy their time back here as much as we are.

At any rate, with the exception of some logs I chopped and sawed this morning, all I've done the livelong day was to enjoy myself. And I really didn't mind the wood detail because it gave me a good chance for a little exercise.

They got a radio in through our PX supply today, and Rodriquez decided that he wanted it. So he went around borrowing money and recruiting the men to enter their name in the drawing for him. The reason for the recruitment was a drawing was to be held because several of the men wanted the blame thing. So Rodriquez got us all to enter our names, which gave him a much better chance to win. So when Fythe's name was pulled out, the \$90.00 was slipped to him and he bought the radio for Louie.

At any rate it sure is good to have a radio around again. We were like a bunch of kids with a new toy, and we all sat around the tent reading and listening.

Then to top it off, I enjoyed three additional pleasures. First, I still had some of Mrs. Rosse's package left, plus what I drew from the PX supply. That gave me more than enough to eat. Then I had all sorts of reading material, like the Sunday funnies and a Quick magazine. Believe me I was really living. Then came the clincher, the end of a perfect day. There was a movie showing and I not only got to go, but I ran into Wilber, our Supply Sergeant, who let me borrow an apple box to sit on.

Now I know all these things don't sound like much since they are every day things that we Americans take for granted. But when all of it, or most of it, is taken away for a while, you begin to miss it. And if you could have seen how happy and content I was today, I believe it would help you to appreciate just how much we Americans take for granted everyday.

I remember when I was back in school, we use to talk about things that America had that other countries didn't have. Big things like food,

clothing and medicine. And I truly use to think that I understood what they were talking about. But now I know that I didn't have the slightest idea; and probably never will. But I'll say one thing; I have a much better understanding today because, for a short while, I've gone without these things.

That's one reason American will never fall; because we will never do without these little things - not alone the big ones. It's just a part of our way of life, and by golly, it's worth a good fight to keep them. But I didn't mean this to be a speech. I just wanted to let you know that today I appreciated what I had: music, food, reading materials and a movie, and that it was a happy day.

By the way the name of the movie was "Ten Tall Men" with Burt Lancaster, and of course I enjoyed every minute of it. And in case you're interested, I'll eat for another couple of days since I received another package from home today. I left right after mail call for the show and so I didn't get a chance to open it, but I know what's inside and so I'll have something good to eat tomorrow. By the way, the only disappointment of the day was that I didn't get a letter from you. But then I got a pot full yesterday, and I expect more tomorrow because I know they're on their way and that they just haven't been delivered yet. So I didn't let it destroy my morale completely.

The rumors were also running wild tonight. I got it from a pretty good source that the NG's will be home by May and that the Division colors will be on their way home by the same date. The rumor has it that the 6<sup>th</sup> Division from Fort Ord will replace us. Now it use to be that the 6<sup>th</sup> Division was a Cadre Unit that just trained troops. So if the rumor is true, it will probably be a paper switch. In other words, the unit at Ord will remain intact and will just change Division patches and will go by that Division's designation. This means that, with the exception of the National Guard troops, our current personnel will remain in place right here as the 6<sup>th</sup> Division. If that's the case, the chances are that the 40<sup>th</sup> will go home and will be reverted back to a California National Guard Division.

I don't know if I explained that well enough so that you could follow my meaning, but it's just a rumor and in any case it won't affect me one way or the other.

By the way I turned down a Commission today. They called me in and fed me this line about how Sergeants with 6 months in grade were being offered Commissions with no strings attached. All they had to do was re-

up for 18 more months. Of course you know my answer. I told them that I had a heavy date with a certain blond for a certain prom back in Sunny Cal. They said that's what they figured.

How about you? You want to write to a brand new 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant, or have a broken down Sergeant to keep you warm at night?

All my love always,  
Your Bob  
XXX



XXXXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*No ink again as you can see, I would go in the other room and get some, but it is late and I would probably wake the whole house up. Anyway, you can read this just as well.*

*Tonight I went to our basketball game. We won, but I don't remember the score. Next week is the last game. We had our Senior Class picture today, and I went bowling this afternoon as I always do on Tuesdays. I just remembered I forgot to send you last week's "Mirror." I'll try to get it in tomorrow. Mother cut mine all up. It had my name in it three times. I thought I told you what the color of our sweaters is. Now I am sorry you don't know, but now you will—it is aqua. Our emblem is a palm tree with VN on it along with the word Tahitians. It's sort of hard to explain and I would draw you a picture but I am no artist, and when I was finished you probably wouldn't have any better of an idea.*

*You know, my Darling, it is real late and I should have been to sleep a long time ago. There is good old school tomorrow. Mother can't take me to school for a while because Tyrone is still running. Then in the morning I get all mixed up because my watch isn't fixed yet and I never know what time it is. You know I think I need a new one.*

*Well, Honey, this isn't ending the letter. I love you as you must know by now. You be good now—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXX*

*XXXXXX*

*I Love You*

*PS I heard that Mrs. Ross sent you a long letter and some cookies. I love you—*

*March 19, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, I'm afraid that I wrote too much yesterday because I don't have a darn thing to write about today. In fact I'm so hard up for news that I don't even have a rumor to pass along.

I did have an accident this afternoon, and my Guarding Angel must have been right on hand because I wasn't hurt seriously. It snowed last night and when the sun came out this morning, it all melted. Of course, that resulted in a sea of mud and made the going rather slippery. At any rate, I went down for noon chow and started to step over a tent rope when my foot slipped and I fell square on this steel stake. It hit me just below the heart, and I was darn lucky it didn't go clear through me. In fact I was so lucky that I didn't even break a rib and all I got out of it was a skinned up chest and a good size bruise.

Honey, I hate to go religious on you but I've just been too lucky. There just isn't that much luck floating around. And to prove my point I can point to the fact that you love me. No buddy could be that lucky. It has to be something a whole lot bigger than luck.

I ran across this Shore Patrol band while going through my things this morning and figured I'd better get it on its way before I lost it. You can just stick it in with the rest of the junk. Boy, I sure get a hold of a lot of worthless stuff, don't I?

It seems it's been quite a little while since I told you how very much I love you. It's kind of hard to say these things in a letter, but I remember. I remember every single minute, every single word and every single hope that we share together while I was home. Every once in a while I have to pinch myself just to prove that I'm not dreaming. I say to myself that there just couldn't be anyone as perfect as you are; and if such a feat were possible that I could win the Grand Prize.

But it's true. There is a person like that and she does belong to me; to me, and to no one else. And after assuring myself of this, I stick out my chest and feel wonderful.

I don't know if you realize it, but you've helped, and will continue to help, me more than anyone else has before. You've supplied a drive, filled

me with ambition, and gave me a goal in life—a goal to make you happy and secure.

All my love always,  
Your Bob  
XXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Today I got one letter from you, the one that was written on the 10th of March. I don't know what to say about the letter so I'm not going to say much. I know you weren't feeling very well, so I tried not to take what you said too seriously. There is one thing that I will say: if I had not received your letter of the 11th yesterday (where you sounded like you really love me after all) I would feel pretty bad, and when I hurt I get mad.*

*Darling, let me tell you something I have learned from people, and through practice I have found that it works well. If you want someone to do something, you don't tell them, "That's the way it's going to be, no question about it. It is going to be that way and that is final". But if you ask them, "Don't you think it would be nice to do it this way?" they are far more apt to do it. I don't know what the matter is with me, but if someone infers the first example, I rebel. And no matter if I think it is a wonderful idea, I just won't do it. That is one of my worst faults, but that's the way I am. If you realize this, it will make our marriage a far happier one. I know we all have faults and if you tell me some things you like or dislike it will help me and our relationship. I don't say I'll change and I don't expect you to, but every married couple has to make some adjustments. If we start some now, it will be much easier later.*

*I never said I thought you were becoming a muscleman. Your mother must have misunderstood. I am sure I will not be disappointed in the way you look. Darling, I'll be real frank, if it were only looks I was interested in I would still be going with Johnny. Not that you're not good looking, but you don't find many as good-*

looking as Johnny, not even in Hollywood. I love you for more than looks. It's what is on the inside that counts with me, not the cover which can usually be made anything you want it to be. I don't mean the above paragraph to be a crack; I don't claim to be any glamour girl. I am just a plain ordinary girl with an average figure and average looks. One thing I'll never have to be afraid of is that if someone will love me just for my looks.

As for Graceland, you said my letter puzzled you. Well, I'll just say I didn't understand yours. I just can't believe you meant it the way it sounds. Every time we try to write on the subject of our future we both misunderstand each other. So I think to stop further misunderstandings we should not discuss the subject at length until you come home. After all, what is the use of a lot of hurt feelings if you didn't even mean it that way? However, you may feel differently about it, so let's hear what you have to say.

One thing, don't get upset about something that hasn't even been planned yet. It is all well and fine to worry about other people's feelings, but the first one I am going to worry about is my husband's. I don't plan on marrying a man that will not put my feelings first – as I will his.

As for the statement "I know I'm no good to anybody but I love you," I could spend another ten pages of that one, but it is so silly I feel it would be a waste of time. Darling, for about the millionth time I love you. I know you must realize that you are my whole life. If you don't know that by now, I think I should just give up. However, if you are just looking for an excuse to get rid of me, you don't need one, just tell me. But I know you're not and I am not mad at you, thanks to your letter of the 11th. Take this letter for what it is worth. You may not agree with any of it; that's your privilege. I am not trying to force my ideas on you and I am sure I didn't tell you anything new. Please don't take this letter wrong as there are several things in it that could be taken in different ways. Just remember I love you and read it that way. I don't want to hurt you; I know a lot of things must hurt you at times. I know things you say hurt me, but I know you love me and that's all that really counts.

This had better be all for tonight. Please Darling, please believe



*me when I say I love you and please love me in return. I want you Darling. I would marry you tomorrow if I had the chance. I know all of our dreams will come true if we just wait. I know you'll come home soon and we can start planning and building our future together. Let's not start off with a bunch of misunderstandings. I love you, I wish there was some way I could tell you just how very much I love you. Can't you understand that you have—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXX*

*XXXXXX*

*I Love You*

*March 20, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

There's not much of anything to write about today, not even a letter to answer.

I went back to the shower point today and got myself a good shower and a change of clothes. While I was back there I bumped into Dick Hackert, but since he was coming out and I was going in we didn't have too much of a talk. However, we're going to get together Sunday and so we'll be able to swap all the latest then. And with them being back at Regimental Headquarters I should be able to pick up some dandy rumors. By the way, he thinks that he and Rollen will be on their way home on the first of April. I sure hope so. They're both fine fellows, and the Church can use them to far more advantage than the Army.

Speaking of going home, Bill Currie left this morning. I gave him yours' and my Mother's phone number, and he promised to give you guys a ring for me. And while it will probably be a month before he gets Stateside, I think he'll remember to call because he lives in North Hollywood and we went to school together.

Also old John Long is suppose to go back to the rear area tomorrow. But I don't know if he will or not. He doesn't want to go—the big dope—and he's fighting against city hall, trying to stay. Actually I'd hate to lose him because he's a darn good man, but being in the condition he's in, it would be hard to let him stay. So I told him that if he could swing the deal with the old man, it was OK with me but that he'd have to give up the AR and hold down a rifleman's job. He didn't like that, but he figured that that would be better than nothing, so he's satisfied. This way he would have to be busted, and that rifle weighs eleven pounds less than the AR so that would make things a lot easier on him.

I guess I'll give the AR to Joe Schultz. He's a good man and has a good head on his shoulders, and besides it's time to start grooming someone to take over John Pevear's job. First, I'll rotate home and John will take my place, but then it won't be too long before it's John's turn to make the trip home. So we might just as well start preparing for these changes now.

Well, Honey, I'd better wind this thing up because it's getting late and I've still got a note to get off to "our" Mom and to No No.

Keep care now and remember that I love you more than I love being in reserve.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*If you happen to have any doubts – I love you. I may say some foolish things at times, but I love you just the same.*

*Today they made a new rule at school that may be my downfall. If you are absent from class fifteen times you have to get permission to get back in. It also lowers your grade. Well, up to this date I have missed at least six times in all my classes. Mrs. McMillan said the week of the Senior Play we wouldn't go to any classes. That makes at least five more times, plus when you come home the last place I want to be is in school. Everything that goes up comes down, it kind of looks like I'm stuck. Oh well, why worry, I always say. Today was the first time in my life that a teacher told me I was failing; it seems I failed to hand in a few assignments for Modern Literature – so I did them tonight.*

*Today the Director of Admissions from Occidental came out to our school. About 10 of us were called in to talk to him. It seems they sort of pick their students and he wanted to talk us all into going there. I would love to go to Oxy. I have been over there and it is really fine. It has one of the best Personnel Departments in the US, and you are guaranteed a job when you graduate from there. Of course, it is a little expensive at \$287 tuition per semester. Maybe if I decide after attending college for two years that I want to go on, maybe we could go there for our last two years; of course, that is something we would have to decide together and we have plenty of time to look at this possibility.*

*Thank you for all the surrender leaflets. One thing that worries*

me, Honey, is did you keep a Safe Conduct Certificate for your own use? Of course, you know I am kidding. Now, Honey, when I asked for a list of people you wrote to I didn't mean I was mad about it or thought you wrote to too many and wanted you to stop. I was just interested in who you were writing to. I am glad to hear you are going to have a rest, I suppose you are having it now.

Well, Honey, I had better close. I should write Chet a letter in regard to some dates I got him for weekend after next. He's bringing three fellows down and they have a lot of things planned and of course want girls to do them with. Such is life. Anyhow, there is only one guy for me, that one being you. Be good now and remember I love you—

All my love always,

Betty

XXXXXX

XXXXXX

I Love You

*March 21, 1952*

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*Dear Bob,*

*Nothing unusual happened today, but then nothing unusual really ever happens to me. Went to part of a track meet today and we won. We played Franklin.*

*Tonight Vicki, Jeanette and I stopped at the library; then we went shopping. Easter is coming and I, of course, need a whole new outfit. This year, I am going to get a suit and everything that goes with it. I didn't see anything I really liked in the way of a suit, but I did see the cutest dress. If I were only working, I would get it. But then you can't have your cake and eat it too, they say.*

*I didn't get any mail from you today to comment on, however, the mailman has been good to me this week and has brought me some every day until now.*

*You know that Tyrone is still running. We have to go around it and that is so much trouble.*

*Well, Honey, this hasn't been much of a letter but nothing at all happened and I am tired – so my brain just won't work, not that it ever does, but it tries.*

*Just you remember that I love you very very much and more — lots more*

*All my love always,*

*Betty's*

*XXXXXX*

*XXXXXX*

*I Love You*

# March 22, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, the mailman only brought one letter today and that was from Mom, but as usual she had news in it about you. She said that your grade average over a number of years was the eighth highest in your class. Well, needless to say, I add my congratulations, and if you'll remind me, when I get home I'll give you a kiss for every A. Come to think of it, I'll give you one for every B as well.

You know maybe I shouldn't let you in on this, but my, or maybe I should say our, Mom is a wee bit sweet on you. But then so is every one else. Even Leona, and when I was home you didn't sit too well with her. Seems that you are giving her competition for my affections and she didn't like that idea too well. Of course, Sis let me in on it, and said that she referred to you as "That old girl." But since I went away and she's got to know you, her feelings have changed. In fact the entire Anderson and Furlong households (including Laddy) are very pleased with my choosing you. And not only that, but they tell me about it. O course, that suits me fine because our family is pretty close, and I'd hate to not be able to satisfy everybody. But it seems that they are not only satisfied, but are actually pushing. Honestly, if I got hit on the head, went CRAZY, and called off our wedding, I'd have to leave town because none of my relations would have anything to do with me. Cross my heart they're all nuts about you. As if you didn't know.

Things have been pretty quiet around here today. This morning we had a shake down inspection. That's where we carry all of our belongings outside and an Officer comes by to check to see what you're missing and to ask the question as to why you're missing it. I really can't see much sense in it over here because there is always some excuse you can give them, like you lost it on patrol or used it in constructing your bunker. But that's the Army for you.

After that the squad did a little work on the latrine. We put covers on the boxes and covered up all of the air holes. Then we built a fill and leveled it off. These tasks only took us a couple of hours, and we now have the best latrine in all of Korea. Just as we finished, it started to

rain and now it's turning to snow. It looks like we're in for some wet weather.

Well, Honey, this is my last piece of stationary so I'll call it "30" for tonight. Keep good care and remember that I love you just a wee bit.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXX



Dear Bob,

*You know, Honey, it is a wonder I am able to write this tonight. We were over at Beverly Hills at a dance and coming home we were in this car that wouldn't start unless pushed and had only one gear (that being third-gear). These other guys in our group would push us when we had to stop for a red light, but about a mile from starting up to Beverly Glen we lost them. Just imagine, we couldn't stop for anything, because if we did we would never get started. Red lights or stop signs...nothing could we stop for. Well, we made it to Beverly Glen and, even though the engine was missing, by some miracle we made it to the top. Then coming down, the brakes wouldn't work. We just prayed on the curves, and to top it off there were a couple of slow cars we had passed on the blind. Getting down in the valley, we had to go around the block a couple times to get across to Ventura. Then we stopped at the gas station on the corner of Van Nuys and Ventura. There we asked these jokers to push us. They had a running start and bumped us right out into the middle of Van Nuys Boulevard; cars were going all around us. We stopped at Bob's where we met the rest of the gang - that is after stalling right in the middle of Van Nuys Boulevard. At last I got home - you know I don't believe the Police Department is doing a very good job. We ran dozens of red lights and stop signs; half the time had no lights and didn't do less than 50. All I can say is that it was more luck— and I thank my Heavenly Father that I'm in one piece.*

*The reason we went over to Beverly Hills was to have another dance or party with that blind bunch of kids. I was in charge of it*

*again and it came out real well.*

*No ink again, that's the reason for the pencil.*

*Darling, needless to say it is very late and I'm tired and all that, but I'm never too tired to say I love you. Thank you for the Combat Infantry Badge. I won't lose this one. Just you don't forget there's a certain girl back home that just lives for the day you will come home to her.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty's*

*XXXXXX*

*XXXXXX*

*I Love You*



March 23, 1952

---

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, this isn't going to be much. I went down to visit Dick Hackert and some of the fellows back at Regiment today, and then when I came back I got a chance to go to the show, and so naturally I went.

I also got three letters from you today, and while I do have some comments on them I'm going to save them until tomorrow when I'll do a good job of letter writing.

I've also got some news about the move that's coming up. We're moving way over to the left instead of into reserve. And remember that rumor I had about the 6<sup>th</sup> Division? Well, we had the Division right, but it belonged to the wrong Army. The outfit that's moving in here is the 6<sup>th</sup> Korean Division. Boy what a let down that is. But I'm still willing to bet that I'll be on my way home by May. (Say a prayer and cross your fingers.)

The boys are yelling about the light. At 10 PM they go out and it's past that now. I love you more than you'll ever know.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Not much of anything happened today. The day started out with a bang on my door and in came Vicki. I open my eyes a little and said "it was nice of you to stop in and see me before church, Vicky."*

*"Before church?" was the answer. "Why Betty, this is after church. It's past 12 noon." Oh Well, I had planned on going to church, only you can't always do what you plan on doing. Well, along in the conversation we decided, with your approval of course, and barring unforeseen events, that it would be fun if we double dated with Vicki*

*and Bud for the Senior Prom and Dance Committee dinner. Not that I don't want to be alone with you, my Darling, but Bud is so funny and Vicki is lots of fun. Besides he doesn't have a car, and somehow I just couldn't see Vicki walking. However knowing Vicki anything can happen between now and then, but I really do hope something happens between her and Bud because he is so nice and is he ever good-looking. Of course, if you don't want it that way just say so, you know, Honey, anything you want is all right with me.*

*Well, I didn't do much of anything all day. Your mother didn't feel well (nothing to worry about), so we didn't go anyplace, so I spent the evening working on our scrapbook. I know we always used to spend most of Sunday together, so I sort of like to do something that is part of you on Sunday. Not that I don't all week long but I sort of set Sunday evening aside. This paper is so heavy I have to write on the back. I got it to use for my letter requesting membership in the Ephebian. I don't have one chance in a million of being an Ephebian but there is no harm in trying I always say.*

*It seems I just got up but the clock says it is time for bed again. Believe it or not, I love you. In fact I love you very very much and lots more. I want you to be real good now, eat the right things, etc, be careful and don't go getting yourself hurt.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty's*

*XXXXXXXXXX*

*I Love You—just you*

*March 24, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, I've got a couple of comments on the letters I received from you yesterday. First of all I got a letter from Jeanne Maxfield the same day I got yours about her being engaged and planning a June wedding.

She has been in the bowling alley a couple of times and Dad had mentioned in previous letters that she was planning on getting married. At any rate, we're invited to the wedding when it comes off.

Also you mentioned in one of your letters that you were trying to write longer letters because I said not long ago that I was disappointed in a few of your short ones. Honey I didn't mean to complain but to be truthful you could never write too much for me. I could sit here and read your letters day in and day out without bating an eye. But it did bring to mind another point. My letters aren't too long are they? I really don't think they are. In fact sometimes I feel I'm falling far below par, but if they are too long say so and I'll cut them down.

As for news, I'm going to bug out on you and have you check with Mom. This outfit is going to move down to the left and it's my guess we'll move between the 1<sup>st</sup> and the 10<sup>th</sup>. There are reasons for this but it requires a lot of explanation, and since I wrote Mom all about it, I'm going to save myself a lot of work and have both you and Sis check with her.

Today has been a hard day. They made Engineers out of us this morning and we were down working on the MLR road all day. But while it was a lot of work we had our fun too. There was one gag in particular that the boys pulled on some drivers. They found an old shell casing and half buried it in the middle of the road. Then about twenty of them made a tight circle around it and waited until the trucks piled up. Well, since truck drivers are human, I guess they wondered just what was what, when all of a sudden the boy all took off in different directions, waving their hands in the air and yelling. Well, those drivers took one look at those guys running and another at that shell casing and believe me a couple of them almost had heart failure. And those who weren't paralyzed with fear took off in a cloud of dust for parts unknown. No

kidding I haven't laughed so hard since I've been over here.

As for Mrs. Young's idea of what I should be when I get out, she'd better come up with a better suggestion than the Army or I'm not even going to talk to her.

You know it may surprise everyone back home but I don't necessarily like the Army. Goodness knows I've got a good start in it, but there are too many things I don't go for. And one of them is that the Army is no place to raise a family. You don't want to marry an Army career anyway, do you?

Well, Honey, that takes care of the recent events pretty well. Now I'm going to brush my teeth, say my prayers, climb into that nice warm sack and dream of you.

By the way, just a reminder, you're still and always will be my Number One girl and I love you as much as anyone can love anyone.

All my love always,  
Your Bob  
XXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Nothing much of anything happened today, but then it hardly ever does. I almost have all of the pictures taken, and honestly, Honey, I'll try to get it to your mother if I see her this weekend. Really, Darling, I didn't mean to take advantage of it, but believe it or not sunny California isn't all it should be this year.*

*Today was different in one way. I didn't go to any meetings. With this new system about the absences I am not out of class so much. I tell them I can't go.*

*Vicki is going to represent the Music Department in the Bank of America scholarships. I sure hope she wins. But then it is mostly based on talking, so she shouldn't have any trouble.*

*Well, my Darling, I realize this hasn't been much of a letter but what can you write about when there isn't anything? I love you just like I always do. I am glad you get a rest for a few days. Is there still snow in Korea? Never forget there is a girl back home who loves you*

*more than anything else in this world.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty's*

XXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXX

*I Love You*

# March 25, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, I heard a story today that burned me up. It seems that a patrol from I Company, the outfit that relieved us on line, was out past the OPMLR when they ran into a group of Chinese who were trying to surrender. At any rate the Squad Leader and two others went down and when they got within 50 yards of them, the Chinese opened up on them. Of course the Squad returned their fire but by that time they had a dead Squad Leader plus a rifleman and another one that was wounded. Our side killed two and got a prisoner. But the whole thing, in a way, was good. It gave us a good idea of what to expect from the Chinese who attempt to surrender. I really am afraid that the boys have been too lax here of late, and this should help to jolt them out of it. Also it's a little closer to us than others because that patrol was from the 1<sup>st</sup> Platoon and if we hadn't been relieved that might have been my squad. But it wasn't and that's the way the ball bounces, so there is no use in letting it worry us.

One other thing I've noticed is that ROK troops are pouring into this area by the hundreds. Honestly I've seen a lot of troops in my time but these guys have been rolling in here by the truck loads for three days now and they're still coming in. In fact I even saw a bunch of them, must have been a Regiment, marching along the road. Those boys really carry a load. They not only had their packs but were carrying mortars and 51's as well. I sure would like to see our boys try do that.

In the way of activities today, took in a USO show and then took another shower. All in all the show was pretty good and consisted of the usual stuff. They had a good magic act, and of course a girl who did the vocal work. Then too, they had a guy with a squeezebox who did the accompaniment and the M.C. who doubled with a dance routine. Of course the gal was the hit seeing as how she was of the opposite sex, but me I liked the old German couple with the magic act.

By the way I'm sending you a clipping for our scrapbook that the folks sent to me. Of course Welch use to be our C.O. and Andrews is still our First Joe.

Well, Baby Doll, it's time to knock this off and hit the sack. Sure do wish that you were here to kiss me goodnight, but the chances are if you were here I'd sit up all night holding your hand and telling you how pretty and wonderful you are.

At any rate, keep care and remember I love you just a wee bit.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXX



Dear Bob,

*I know you've been getting several short letters lately and I'm afraid this has to be another one. It is late, there is school tomorrow and I don't know why but I haven't been sleeping very well lately. Usually by the time I do get to bed, I am so tired I sleep all night without waking, but it seems lately that I wake up all the time. I have bad dreams but can't remember what they are even about. I just feel something's wrong but I don't know what. It is all very silly I know. Because you're all right—you are back in reserve or were when I wrote this, so what could happen to you and if you're all right everything is wonderful. It sure is terrible not knowing what is bothering you and why.*

*Well, enough of all that nonsense. The reason it is so late is because we all (the club) went over to Todd's to celebrate. Tonight it was announced officially that we won the HI Y campaign which means a trip to Catalina for us all. We raise \$557 for the "Y." Then we won our last basketball game thus making us champions. So we had a double reason to celebrate.*

*We lost our track meet to Canoga Park today by three points. It seems to me that they also beat us last year by three points.*

*You know my Darling a year ago just about this same time we were saying goodbye for what was supposed to be our last (in person) goodbye. To think in a few months all that waiting, hoping and longing will be over and this last year without you will seem like a bad dream filled with loneliness. But I can't say the year was a*

*total loss because our love did grow. We proved something not only to ourselves but to others; that we could love each other not only as much but more even though we did not see or touch each other.*

*I love you, my Darling. I could go on forever on the subject but as I said it is late.*

*I love you Bob. I know I'll always love you. A year from now we'll be together and won't even have to say goodbye again—not ever.*

*I love you —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I Love You*



*March 26, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

You know I'm beginning to think that your letters are supernatural. The last letter that came in from you informed me that Jeanne was engaged, and in the same mail I got a letter from her. And in today's masterpiece you mentioned a letter from Mrs. Ross. And sure enough there it was.

However, you're not perfect because you missed one this time. Of course, I must admit that this was a toughie. After all how could anyone predict that Chet was going to write me a letter?

However, he didn't say much. Just that advanced R.O. was getting tougher and he was going to flunk out of French. Can't say I blame him. I couldn't even get High School Spanish, and after ten months in Japan I know maybe twenty words. As far as Korean, maybe I'll pick up a word or two before I leave; never can tell. But one thing that is for sure—language isn't my forte.

Well, I can't say for sure, but I would guess from all the past letters that your basketball team won the championship. Since there's only one more game and, recalling only one loss, you must be right up on top. By all means give the boys my congratulations.

Also since you're not an artist and can't draw the senior emblem, why don't you just put on your sweater and take some pictures. Of course, what I really want is a picture of you. And don't give me that old gag about rain.

As for the day's activities, they weren't much. We all got up bright and early and walked down to work on the MSR. Of course, being GI's we just more or less leaned on the shovels and picks and had a bull session. Such is life I guess.

Well, my Darling, I haven't mentioned it for awhile, but I'm a pretty proud guy over here and who wouldn't be with a gal like you. Just hang on a little longer, Honey. Every day is bringing us 24 hours closer.

By the way, you're still my number one gal, and I love you more than anything. In fact, you're wonderful.

All my love always,

Your Bob

XXXX



Dear Bob,

Tonight I went to a shower for Ardene Crebs. I think I told you Ardene and Ricky got married a couple weeks ago. They went to Utah, I think. It was real nice. After the shower we went to Bob's as if we didn't have enough to eat already. Anyway, it was fun. I hope a lot of people give me showers. That wasn't very nice to say, but after all I only plan on getting married once.

I talked to your mother today, and she is going to make out a list of who you should send announcements to. I'll get it Friday and then order them on Monday. I'll order you 100 cards because that is how many people usually get.

Nothing much of anything really happened today. We had badminton this afternoon like we always do on Wednesday.

One thing, I think Vicki has the measles. If she has, then I should get them at any time. Wouldn't that be funny? You know I told you Junior was in the Marines. Well, he got a Medical Discharge because of his leg. Then today, the day after he got out, he came down with the measles—not very funny. If I got the measles I would have to go to school anyway because I can't possibly miss another class.

As you can see, I ran out of ink. I have also run out of words. But there are three words I'll never run out of:

I Love You

All my love always,

Betty's

XXXXXXXX

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*March 27, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Honey, I don't know what I said in my letter of the 10<sup>th</sup>, but according to your letter of the 19<sup>th</sup> I shouldn't have.

But I did get quite a start and a good laugh out of one part. I had just finished reading where you said "I was no beauty," and Papas came walking up, tapped me on the shoulder and said "Boy, are you ugly." Now I want you to know that I can take a hint, and I'm going to blow my brains out the first thing in the morning.

But getting back to more serious things, I didn't quite understand your entire letter, quite possibly because I don't completely recall what I wrote in my letter to you. So next time there's a misunderstanding, use some of my quotes so I'll have a better understanding of what I need to reply to.

2<sup>nd</sup> page—"That's the way it's going to be, no question about it"

Honey, just what did I insist on, and honestly I'm not a hard guy to get along with. In fact in the role of a hard rock Sergeant I'm a flop. But if it will help matters any, I'll try to remember to ask and suggest instead of ordering.

3<sup>rd</sup> page "becoming a muscle man."

Mom wrote about you feeling that the shoulder in my Senior Sweater wasn't large enough. There was also something about 225 pounds, and muscle weighing more than fat. I was just setting you straight because my biggest muscle is still in my head.

4<sup>th</sup> page "Any glamour girl"

I think you're downright beautiful, and I mean that.

5<sup>th</sup> page "My letter puzzled you"—"I didn't understand yours"—"Can't believe you meant it the way it sounded"

Just what didn't you understand? All I said was that I wanted to go to Graceland and I wanted to know how you felt about it. There was also something in your letter that hinted you might want to wait for a little while after I got home before we got married. I just wanted to clear that up, too. I'll marry you on any date that you set, but I do want to make sure you haven't any doubts.

Page 6<sup>th</sup>—"Don't get upset about something that hasn't even been

planned yet”

Honey, what hasn't been planned yet?

Now, my Darling, read your letters over as you go through the above five points and if there are still misunderstandings let me know and we'll straighten it out.

Like you said, “I love you and you love me,” and after all, we're working for each other instead of against one another.

One more thing when you do get a “bad letter” from me; remember that all is not rosy over here and it's pretty easy to get upset. For example, we were on line for 51 days, and that's quite a stretch.

About the only news of the day is that we move to our new position the night of the 30<sup>th</sup>. Now this is a little dangerous because there are a lot of minefields in the area, and it would be easy to stumble into one. In addition, artillery and mortar fire are common in this area, but the Chinese are far less likely to throw the stuff in at night because the blasts from their guns pinpoint their positions and then we pound them with counter fire. So, so far the enemy hasn't fired his big stuff at night.

The plan calls for us to leave here a 7:00 PM, ride the trucks up to a certain point, and then hike 8 miles into an assembly area. There, we'll dig in and stay for around 3 days while we get a good recon of the area. From there we'll move on to the reverse slope of the MLR and dig in again. We'll have to build our positions at night since the Chinese's line is only 800 yards away, and they can take potshots at anyone who sticks his head up.

At any rate, our bunkers will be built at the bottom of the forward slope so that we'll have grazing fire. We'll also have to dig bug out trenches over the hill in case a strategic withdrawal is necessary.

To be honest, I don't like it. It looks like the place is going to be a hornet's nest. At least one thing is for sure, we'll see more activity here than we did at our other position. But I'll be all right, so don't worry.

However, I do have some good news. Tom came in awhile ago and informed me that I was number 14 on the priority list to go home. In short, there are 13 that go home before me, and 14 that will leave after me. So I'm in a pretty good position there. Now I'll just hope that the first Company quota call for 14 men or better.

Well, my Darling, it's late. Remember I love you.

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXX



Dear Bob,

*About the only thing I did different today was go to the Dentist, and that is getting to be so much a habit it isn't even unusual anymore. I have to go back in another two weeks. You know I have a fortune in my mouth. This makes the fourth time I have gone for just one tooth. It seems it is dead and was infected, and he is going to save it for me by cleaning it out and then filling it up. The tooth is right in front on my lower jaw, so I sure hope he can fix it. It is beginning to look a little dark to me.*

*It has been real warm lately. Today we had a more or less a rally out on the field and we almost roasted to death. As for tonight, I went over to Vicki's to see "Teenage Trials." Pat Hawthorne, Jane Heacock, Bob Drake and Tom Wallace were on the program. I also had to get the Dance Chart because, of course, Vicki cannot go to school. I figure if it is the measles she has I am going to get them anyway.*

*I have to work at Sears's tomorrow night. It sort of mixes things up because Chet is coming down, and he is bringing a friend who I am supposed to go out with. But they will just have to pick me up after work. I figure I couldn't say no to Sears after saying it three times in January. This is the first they have called me since then. Not that I blame them. You just can't run a business that way.*

*Darling, I don't know whether your mother mentioned this or not, but I called her at the first of the week and in the course of the conversation she said you had asked her to get me flowers for Friday. I told her I would rather that she didn't. This is why—I don't have anywhere to wear them since I couldn't wear them when I was out with someone else. You understand don't you? I told her not to get me anything, but she suggested candy. I like candy so I think that would be very nice. Darling, I love for you to bring me flowers, and for certain things I would like flowers very much. However for things like tomorrow, if you want to get me something, I would prefer something else. It probably wasn't the right thing to do, telling you I mean, but I figure you want to please me, and I do hope you understand. One*

*thing I will say I certainly am lucky to have someone in love with me who is so thoughtful. Darling, I don't believe there is one thing you forget. Believe me I sure appreciate it. I love you so very very much. Although tomorrow isn't a very happy day it is very important to both of us.*

*My Darling, it is a little on the late side so I had better stop for tonight. Remember I love you very very much, and I am so lucky to have such a wonderful man in love with me.*

*I Love You*

*All my love always,*

*Betty's*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*March 28, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling, its been exactly 365 days since I last held you in my arms, kissed your soft, warm lips and told you just how much I loved you. And I want you to know that this last year without you has been the longest and most miserable year of my entire life. So here's a promise from the bottom of my heart—they are going to need an Army to keep me away from you for that long, or even half that long, again.

Because I'm number 19 on the list and with a lot of luck, by the time I'm 20 years old I'll be home. Now don't relay that on to Mom because if it doesn't happen this way I wouldn't want her to be disappointed. And the only reason I've told you about this is that I wanted to give you something special on this special day.

Of course there were also the flowers. I do hope that they helped to bring back a couple of memories of our last night together because that night, along with all the other nights we shared together, will remain in my heart forever.

All I can say, my Darling, is that I've missed you terribly and that I love you with all my heart. That I'm as proud of you as a fella can be for 365 letters and all the love that went with them. Then, too, there's the work you've gone to in helping me with my USAFI and getting things lined up for my graduation. Plus there are the packages and pictures that you've sent, the time you've shared with Mom, and especially the biggest gift that you could give me—your love.

Honestly, my Darling, while it's been tough over here without you, it would have been much worse and a lot more difficult without your love. It's helped me over many a rough spot, and I want you to know just how much your love is appreciated.

My last word on the subject is that I've tried to be the kind of guy you'd want, and there's no one who can't say that I haven't been true blue.

As for today's activities there's not much to report. Today was a rest day, and that's just what I've done—rested.

We did receive word that we were awarded a Campaign Star today. For what Campaign I don't know, but we got one. By the way, a Campaign Star is worn on the Korean Ribbon.

The only other news is that Lt. Hartiman came down with a case of appendicitis and they shuffled him off to the hospital. That puts old Clem, Lieutenant Clements, in command, and we're all weeping and feeling sorry for ourselves. No kidding this guy is a jerk from a long, long line of jerks, and I sure have got my fingers crossed that they put someone else in.

The question arises now whether or not I love you. The answer is

*Indeed I do—Indeed I do!*

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*It is rather late, and I have to get up and go to work in the morning, so I have to make this one rather short. I worked tonight in the Yardage Department. It was lots of fun but a little tiring since I am not used to it. Then I came home and Chet and Roger picked me up—they already had Patty. Then we went to the Palladium, and the band was real good. I don't recall the entire name but the last name was Marrow.*

*Darling, thank you a lot for the candy; in fact I am eating some now. Remind me to give you a big kiss for it when you come home. Darling, I liked the note especially well.*

*Honey, I got the letter where you said you felt on a steel stake. Really now haven't I told you enough times to be careful? After all you're the only Bob I have, and I wouldn't want anything to happen to him. Honey, you be very careful now and don't go around falling over your big feet.*

*I love you so very much I just can't tell you how much. Just someday soon you'll come home and let me show you. Remember you'll (just you) always have*

*All my love,*

*Betty's*

XXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXX

*I Love You*



*March 29, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

I'm afraid, my Darling, that this isn't going to be much of a letter because tomorrow is moving day and your old Dad isn't going to get much shut eye tomorrow night. So the best thing for me to do is to get a good night's rest tonight.

I got four letters from a pretty special person tonight, and I wouldn't worry about depressing me if I were you. When you sit down to write, write what comes to mind and what's in your heart. Remember that I'm your guy and I want to know about your troubles as well as the good things. After all, I tell you about everything that's going on here and there is a lot of this stuff here that I'd rather not write about. But I promised, and I'm a man of my word.

I wrote you an answer as to the announcements. Make it Robert LaZelle Anderson and use your own judgement as to how many to get. As for the Candlelight Supper, what's the date? And maybe you can make me ham.

There's nothing much to write about. Just went back to the rear and picked up some odds and ends and also grabbed myself a shower and a clean change of clothes.

Tomorrow is going to be pretty rough and busy, so it's possible I won't get that letter off. But I haven't missed yet and I don't think I will tomorrow; even if it's a stinker like this one.

By the way, when it's 10 AM there, it's 3 PM over here. Keep care, my Darling, and remember I love you more than anything else in the world.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Pencil again, because it is easier to write with. Chet, Roger, Patty and I went out again. We started out by going to Vaughn Monroe's radio show. We were in a big hurry because we were late, so we drove into this lot behind CBS and rushed in the first door. We ask someone where Studio C was, upon giving directions he happened to ask us what we were doing backstage. Upon further inquiry we discovered we had parked in the employee's parking lot. The Radio show was real good, and then we went across the street to NBC and saw the Ozzie and Harriet show. After which we drove around and decided to go to a show at the Chinese where "Viva Zapata" was playing. We couldn't decide where to eat so we ended up out in Encino. At the theater is a show I have to see tomorrow (I'll tell you why tomorrow, Darling) anyway, we snuck in just to see the ending and now I know how one of the pitchers comes out. Then we went to Bob's.

I worked today from 11 to 3. I knew you would pass your USFS test, but I am glad that you finally heard from them and that everything is all right.

I hope you can read this. I am having a hard time keeping my eyes open. However I am never too tired to say I love you, and I really do. One thing I'll never know is how I ever deserve you. I will admit when I look around at the couples on the campus and other places I envy them. But then I think of all the things I have in you and in our love. I feel a little sorry for them, and although my man is away, I'm a lot happier than most of them are. I have no fears about him. I have absolute faith in everything we have between us and in our future, and I have found everything a girl wants in a man and from his love. So we both had to pay a small price for our love. It may seem big now but in later years we will look back and see how small it really was for all the blessings and happiness we will have.

All my love always,

Betty's

XXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXX

I Love You and Always Will

*March 30, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, I've got a few spare moments and so I figure I had better sit down and write while the writing is good. Then I'm going to find myself a soft spot and try to grab a little shuteye.

The only trouble with writing this now is that there isn't any news. All I've done today is pack, take down the tent and pull some work details, which doesn't add up to a newsy letter.

By the way, we got a new Lieutenant the other day by the name of Randolf. The only thing I know about him is that he use to be an Instructor with the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne. He doesn't seem to be too bad of a guy, but he still has a little garrison in him. However we're working on him and we'll have him trained in no time.

As for this move tonight, I don't know much more than I did a few days ago. Only there is talk that we'll move up directly from the Assembly Area instead of staying there for three days as was originally planned. Also I'm told that the last two miles will be especially rough since we will cross a stream 15 times. That means wet feet because we're wearing Combat Boots instead of our Mickey Mouse's. Those shoepacks are just too heavy for this trip. They're nice and warm but when it comes to walking you might just as well have your feet in cement. So this time we'll carry them on our packs and then change over when we get to the Assembly Area.

One thing for sure, this trip is going to be a dark one. We won't even have moonlight, but maybe they'll turn on the Search Lights. What they do is bounce the beam off of the clouds, which really lights things up.

Well, my Darling, all good things must come to an end and so I'll close by reminding you that I want you more than anything else in the world. Even more than a Discharge.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX

P.S. I love you too.



Dear Bob,

Tonight Mary Jane, Vicky and I went into Hollywood to a show. We saw "Scandal Sheet" and "For the First Time." They were real good. I was supposed to go see "Phone Call from a Stranger" because there is a girl in it that speaks with a Brooklyn accent, and Mrs. McMillan would like for me to have one for the part I have in the play. Anyway, something came up and Vicki and Mary Jane had already seen that picture so we went to Hollywood. I didn't get up until about noon today. Chet started back around 1:30. They had some studying to do and a couple of tests to study for tomorrow, etc. After the show we went to Bob's and ate.

Nothing else happened today except I started copying my 1,000 word composition on "Americanism." I even quoted you—about 100 words worth. So you even help me when you don't know it or even mean to.

Something is wrong with my radio. It doesn't work, and I'm sure not used to all this quiet. It bothers me.

Well, my Darling, again it is late and I am tired (as if there was ever a time I wasn't). School again tomorrow; which reminds me I didn't do half the things I was supposed to. As they say another week gone by and another one coming up. I love you so very much, to think it is over a year since I have even seen you, and almost four months since I have talked to you. I never thought I'd wait that long for any man, and yet I am willing to wait that much—and longer for you—just for you —

All my love always,

Betty's

XXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXX

I Love You

*March 31, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

My goodness, Betty, yesterday we pulled a move through mortar fire and had one man killed—but your letter made it look like child's play. And I want you to promise me that you'll make better choices about the kind of automobiles that you ride in. And the character that owns that machine should have his head examined for driving it. Honestly, no wonder the world is against youthful drivers.

Just suppose that some young couple, you and I for an example, with maybe a little baby, had been coming around one of those blind curves at the same time you were. It would have been highly possible that you would have hit them, killing not only yourselves and them, but also very likely the people who were in the car that you passed. Honestly, I wouldn't give you a plug nickel for the guy's chances of missing that kind of a wreck. And even if you had lived think of how you would have felt killing someone else.

One thing you learn over here is that life is precious and from what you said about your experience, I had better stay over here—it seems that it's safer.

So next time anything like that happens you get out of the car and get yourself to a telephone, and if you can't reach your folks, call mine. They'll come right after you.

Now I want you to promise me that you'll do this because just think how you would feel if anything happened to me—and the "Street of Life and Death" runs both ways you know. So for gash sakes be careful and use the good sense that God blessed you with. While He's always by your side, He won't do everything for you—after all you have to be responsible for your actions.

The changing of positions last night went off well. As it turned out we got to ride in on trucks, except for the last two miles. From there we hoofed it in, and right now I'm sitting in my foxhole feeling the cold and having a hard time focusing on this letter.

As for the mortar fire, it wasn't too bad. One round hit a jeep from Headquarters Company and the driver was killed. But the only thing that

came close to us was a hunk of shrapnel that bounced off of Sergeant Pillow's helmet. That single piece of ordinance was the only thing that came within 25 yards of us.

Well, Sugar, this hasn't been much of a letter. I'm just a wee bit tired and I've got a headache so I'll close by reminding you that I love you with all my heart.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Tonight I worked again, which was very nice because I like to work and I like money. I didn't feel so good all day, so I spent most of the day lying down. I feel a lot better now, however, so don't worry.*

*Well, I just had the pleasure of turning another page on the calendar. I think the last day in the month is the best because I get to turn that page. Do you realize if our wishes come true, you will be home in another month or two? There are so many things we will have to do when you get home. Really it doesn't matter much, just so long as I am with you.*

*You were telling me in the letter I got today how much your family likes me, and about Leona. Of course I knew about that before you told me—but I was just wondering when you get home if it would be somewhat like it was before. Because if you remember, Leona and I got along fine when you weren't around, but the minute you came—up went her defenses. Of course I think it was kind of silly of her. I know you were very close and that you still are—it's just that some things must be hard for a child to understand.*

*Bye for now, Darling, and as you can see I really haven't said anything, not that I ever do. But here's some news—I also got the rest of the stuff from USAFI today.*

*I love you, as if you didn't already know, but just in case there is some doubt,*

*I do love you very very much —*  
*All my love always,*  
*Betty's*  
*XXXXXXXX*  
*XXXXXXXX*  
*I Love You*

*April 1, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, I went and did it, and I figure that you're going to be a little bit peeved at me, but I reenlisted for another year.

Now that means that all of our plans are shot because I am going to be over here for at least another six months, but the way I figure, I'm saving good money over here. Besides, we're fighting a war, and I'd hate to leave my boys. But never fear— I'll be home in another six or nine months and then we can start where we left off. By the way— "April Fool."

Now then you didn't really think I had popped my cork did you? Tell me honestly now, did I fool you or were you waiting for this letter because of last year's?

As for news there isn't much. We're moving up to the front sometime today, and so I'm sticking to my convictions and I'm getting this off while the getting is good.

Things were just as quiet yesterday as quiet could be. In fact if it wasn't for our rifles and steel pots I could have talked myself into believing that I was on another Boy Scout trip.

I slept late, missing breakfast, and so when I got up around 10 AM I opened a can of "C" Rations I had been saving. Then I went down, heated some water and cleaned up.

After lunch Neil and Marble came up and we played Cacino until dinner.

As for your question "Is there snow in Korea," the answer is not very much. Just a few patches here and there, and from the looks of things we won't be getting anymore. The nights are a lot warmer now, and in fact it rained last night to support my theory. And in Japan last year, April brought the rainy season. So I'm afraid that we're in for rain.

Tell Vicki that I've got my fingers crossed for her regarding the Bank of America contest and if you should happen to see that dizzy blond of mine around, tell her that she still and always will be my



number one.

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXX

PS I love that blond, too



*Dear Bob,*

*Well tonight I went bowling. I didn't do so well. I also bowled this afternoon in GAA. I didn't do much else today. I did get my watch back and at last now I can tell time once more. I don't know why but without my watch I am lost. Now if I can just get my radio fixed I'll be all right.*

*Dad's money got held up for some odd reason so we're a little short this month.*

*I didn't even get any mail to answer today, so you see I am sort of stuck for something to say. I could write something silly like "I don't love you" seeing as how it is April Fools' Day but I won't because you would have to be pretty dumb to believe it and my Honey isn't dumb or I wouldn't love him. For some reason I don't get along with people that are on the dumb side and I don't mean dumb in school. It is funny but some of the kids that get almost all A's in school are so dumb about things.*

*Darling it is kind of late, I haven't been getting enough sleep as usual and I am told that it does help. I am sorry for this letter, but you have to get one like this once in a while, after all the odds are all against you—look who writes them.*

*At any rate I love you. In fact I love you very very much.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty's*

*XXXXX*

*XXXXX*

*I Love You*

*April 2, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling we're in with all hands aboard, so I guess the movement can be called a success.

After we arrived the Chinese threw in some mortar rounds, but while the Platoon C.P. had a close shave, we were at least 100 yards away from the nearest burst.

Funny thing about it. We just got a guy by the name of DePascale and he no sooner asked this South Korean Sergeant if they had much mortar fire in here, than it came raining down. Believe you me, that is one boy who had better keep his big mouth shut.

Another funny thing that happened, when the first one came over everyone made for the bunker door at the same time, and I give you my word, not one of them got in the bunker. There was just one big pileup outside the door and we were all laughing so hard that we didn't even hear the second round come in. Boy, what a life!

But actually this place isn't as bad as they made it out to be. These Koreans kept this place spotless, and except for a garlic smell, this bunker is tops. It's also on the reverse slope of the hill, with our guard and firing positions on the military crest of the forward slope. Another thing is that the bug out trenches are already dug.

However we're going to have to build another bunker, but if we can get some big shovels, logs and the necessary sandbags it should be a snap.

One bad thing about this place is that there are no roads in or out of here. And that means that everything has to be carried in on our backs.

This morning we carried some ammo and C Rations in and believe me those three miles felt more like 103. Maybe I'm just getting old. One more thing, we're due for a diet of "C" Rations. Boy what a blow this is. No hot meals. O me, O my.

Well, Sugar, I'd better close now. One more thing—I love you.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Nothing much of anything happened today. This afternoon I had Badminton as usual. Tonight I got hungry for a banana cake so I made one. I did get my money back from the government today. Now all I have to do is find some clothes to spend it on. I am going to get a whole new outfit for Easter—that is if I get the time to buy it.

Something funny did happen today in Third Period. That is a Book Keeping III & IV class that Lucy Tobias and I are taking Book Keeping II in. It seems that we are always out of this class on the same day, much to the disgust of our teacher. Today Lucy got an Office Summons and he was kidding Lucy about having to leave and the fact that I didn't get one too—when just at that moment a girl came in with one for me. Now he is going to check up on us, since things don't happen that way. Once maybe yes, but all semester - it just couldn't be. But everything is legal so he won't find anything.

As you noticed I enclosed the "Mirror." It doesn't say anything—as usual.

Darling I did get four letters from you today. You ask a very silly question. You ask if your letters were too long. Honey, if you wrote all day and half the night your letters wouldn't be long enough. I am just like you; there is nothing in my day as important as your letters. Of course I understand about the short ones. I write far too many of them myself. But Darling, don't worry about making them too long—the longer the better.

You asked me if I wanted to marry an Army Career—no I don't believe so. For some odd reason I want a husband, not someone who is here one minute and gone the next.

Honey you say sometimes that I am your number one girl, Well, my Darling I am selfish and I would much rather be your only girl.

You know it is funny. Chet was down all last weekend, and I learned more about him from your letter about what's going on than I did from him while he was here. Honey about those pictures. I could say it rained, but the last days it hasn't. I have all but four pictures

*taken on a color roll of film in your camera. That is why you don't have the camera or the pictures. But don't worry, sooner or later you will get them (probably later) the way things are going.*

*Well, Honey, I don't need to say I love you but just in case you aren't sure, I do. In fact I don't think you'll ever know just how much—but try to imagine it. I'll be seeing you and it won't be very long now (I hope).*

*All my love always,*

*Betty's*

*XXXXXXXXXX*

*I Love You*

*April 3, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, starting today you're going to find a change in my letters. First of all they may run a little shorter, and secondly I'm going to use both sides of the paper. Of course the reason for this drastic change is the paper shortage.

Actually, though, there is not much news. We got orders this morning to cover up all of the old latrines and dig new ones, which peeved me just a little bit. It was just one of those stupid stunts that they pull with the result being that we covered up a better one that we dug.

Charlie Company got hit early last night, and from the stories that were passed down from our CP (Command Post), four were killed.

Actually I'm inclined to think that the Chinese's just wanted to know what we had up there because there was no attempt to attack again once they were beaten back. By the way, Charlie Company is on the outpost, which is slightly to our right and about 300 yards to our front.

We also got some scattered mortar fire in here yesterday afternoon, but it was over by our Company CP and it didn't bother my squad in the least.

However there's one thing for sure. This is a hot spot and I sure am going to be glad to get out of here. And besides I'm getting tired of "C" rations.

A squad from the third platoon ran a short patrol last night and came back with a negative report. Which brings to mind that we're going out tomorrow night. I haven't got the details yet but I don't think we'll have to go out too far. At least I hope not. But I'll let you know all about it after I'm briefed.

By the way, I believe I've neglected to mention a fact that's been on my mind for quite awhile now, that fact being that you're one godo beautiful girlson, and that I love you just as much as I can love anyone or thing.

Be sure and keep care now and remember no more auto rides like the last one.

All my love always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Tonight I went to the Junior College play, "Chicken Every Sunday." We got free tickets from the High School. It was very good. They put on a good production.*

*I didn't tell you but yesterday our cat had six kittens.*

*As usual nothing much happened this afternoon, or I should say all day.*

*Looks like I have a whole week of vacation coming next week. I wish I could spend this vacation as I did last year. Not saying goodbye but being with you. I never thought it would be over a year—sure I always said that you would be home in May, but I always really thought it would be sooner, now I'll be more than happy if it is May.*

*Well, my Darling, it has taken me an hour to write this much. Somehow I just can't think of anything except how much I love and miss you. One thing I am glad for is that the waiting is almost over and not just beginning. But then I wouldn't know what it was like to wait and it wouldn't matter so much.*

*I'm sorry, Honey, I had better stop for today —*

*I love you —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXXX*

*April 4, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling, this is going to be a little short because tonight we go on patrol, and like always there are a lot of things that need to be done in preparation. The patrol is not going to be too bad. It's an ambush affair, and we leave here at 7:30 PM, cross the main line of departure at 8 PM, and are to be in position by 9 PM. Then there is a four-hour wait until 1 AM when we scoot back home.

Of course, we're hoping for a warm night, and if it's anything like last night, we'll get our wish. There is particularly one bad thing about this affair. There are all kinds of mine fields out there, and we only know one way in and one way back. So if the Chinese's cut those off, we'll have a hot time of it. But there's really not much chance of that happening, and like always, we'll make it back just fine.

As for Vickie and her fella going to the prom with us, it's Jake with me. In fact anything you say is O.K. in my department.

The news of the day is brief and simple, but there was one miracle in when a jeep rolled in carrying hot chow. As I understand it, they finally got the road built and we'll be getting at least one hot meal a day. Of course, it's not actually hot chow, but it sure tastes good after all those "C" Rations.

Well, my Darling, this isn't much of a letter but there are 101 things to do, so I'll sign off and give you a fuller report in the morning.

Keep care now and remember that I love you more than anything else in the world.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Well, all I have to do is finish this letter and wait for Mother to come home*

*and put up my hair, and then I can go to bed. Do I ever need to after tonight! I worked at Sears again, and what a madhouse.*

*In fact all afternoon was more or less a mad rush. The ladies serve punch and cookies to the faculty after school. Jeanette was in charge of this one, and as usual she put it off until the last minute, so I had to help her.*

*As you said in today's letter I'll use quotes when something bothers me that I don't understand "all I said was that I wanted to go to Graceland and I wanted to know how you felt about it." Honey, if that was all you said, I wouldn't have minded it, but I took it or rather it sounded like you said "I am going to Graceland whether you like it or not or whether you go or not." I don't believe you meant it that way but that is what I meant when I said "I cannot believe you meant it the way it sounded."*

*Now as to when we should or when I want to get married, that is something you and I have to decide together. If I had my way we would get married as soon as you got home—but there are certain things in our way—just to mention one, our parents. We both know that each of our parents approve of each of us, but the question of marriage is a little different.*

*Then about your statement, "I'll marry you on any date you set, but I do want to make sure you haven't any doubts." Darling, I do wish you had the faith in me I have in you. You know you gave me the impression that you aren't sure of me and you have doubts yourself. I am not saying that you haven't any grounds for suspicion. I admit I have gone out with other guys. You told me I could and I told you most every time I did. I haven't gone out with other guys as often as I would have if it hadn't been for you. Yes, another guy asked me to marry him during the year you were gone. He even flew out from Texas for a day to see me, but I didn't see him. I went to the*



*snow instead. Various other things have happened, but nothing you don't know of or I wouldn't tell you. I think it is you who had better get rid of your doubts of me. I am not mad about you saying that, Darling. In fact I am glad you did because it showed me there was still doubt. I really don't believe you ever have had complete faith and trust in my love. I am sorry about that, Honey. It must be my fault, I must've done something to make you feel that way. I don't know what I can say that I haven't, so I guess I'll just have to wait until I prove to you that there is no one else for me, that I love you more than anything else in the world.*

*I want you to be real careful now, Honey. Just remember I love you no matter what —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

*April 5, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, that's one more patrol over and done with, and just like always we all got back without a scratch.

One thing before I forget. If you haven't already sent the camera to me, don't bother because I got some good news. You've probably already read about it in the papers but our enlistments have been cut by two months, and today I saw the orders that said I had to be in Sasebo by May 1<sup>st</sup>.

Then John Gieske told me that he got the word that 50% of the National Guardsmen would leave here by the 15<sup>th</sup> of this month. If that's the straight scoop, I've got a chance to go. But don't count on that because there are too many ways that I could miss out. Just cross your fingers and say an extra prayer and maybe I'll be lucky.

As for the patrol, it came off with only one hitch. On the way back Spardo got us off course, and some joker heaved a grenade our way. Why he threw it I'll never know. We were at least 500 yards away and there wasn't a chance of hitting us, even if we had been a Chinese patrol. Chances are he was new and was a wee bit nervous. At any rate we followed the river down to the rock crossing, and Bart went ahead to clear us with the guard post. Bart Spardo, by the way, is my head scout. We were lucky in three aspects last night. Of course, the biggest one was that we had no trouble with the enemy, and another was that it was a warm night. But the most remarkable one was that a mist formed in the valley that we had to pass through to get to our position. Since the moon was shining like blazes and the Chinese occupied positions on Hill 449 that overlooked this valley, the mist gave us much needed cover. Without it, we could have been sitting ducks.

Life is picking up, by the way. The kitchen is finely getting on the ball and we're now getting two hot meals a day. In fact there are rumors that they are going to move the kitchen up here, which would mean three squares daily.

As for the flowers, of course I wanted you to tell me. And you know I understand. It really doesn't matter what you got, or if you got anything for that matter. I just wanted to send a little more of my love to you on

that night.

Keep care now and watch those measles. Remember I'm stuck on you and I'd sure hate to have you laid up when I get home.

All My Love Always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Believe it or not, I love you. In fact I love you very very much.*

*I didn't do much today. I got up and went to work. I got off work at 3:00 and went shopping in North Hollywood. I didn't find anything—no, I take that back; I did find a suit I like for \$89, but I think that is a little expensive. Anyway, I am going shopping Monday and I hope to find something. Then if I don't have to work maybe I'll go to Santa Barbara for part of the week. Oh well, we shall see what happens. Since my feet hurt tonight I stayed home and read a good book while I listened to the radio. I have almost finished the book and I think I will go back to it after I finish writing this letter; that is if I can stay awake.*

*I remember last Easter vacation having trouble staying awake, and it reminded me that you used to kid your mother about keeping me awake all the time because when we had any time together I was so tired I wanted to sleep. It is strange, I wanted to sleep and yet I didn't. It seemed when I was away from you I couldn't sleep no matter how hard I tried. When I was with you I felt so safe and secure that all my tiredness came on me. Yet knowing you were only going to be with me for a short while, I didn't want to waste my time sleeping. Reading that last part over I don't see how you could possibly understand what I meant—when you come home I'll have to explain it better.*

*Darling, I love you so much. Your love has given me so much. I don't think you'll ever realize just how much your love has given me. Perhaps I shouldn't depend so much on your love. During the day if something comes up I always say to myself, "You'll feel all right when*

you get home and read Bob's letter," and if there isn't one I know there will be two or more tomorrow.

Before I met, or should I say fell in love with you, I never put too much faith or hope in any one thing. That way I figured I would never be hurt, because if something didn't work out, I always had several other things to turn to, and after all it didn't matter so much anyway. It is different now. All my faith and hope is in one thing—our love.

In fact my life is that love and that love is you, just you, Bob, no one or nothing else. So you see I need you just as much as I miss and want you if not more. You'll come home to me soon, then everything will be all right again.

All my love always,

Betty

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I LOVE YOU

*April 6, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, I haven't got much to write about since the only thing that we've done today is work on another bunker. Actually that was plenty. We got the hole pretty well dug but have run into a monstrous rock. It looks like we'll have to call on P&A to give us a hand with their T.N.T.

Tomorrow we plan on gathering some logs, and as soon as Battalion gets on the ball and brings in some sandbags we'll be able to finish up the job.

Supply is also beginning to catch up. We got three toothbrushes yesterday and Neil, our Medic, managed to gleam on to five razors for us. That fixes us up individually. We've been in short supply because when the ROK solders that we relieved moved out, our shaving gear moved out with them.

Beer rations also came in today and with them a new racket for yours truly. Long is driving a truck in the rear now, so that means no one has any claim on my beer rations. So I trade a can of beer for a can of fruit. We get one can of fruit with every three meals of "C" Rations, and the only trouble is that I can't please everyone. After all I only get five cans of beer and everyone wants to trade, so naturally the six guys in my squad get to come to the head of the trading line.

An amazing thing happened today. They found a 53-year-old woman who was living right up here on the M.L.R. Seems that she was befriended by the ROK soldiers who provided her with food in return for various services such as doing their washing. Of course, much to the regret of Charlie Company, she has to go, but then that's the way the ball bounces.

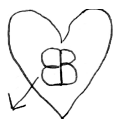
Well, my Darling that dood it for now. Keep care and keep your figures crossed for the 15<sup>th</sup>.

Also next time you see Chet's big sister tell her that I love her even more than the letters NG at the front of my serial number.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXX



Dear Bob,

Today I went to church for once. I really must be better about going. Then this afternoon I went over to Vicki's and sewed. I started another dress. You know it would help if I finished the other things I have started. Then your mother and I went bowling. Didn't do so well with that, so we went to your house and watched television.

It was funny today, over at Vicki's her Dad works at the post office and her Uncle carried mail. Her Uncle came over and Vicki was calling me Betty of course. So her Uncle spoke up and said "so you're Betty Ward," and I said yes why. He said he thought he recognized me yesterday when I came out to get the mail. It seems our mailman is on vacation and he had been wondering all week who I was because I got so much mail.

Well, I have the first bunch of pictures you sent home from Korea here at home so I can put them in the book. I must say "nice hole in the ground you live in." Don't tell me that all the food they give you in the Army is only one pea. That is all you had in the picture of you eating from your mess kit. Korea sure is a hilly place, and who was that boy in the picture with Tom?

Now comes the usual end of the letter: I love you. It may be usual but it is nothing to take for granted. I don't mean that you can't always depend on it being there because you can. I'll always love you. It is just that I like to read it in your letters and would feel something was missing if you didn't put it in. So I always tell you that I love you, not just to remind you, but because I want to. I think it all day long. There isn't one minute that goes by that I don't think of you. It may be hard to believe but it is true.

Just one thing I ask of you, Darling: never forget I love you and that you love me —

All my love always,

Betty

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I LOVE YOU

*April 7, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Things went pretty much the same today and, except for a few scattered mortar rounds, it was rather dull.

We did get quite a little bit done on our bunker. The P&A guy came up today and, although it took seven pounds of T.N.T., we no longer have that big rock that was giving us such a hard time. Honestly, you should have seen that thing. It took us the better part of the morning to clear the hunks of rock away. But the majority of our digging is done and so we're happy.

This afternoon was spent exploring the hills for old bunkers. You'll recall that I mentioned awhile back that there is a scarcity of wood up here, so we're hunting for some unoccupied bunkers so that we can tear them apart and use the logs on our new bunker. But it looks like we're out of luck. Or at least we were this afternoon. We only found about seven logs and they weren't large enough. Oh well, tomorrow's another day.

Right now John and Bart are filling some sandbags at our new bunker site and, of course, I'm using this letter gag as an excuse to save wear and tear on my back. But something tells me that I'll make up for it later.

My boy Strangland has also come down with something. He's been getting hot and cold spells and has a fever, and so I called Neil, our Medic, over to take a look see. He only had a 99° temperature, but Neil says that he'll take him off the hill if his condition doesn't improve. I hate to keep him up here, but I've got a large area to cover and I'm two men short as it is. With him gone that will leave me with only six men, and if anything should happen it would hurt plenty. Of course I haven't mentioned this to the Medic. It might influence his decision, and if he figures he should go back to the rear, I'll see to it that he does. Nothing is going to happen anyway.

Well, Honey, I'm glad that you liked the candy and my note, and you can bet a dollar I'll remind you of that kiss you owe me. In fact you had better be alert because I'm just the type of guy who might try to collect twice. Of course, I wish that I could have been home to pull a C.O.D. on you, but the way things look it won't be too long before I'm doing just

that. So in the meantime you keep care and remember that I love you with all my heart.

All My Love Always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*I can't find a pen so this pencil will have to do.*

*This morning and most of the afternoon Mother, Lucy and I went shopping. I bought a real nice suit; it is also the most expensive piece of clothing I own. Then tonight I worked. The liquid sunshine is back again so I won't mind working some of this week. After all it would be silly to go to the beach in the rain don't you think?*

*I got three letters from a pretty wonderful guy today, but reading them over I couldn't find anything to answer. So I am sort of stuck for something to say. You did ask me to promise to be careful about what kind of car I ride in. All right, my Darling, if you want it like that I'll try to be careful. It wasn't a very good thing to do I know but I didn't realize the car was in that kind of shape when I got in it. I could have ridden home with several other guys, but then we all have to do something foolish now and then—it makes life more interesting. However this doesn't pertain to you over there, so you do as I say and be real careful. Not that anything is going to happen to you but don't take any chances.*

*I love you, want you, miss you and need you more than anything else in this world, and don't you forget it.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

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I LOVE YOU



*April 8, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Don't know what I'm going to write about in today's daily, but they say you can't keep a good man down and so here goes nothing.

We made another stab at bunker hunting today, and, lo and behold, we found ourselves a pretty good bunker. At least we got half dozen logs out of it, and from here on out the smaller ones will do. And a good thing they will because it's really a job to un-lodge these logs from those Chinese bunkers. Believe you me, those Chinese really build these things solid, and I guess if the Chinese threw as much stuff at us as we do to them, we'd have six feet of dirt on top of our bunkers as well.

But in spite of all the digging and prying that's needed to get these logs loose, the real drudgery is in toting 'em back. Those logs are heavy, and that one-third of a mile back to our bunker got longer and longer with every trip. Guess maybe I'm the executive type and I'm just not use to using my back. Or maybe I'm just getting old.

At any rate we knocked off a little early today, and so I moseyed over to the Platoon C.P. and got Alm, a Korean Litter Barer, to give me a hair cut. He does a pretty good job, but I held it to a trim. I've gotten my hair to the point where I can just comb it, and if I play my cards right I'll have it pretty well under control when I get home. At least I sure hope so.

Then I went down to the stream and with the aid of a bar of soap gave myself a good scrubbing down. One of the boys snapped my picture in the nude, but he promised not to publish it so I didn't smash his camera. The long johns also came off today and they sure look funny standing up all by themselves. Maybe I should have changed them a little more often, as if I could have.

Well, Darling, I haven't done too badly on this even though it probably was a little dull. And another thing I did pretty well on was winning you, and in case you've forgotten you have

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

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Dear Bob,

*Seeing as how I can't find that old pen I guess this pencil will have to do. You know I bet Mother came in and got it seeing as how it is her pen.*

*Today I received your April 1 letter, and I am sorry but you didn't fool me. I looked at the date before I started reading the letter. Last year you didn't fool me because if you had changed your mind I wouldn't have a whole pile of letters yet to open. One thing, my Darling, you said that we would just have to postpone our plans six or nine months—Well, let me tell you if you did happen to go completely crazy and stayed over there of your own accord, you would have to start looking for a new future wife. But I know you better than that.*

*Didn't do much today except work. I did buy myself a new hat and gloves. Now all I need is a purse and pair of light blue shoes.*

*Your mother called this morning and read me an article in the paper that inferred all of the National Guardsmen were coming home. Of course me, I don't believe anything until it is absolutely proven so I wasn't disappointed when I talk to her tonight and found it was just a phase out. However maybe you're one of them this time. At least I can pray you were. But if you weren't on that boat, maybe you will be on the next one.*

*Needless to say I love you very very much and more.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

*April 9, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, today we really rolled up our sleeves and went to work, and believe you me, that bunker sure looks good.

Of course, with all this labor going on we didn't have much time to make or learn any news. Because there's not much newsworthiness about us filling and stacking sandbags and sinking corner posts.

But never the less that's what we did, and as a result we have our sides up along with a good portion of the roof's frame. Now all that remains is the building of the rest of the frame and front wall and, last but not least, the roof. Then we're all set for our gala house warming, and what a house warming it's going to be.

We'll have representatives from all over the world there. We'll have Bart Spardo, my number one scout from Italy, and John Moffett, my number two scout from Ireland. Then there'll be Joe Schultz, my AR man who will represent Germany, and John Pervear, my Assistant Squad Leader who of course will be the delegate from France. And last, but not least, will be McVey who will be the honored guest and will represent the United States of Texas.

Now we're not quite sure of refreshments yet. So far that committee hasn't reported. But it kind of looks as though we'll have beer, providing the boys don't drink it before time, and a canteen cup of coffee or coca for characters like me.

Of course you can't have drinks and not solids, and so if someone doesn't receive a package in the next few days, it looks as though we'll settle for the crackers from a "B" unit. But all in all, we should be able to scrounge enough to have ourselves quit a blowout. Yes sir, in a couple of days we're going to have ourselves quite a time.

The rest of the day was just so so. There was no mail and so there's nothing to comment on, except of course the old standby that I love you just a wee bit.

In fact I'd give away my share of the bunker for just one kiss from you. Believe me Honey—Greater love hath no man.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

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Dear Bob,

*Today I didn't do much of anything. I did go shopping and bought a pair of shoes, purse and some other things. I also bought some material for my Candlelight dress. Right now my room is in a big mess. Dad got the idea to paint or clear varnish all the floors so today he did half of the rooms and the furniture is all piled up in the other half. Mother has the phone in here calling all the people in the Bridge Club trying to get a date that suits them all. So you can see my room, in fact the whole house, is in a state of confusion. It is impossible to read with Mother talking away and so I thought I would write my letter but I find it is even harder to do. I think Mother has called the same people five times already.*

*Well, here it is the ninth again. That makes one more month, one more month in a whole lifetime ahead of loving you. You know I think maybe we should get married toward the end of August. Chet doesn't get back from camp until about the middle of August and we couldn't get married without him. Besides, that will give us lots of time to plan everything.*

*By the way, Darling, I found out that Candlelight is May 17. I guess that is a little early for you, but never mind we will go out and have our own dinner. Besides they decided to have Swiss steak—this way we can have anything we like.*

*I love you just like always. I miss you and want you home more than anything. I know it won't be long until you will be home again. Until then I send you —*

*All my love always,*

Betty

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I LOVE YOU

*April 10, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Boy it sure doesn't take long to get your clothes dirty over here. We just went over the hill this morning and got a clean change, came back here, and spent the afternoon working on our bunker and presto—they're filthy.

I had to laugh at Sis. I got a letter from her today and she commented on how dirty I looked in one of my pictures. Don't let it shock you too much, Honey, we all look that way, and if you think I look bad you should see the fellow who is sitting next to me.

By the way you are no longer my number one girl. At your request you're my "only girl," as if you had any doubts anywhere along the line.

The bunker is coming along nicely. We only worked this afternoon but all of our logs are in place now, and all that remains is covering them with cardboard and what have you and then piling the dirt on top. Of course there's still the front wall to put up and then we'll have some finishing work to do, like constructing beds and putting up shelves, but from there on out we just sit back and enjoy life. Or at least we do until we get up enough ambition to dig out this other bunker. But if we bend our backs we should be able to keep care of that chore in a day or two. Actually though we don't mind the work. It gives us something to do and helps to pass the time.

I did get a little bad news today while I was back in the rear area. Or at least I got a bad rumor. Seems that there's only going to be one drop this month that will take place on the 27<sup>th</sup> or 28<sup>th</sup>. In addition, it's supposed to be a small one. Now that's only a rumor but it comes from a good source, and if it should happen that way I don't want you to be too disappointed. I'm still pretty sure I'll be home before I'm twenty, and that's a lot better break than most of the boys are getting. Actually I'm lucky that we didn't come straight to Korea. This way I'm only spending a few months over here and we're leaving way before the customary nine months.

Well, my Darling, it's getting late, and since I'm on first guard tonight and have another letter to write, I'd better quit for now.

And don't forget, you've been promoted from my Number One Girl to

my Only Girl. Some gals get all the breaks.

All My Love Always,

“Your” Bob

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Dear Bob,

*My room is still a mess. My father decided to paint the back porch—what will he think to do next? Today all I did was work so you can see there's nothing much to write about. I have to go to work at 8:30 tomorrow. Each day it gets earlier.*

*I did get a letter from you today. I'm glad you got all settled in; of course I hope you won't stay there long. Vicki's newspaper said tonight that half of the troops, or more, were already on their way home. There are 407 scheduled to arrive next week and that many more are already on their way from Japan. Then according to yesterday's paper, or the day before yesterday, they called quite a few more to come home on April 7. Now if you weren't among them, your turn ought to be coming up pretty soon. Tonight's paper also said that you would all be home by July 1, with the biggest part arriving in May and June. It said you would be discharged in three days at Fort Ord. Things are looking good I must say.*

*I probably haven't told you anything you didn't know, but at any rate it took up space. That's how hard up I am for news. Of course I could fill my letters with how wonderful you are and how much I love you, but then again I wouldn't be telling you anything you didn't already know and I would be doing a poor job of it because I just haven't found the words to express how I feel.*

*Anyway, I will say I love you and you have —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

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*I Love You*

*April 11, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Boy things are sure quiet around here. All of our artillery seems to have gone to sleep, and the only aggressive action we've seen in over two hours is when DePalscle threw a rock at a rat. By the way, he missed.

What it's all about is beyond me, but then they never tell us anything, so I guess it's all right. Maybe the rain has something to do with it. Who knows?

Or more likely they're waiting for me to go on guard. I'll just get up there, get use to the peace and quite of it all, and BOOM! they'll cut loose and old Andy Anderson will jump like he's been shot. At any rate I'll let you know just what the outcome is tomorrow.

I've already mentioned this, but it's raining outside. I remember back in Japan just about this time last year, and it brings to memory that verse that goes "And the rain came down." I don't know if this will set them off or not, but one thing is for sure, they're coming and with them will come their sidekick—mud. Boy what a mess that's going to be. But maybe I'll be lucky and I'll be gone before it really starts. At least I sure hope so.

Not much news today. It was more or less the same routine with us spending the majority of the day on the bunker. We just got that roof on in time. It really would have been messy if this rain had gotten inside the bunker. Of course, before it's finished we've got a couple more feet of dirt to pile on top, but that's the least of our worries. It seems that we're going to run short on sandbags. We need maybe 200 more, and I would estimate that we've got about a 100 of them now. But we have to complete our front wall before the roof or the bags won't fit properly due to the weight of the added dirt. Confusing, isn't it? But I promise I'll explain it on our first date if you want me to. We really lucked out when we found some sheets of tin in a burnt out village, and over here, that's like finding gold. It sure does make a good base to pile dirt on.

Well, my Darling, you know what comes now. Seems like all my letters follow a pattern, but for me it's the last part that really counts, and of

course, that's that I love you with all of my heart and always will.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

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Dear Bob,

*Well, I ran out of my stationary except for few pages like this so don't be alarmed—I haven't gone back to my second childhood, I am still in my first.*

*I didn't do anything except work all day. Then tonight your mother and I went to what was supposed to be bowling, however sometimes I wonder. Then we went over to visit your Sister for a while. After eating all they had in the house we came home, now I am eating all we have in this house. At this rate when you come home I'll weigh two hundred pounds, will you still love me, Darling?*

*Well, Honey, my letters haven't been very little long lately but really, Darling, I just can't think of anything to say except I love you. See this is an old piece of my schoolwork and I even write your name on it.*

*Mary just got home from ice-skating. Do you know what my Father did? He painted the stairs so they have to climb a stepladder to get on the roof and climb through a window to get to their room.*

*Always remember I love you.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

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*I Love You*



*April 12, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, the rains came and they went and so after an afternoon of sunshine everything is pretty much back to normal.

Of course things were very wet around here for awhile. Most of the damage that was done to the Third Squad came during our guard tours. But we did hear reports that some bunker roofs in the 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>, and 3<sup>rd</sup> Squads leaked. Oh well, that's life I guess.

I think all this rain was caused by a big storm front. I don't know all there is to know about it, but I do know that we got word to tie everything down in preparation for a 45 MPR gale that was suppose to hit here. But it must have taken a wrong turn somewhere along the line because it didn't hit us. In fact we've had a beautiful day.

Most of the day was spent working on our bunker but we did put in a couple of hours giving our weapons a number one going over. As it turned out this was a good move on our part because Dave, our Platoon Sergeant, came around to take a look see at our weapons. But like everything else he just glanced at the rifle rack and asked me if they were clean, and in all sincerity I replied "yep," and that was that.

The rest of the time we just piled dirt on top of the roof, stacked about 100 bags on the front wall, and put in a post for the door. From here on in we're a little stymied because we're now out of sandbags. Guess we'll just have to wait until the Platoon gets some more in. Of course we can always do some of the finishing work but seeing as how tomorrow is Easter I think we'll just let everything drop. We'll just more or less take it easy, go to church if we get the chance, and mull over what He did for us.

Well, my Darling ,it's time to close again. Keep good care of yourself and remember I love my girl and that you're my only girl.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

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Dear Bob,

Well, Honey, I heard a lot of good news today. Most important of all is a letter from you about your change of coming home. I figured you ought to be home the last of May at the latest. I can't tell you how happy it makes me to know that the end is just around the corner; a month or a little more seems like a short time after all the months of waiting.

Second thing, Chet call from Santa Barbara this afternoon to say he gets a trip to West Point. It seems they chose the eight highest and the unit up at Santa Barbara. Then they had an interview and chose the top two in the whole unit and they got a round trip ticket to West Point and are to be their guest for four days. When Mother told Grandma Ward she said that she would pay all of his other expenses. Of course I am real proud of him.

Your mother came down to the store to tell me what you said in your letter just after she got it. Then she came and took me home. She gave me the flowers for Easter from you. They are just beautiful, thank you so much, my Darling. They go real nice with my suit, etc. Of course you know I love them doubly so because they came from you, it makes my outfit complete. Then your mother gave me a box of candy from her and your dad, which I have been eating all night.

You needn't worry about the measles. Vicki didn't have them and neither did Joan so I haven't even been exposed. Now just watch me get them because I said I would.

My Darling, I guess that had better be all for today. I plan on getting up at 5:00 and going to church for the sunrise service. That is very early for me even if you think it is late. You just remember that I love you more than anything or anyone on this earth or anywhere.

All my love always,

Betty

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I Love You

PS Come home and I'll give you all kisses you want and more.

*April 13, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Sometimes, my Darling, you say some very foolish things. And in the course of your last four letters you said two.

One was that you were afraid that I have some doubt about you and the other was some nonsense about Leona freezing up on you when I come home.

I'm not worried in the least about this because Leona is really sold on you. In fact that's the understatement of the year. And while her Uncle Bob rates kind of high on her hit parade, I'm sure that she is going to love her Aunt Betty almost as much.

Your other fear is even more stupid. I'm just always leaving you an out until I come home, and from then on—you've had it! I'm planning my whole "life" with you. One thing that going on these patrols has taught me is not to gamble with my life, and I certainly don't consider you as a gamble. In fact you're my "sure thing"—and I give you my word, I mean that from the bottom of my heart.

As for any trouble from our parents, just what kind of trouble are you worried about? I doubt, in fact I know, that there won't be any trouble from my end and while I wouldn't like to do it this way, you'll be of age on July 3<sup>rd</sup>. But I know when we tie the knot; we'll have everyone's blessing.

As for this year over here, it's been a long hard one but we're on the last lap now and in a few short months we'll have it all behind us. So maybe when and if this war really breaks out I'll be home with you and we can go on raising our family without interruption. God does work in mysterious ways and many blessings aren't seen on the surface.

Surprise! Two letters just came in from you and your letter of the 5<sup>th</sup> was very nice. I really did like it and I'd comment more on it but I have to get this one in the mail.

Honey, never, never doubt me. And of all things, never doubt my love for you. Since that first date, you've been the only one for me—and you always will be.

All My Love Always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Today was Easter. I wish we could have been together like we were last Easter. I got up around 5:00 and went to the early service over at my church after which all the young people went out for breakfast. Then I came home and went to church with my parents. I saw Jack Benford there. His Mother is sick so he came home. He is stationed in Oklahoma and is a Corporal now. This afternoon I went over to Great Aunt Flora's. Then tonight your mother and I went, what is sometimes called, bowling.*

*I hope, Honey, that you spent your Easter on the way to or in Japan. There are so many things we can do when you get home. The most important of all is just being together. Once you're home again every minute I want to be with you. I suppose I am selfish wanting you all the time but then it is only natural. Just think we will be engaged officially (that is if you still want me after finding out what I really am—instead of something you may have dreamed up).*

*Well, Honey, school is tomorrow and as usual I'm tired. I love you very much and more. Just come home and I'll prove it.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*April 14, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Tonight's Patrol Night but this one looks like a snap, so don't worry your pretty little head about it.

Somehow the other night some Chinese got behind M Company lines and one of them tossed a grenade into a bunker full of sleeping G.I.'s, resulting in 10 dead and 2 wounded. So from now on, or at least for the time being, we're pulling security patrols out to our front just as an added precaution. The first squad is going out at eight and my squad will relieve them at twelve. Then at four we'll hightail back.

We're just going out about 300 yards to our front and we're taking a machine gun along just in case. But if we do hit anything we can't handle, the hill can furnish us with all kinds of support fire. We've even got a Quad 50 that we can count on.

The only bad thing about this is that we've got four cold hours ahead of us and all of our winter clothing has been turned in. But maybe we'll have a warm night. By the way SFC Davison is taking us out and so I don't have to worry about too many of the details.

We did work a little bit on our bunker and I think about three more rows of sandbags should do the trick. We'll probably hold that house warming tomorrow night, unless something unforeseen comes up.

Well, Sugar, that's about it for now.

By the way I'm a pretty happy guy that has a pretty swell gal and I sure am proud of her. And of course I figure it's a good thing for both of us that she went to the snow when the man from Texas came calling. Because I'm the guy she is going to marry, no ifs, ands or buts about it and, at this point, it would be hard for her to explain any involvement with this other bird. So when all is said and done, she is going to make me very happy and she knows darn well that she can't get anyone who will love her more than me. There just ain't such an animal. So there! And at least she'll be happy with me, cause I aim to please.

Remember you're my gal and that I love you with all my heart.

All My Love Always

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



Dear Bob,

Today I got a letter from Mr. Andresen that said I was an Ephesian. I can't tell you how happy I am—but the first person I thought of was you. I always want you to be proud of me so I work extra hard at things, so you see that you really deserve as much and more credit than I do. I won't be modest by saying it is nothing because it is a great honor and I am proud of it. The others that were chosen are: Sandy Nutt, Lucy Tobias, Carol Maginnis, Mabel McFarlin, Jean Heacock, Jayne Astley, Bob Drake, Henry Rempt, Tom Wallace, Ken Wright, and Bill Souveroff.

I also got a letter that made me just as happy, if not more, than the letter from Mr. Andersen. It was from you, my Darling, and it didn't say anything special but it was from you. The letter I am waiting for is the one that says you are coming home and the day I am waiting for is the day you arrive home.

I went to the Dentist again today. For the last time I hope—that is for at least six or more months.

We get our grades at the end of the week and I am warning you now don't expect anything because I sure don't. If I get one "A" I'll be doing good. The point is that I don't care what I get. The only thing I really care about you. I could go on and on about it but since this is my last piece of paper and I wouldn't say anything that I really feel anyway, I guess I should stop. You know I love you, Honey, I love you very very much and more —

All my love always,

Betty

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*April 15, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, that nasty old patrol is over and just like always we all got back safe and sound. But believe you me, that's one patrol that I'm never going to forget because it was the stinker of all stinkers.

To begin with all of our winter clothing had been turned in and the majority of us didn't even have a poncho. Add to that the fact that it was raining cats and dogs and the fact that we had to make a river crossing up to our knees and you'll understand that this patrol was—all wet! And when you lie still in position for four hours and forty-five minutes under those conditions, you're hurting.

Honestly, I've laid in the snow for hours at a time when the thermostat read 15° below, but I was never that cold in my life. In fact when we started back to our lines, my feet were so numb I couldn't feel a thing.

But with all my moaning and groaning I'm very thankful to the Lord for keeping us safe. It just doesn't matter how dark things get, there's always a brighter side.

But it looks as though we'll be running out there all the time now and that means my squad will be pulling three or four patrols a week. Things are starting to get tough even here and it looks like I'm really going to appreciate being a civilian when I finally get out of here.

And speaking of getting out of here, things don't look so good. The word came down today that the first shipment home won't be until the 5<sup>th</sup> of May and will only consist of ninety men from the Regiment. That's a hard blow, but maybe something will come up and we'll get a break. As it stands now, I haven't the slightest idea of when I'll be home.

But I will be! That's a promise. And then we can go ahead with our plans. In the meantime keep care and remember I love you with all my heart.

All My Love Always,

“Your” Bob

XXXX



Dear Bob,

*I didn't tell you yesterday that we got our Senior pictures. I got yours for you, Honey.*

*I talked to Chet tonight. Darling, is it all right if he borrows your camera to take pictures back at West Point? I know he will be good to it and if anything happens he will replace it I am sure. I really am sorry about not getting it to you over there; I must confess I still have some pictures left to take. I know it wasn't very nice of me to keep the camera for so long.*

*I went to a so-called Club Meeting tonight. Then this afternoon I went bowling as I always do on Tuesdays. Lucy took us down in her new car. Did I tell you she got one?*

*I didn't get any letter from you today, so Honey there is nothing to answer. We are going to Santa Barbara on Sunday. You and I will have to spend a week up at Grandma's this summer.*

*All of a sudden we seem to be having tests at school. You know I don't think I should go to college because every time I look at something I should learn, I get sleepy and don't bother to learn it.*

*I just cut myself with the scissors—leave it to me. Don't worry it was just a small cut.*

*Well, my Darling, I know this hasn't been much but I love you and this is all I can think of. Be good now Honey and keep out of trouble. Always remember I love you more than anything.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

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*April 16, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Not a blessed thing to write about today, but I figure I can't get away with a phony excuse like that, so I just might as well get to work and scratch this masterpiece out.

We moved into our new bunker last night and today was spent working on the inside and getting things comfortable. Whether we're ever going to get it finished remains to be seen, but we're well satisfied with things as they are and we're the envy of the entire platoon. One thing is for sure. We worked hard on this baby and now we're going to enjoy it. "Prediction"—we're going to move before the month is up. It just never fails. Get all set up and then they move you. Just for fun, let's wait and see.

It also looks like these patrols are going to become habit forming. They're sending four squads per company out every night. Which means the squad will be going out about every four days. But I'll only be going out every other patrol. Seems that the Lieutenant thinks that the leader of the patrol needs to be fresh and so the Squad Leader takes it out one time and the Assistant Squad Leader the next. I think it's a bunch on nonsense, but he's getting paid to do the thinking and beside the experience will do John good.

The only other activity was cleaning our rifles and rigging a temporary ammo dump. We were using some of the ROK's dumps, but we've been getting so much ammo that we haven't got room for it all, so we need to branch out. I guess that will be next on the agenda, but heaven only knows when we'll get around to it.

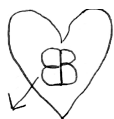
Well, Honey, this may be a little boring but the fact remains that the most important part is yet to come, that being that I love you just as much as this bunker—in fact, even more so!

Keep care now and remember to cross your fingers on this phase out.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*As you can see I still haven't got any paper and nothing much happened today, that is I didn't do anything except go to school and play badminton afterwards. Then tonight I played driver for Mary.*

*Darling I am worried; I know it is useless to worry but Honey we are going to have trouble when you get home. I knew it was coming; it sort of got a start today. Mother called Claudia and told her I could not go to meet your ship and if I did she would consider it running away. Thank goodness Claudia told me so I can try to take care of it—but I'm afraid that more is to come. Darling I don't think I am worth the trouble that I am going to cause you and if you ever want to call it quits—even when we get in the middle of things—tell me.*

*Don't get me wrong, the last thing I am going to do is give you up. I love you so much and if it means never speaking to my Mother again I'll marry you. I would not marry you in spite of anyone; but just because I love you so very much. Maybe I am wrong. I sure hope so. Maybe mother will realize that she is just defeating what she is trying to do. I shouldn't tell you about this because now you will worry; but I have to share my worries as well as my happiness etc. with you. It makes me feel better that you know a little about what you might be in for.*

*While I am on the subject we may have a little trouble with your folks also. Oh well, we'll just have to wait and see—after all if we could handle a whole year of loneliness we can face a few misunderstandings. What bothers me is not knowing what is coming—or when it will come—everything is so uncertain.*

*Then it is hard for me, because although I have never been close to my Mother it is a shock to find out that she would do anything so low. I really think I have lost all respect for her because of the things she has done this last year. I am sorry I am giving you such a poor Mother-in-law especially since I always said that I for one would have no in law troubles. That's a laugh, because it is my Mother who will raise most of the trouble. Darling, I love you so very very much.*

*Whatever we do we will decide between us. I want you to know I always make up my own mind—no matter what others may say.*

*I know that this doesn't make your homecoming look very bright but I feel you have a right to know ahead of time about this problem. Darling, please don't send this letter back to me - just throw it away or something. I guess there is nothing we can say until you get home, just expect the worst and hope for the best. I love you Darling—I love you more than I can ever say—and I will always love you.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX*

*April 17, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, the Squad is running another patrol tonight; only this is “stay at home time” for me.

Kinda feel a little guilty about it because the boys are going out quite a ways and it's a wee bit cold. John is taking them out tonight, but our Platoon Sergeant Dave is also going, which should make things a little easier on John.

Actually there's not much news tonight. It's been cold and dismal all day and I didn't even get up for chow this morning.

Had a little activity last night. I had first guard and I had been on for about an hour when the C.P. called and informed me that we had intercepted a Chinese message that indicated that they were going to hit the 223<sup>rd</sup> between 9:00 and 9:30 PM. Well, we doubled the guard and got everything in readiness but the attack never came. Chances are it was just some sort of a drill. But one thing is for sure, last night would have been a good night for it because it was so dark that you couldn't see your hand in front of your face and the wind was blowing so hard that you couldn't hear a thing.

Also heard that our platoon is moving out to the O.P. in about five days. They've got a funny setup out there. There are two hills, one of which is just a wee little thing. That's the one we'll be on.

Now this deal is like everything else in the Army. It has its good and bad points. One of the bad points is that the O.P. is always hit first and we'll be sitting out there just as big as life come May Day. But on the other hand, we'll pull only a few patrols, if any. I'll let you know all about it when I learn more.

Well, Honey, now comes the I love you part and the closing. But while it may sound casual, I want you to know that if there's one thing in this world that's true, it's that I do.

All My Love Always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Tonight I went to a dance committee meeting. Those meetings are getting funnier every time. Then after the meeting I stopped at Vicki's house and did my homework.*

*We got our first grades today—So far I have:*

*B EE            in Advanced Composition*

*B EE            in Modern Literature*

*A SS            in Bookkeeping*

*A EE            in Senior Problems*

*Honey you know that problem I told you about yesterday? Tonight when Mom was out I talked it over with Dad and I am not worried anymore. Dad said that if you come in at LA or San Francisco I could go for sure and if you come in at Seattle that we would have to talk it over but he was sure something could be worked out. So maybe we won't have so much trouble after all. I know, Darling, that they don't like parents etc. meeting the guys at the boat but if there is even a slight chance of seeing you I want to be there. After talking to Dad I feel we don't have so much to worry about.*

*I got two letters from you today, Honey, but you didn't have any questions to answer. By the way in case you're interested in what you are going to do on May 23rd, if you are home, you're going to a dance with me. They are having a backward one at school. Is that all right with you, Honey?*

*I love you just like I always do and always will because you have*

—

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*April 18, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, the patrol got hit last night and during the firefight, Bart Spardo caught seven slugs, six in the right and one in the left leg.

The boys were on the way out and Bart, as the scout, was leading the parade. The Chinese were lying along the side of the road and opened up right after Bart had passed them.

Moffett was right behind him and he fired seven rounds towards the area that the shots had come from. Of course the boys scrambled for cover and it happened so fast that no one is sure how many there were or if Moffett hit anything.

But there were at least three, because three of them jumped out yelling and firing at the same time. I'm inclined to believe that they were hopped up because they opened fire too soon. They could have done much more damage if they had waited until the middle of the column was passing. But luckily they didn't and Bart was the only one hurt.

John pulled the boys back a hundred yards or so and then lit out for our lines for a medic and a stretcher. They didn't have a radio; they were to pick one up from the squad they were relieving. Bart is a big Italian boy who weights in the neighborhood of 200lbs. That was too much for the boys to lug and still be able to protect themselves.

At any rate Strangland set to work patching Bart up and the rest of the boys set up a defense. In about an hour a Chinese patrol came down the road and Joe opened up. He thinks he got two, but is not sure. He says that he couldn't see how he could have missed them.

Finally the Medics got there and loaded Bart on the stretcher and started back. They all got back all right and Strangland, who helped lug the litter, came and told me what had happened just as soon as he got in.

I felt sick at my stomach after hearing the news and, since they were waiting for the litter jeep at the chow point, I hustled down to see Bart. He was in good spirits and as usual was thinking about everyone else. He wanted to know if the guys got back, and although I didn't have the slightest idea of where the rest of the boys were, I told him that they were all in. Actually, they had stayed out there to cover his evacuation

and came in about thirty minutes later.

There are stories to tell. Like Bart asking for his carbine so he could help with the defense while waiting for the litter. Also how he made the litter bearers stop and take breaks along the way so they wouldn't kill themselves. There are also stories about Joe and Moffett and about how Pervear stuck his own neck out by going for help, instead of sending someone else. The Medics also said that Strangland did a bang up job in the first aid department.

In a way I'm sorry I wasn't there to lend a hand. Maybe if I had gone I would have picked a different route and we all would have gotten back without a scratch. Or maybe I would have gotten hurt. But I'm inclined to believe that there was a reason that I was ordered to stay behind and that God knew what was going to happen and that I was spared the experience.

Anyhow, it's over. One of the shots hit a bone below Bart's knee so maybe he's the lucky one who will be going home with a million dollar wound. Who knows; who can say? That's just the way the ball bounces; that's all.

We're going out again tonight. This one will be child's play as we're just going out a few hundred yards. Don't worry, my boys are proven and I'm proud of them. They worked as a team and we got three to their one, even though we were the ones that got ambushed. Besides, the odds are with us as well as our Heavenly Father.

Keep care now. I love you with all my heart.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*As you can see I still have no paper but I guess this is just as good.*

*I went to school as usual and we saw the movie "I'll Get By" during Third and Fourth periods. Then we got our afternoon grades—I got AEE in Drama and AEE in Physical Education. So I got four A's, one B+ and one B. that is much better than I expected.*

*I had more trouble trying to find out how big your head was. I*

*tried to get your mother on the phone for two hours but the line was always busy. Your mother can talk more than anyone I know. During that time I should have been in class or at several meetings. On top of that I locked my books in the wrong locker by mistake and didn't know exactly which locker or whose it was. Well, at the end of lunch I finally got my books. Then at the end of fifth I got your folks line but no one was home. So I called Mother to get Claudia's number. Then called Claudia but she didn't know the size either. Then I thought, okay I will find Mr. Means and will figure out an average size and will order you that. Then I couldn't find Mr. Means and today was the last day to order caps and gowns so I guess we will have to figure something out when you get home. I am sure we can find something. At least we can try. You can't say I didn't try. Don't worry about it, Darling, you know everything will come out all right.*

*Tonight I worked. It is Hardware Week so I would be in that department and what a mess. I know less than nothing about hardware, and were we ever busy.*

*My Darling, I can't think of anything else to say except I love you. I can hardly believe that you will be home next month. Just to have you home where we can be together is all I ever want; just to be with you —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

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*PS Be sure to collect every one of these kisses next month.*



*April 19, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling I know it couldn't happen, but never the less it snowed today. In fact it snowed a good two inches and all I've got to say is "Baby, It's Cold Outside."

But it's not bothering us too much because our two patrols have been run and we can just stay in bed. In fact that's where I spent most of my time today. I guess I was pretty tired, because I hit the sack at 2:30 this morning and when I woke up it was half-past-one in the afternoon. Funny thing is that I woke up wondering if I should go to breakfast, but one look at my watch answered that question.

Actually, I guess I was really tired. The night before I pulled the first two hours of guard until 10 PM. Then from 11:00 to 11:30 I was getting the boys off, and then Strangland popped in with the news about Bart around 1:00 AM. Of course I went down to see him and by the time the litter jeep arrived, the boys were in so we sat up and talked until 4:30 when I hit the sack. Even then I couldn't sleep.

Last nights patrol went off pretty well. Our relief was fifteen minutes late, but that was because of our own flares. Our boys on the hill kept shooting them off and every time they did the First Squad would have to lay low until they died out.

We had the first four hours from 8:30 to 12:30 PM and it was a warm night so we were pretty well off. The boys were a little nervous though. But who wouldn't be after what happened. They'll loosen up in time.

Well, Honey, that dood it for this time. Keep care and remember I love you more than life itself.

All My Love Always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*My Darling I love you!—Look I got the paper but ran out of ink. Tonight our club had a movie. Vicki is spending the night because her folks went to Bakersfield. Vicki still isn't here yet, she and Bud decided to walk home, likely story I say.*

*Didn't do much today except work. I did get all those pictures taken and while I was down there I got the pictures with the dead Chinese in them.*

*Well, Honey, in one of the letters I got today you promise to tell me all about how to build a bunker on our first date when you come home. I'll tell you what—in return for your most interesting talk on the building of bunkers—I'll give you an account of the parts of speech in the English-language. Now won't we have fun and it will be so educational. All I have to do now is learn the parts of speech. No kidding, Honey, if you would like to discuss the building of bunkers on our first date that's just fine but somehow I don't believe I am going to be very interested in bunkers.*

*Do you know it rained again today? That is all it does—rains around this place. We are going to Santa Barbara tomorrow and I was going to get a suntan, but in this weather I will freeze to death instead.*

*I love you believe it or not —*

*You have —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

*April 20, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Garsh ol' Mighty Honey, I sure do hope that you guys didn't get all your hopes up about me coming home, because by now you know I'm still sitting on top of this hill! The only encouraging news I've got is that the Regiment has a quota of 369, next month but I don't have the slightest idea of where I am on the list. Maybe I'll make it next month, or maybe not. I just can't tell because one minute they say one thing and the next minute something else. If I can I'll wire or phone you when I hit Japan, and if I can't, my letters will tell you I'm on my way before I reach home. So until you get direct word from me that "I'm on my way", don't get your hopes up.

As for the Candle Light Supper, it sure doesn't look like I'll make it. You know I'd give a months pay to be able to take the prettiest girl in the High School there, but like you said, we'll have our own dinner later.

Thanks for the Easter card and I'm glad you liked the flowers. You said they were beautiful but I bet they looked like stinkweeds next to you. Hope you snapped a couple of pictures so I can see for myself.

I got another letter from Chet today. He mentioned that he had a chance for that West Point deal, but your letter confirmed that he made it. He sure has my congratulations, but I warn you, once he becomes an officer I doubt that we'll see eye-to-eye. We enlisted men just don't like officers. That's all there is to it. Ha Ha.

Speaking of Stinky brings to mind your August date for our wedding. I don't know if I can wait that long, but it's probably for the best. We'll think about it and decide in the near future when my ship docks.

He didn't say much more than to mention a motorcycle ride and to say that he was all for "us" and that he felt sorry for me. Seems he feels guilty about introducing us. Are you really that hard to get along with?

No other news. Our roof leaked because of the snow, so we spent the day patching it. We put a couple of ponchos and shelter half's on top and then piled eight inches of dirt on it. If it leaks now, let it leak.

Well, my Darling it's time to knock off for now. Keep care and remember

I love you with all my heart.

All My Love Always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*I am dead tired. I didn't get to sleep in till around 3:00 and I got up at 6:30 this morning. We went to Santa Barbara and of course we had a lot of fun.*

*Dad, Mother, Mary, Grandmother, Great Uncle Edward and I all went. We got up in time for church so of course we went. Chet had a friend that was stationed up at Camp Cooke down for the weekend. It seems they met at church and he comes down every weekend. He comes from Illinois and graduated from the University there and his hobby is sailing so of course he and Chet get along just fine. While Chet was in the race Mary, Jack and I just spent the afternoon sitting on the beach, etc. Honey you should get into the medical part of the Army. From what Jack says it is a cinch, they don't do anything. He doesn't know anything about the Army and he doesn't have to go on hikes or anything.*

*Finally Chet came in and Mary, Jack, Cliff and I went sailing. Cliff and I got to for fooling around and he threw a hat of water at me but then he said if I got him wet he would throw me overboard. So of course I couldn't let him threaten me so I got him a little wet and after a small fight he threw me into the icy water that is known as the Pacific Ocean—but I held onto him so he went in with me. Then Mary practically begged it to be pushed in, so over the side she went. We would have tossed Jack in and but he had the pants on that he has to wear tomorrow. After that we almost froze to death so we went home. I borrowed some of Chet's clothing, ate, and Cliff took me riding on his new motorcycle; I don't believe I'll be able to sit down for a month. I swear he must have run over every bump in the road. Then getting off the dumb cycle I burned my leg.*

*My Darling as I said before I am tired. It seems there is either nothing to say or I am too tired to say it. At any rate I am never too tired to say I love you and that you have -*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

April 21, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

This is going to be a little short today because they pulled a fast one on us and I've got lots to do before darkness sets in. In fact I've got to be at a meeting in thirty minutes.

It all started last night when they called up and informed us that chow was at 7:30 and that we were to have a three-man detail with shovels report to the C.P. right afterwards. At any rate the troops have been out in the valley digging positions all day long and from what I can gather, the First Platoon is changing positions and will be strung out across the valley from the O.P. to our Second Platoon's position.

The idea, I'm told, is to strengthen the MLR. The 224<sup>th</sup> Regiment is to start a push tomorrow and the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion is to hook onto the 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion, so as to form a link between the 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion and the 224<sup>th</sup>.

At any rate this gets us out of patrol tonight and the chances are will cause a good many others to be cut, so it looks as though we're better off than we were. But I'll know more after the meeting and after a night out there. Perhaps I'll be able to put a little more light on it tomorrow.

Keep care now and remember that there isn't anything in the world as big as my love for you.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXX



Dear Bob,

*Tonight I went to a H-Y President's Banquet for the past and present Presidents of the "Y" clubs in Los Angeles. It was just like any other banquet, food, entertainment and talks—mostly talks. But it was very nice. I didn't go bowling because we had to leave "Y" at 5:00 PM.*

*You know of course I should be doing my homework for Advanced Composition instead of writing this, but after all what is more important. On the other hand, if I'm going to tell you about the parts of speech on our first date when you get home, I'd better learn them. After all if you're going to tell me how to build a bunker I have to tell you about something I just know you would be interested in.*

*Nothing much happen today—not that it ever does.*

*It's late and I should end this with the usual I love you. It might be usual to you but it isn't to anyone else because you, just you have —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

*April 22, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Well, last night's little affair is over, and I'll give you a little hint—I'm glad! It really gets cold out there and nine hours lying in one spot is a long, long time.

But then there's always the brighter side to look at, that being that we weren't hit and that we came back with all chicks aboard. That's the important thing I guess and just so long as we keep it up, I won't get too bitter. A little cold perhaps, but not bitter.

I believe that I told you in yesterday's letter that I'd let you know all about it in today's masterpiece. Well, I'm sorry but I'm afraid I won't be able to let you in on any more details for now. No, it's not a military secret, it's just that I don't know from nothing, and if you think that's bad, you should have heard the Lieutenant briefing us last night. My how that man hates battalion, and I can't say that I blame him because those jokers back there don't tell nobody nothing. But then, maybe they don't know themselves. In fact it wouldn't surprise me if **Everybody** knows **Nothing**.

All that I've got is that we're building this line across the valley so as to straighten out the line.

As it stands now they have five bunkers that they're working on and some double apron barbed wire and trip flares in front of them.

The flanks and the rear are differently exposed, and so it seems to me, that all we're doing out there is protecting the work that we've already done. The 3<sup>rd</sup> Platoon has the job tonight, the 2<sup>nd</sup> tomorrow, and then it's our turn again.

Last night the Platoon sat up in an ambush position and waited. Joe was out there because he tripped some of our flares. But since we didn't see him, we held our fire. No use letting him know what we've got when we wouldn't have hit him any way. Chances are that by the time we go out again, they'll have a lot more mines, flares and wire in front of the position. They'll also probably be tied in on the flanks and some kind of a rear guard should be set up. But even if they don't, it's a lot safer out there than running patrols.



It looks as though the phase out is underway at last. We're sending four men home during the first week in May. It's not much, but it's a start and there's always a chance for a bigger quota later on in the month. In any case, I should be on my way home by the end of May.

I also put Bart in for the Bronze Star today. There's a question if it will go through, but it should.

Like you, I sure wish I could have been home for Easter. I bet you were a pretty picture. And I'll take what you really are to anything that I could ever dream up. I can't dream any better than perfect. By the way, I love you just a wee bit.

All My Love Always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Tonight I worked in hardware again. You know I don't think that department is so bad at that. Most of the customers are men and I like that (just kidding of course).*

*Do you know what Chet is going to bring me back from West Point? A real cute cadet—how is that, don't you think I have a great brother?*

*You know while I was up at Santa Barbara Grandma said she was counting on me to come and live with her and go to college. I told her not to count on it. It would be a riot living there with Chet, I could almost see it.*

*You know that man who said he was in the jewelry business and could give you a good price on a ring; Well, he had better come home on the same boat as you or before, because I don't want to wait around for him to get home.*

*You know I believe I got a cold yesterday. I can't imagine that.*

*Well, Honey, it is late and I should say I love you and stop for the night. I love you very very much and much more. You'll always have—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

*April 23, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Not a darn thing to write about today. It's just been one of those lazy affairs all the livelong day.

SFC Davison gave me a little ray of hope concerning this phase out. Says he'll be leaving the third week in May. It could be. In fact it sounds pretty good but then so did April. So I'm not counting on anything.

However he said that four of us would leave the first week, another four the second and then a big bunch of us the third week. That might happen because my Discharge date is the 30<sup>th</sup> of June and we're supposed to leave Korea 45 days prior to E.T.S. That would be May 15<sup>th</sup>.

Doesn't look like I'll make it home in time for my birthday, but don't send any presents. Chances are I'll be traveling someplace and it would be months before they caught up to me.

One thing I want to know. When is the Senior Prom? That's the one I really want to take you to. Chances are the R.O. Ball is in May. But maybe I'll be lucky and they'll hold it in June. At any rate, we'll see. Of course I'll probably have a hard time getting a date for that one. What's Mary doing?

Funny thing happened last night. Joe got a radio the other day and it worked fine for a while and then it went on the blink. So they took it all apart, fussed with this and fussed with that and finely gave the job up as hopeless. Anyway, they went over to Marble's to drink some beer and when they came back I had the radio working. Boy did they feel stupid when I told them I just put in new flashlight batteries.

Well, my Darling it's time to close again. Chin up now, it'll just be a short time now and we'll be together again. Then maybe I can give you a little bit of that attention that you've been missing. You know I'm kinda glad you stuck with me, cause I sure do love you.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*As you see I enclosed one set of those pictures and I still have the other set. Also there is today's Mirror.*

*Chet called tonight and is flying to Washington DC on Saturday. He is spending two days there and then flying to New York and West Point. Chet is coming down here on Friday and I guess the folks are taking him to the airport Saturday morning. I think it is really wonderful that he gets to go all these places, just think of everything he will see.*

*Did I tell you that Jack Bedford is home? The word has it that he and Ann are separated. It would be all right if it wasn't for the baby.*

*Janice Cleveland and Stan True are getting married on Wednesday, May 14. I don't know whether you know them or not. They graduated when Chet did.*

*Today I had badminton after school as I always do on Wednesday night. Today we had a radio program recorded at school called "Young America Speaks" so we got out of our Third period class to see it.*

*I know my letters haven't been very long lately, Honey, but really there is absolutely nothing to say. I love you of course, like I always do and always will. Darling, it will be so good to have you home again. I can hardly believe it will only be another month or so. It has been so long, so very long but you will be home soon, until then I send you —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I LOVE YOU*

*April 24, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, the mail finally came through again and I sure am proud of a certain Ephebian. Congratulations, my Darling. I had a good hunch that you'd make it without a speck of trouble. Maybe it won't be too long now until we can start raising some little Ephebians.

As you know tonight is our turn to be out in the valley again. But things are a little better this time. The positions have been improved and more wire has been strung, but what's more important is it looks as though the weather will be warmer. Believe me; weather plays a big part in these nine-hour affairs. We'll be a little strung out though. The 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Squads are each sending out six men patrols to cover six men from the Regimental Intelligence and Reconnaissance Platoon that will be trying to take some prisoners. I sure hope they get some because if they don't, they'll be sending us out for them, and me, I don't relish the job. This cloak and dagger stuff is for heroes, not for us lovers. We're taking a whole slew of automatic weapons with us so as to make up for the shortage of men, and some tanks will deploy in the valley to give us support if we need it. It looks pretty good and there's nothing to worry about. We'll all come back without a scratch.

Believe it or not I lost my temper last night. For the last thirty days we've had this character in our squad who is no good from way back and all he has done during this time is to complain and try to pull stunts that would get him off the hill. Well, last night he succeeded, and I'm so mad at the C.O. for letting him pull that stuff that I'm seeing red. You can ask Mom about it. I wrote her the details and all I'll say is that I caught him right in the middle of two of his lies. And last night I had him cold turkey when Lieutenant Clements called and says, "What that boy needs is a Psychiatrist," to which I replied, "Psychiatrist hell, what that boy needs is a good beating." And to be honest, I meant it. No kidding I was really burnt! But one good thing is that I'm rid of that no good from here on out.

As for Chet borrowing the camera, of course he can. I'd let him borrow it even if he didn't have the prettiest sister in Van Nuys, which by the

way, he has. She's also the smartest and nicest gal that I know. Yes sir, I'm right pleased with this here bargain that I'm going to pull off in the near future. But I guess you're satisfied, or more likely, you're letting your heart rule your head—which is a good thing. But one thing is for sure; I sure do love you. Keep care.

All My Love Always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*As you can see I have enclosed another clipping, but this time from the Van Nuys News. I am not trying to impress you or anything, Darling. It is written up a little different and I thought you would be interested even if they are the same pictures.*

*Nothing much happened today. I didn't even get a letter from you and that's the third day the Postman has missed me. Tomorrow I should get a lot of those wonderful letters.*

*I did get a letter today. From a little girl named Tony. I have written her off and on for about six years. She lives in Holland. It really is very interesting.*

*We did get our Calendar of Events booklet today. Here are a few dates you will be interested in seeing as how you are a Tahitian too.*

*Senior Play—May 23 night*

*Awards Assembly—June 6*

*Senior Prom—June 6 from 9:00 to 12:00, at the Van Nuys—Sherman Oaks Memorial Community Clubhouse.*

*Vespers—June 15 at 5:00 o'clock.*

*Commencement Rehearsal—June 16, 18 & 19.*

*Senior Luncheon—swimming June 17.*

*Graduation—June 19, 1952 Thursday evening—7:30 at Smith field.*

*There you have a short rundown of the things you will be attending.*

*Well, my Darling it is time to end this masterpiece. I love you, miss you, want you, and need you just like I always do and always will.*

*By the way, Honey, don't worry about your cap and gown, everything worked out all right and I got it ordered along with the others.*

*Until you come home I send you all my love by letter. When you come home I'll give you all my love in person—but until then I will write and send—*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

XXXXXXXX

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*April 25, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

In today's letter you mentioned a problem that you wrote me about in yesterday's letter. My only problem is that I haven't yet received yesterday's letter and so I don't know what's what. At any rate, I'm glad that you're not worried anymore.

One other thing, I was never the smartest one in school but I am smart enough to know that you used to get better grades than those B's. I guess it's actually not that important, but as I recall you get some kind of an honor if your marks are good this year. So buckle down Honey and see if you can't boost those grades. You and I both know that you can if you try.

We all got in from that affair in the valley last night, but there were a couple times out there when I was a little bit worried. Along with three others, I was in Position One, which is on a small knoll over on the left flank. It's a bad spot and the Chinese were out early. We no sooner had gotten there than the Chinese were right there with us. For the life of me, I can't figure out what they were up to, but there was a bunch of them, and they more or less surrounded us. Schultz heard them first and let fly with a grenade and it was so early I though he was nervous. But Joe is a good boy and I checked just to be on the safe side. Sure enough, they were down there.

When we started out we had five men, but one had fallen and hurt his leg, so I picked up his ammo and called for a Medic and then went on. Now I was sitting up there with four men, wishing that that character hadn't fallen and that they could send us some help. But of course, they couldn't. If they did, the Chinese would hit them with an ambush.

The Lieutenant asked if we wanted to withdraw, and I said no. I don't think we would have made it if we had tried, because the Chinese would have heard us going and would have opened fire on us. I figured that at least where we were they had to come to us and we could inflict a lot of damage on them.

So we were stuck there. I set up as best I could and then I sat down and prayed. Honey I pray every day, but never in my life did I pray like I did last night. One thing is for sure, if I live up to all the promises I made

last night, you're going to be married to an awfully good and righteous man.

At any rate we held our fire. Just tossed grenades, and all the time they just kept coming up. Slow but sure. I was so nervous that I was sick at my stomach and I was shaking so hard that I doubt if I could have pulled the pin of the grenade if I had to. In fact I was pretty disgusted with myself for being such a coward. And I prayed all the harder for strength and courage, but I still trembled.

I called for mortar fire but the stuff hit on the other side of the mountain and when I tried to adjust it they wouldn't let me bring it in that close to us. I told them we were sheltered, but no soap. I think God maybe had a hand in that because right afterwards the Chinese packed up and went home. If the mortars had fired we might have gotten hit.

I can't figure out what happened unless we got more of them than we thought and they decided that they had all they could do to carry back their dead and wounded. Or maybe the mortar fire scared them off. At any rate they left and I spent the next five hours we were out there thanking God.

We came in at around 4:30 AM and I opened up a can of rations and ate before hitting the sack at 6:00. When I woke up I cleaned my weapon and puttered around doing odds and ends until suppertime.

Well, Honey, that's a day in the life of Andy Anderson and what a day it was! I hope there's never another like it.

Remember now that I love you with all my heart and if it proves anything I'd go through last night all over again for you. Keep care now.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXX



*Dear Bob,*

*This is in pencil because it is easier to write. I just got home from the dance at school. It was a short dance. Chet is down and he had a fine time going home with five girls; we went to Bob's to eat afterwards as usual. I also worked tonight; you know that is becoming a habit. You might know it is raining again; California just*



*isn't what it used to be. Mother and Dad had bridge club tonight.*

*Darling, from your letters today things look real discouraging. You have to be home by the end of May that is all there is to it. Tell whoever you have to tell that you just have to be home no if's ands or buts about it.*

*Mary has been yelling at me for twenty minutes now telling me to turn the light off. So I'll finish this in the morning. By the way I love you —*

*Here it is morning and I am sitting here waiting for Mary Jane and eating a sandwich. I have Bankers Hours again today (11:00 to 3:00) but really I like it better this way because I can sleep late, Well, fairly late until 10:00 or a little after, and then get home earlier and not be so tired that I can't go out again in the afternoon and at night.*

*Well, Darling, it is time to go to work so I'll say I love you more than anything.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*April 26, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

If a man should come around to your house taking a census on how many moviegoers you have in your household, you can tell him about me because believe it or not I saw a real honest to goodness movie this afternoon.

It was held back at Battalion and I worked up quite a little sweat on the trip back, but as it turned out that it was well worth it. The name of the picture was "Sailor Beware" with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, and take a tip from me, don't miss it. Honestly, I laughed from the beginning to the end and I sure enjoyed myself. That Lewis is really terrific.

I also saw an old buddy of mine back there by the name of Harvey Merrett. We went to North Hollywood (pardon the expression) together and he's in the Heavy Cal. 30 Machine Gun section of H Company. Come to find out that he's attached to good old Fighting Fox; only he's with the Third Platoon way over on the right flank. But he doesn't eat chow with us. Says H Company is closer and come to think about it, I guess it is.

I was his dinner guest and since I was the N.C.O. in charge of our show group I sneaked him in with our quota. We were allowed nine and only mustered together five. Guess the boys from 3<sup>rd</sup> were tired and the 2<sup>nd</sup> was too busy getting ready for tonight to take advantage of the opportunity. Boy I sure dread tomorrow night out in the valley. But I guess we'll be all right. Conditions are getting better out there every day.

This morning before I made my jaunt I went up to the C.P. and Acey and I proceeded to give the team of Papus and Rodrigous a lesson in Casino. No kidding we really skunked them, but then what can you expect from us pros; besides we were lucky. By the way do you know how to play the game? No? Well, there are always other games we can play.

Also had a Squad Leaders meeting today. It dealt mostly with the valley, cutting us in on this and that. Monday the N.C.O.'s in First Platoon are going back to Battalion to see some sand tables and overlays. I don't know why we should go back there and look at models when we've got the real thing right in front of us, but then that's the way the Army is doing things.

They also told us about this critical period between the 26<sup>th</sup> of April and the 5<sup>th</sup> of May. Seems like the Reds get all hopped up over May Day and there was a lot of trouble last year during this time. But looking on the brighter side, maybe we'll have peace come May 1<sup>st</sup>.

By the way Pascale came back today and it wrecked my whole day. But it just brightened up. He's going back tomorrow. I hate to see him get away with it, but everything was so quiet while he was away.

Well, Honey, lamb, it's time to put this edition to bed. Just in case you've forgotten, you're my girl, the only one for me, and my only love.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Not much of anything happened today. I worked from 11:00 to 3:00. Then tonight I wrote my Senior Essay—that is really all I have done today.*

*Mother and Dad took Chet down to the airport to catch his plane; it leaves at 11:00 if I remember rightly.*

*I did see Shirley, Woody's wife, down at Sears today. I had a customer so I didn't get a chance to say too much to her. But then of course she doesn't know any more about it than I do. Woody is number six on the list I believe she said. Sure looks real good, better than I have ever seen her.*

*I did finish a real good book today, "The Fountainhead." It takes kind of a different look on life or at least different than most things you read now.*

*You know I am having a very hard time writing this letter because there is nothing to say and to tell you the truth I am a little discouraged. You have been gone so long and I want you home so much. Everything looked so bright there for a while, and now it sounds like it will be forever before you get here. You do get out the end of June don't you? If you do, don't they have to get you home by the end of May? But then I guess they don't have to do anything. Oh*

*well, all we can do is wait and see. Only I am so sick of waiting, not knowing when you will come home.*

*One good thing I am thankful for and that is I know you are coming home, that is more than a lot of people know. Then you know I'll be waiting, no matter how long it takes, I'll be here waiting for you. I have no choice; I love you so very much I couldn't do anything else if I had to.*

*I love you —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I love you*

*April 27, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

I got your problem letter today and since I've already received the letter saying that you had a talk with your dad, I'm not going to let it worry me. I'm just going to pray about it and see how things come out. Actually, there is not much else I can do for the time being.

The only thing that gets me is the why. Just why is she interfering? Doesn't she approve of me, or is it our age, or just what? If you know let me in on it and perhaps I can better cope with the situation.

One thing is for sure. I don't want to buck your family, and neither do you. But if there is no other way, you know darn good and well that we will. Like I said before, you become of age in July, and there's more than one-way to skin a cat.

Keep your chin up Honey. It'll all turn out all right. Right always wins, and there are no two ways about it, we're right!

You also mentioned that we might have some trouble from my end. Honey, I'm far away and I can't size things up, so you're going to have to be a little more explicate. What kind of trouble are you referring to? Let me know so I can be more or less prepared to deal with it.

But from where I sit now, I think I'll be able to handle my end. Mom approves of you, Betty. I know she does because she's told me so, and my Mom doesn't say things she doesn't mean. And the same goes for the rest of the family. Now don't get me wrong, she has her faults, and you'll find them out in short order. But a couple of her qualities are that she loves me and that she'd do anything in this world to make me happy. I'm sure that if there is any trouble that we'll smooth it over. So maybe that's one less worry off your mind.

One more thing; don't worry about what kind of in-laws you're giving me. I'm not marrying in-laws, I'm marrying you and just between the two of us I think I'm doing all right for myself. And anyway, wait until you get to know my family. Don't get this wrong. I know your folks pretty well and I honestly mean that I like them when I say I do. Even though your mother may cause trouble, I still feel that she only has your interest at heart and is only doing what she thinks is right. It's up to us to show

her she's wrong and win her over to our way of thinking. And like I said before, we can do it. Right always wins.

Tonight it's our turn in the Valley again. Only this time I'm taking the Squad out as more or less an outpost. But it's actually a patrol and to be honest I don't like it. But we'll be all right. That's a promise!

Good news. Dave just went home. That's the first shipment and it left ahead of schedule. Maybe it won't be too much longer now. I sure hope so.

Just as a little hint, I love a certain someone named you and I guess I always will. Keep care.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*As usual I didn't do much today. I got up about 1:00 and then I sewed this afternoon. Tonight I went to visit your Grandmother with your mother.*

*Your mother was feeling pretty low about everything but then we all get that way sometimes. It is hard enough with you away and with Gee being so sick it makes it twice as hard.*

*We now have Daylight Savings time here in sunny?? California. It seems real funny.*

*You know Honey I don't know why it is so hard to think of things to write. Never have I had this kind of trouble for so long. Really my Darling, even though the length and quality of my letters don't show it I really do love you very very much, in fact more than anything else in this world.*

*I am listening to Jack Benny now. See that took two full lines.*

*What I wouldn't give to have you here with me now. It wouldn't matter if you couldn't think of anything to say because words wouldn't be necessary. You realize that it has been 94,584 hours since you held me close and said you love me. Let me tell you after you get home if you are away from me for over eight hours there will be trouble, and then after we get married I am not even going to allow*

*you that long. See what you are in for. I am afraid it is too late to get yourself out of it. I'd sue you for Breach of Promise. I have so many written statements you wouldn't have a chance. Sorry, Darling, it kind of looks like you're stuck with me for the rest of your life. But one thing you have is —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I love you*

*April 28, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

From your letter about all the trouble you had with the cap I'm wondering if I'm worth that much trouble. But for future reference, it's 7¼. Actually I'm a little surprised at you. Just about anyone could have told you I was big headed.

Everything went off well last night. The Chinese hit the outpost just after we got settled in our patrol position so I figured that we were pretty safe. Chances are the Chinese had their hands full with that attack and that they wouldn't be brothering us. But then you never can tell, so we kept on our toes.

The only thing that went wrong was that we got started late. And that was due to a misunderstanding. The way the patrols were set up, Tenny with the 2<sup>nd</sup> Squad was to be out from 8:00 PM to 12:00 midnight. Then he'd come back and we were to go out from 12:30 PM to 4:30 AM. So we were getting ready to leave when the Lieutenant called and said to come down at 2:00 AM. That didn't jive, and I asked him again "did you say two, sir" and he said "yes." I still couldn't see it, so I even spelled it out, and again he affirmed it. Well, I couldn't figure it, but then there are a lot of things I can't figure out about this Army, so I told the boys to settle down.

About fifteen minutes passed and then the phone rang. It was the Lieutenant, wanting to know where we were. As a result we were a little late getting started but actually it didn't make much difference. We went out easy like, found ourselves a good ditch to set up in, and settled down. As it turned out it was the kind of patrol that I like, not too cold and we didn't hear or see anyone. Around 4:15 AM we got a call from Randy (the Lieutenant's code name) to start back and so we saddled up and headed for home. Twenty minutes later we were with the Platoon and in another thirty minutes we were climbing the hill out of the valley. In short it was a perfect night because "all's well that ends well."

I hit the rack around 6:00 AM and just stayed in bed all day. It rained like the dickens and I just couldn't see any future in getting up before chow time, so I just laid in the rack and read.



Tomorrow I'm getting some replacements. The Company is getting nine colored man and since I'm way under strength, I'm getting three of them. But only one of them is new. The Second Squad is taking two of the new men and I'm getting two vets.

We're also going down into the valley tomorrow morning to work on the bunkers. There's a lot to be done and, just between you and me, I wish they'd hurry up and finish it. I got a hunch that they might get hit out there tonight. It's the only place that hasn't been felt out yet and if they're going to push May Day, they'll want to feel it out first. As for the peace treaty being signed on May 1<sup>st</sup>, I doubt it. There has been too much activity around here recently. If the Chinese were going to sign, they'd be laying off. Like last night. They lost over 30 men and we captured some wounded ones that will furnish the prisoner information we've need. In return, we had two killed and three wounded. That's 15 to 1.

Next time you see that Medic friend of Chet's, you tell him he had better get with it. We throw the rules away over here and our Platoon Medics act as riflemen when we go out. And out there you don't know what you're going to use. You might start out with a rifle and end up with a Machinegun or an Automatic Rifle. Or, you might have to resort to using a bayonet or to hand to hand combat.

The Medics are also rotated around. We have two Platoon Medics, but soon they'll go back to Battalion Aid and two others will come up from Clearing. And of course it gets pretty rough out there when someone gets hit and you have to get him back. So don't undersell the Medics. They have it easier yes, but there are a lot of them who come back, if they do, with a lot of distinction.

Anyway, I'm coming home soon to the gal I love. Keep care.

All My Love Always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Tonight I worked; thank goodness that old hardware sale was over tonight. You know I really learned a lot. At least I know a little something about hardware now.*

Today was like every other day school, meetings, etc. One thing, in Steering Committee today we were trying to talk to Mr. Means into putting the Prom off for a week. That would give you a week longer in which to get home, but I'm afraid we could only talk one day out of him—that would make it June 7 but we will see.

Don't worry about me being disappointed about this coming home deal. I know everything is just rumors but I like to hear them and if they are good ones I like to hope they will make me feel better, then if they are bad ones I just pass them off and say, "Oh well, just rumors."

Darling one thing, don't tell your mother the bad rumors. Tell her of course if it is fact, but Darling no use getting her upset over a rumor.

About me being hard to get along with—I read Chet's letters over and he said I was hard to handle—that I will admit. I am hard to handle but I don't believe I am too hard to get along with. But then why should you worry, I love you so much I probably won't be able to put up much of a fight about anything—but then you never know.

I love you —

All my love always,

Betty

XXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXX

I love you

*April 29, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, today I got shot in both arms; Smallpox in the right and Cholera in the left, but so far no ill effects. Sure hope they don't get sore on me.

We also went out in the valley for a work detail this morning, and believe me, that's just what we did. I was put in charge of Bunker #3 and it was a mess. There were a group of trees and some graves out front that cut our field of fire and offered perfect cover and concealment for any Chinese who wanted to take a chance with his life. Of course they had to go, and it took the biggest majority of the morning leveling the field. One of the boys didn't like the idea of fooling with the graves, and neither did I, but I told him that if we didn't we might be digging ours the following morning. So he saw it my way. You see, when the Korean's bury someone they place a large mound of dirt on the top of the grave, sort of like we do with our tombstones. But we didn't uncover anyone; we just leveled the mounds.

After that we rigged some noisemakers on the barbed wire and dug a couple of foxholes. I also talked some Engineers out of a few trip flairs and we'll place them in a few of the weaker spots the next time we go out there.

Tomorrow is valley night again and Tom's squad and mine are due to run patrols. We haven't got the orders yet, but we do know that I'm going out from 9:00 PM to 2:00 AM and that Tom's tour is from 12:00 midnight to 4:30 AM. Judging from this information, they are planning on sending us out a long ways and to different locations. Neither Tom nor I feel that's any place for 6 men on May Day, so we got our heads together and are going to pull a fast one.

We went out and reconed the area and found a good ditch. It's only a few hundred yards out and I let the machine gunners in Bunkers 2 and 3 know about our plan. If anything should happen they can lay fire all around us, without us getting hit. We also have a good route out and back and two alternate ways we can bug out if we have to. It's a good set up and so we should be good and safe.

Keep care now and remember I love you just a wee bit.

All My Love Always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Tonight our club had a spaghetti dinner. It turned out real swell. Then we had a meeting with the Saxons to plan our weekend at the beach. I'll tell you more about it later.*

*I bowled this afternoon as I always do on Tuesdays, didn't do too well as usual. I am really getting bad.*

*Talking about getting bad, I lost my Advanced Composition book again—that makes the third time this semester and I have never lost anything all the way through Junior and Senior High until this semester. At this rate I am going broke paying for books.*

*It is time again to close and that means the usual three words—I love you—really, my Darling, it isn't a habit, I mean those three words more than anything else in the world.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

XXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXX

*I love you*

April 30, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

My Darling, I'm sorry but this is going to be the shortie of all shorties. I'm just too rushed for time for it to be any other way.

But perhaps you'll forgive me when I let you in on a secret. Warrant Officer Tribbie told me this afternoon that I'm on the May 18<sup>th</sup> shipment home. Now don't get your hopes up, but that's what he said and if anyone should know, he should.

I also got three replacements today. They changed the original plan and I got two colored men and another fella from the Company rear. They're all big boys and from the looks of them are physically fit. How they'll turn out remains to be seen.

I was right about the patrol. My orders called for me to go way out into no-man's land. But you know the story on that; so don't let it worry your pretty little head. We'll all come back without a scratch.

Two more things; I love you like the dickens and that jeweler friend of mine is already on his way home. You'll get your ring just as soon as we can get over to his place to pick it out.

All My Love Always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXX



Dear Bob,

*I must say miracles never cease to happen. We received a letter from Chet, and Grandmother called and said she received one also. I realize that it is hard to believe he really wrote two letters in one day and he didn't use a carbon copy either. Of course he is having lots of fun seeing Washington even though it was raining cats and dogs. The next day he was going to take a tour to include the Capital, Library of Congress, Arlington, Alexandria, Mount Vernon, Supreme Court,*

etc.

*Nothing much happened today. We had badminton this afternoon and Vicki and I are now in first place. It seems the two Jane's were in first (we have what is known as a Ladder System) and Vicki didn't come because she was with Bud and Jane E. had to go to the doctor, so Miss. Corkhill said Jane H. and I had to play a game. What a game! It really was good, but I beat her 15-11; it was really a close game.*

*As you see I enclosed the Mirror, nothing much of anything in it, but then there hardly ever is anymore.*

*Well, my Darling, I should be in bed. I have to get up early to go to the Honor Girls Breakfast. You just remember that I love you more than anything else in this world.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I love you*

*May 1, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling I just crossed out May 1<sup>st</sup> and if everything goes right it'll just be 17 more days until I start for home. Keep your fingers crossed because I sure do miss you, and just between you and me, I love you like the dickens.

I'm sorry for that short letter last night. But honestly, it couldn't be helped. I was just too darn busy for it to be any other way.

But my work was well rewarded because the patrol went off without a hitch, with the exception that we got started late again. This time it was Comos' fault and I told them that if it happens again, there's going to be trouble. All these jokers have to do is repair the radios and get them to us on time. There is just no excuse for them to be an hour late with their delivery, and I'll wager if they had to carry these radios out on patrol, they'd be right on time.

By the way, my boy Williams came back today. They transferred the fellow that I got from the rear area yesterday to the Third Platoon and, of course, old "in and out" moved in with us. I wonder how long he'll last this time?

We haven't done much today. In fact, I haven't done anything. I got to bed around 6:00 AM after eating a can of hamburger and stayed there until 1:30 PM. Then I got up, opened a can of fruit and read until chow. It's a dull life, isn't it?

I can't think of anything else to write about. My mind just seems to be a blank. Of course that's not unusual. But one thing I can say is that I love you very much.

You know we'll have problems when I come home. Every young couple does, but we're also going to have the best marriage that ever was. After all, all you need to make a beautiful life together is love; and we sure have that for each other. In fact I love you more than anything I can think of and I also figure that I'm getting a pretty good deal on the gal I'm hitching up with.

Betty you're only missing one thing—and I'm coming home just as

soon as I can.

All My Love Always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXX

[Note enclosed in a letter that was mailed in May 1952 as I was about to sail for home:]

Thanks for going to be the Mother of my Children.

If I'm not home now, I'll be home soon and then we can get busy on these plans.

All my love always,  
Your Bob



*Dear Bob,*

*The day started off much earlier than usual. I was at school at 7:00 for the Honor Girls Breakfast. It was real nice; this is going to be the last one the school has because it is getting too big.*

*Then we had the usual May Day program in the auditorium. Jane Heacock was Queen, she made a real sweet Queen and I am very glad she got it.*

*Then Mother and I went down to the "Queen for a Day" broadcast. I got a whole bunch of different kinds of soap, a macaroni and cheese dinner, and three packs of cigarettes. They choose 26 from the audience and then choose five of them to be on the program. I was one of the 26 but I couldn't be on the program because I wasn't 19 yet. I'll explain all about that to you sometimes—it is a long story and I am dead tired.*

*Then when I got home Vicki and I did all the shopping for this weekend. There are about 12 or 14 of us going to Malibu. The weather has been real good and I sure hope it stays that way—it's just perfect beach weather.*

*I talked to your mother tonight. It is kind of hard to get a hold of her; with Grandma sick she's been keeping irregular hours.*



*Well, Darling, it has been a long day. I always feel a little guilty or funny saying that, because after all your day is always much longer than mine, and while all I have been doing is having what most people call fun, you have been working hard. I would come and help you but I am afraid I would get in the way. The only reason I don't however is because there is a law against it.*

*I love you more than anything else in this world and don't you forget it —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I love you*

*May 2, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Cross out another day, my Darling. The time is going slow, but sure, and it won't be too many more hours before I'm on my way home to you.

Honey, I'm going to pass something on to you but I don't want you to let Mom know about it. Because it's over now and she would only worry when there's no need to.

Anyway, you still have a boyfriend by three inches because I almost got it today. I was out in front of the barbed wire this morning looking for traces of any Chinese that the Third Platoon might have hit. I must have been out about 1,500 yards when some no good Chinaman started taking pot shots at me.

Well, I took off like a scared rabbit for a mound of dirt and hit the ground where I waited awhile. Then very carefully I raised my head for a look-see—and bang! A rifle ball bounced off a rock, not three inches from my cheekbone. In fact a piece of rock chipped and cut my hand. The stinker must have seen where I lit and was waiting for me to move. If he had been three more inches to the left, I would have had a hole in my head that I had no use for. Believe me, that's getting too close, but it just goes to show you that "He's" still on the job. Remember now, not a word to Mom.

The only other news of the day concerns the work in the valley. It wasn't much. We're still digging in, getting deeper and stronger every day. The Engineers were also out today and were busy placing four hundred mines in front of us. I feel a lot better now.

Honey I got your Calendar of Events today and I just don't know about the 9<sup>th</sup>. I wish with all my heart that I could say that I'd be home in time, but I can't. I'm going to pray Honey, as selfish as it is, and I'm going to pray hard because the only thing I want more than that date with you—is you. Believe me Honey, because this comes from the bottom of my heart, just as my love for you does. Honey you'll never know—not even after we've lived a lifetime together—how very much I love you.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Darling this has to be short because I have to get up and go to the beach tomorrow and I still have to pack.*

*I worked tonight. It's getting to be a habit which will have to stop soon. Tonight I worked in a new department, sporting goods, Tomorrow fishing season opens so they were quite busy.*

*Darling did I tell you that they changed the Prom date to June 14—that gives you another week to get home and I'm sorry but that was the best I could do. Of course I could try to talk them into extending school for another month or two.*

*I bought your birthday present today. You'd better be home by then, but if you are not I will save it for you.*

*I should get a lot of letters from you tomorrow because I think I have only gotten three this week and wouldn't you know it, I won't be here. But then I can get them on Sunday.*

*I love you as you must know by now. You be real good now —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I love you*

*May 3, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling another day gone and with it I have some good news. The second group of N.G.'s left this morning and you know who is suppose to be with the next group to leave.

They only took four men, but the third drop is suppose to be larger, and they only need to gain two more spots for me to be included. In my opinion, and judging from what I've been told, I'll make it all right.

Of course I'm hoping and praying that I will be on the next drop and that it will come soon, because I really want that date with you. But we'll wait and see and if I don't hear something soon, I'll let you know.

I don't think you'll have any trouble being asked to the Prom, but still and all, I don't want you to get stuck because of me. After all, you'll be stuck with me for the rest of your life.

Other than the N.G. drop there's not much news. Tonight is valley night again only this time we stay within the fence and let the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Squads run the patrols. I don't remember if I told you or not, but they laid a bunch of mines in front of the valley positions the other day, so I'm feeling a whole lot better about the situation. That place is getting better every day.

Only other news item concerns Lieutenant Randolph, our Platoon Leader. I don't know what's happening to Lieutenant Clements, but Randy is taking over as C.O and we're to get some new Second John. From what I hear, the change is to take place tomorrow and, like everything else, it has its good and bad points.

On the bad side we're losing Randy. He's a good egg, is fair and we have him well broken in. And who knows what the other guy might be like and, besides, it's a lot of work breaking the new guys in.

On the other side, Randy will make a good C.O., conditions will get better, and chances are we'll cease being a roving platoon. Then too, the new guy might turn out swell. It's all in the cards, I guess.

Bye for now. My how I love you!

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXX



Dear Bob,

*I am down at the beach. We left home about 10:00 and got here about 11:30. It is a real big house—in fact it is two complete apartments; the upstairs for the girls and the downstairs for the boys.*

*It was a perfect day—real sunny and tonight the stars were so pretty with a real nice moon. It is really very romantic but I am afraid there isn't much romance here without you. But then it won't be long now and then we can take advantage of nights like this, as well as every other night after that.*

*We did have a lot of fun today. After dinner we played football, and then we had a big fire. Then we fooled around. I'll have to tell you what Mrs. Todd and I did, I couldn't write it because it would take too long. She has also been giving me some advice I don't believe you would go for. Right now we are having a big gab session. You know it is impossible to write with this going on so I'll finish this later.*

LATER

*You know it is absolutely impossible to write anything when a bunch of girls are talking. I am afraid, my Darling, that I have to close for now because if I write anymore I won't have anything to say to you in today's letter.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I love you*

*May 4, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Another day crossed out and a day closer I am to you. Keep your chin up Honey and don't feel discouraged. It's been a long time, yes, but we've been blessed all along the way, and while I probably won't make it home for all of those activities, I will make it home—and that time isn't too far off. It's all down hill now and I'm picking up speed every day. Watch for me, Honey, I'll be coming in one of these days.

There's not much news today. About the biggest news is last night's valley affair, and not much about that, because everything was nice and quiet.

An Easy Company patrol got hit, or they hit the Chinese, and there was a brief fire fight way out to our front. They called in some mortar fire and that took care of that. Actually, I think E Company did alright for themselves since no casualties were reported over the radio and most of the firing seemed to be going in the direction of the Chinese.

Then a little later on we had a report that some Chinese were trying to infiltrate our lines between Baker and Charlie Companies. We switched some men to our rear positions, because if they had gotten through, that would have put them to our rear. But in about fifteen minutes, there was a brief firefight and we got a report that they had been driven out.

The only other activity was when the enemy, who were on top of Hill 347, opened up with a Burp gun and flipped some grenades. What that was all about is beyond me. We were way out of range and we sure didn't have any patrols up that way. Chances are they were either nervous or were trying to draw our fire so they could get a fix on our positions.

We came in around 4:30 AM and I hit the rack around 5:00 AM, and there I stayed until 1:30 PM. Then I got up, ate a can of fruit, washed up, wrote a couple of letters and then went to chow. After chow, I went to church services, and now I'm sitting here writing to a beautiful woman.

Gotta go now, Sugar. The Third Platoon is calling. By the way, I love you.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Well, I'm a little warm in places but I didn't get too much redness. I came home early with Mrs. Todd so I wouldn't get a real bad redness.*

*I'm a little tired as I only got about two hours of sleep last night. At about 3:00, after changing everything around, I swear I made my bed five times in an hour. anyway, everything was more or less quiet and I was just about ready to go to sleep when Ann and Mary Jane came in from the Junior Frolic so I had to show them around and where to put their sleeping bags. Around 4:00 Jodi came in from the Frolic and then at 6:00 in the morning I woke up and at 7:00 Vicki and I were cooking breakfast.*

*This morning we just lay on the beach and fooled around in general. The weather was perfect. There wasn't even a trace of fog in the morning or at any time during day for that matter.*

*I talked to your mother on the telephone for about an hour this afternoon after I got home. That is about all that happened today—continued tomorrow.*

*I love you as you well should know by now.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I love you*

*May 5, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling, another day and another dollar, and what's more important is that I'm one day closer to going home to the most wonderful girl in the world, and believe you me, the day that I slip that second ring on her finger is the day I'm living for. But with every word I write, and with every breath I take, another second builds into another minute and I'm just that much closer to the realization of all my hopes and dreams. Chin up Honey, it won't be long now.

Not much to write about today. It was just another lazy day and if it wasn't for the dirty faces and the distant rumble of artillery, one could mistake the scene as a Sunday School Picnic that was taking place at an old ladies home.

We pulled guard over at the 3<sup>rd</sup> Platoon last night, and come 5:00 AM we were rolling out, giving our warm sacks to the returning G.I.'s who had just come in from the valley.

We returned to our own bunkers and I did a few odds and ends before chow. Right after that I put up a shelf that I've been going to do since we moved in here, and then cleaned up a bit. Then I gave my rifle a good going over and settled down to read a pocket book. It was a nice peaceful day and I sure did enjoy the rest.

As for this Breach of Promise Suit, I have news for you. First of all you've committed an act of assault against me. Assault is to put fear into someone and you did that by threatening me with the suit, and secondly there is no such thing as Breach of Promise in California. (Next time you mess with me, remember that I was an Honor Student in my Military Justice course).

But to show you my good faith, I'm going to let you off the hook by sending your letter back. And just between you and me, you needn't worry about any suit, except the one I'm going to wear when we exchange our vows.

By the way the 94,584-hour gag was a good one but instead of figuring all that out, I'll just say that I've been away 94,584 hours plus, too long. Keep care now and remember I love you with all of my heart and always



will.

All My Love Always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Well, today I received five letters from my Honey. That makes up for all the days the postman missed last week. Nothing else much happened today.*

*You asked in one of your letters when the Senior Prom was. Well, by now you know it is June 14. The ROTC ball was June 14 before we got the prom change. I don't know for sure but I believe the RO Ball is the weekend of June 6<sup>th</sup>, possibly the 7<sup>th</sup>. You also mentioned in one of your letters that it wouldn't be long before we started raising some little Ephebianas. Well, my Darling, I don't want to disappoint you but I don't want to for about four or five years after we are married. Well, two years anyway. One more thing, Darling, don't call yourself Andy. I can't stand that name.*

*I saw the picture "Sailor Beware" about four months ago. It was kind of funny in places but I didn't think it was especially good.*

*You asked me "why" my mother feels as she does about us. First she believes that we are too young. Second she has always wanted me to go to college and have more or less a career before I got married. I've had a lot of people say that it was a waste of talent for me to get married because I could sure go places (according to them). Personally I think getting married is going places. Third she doesn't know how you are going to support me. You don't have any school and you don't even know what you want to be. It is hard enough getting through school by yourself without also having a wife. There are other arguments but these are the main ones. One thing—she can never say anything about you, yourself that is because she likes you as a person and if we were about four years older she would be overjoyed, but not now.*

*As for trouble from your side, I can't say just what it is because I can't put my finger on it. However anytime I say anything about getting married your mother always says we have plenty of time for that. The way she talks, you would think you were going to live at home for years. Then I talked to Claudia and she said your mother was quite upset about it when you first left, but now she isn't so against it, but she still doesn't want us to get married until later. Of course Claudia is all for it any time we want, so is Mary and Chet of course. However I don't believe we will have too much trouble with your folks, as I think we can easily win them over. But my mother is stubborn. Oh Well, now you know the reasons. I am sure it will all work out.*

*I love you more than anything, and don't you worry about it either, I know I'll be 18 on July 3 and no one can do anything about anything except us.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX*

*I love you*

*May 6, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

I don't know how just how many days I have to go before I am on my way home but one thing is for sure—another day has just bit the dust.

According to my families' letters you made quite an impression on my Grandmother the other night. You know she's kind of old and she gets a lot of funny ideas at times, but actually she's just a big child. One of those ideas is that I should marry in the church. Of course she didn't and neither has anyone else in the family but just the same that was her wish. But according to all reports she's kind of slacked up on that idea, and from what I can gather she's quite fond of you. You know that's one thing about you—and I'm sure that I'll never have any trouble with you fitting in with anyone at any time. In fact, once they met you—you're in and I have another competitor for your affections. My Darling, you may not be an expert bowler but you sure have scored a strike with my family.

There wasn't much news in your letter today and since it dealt mostly with your activities I haven't got any comments on it.

Today has been just another one of those lazy days. Of course tonight is our turn out in the Valley and it's also our turn to run patrol.

So far the Patrol Order hasn't come down, but I do know that I'll be taking 15 men out to try for some prisoners. They dropped some leaflets out there a week or so ago that said in part that if they wanted to surrender to be at such and such a point tonight. And who do they pick to go out with the "Welcoming Committee"—that's right, but I'll lay you 100 to 1 that if any Chinks do show up they'll come down after us and not to surrender.

No kidding I wish they'd quit picking on me for these kind of details. After all my time is almost up; but then that's rather selfish on my part, because I know I'll come back while someone else might not be so lucky. However nothing is going to happen out there tonight and we'll all come back without a scratch.

Well, Honey, that dood it for this time. Boy it sure is going to be good to get home and hold you close once again. Keep care now and remember I

love you with all my heart.

All My Love Always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Today we went to Venice to a Play Day called Video Varieties. It was lots of fun. I played badminton with Pat Hawthorne as my partner and of course we won all the games we played. We didn't get home until about 6:00 so I didn't go to the club meeting since they were leaving the "Y" at 6:00.*

*Darling IF you start home May 18 when would you get here, just how long do those things take?*

*I guess I got too much redness because I am beginning to peel a little. Maybe Lucy and I will go to the beach on Saturday.*

*You know Advanced Composition sure is getting hard. Don't you be surprised if I get a C in that class because that is what I expect.*

*We got another letter from Chet today; he is home in Santa Barbara now but the letter was written from West Point. Seems he had a real terrific time. He brought seven spoons for Mary; she collects them and if you have the time why don't you try to pick her up a couple in Japan. I don't believe he brought home that cute cadet that he promised or at least he hasn't said anything about it.*

*My Darling, you know how much I miss, want, need and love you. It won't be long now until you will hold me in your arms again, but each hour until then seems like a lifetime. Be careful now and take real good care of yourself for me —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

XXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXX

*I love you*

*May 7, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, the patrol is over and we all got back safe and sound, just like I said we would. We went out early so we could get in position before the Chinese could move into the valley under the cover of darkness and we lugged along every automatic weapon that we could lay our hands on. When you come right down to it, I guess we had firepower equal to a Platoon.

At any rate we took four sound power telephones and a roll of wire along and we set up four separate groups that were about 30-35 yards apart. We had a full moon out until around 2:00 AM and of course that was to our advantage. Around 3:30 AM we started in, having not seen or heard a soul, and got to our bunkers around 5:00 AM. Then I had myself a cup of coco and a C Ration and hit the rack until 1:30 PM.

The only other news is bad and good. Now this is all hearsay and is from various sources, but I've put two and two together and have reached the following conclusion. The problem is, will it come out to four? From what I can find out, they've put two men who were left behind by the 24<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division ahead of me on the list. I asked the Lieutenant about it, and he's going to check into it for me. At any rate that moves me down to number 16. I'm told that the third shipment will only consist of four men; and that they will leave in a few days. That will bring the total of those who have left to 12.

Now Corporal Maynard Wilber, who is the Company Clerk and who knows everything, is one behind me. And he tells me that he's planning on leaving on the 18<sup>th</sup>.

So if this is all correct, it means one of two things. Either the fourth shipment is going to be larger, or the third and fourth groups are leaving before the 18<sup>th</sup>. So in conclusion, I should leave either before or on the 18<sup>th</sup>.

Now of course all this doesn't mean a thing. You can't out guess them, but one of these days I'll be on my way.

Keep care now and remember I love you just a wee bit.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Well, Honey, nothing exciting happened today so if this is a little on the dull side you will just have to understand. I got about five letters today but none from you. Now don't worry, Darling, one was from the Library about a book long overdue, one was from the Valley Ephebian Association telling all about the coming meetings, and another was a wedding invitation to Jane Traurig and Howard Wedell's marriage and reception on May 29. Then I also got a couple of advertisements.*

*I did have a rather hot misunderstanding with Mrs. Williamson; she is the kind that holds a grudge, so look for a D instead of the C in Advanced Composition. It was so silly - the whole thing was a misunderstanding, but Mrs. Williamson is so dense when it comes to explaining anything and you know me, no one can tell me anything when I know I am right about something—so I just told her right back and I don't believe she liked it very well.*

*Well, Honey, I have said a lot about nothing so I think I had better end this masterpiece before it gets too bad. The only good part is that I love you. I hope you will always think that is a good part. You know I read in the paper tonight that this boy came back from Korea and he thought his girlfriend was childish—even though he loved her and they were going to get married. I hope you won't think I am childish, so don't you go and grow up on me too much. anyway, I love you more than anything else in the world —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I love you*

*May 8, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Right after you read this I want you to pick up a pencil or pen, walk over to the calendar, and put a big X over the 8<sup>th</sup> of May. Because we now have one more day out of our way and we're getting closer together with every tick of my watch.

A sniper hit my boy Williams today. He was out in the Valley working and had just picked up a log when this Gook opened up with two quick shots. The round that got him went through his collar, greased his neck and hit him in the hand. As far as I can find out he's not too bad off and actually it might be for the best.

Rumor has it that we're going into Corps reserve and it wouldn't surprise me if we did. This Division has broken the Korean record for the number of days on line. I don't know what the record is, but I've been on line 102 days, and the 160<sup>th</sup> Regiment was over here before I left Japan. So I guess it's between 130 and 160 days.

So this scratch Williams has should keep him off line until we go back and, by the time we come out of reserve, his time will be up and he'll be going home. At least he's safe where he is.

As for me there's not much news. I did the usual things like cleaning up and checking my weapon and then I read quite a bit. Of course there were other odds and ends that were done, but they are hardly worth mentioning.

I got quite a start today. I found out our new Lieutenant is a West Pointer. But even so, he's sure got some funny ideas. For example, he told us Squad Leaders that we had to keep our men clean shaven, their hair trimmed, and in clean clothes. Besides this, their weapons are to be clean, our squad areas policed and we are to check their feet once a day for various types of growths. I've got news for him. The boys do all that they can and we keep a good eye on them to see that they do, but we're in Korea now, and there are just too many things that have to be done. Oh well, there're all like this when they first get here.

Well, Sugar Puss, keep care and I'll give you one guess who I love and

who my only gal is.

All My Love Always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXX



Dear Bob,

*Today was Election Day at school so most of what I did was work on the elections all day. I'll send the Mirror with the final results tomorrow (if I remember).*

*'Carol McGinnis pulled a trick on me today that made me a little mad. There is an Ephebcan meeting Friday night for the Valley Chapter. I asked Carol if she was going to get off work and she said "yes of course", so I suggested that we both go down and tell Ms. Fife today. So we went down and I told Ms. Fife that Carol and I couldn't come to work because of the meeting. Carol speaks up and says "Oh the meeting isn't very important and I am going to work." So by bluffing I got out of that mess, but I had to say I'd work Friday and Saturday.*

*Ms. Fife said she would let us off if it was important but Carol insisted it wasn't. Oh Well, I suppose I need the money—what for I don't know but I guess I will. I bought your graduation present today. It kind of goes with your birthday present.*

*You know, Darling, either my Mother is using a new strategy or has changed her mind. In short we went over to take a wedding present to Janice (my folks and hers have been friends for a long time) and anyway, Mrs. Cleveland asked me when I was getting married and I said "Oh probably in August sometime," and when Mother started to say something I said right away "Of course, Mother isn't too happy about it." Mother didn't say anything, but on the way home she started the conversation and actually suggested in a calm voice who I should have as Bridesmaids and made several other suggestions. In fact she sounded as if she meant it—but you know me they have to*



*prove it first.*

*Vicky decided she would rather be Maid of Honor than sing, so we are out a singer but Mother said she would like Bob Farris to sing. I have never heard him but everyone says he is good.*

*Well, enough of this, we can decide everything when you get home. I just thought you would like to know the latest.*

*Of course I love you very very much and more and you have —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I love you*

*May 9, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, today I'm really stuck for something to write about. No kidding my wittle brain can't think of one single thing, not even a wisecrack. But then, come to think about it, my wittle brain usually is blank. It's not that I'm too lazy to think mind you; it's just so hard to do it. Oh well, into every life some rain must fall.

One thing about today; it's almost over; and that's peachy keen because we can cross out today and start counting the minutes of tomorrow. It won't be much longer now; but then it's already been 406 days too long, hasn't it? But chin up! All good things must come to an end, and I guess that goes for the bad things as well. Like I said, it won't be long now. In fact, it's just around the corner.

I may not have mentioned this before, but I love you. In fact I love you a whole lot and it goes without saying that I want you more than a discharge.

I guess the last 406 days have been pretty rough ones for you. I know they've been tough on me. But in a way, I'm glad for the way things are. At least, we'll be able to start out our lives without the threat of the draft hanging over our heads. And we've also got a little more do-re-me than we would have had. As they say, things always work out for the best and I guess that they actually do. After all, you love me and I can't think of anything better than that!

I suppose that we're going to have to get to know each other all over again; but then I think that's for the best because it was sure a lot of fun the first time around.

At any rate my Darling, we'll have a lot of fun doing all kinds of things when I get home and I sure am a lucky guy to have someone like you to do them with.

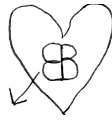
Tonight is Patrol Night, but the orders haven't come down yet, just that we were to get ready.

Keep care now and remember that I love you just a wee bit.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



Dear Bob,

I enclosed the Mirror with all the election results. Of course that's what I was doing most of the day, working on the election.

Oh, I did pull a fast one today, and unless something happens we get to walk together at graduation and we also get to sit next to each other. Of course it is very much against the rules that we get to say who we want to sit next to, but unless something goes wrong I've got it fixed.

Of course I worked tonight, I am real lucky?? I get to work eight hours tomorrow, so I have to get up early and take the bus at 8:15—if that doesn't kill me nothing will.

I went to the dance for a while after work, and then a bunch of us went to Bob's and ate.

By the way, Darling, in case you wonder I still love you in spite of that picture you sent me with your shoes off while you were reading the funnies.

Well, my Darling, it is late and I am tired as usual. Remember I am always with you even if it is only in spirit.

All my love always,

Betty

XXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXX

I love you

*May 10, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Man, I've heard of political pull in my life, but yesterday was the first time I ever heard of a high school girl having enough to change the date of the Senior Prom. Why don't you see if you can bring some pressure to bare and have them fly me home? But all kidding aside, it was swell that you could get it postponed for a week. Of course, I still don't know if I'll be able to make it, but I'll let you know by the first of the month. Mama wrote that she was going to the Red Cross and see about an emergency furlough for me because of Grandma's death. I don't think she'll be able to swing it, but if she does I might even be home in time to collect that birthday present from you.

By the way, I'm not speaking to you. Not after that dirty trick you pulled on me. Imagine telling me that you bought me my present and then not giving me the slightest hint at what it is. Honestly, you're as bad as my Sister.

Of course, by this letter you know that the patrol went off all right last night. It was just as quiet as quiet could be and if there were any Chinese within a hundred miles of us, we didn't see, hear or smell them, which suits me just fine.

Most of my day has been spent in bed. However I did manage to pull myself out around 1:30 PM and since then I've eaten, cleaned up both my weapon and myself, and wrote two letters. Yours is my third, and last one. Usually I wait until later to write, but tonight we're manning the Third Platoon's positions while they're on patrol, so I have to get this done before chow since there won't be any time afterwards.

By the way you can cross out another day on that calendar of yours and keep crossing them out until the BIG day comes—a day we'll celebrate every year.

Remember that I love you more than anything else in this world and that I always will. Keep care now.

All My Love Always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*Today I worked all day and my feet hurt—I guess I am just not used to all of this.*

*Uncle Edward picked me up at work and Grandmother, Aunt Flora, and Uncle Hans came over for a big turkey dinner. Then we went out to Pierce Junior College to see a play; it was very good. Then we came home and ate again.*

*Mother got the orchid today, Darling. She sure likes it. You know I don't see how she could make much of a fuss about you as she is getting such a good deal in a Son-in-Law—I just don't see how she could have the nerve to say anything negative about us getting married. Really Darling she really did like it very very much. I liked it too.*

*Well, my Darling I am rather sleepy so I'll just send you —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I love you*

*PS Take real good care of yourself —*

*May 11, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Got a couple of odd sheets of paper, so if these two sheets don't match, don't let it bother your pretty little head. I'm just getting them out of the way.

Not much news over this way. Like I wrote Mom the other day, my Journalism Teacher once told me, "there was no such thing as no news. That you had the entire world to write about." But I'll lay you two to one that he was never on this Korean hill.

We did have a little action over in George Company last night. Some Chinese got through the lines and tossed a W.P. grenade into one of their bunkers. The result was four killed, two wounded and one missing in action and, to make matters worse, two of those killed were National Guardsmen scheduled to go home on the next drop.

Something has to be done about this. That's twice that this same stunt has been pulled since we've been here and we just can't afford these losses, not to mention the devastation that their families will feel at home. (Don't tell Mom).

Only other news is that I went to the rear area and saw the movie "I'll See You in My Dreams" with Doris Day. It was black and white over here, but I'm guessing that it was a big Technicolor production stateside.

After the show I moseyed back to the Company rear and checked on a few odds and ends, such as your mother's flowers for Mother's Day.

There was not any transport action going my way, so I took off down the road, hoping to catch a ride. I didn't, but in about 45 minutes I had the journey tucked away under my belt.

Then I went down to the stream and had myself a bath and, of course, now I'm sitting here writing to someone who's extra special.

Do me a favor, will you? Cross off another day, love me and remember that I love you too. If you do, I'll give you my "Anderson Special Kiss" first chance I get.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*I didn't get your letter mailed yesterday so I just enclosed it in this one. It doesn't look like its as much as usual but it really is just as good. I am also out of stationary except for a few pages like this.*

*Well, today I didn't get up until 11:30, and then I ate and went bowling. Then I came home and made two cakes for the cake sale tomorrow. After that I went over to your house to visit your mother. Claudia and Leona were there. Later we all went for a ride.*

*Mother said to tell you "thank you" for her orchid. She said she would tell you when you come home or she may write you.*

*I sure hope you start home next Sunday. It has been so long, but looking on the brighter side it is almost over. You know another reason I am going to hold on to you when you get home is because I couldn't possibly stand this waiting again and at least your time is over.*

*Well, Honey, I had better get to sleep. I have that dumb old school tomorrow. Thank goodness I'll be out next month.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I love you*

*May 12, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Not much news over this way Honey, with the exception that we had a Squad Leaders meeting this morning.

It was the first time Lieutenant Randolph ever got the boys together. So he said a few words of introduction and then led right into the subject.

It seems that Division is quite disturbed about G Company's little incident the other night, so there's going to be some changes made.

First, the roving patrol stuff is out. Instead, we're standing guard in our own area and the 4<sup>th</sup> Platoon is to take over the roving job along with two men from each of our Squads.

We're also going to stand more guard and within the next couple of days we'll be putting up more barbed wire and placing more flares.

Orders have also been passed down to fire at anything that moves and the General says, that if the Chinese penetrate our defenses again, that he'll Court Marshal the Squad Leader and Platoon Leader whose area they infiltrate. In fact, there's going to be some heads rolling over G Company's way.

And there should be. The story is out how they got into G Company's area. They just walked in. Not only that, but both the First and Second Platoons saw them, but thought they were an incoming patrol. Seems it never occurred to any of them to check.

And now for the kicker. We're going to start having four hours of classes six days a week. No kidding, we're the laughing stock of the entire Front. But I've got a hunch that they won't last long; if they ever get started. We've just got too much to do as it is.

Well, Sugar Pie, that finishes it up for now. Tonight's Valley night but this time there's no patrol for us and sitting behind that wire will be like R&R.

Be good now, cross off another day and remember I love you like the dickens.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXX





*Dear Bob,*

*This is what I call a good job. They called too many of us in tonight so I have just been fooling around and talking for the last hour. Next weekend I get to go back to my old Department 96 and 36. I really like that place.*

*I got about six letters from you today but they are all at home and I can't remember what questions, if any, you ask. I do remember you saying that a little bullet missed you by 3 inches. Now after all the times I have told you to be careful, you let something like that happen.*

*Well, now I am home. I worked in jewelry the rest of the evening. My Mother bought more paper for me; the only trouble is you get so many envelopes along with it. I have dozens of them and believe me when you get home I am not going to write another letter ever again. That is not until we get back at school.*

*Well, Darling, with the Prom a week later maybe you will be able to make it. I sure hope so. Don't you worry about me being "stuck" Honey. I'll give you until an hour before the prom. I really think you will make it. (I hope).*

*Nothing much of anything went on at school. Will I ever be glad to get out of that place. Not that it isn't a lot of fun, but after so long you get a little tired of it all.*

*Well, my Darling I have a Subject A test tomorrow and it is rather late. So I'll just say I love you more than anything else in this world and that you have —*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I love you*

*May 13, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, I've got some bad news and I'm sorry, but a certain Lieutenant put me further down on the Phase Out list and I won't leave until the 5<sup>th</sup> drop, or until the 28<sup>th</sup> of May. It was strictly dirty politics and Lt. Clements is the one who put the screws on us. For a while he was the Company Commander and during that time he switched the entire list around. He's been relieved of Command in the meantime and Lieutenant Randolf took over and it wasn't until then that we found out about the change.

We put in a complaint and Randolf said he'd look into it. Both Tom and I are in this same boat where one man in the rear area that has only seven months N.G. time and another that I have over a year on were pushed ahead of us.

At any rate, Clements came back for the last time today and both Tom and I jumped him. He sat right there and lied like a rug, saying that Lieutenant Hartman and the First Sergeant made the original list and that it had never been changed, and Honey, I stood right there and called him a liar. I know the list was changed at least twice, as does everyone else in the Company. But this is the Army and there's nothing I can do about it, so I might as well sit back and let it ride. But if I ever bump into him in civilian life, my wife is going to have to come down and bail me out, because so help me I'm going to knock the daylights out of him. It's just one of those things, and unless that Emergency Furlough comes through, I won't even make graduation, not alone the prom. I'm sorry Honey, I'm burning mad and I'd like to knock some heads together. But like I said, this is the Army and there's not one darn thing that I can do about it.

So you check with Mom and if she can't swing that furlough, then don't count on me getting home until late June. That hurts, I know, because it sure tossed me for a loop, but then I can't complain too much because God has been good to me, and I've had all sorts of blessings. Things can't run smoothly all of the time.

Well, Sugar, I hope you had a good time at the beach, and if I wouldn't

like Mrs. Todd's advice, I sure hope you don't take it.

G Company got hit last night, but we haven't gotten any details and everything was quiet in our area. There isn't any news today because, believe it or not, I slept the entire day. Keep care my Darling and try not to be too disappointed. Just remember that I love you more than anything, and everything will be all right once I get home.

All My Love Always,  
"Your" Bob



*Dear Bob,*

*Nothing much happened today. I had to stay home tonight to write a 500 word composition for Advanced Composition that I should have written last weekend.*

*I did bowl this afternoon, that is if you can call it bowling. I was tired or something, I should have some excuse.*

*Sandy lost her two front teeth today. She had them knocked out when she was in the sixth grade, and she had some permanent false ones put in. Well, today she got hit by a dressing room door and it cracked them. She called me a little while ago and said they just fell out. Poor Sandy, but she is going to the dentist tomorrow and get some new ones.*

*Believe me if you're not on your way home by the time you get this, I am going to give up. Honest Honey all this waiting and uncertainty has really got me mad. It just isn't fair—I guess I'm getting bitter. I am so sick and tired of everything. I guess I had better stop before I say something I shouldn't; the way I feel I might say anything. I love you, anyway, that is one thing I know for sure.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I love you*

May 14, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

To start this letter off, I have good news. It looks as though I'll be on the 4<sup>th</sup> Drop to leave around the 21<sup>st</sup> after all. The reason being that one of the 24<sup>th</sup> Division boys who was going home on 36 Rotation Points didn't have enough points after all, and won't have until July. That moves everyone up one and should put me on the next drop. How soon I'll get home is a hard question to answer. If I get the breaks, I could make it for the Prom, but it's doubtful. I should know for sure once I hit Japan, which will be around the end of May. Keep your fingers crossed and say your prayers. Only seven more days and I'll be on my way!

College might be a problem, but the G.I. Bill could solve it for us, and there are all sorts of odd jobs I could get at the college to help support us. Then too, we have a little bit stashed away that we can fall back on if worst comes to worst.

Tell your mother that I can't help it if I'm young; I was born late. Also tell her that I'm leading men who are 21-25 years old and that I'm pretty old for my age.

As far as the kids go, you're the boss. Of course, we'll wait until we're out of school; unless one of those accidents happens.

There's also a difference in seeing a movie here and at home. Any thing is funny here, and I still liked "Sailor Beware." So there!

As for your career, we'll see. I'm toying with the idea of going into Business. (Don't ask me what)? We could probably use your talents there.

Glad your mother approves of me. With that in our favor, we'll win her over. I'll write about my folks in tomorrow's letter.

Nothing happened today. We just dug supplementary positions. Those are positions that we fall back to in case we get pushed off of here. Then I came back and cleaned up.

Well, Sugar, I guess that's "Thirty" for tonight. Keep care now and remember if there's one thing I'm sure of, it's my love for you.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX

PS Enclosed is a "C" Ration spoon for Mary's collection

*May 15, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, Sugar, there's not much news. Today has been just another one of those lazy days and the only thing I've done is clean up a bit. But then, I've only been up for a few hours. Tonight is patrol night and since it's going to be a long haul, I figured I might just as well sleep in. This way I'll be nice and fresh. You know, the wide-awake, quick thinking Army Sergeant that the movies describe.

It's still early, 3:00 o'clock, and the patrol orders haven't come down yet. But chances are it will be another routine patrol. However, one thing that won't be routine, is that it should be my next to last one. I'll run another one on the 18<sup>th</sup> and by the time our next one rolls around, I should be on my way home.

We have one problem tonight. It seems that I have a whole bunch of green men and only three veterans to work with. Moffet is on R&R and I sent Stranglant to Radio School. That leaves me with Schultz, my AR man, and with Pervear, my Assistant Squad Leader. So I guess I'll take Seith, Scott and Spear along tonight. They're all new but they seem to be pretty good boys and they have to learn sometime. But actually, it doesn't make too much difference because nothing is going to happen out there and we're all going to come back without a scratch.

As for trouble with my folks about us getting married, it's all news to me. Mom has never said anything about waiting to me, and Sis has never mentioned it either. In fact Mom has often written about it in her letters and in my opinion she is all for it. You know she likes you better than my Discharge and several times she has referred to you as one of the kids, or one of the girls (Leona & Sis). So if she does have anything to say about it, she hasn't so far, and I don't think she will. As my Mother, she misses me and naturally wants me home where she can baby me. But I've been on my own hook for quite awhile now, and she realizes I'll never be her little boy again. So don't worry about it. You set the date and she'll be there to give us her blessing and congratulations and will be all for it.

Sis wrote the other day that she had talked to you and that you had

taken her into your confidence about August. Letting her in on your secret that way made her happy. She likes you and, since you're my gal, she's glad you like and trust her. That's one thing about Sis. If you ever need a friend, she'll be there, and just between you and me, she loves her kid brother and the gal he's going to marry.

Keep care now and if anyone should ask you who I love, the answer is YOU.

All My Love Always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXX

*May 16, 1952*

---

My Dearest Betty,

I just got the news about my Grandmother and I don't know what to say. Just don't worry about it effecting my actions over here. I'll have to be extra careful now because if I should get hurt on top of this it would be quite a blow to Mom. But nothing is going to happen to me, so put that thought out of your pretty little head.

Only other thing we'll say about it is that I'm glad you two got together at the hospital. She was funny and I know that she got a big thrill out of your thoughtfulness and that it helped to brighten her last days.

Our patrol went off well last night. In fact, no enemy action was reported in our sector, and if it hadn't been for a "Bouncing Betty" that one of the boys in B Company set off, it would have been like a warm summer evening back home. As for the B Company incident, we got it through the grapevine that two were killed and three wounded. Chances are they were standing around in a group when it happened.

We also got some startling news last night when a report came down from G2 (Division Intelligence). It seems that a patrol from one of our Battalions ran into a group of men who they thought were friendly. They had GI uniforms on and when our patrol got close, this seemingly friendly group opened fire with the result being that several were killed and seven are missing in action. You say, "so what? Just another Chinese trick," but here's the catch. This enemy group were not yellow, but were just as white as you and I are. And it wasn't two of our patrols that ran into each other. If it had been, there would have been more than one report turned in, and those seven MIA's would have turned up. No sir, I'm afraid that there's "something rotten in Denmark." Or maybe, it's rotten in Russia.

At any rate, we've got orders now to shoot at anything that moves. Me, I'm going to build a thick door on my bunker, bar it, and stay put until it's my turn to go home!

Don't worry about me thinking that you're childish. There are thousands of us Bob's and Betty's every month, and how many other cases have you heard about? Anyway, you're a big girl now and you'll

be able to keep up with me any day in the week, and besides, in any relationship I think that a boy should be a few years older than the girl. Just promise me one thing. Love me. No man could ask for more.

Keep care now and if anyone ever tells you that there have been a lot of women in my life, you tell them that they're crazy. Because alongside of you, Hedy, Lana and Rita, just don't count. I love you.

All My Love Always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXX



*May 17, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Honey, you're going to be the death of me yet. All I've done all day long is sit here trying to figure out what would go with a birthday present, and then what would go with a graduation present. Results?—Nothing! I couldn't think of a darn thing. How about giving me a couple of hints? Is it small, or is it big? Is it blue, or is it white? And while you're at it you might as well tell me what it is, because I can't stand the suspense.

Speaking of suspense, this darn phase out is driving me nuts. Here I figured I was all set for the 19<sup>th</sup> and then Louie comes along with a rumor that they're only sending two N.G.'s on this next drop. So far, I haven't been able to catch the guy to find out what his source is, but at times, the little guy comes up with some pretty reliable information. I sure hope he's all wet this time. If he is, I'll be leaving the hill on the 19<sup>th</sup> and the rear area on the 21<sup>st</sup>. Keep your fingers crossed Honey, and remember that things will work out for the best.

You know, I'm beginning to think this guy Andersen is just a Figure Head at Van Nuys and that you're actually the one who runs things. First you get the date of the prom postponed and then you arrange it so that we can walk and sit together at graduation. Honey I'm just going to be sick if I don't get home in time and I know that you'll be disappointed too. But whatever happens, remember that a whole lot of guys over here have given up much more than missing a graduation. Just keep your chin up and hope for the best.

I wonder if you realize how much it brightened my spirits to read about the discussion that you and your mother had about our August plans. It would be my suggestion that when you talk, that you listen to her views and that you then discuss ours. Involve her by asking for her advice so that she feels some ownership and is more inclined to see it our way. You know, to a Mother, her daughter's wedding means almost as much to her as it does to her daughter. But whatever you do, don't lose your temper. Remember that whatever she does, she believes it to be in your best interest. By the way, the Fathers viewpoint of a big church wedding is that it's a pain in the neck and that a Justice of the Peace

could accomplish the same thing. And if you want my opinion, I think we should get married on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of July. That way I'd have one less date to remember, not to mention all the money I'd save on presents. By the way, did you ever decide what No No is going to be? You know this wedding is going to be almost as big an event in her life, as her own.

In case you're interested, all I did today was lay around. One more thing, I love you!

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX

*May 18, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Oh yes, there is good news tonight. It looks like Sergeant Anderson is finally going to get off the hill and start his way home to a very beautiful gal by the name of Betty.

And the way things look Sergeant Anderson will be packing up his “old kit bag” and starting down that hill tomorrow. Man it sure is going to be a good feeling to leave this place for the last time. And come to think of it, I figure it’s going to be a pretty good feeling to hold you close once again. Honey, I really missed you.

But don’t get all carried away because nothing is official yet, and I won’t believe I’m going until I’m on my way. No kidding, I’m half expecting a big Chinese offensive that will compel me to stay here ever longer. But things sure do look good.

As for that rumor I wrote you about in yesterday’s letter, it’s true, but applies to the drop after this one. Why I don’t know. It’s just one of those stunts that the Army pulls now and then.

By the way, tonight is going to be very hard on me. I just hope that I’m not jumpy, but I know it’s going to be quite a feeling to sit out there on patrol knowing that in a few hours I’m scheduled to be on my way home—and that all this will be behind me. But I’m not worried because I know God will watch over us and we’ll all get back without a scratch. You know, I owe quite a bit to our Lord.

It’s too early for the patrol orders to have come down, but I’ve heard no rumors, so the chances are it’ll just be a routine affair. I wouldn’t even go out tonight if it weren’t for two things. First of all we’ve only got three veterans as it is, and as modest as I am, I’m a pretty important apple out there. Then secondly, the only patrol that I didn’t take out got hit and I wouldn’t want to jinks my boys on this one. Of course when I get the patrol orders, I’ll probable have a third reason, namely that the Lieutenant ordered me to go.

Not much news to report other than what has been said. Of course I could rant and rave about what a stupid Platoon Leader we have, because today he really pulled a boner. He got all of us up early this morning to

string a double apron fence when any idiot should know that we needed all the sleep we could get because of tonight's patrol. But I guess he'll learn.

Well, Honey, that dood it for now. Keep good care and I'll give you three guesses as to who I love more than anything.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXX

*May 19, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Believe it or not, the impossible has happened. I'm on my way home!

And I'll be dog gone if it didn't happen just like it does in the movies. Here I am all set to cross the Line of Resistance to run that last patrol, when Tuttle comes running up and informs me that my orders have come down and that I am to return to my bunker and pack up, because I'm leaving on the morning chow truck. By the way, I didn't jink the boys. Pevear took the patrol out and they all got back without any trouble whatsoever.

At any rate I left the hill this morning and so far I've cleared all of my equipment through the Company and have had my physical examination, which consisted of a VD and louse check. I'm happy to report that I have neither.

Any who, that finishes me up here, and tomorrow at around 5:30 PM we'll shove off for Casual Company which is about 18 miles back. We'll leave there the following morning for Chun Chon where most of our processing will take place and from there we'll go to Inchon, then to Sasebo and then home. How long each stopover will be is hard to say, so just hope that once I reach Sasebo there'll be no delays and that I'll catch a plane or a fast boat home. Maybe I'll make the Prom after all, but I'll know more once I hit Sasebo.

By the way, you can stop writing now because from here on out all my mail will be forwarded home. And once I get home, I'm not going to have anytime to read letters because I'm going to be too busy necking with a certain blond that I know.

Tell your Mother that she's certainly welcome for the flowers and that I'm still glad it was a girl.

Keep care now and remember who I love the mostest.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXX

*May 20, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

I'm afraid that this may be a little short today because I've just finished writing to Mom and Sistie and I had to struggle to come up with a couple of pages. In short there's just no news.

Today is one of those hot affairs and believe me you can really feel it in this Squad Tent. That's one good thing about our bunkers; they were cool. But under the circumstances, I'm not complaining.

Everything has been nice and quiet around here but I'm having a hard time breaking myself of front line habits. A lot of people move around here at night while movement was held to a minimum up on the hill. anyway, I must have awoken a dozen times last night and reached for my M1 when I heard someone walking around. However, it was a nice feeling to be able to lie back down, realizing that there was no guard to pull or responsibility to account for.

We got up around 7:00 AM and had FRESH eggs for breakfast. I remember that in World War II the War Department said that the powered eggs tasted just like the fresh ones. Well, it took seven years and another war, but I can honestly say that the War Department is full on baloney. Man those fresh eggs sure were good. And the R&R boys who channel back the same way we do, say that the chow gets better the further back you get.

After breakfast I cleaned up a bit and then I washed out my cap. From there on out, I just sat around visiting with the boys. I also cleaned my weapon. Force of habit, I guess.

Well, Honey, in another three hours I'll be on my way to Casual Company and that will bring me just that much closer to you.

You know I'm not much of a love letter writer, and come to think of it, I'm not much of a lover either, but it sure doesn't mean that I don't have loving thoughts. Because when it comes to you, my heart is the biggest in the world. It just has to be to hold all the love I have for my Betty.

Keep care now and keep those fingers crossed for that fast boat or plane.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXX

*May 21, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

I got your letter just before I pulled out last night and so I guess you can stop being bitter. In the meantime I've done quite a bit of traveling. We got to Casual Company around 6:30 last night, spent the night, and at 8:30 this next morning we headed for the Reop Depot at Chun Chon.

It turned out to be a 3-½ hour trip and so far all we've done here is listen to an orientation and turn in some equipment.

We have the rest of the day off and I think I'll go for a swim and then take in a movie tonight.

Tomorrow morning we start processing and since they are doing it in alphabetical order, I'll be one of the first to go through. All that it will consist of will be to check my 201 file and my pay record. Then I sit back and wait for the boys from B to Z to catch up.

We're due to leave here by train for Inchon the morning of the 23<sup>rd</sup>. According to this morning's orientation, we are to be there from three to five days. Then it's a 36-hour boat ride to Sasebo where we'll spend another three to fifteen days before sailing for home, which I understand, will take another ten to fifteen days. If I hit it lucky all the way, I could make it by the 10<sup>th</sup>. On the other hand I could get stuck and be held up until the 27<sup>th</sup>. Just keep those fingers crossed. So far, we've been moving right along. Maybe my luck will hold out. Baby, I sure hope so.

At any rate, I'm getting closer everyday and it sure is a good feeling. You know I don't think I've realized how very much I've missed you before this. Which is a good thing, because the anticipation of it all is driving me nuts.

Keep care now, be good and remember I love you like the dickens.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX

*May 22, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, I'm all finished processing here. In fact I was done this morning and since then I've been waiting for them to run the other boys through. It really didn't consist of much. They checked our records over, gave us \$20.00 as partial pay for May, and then a little Korean boy, who is a mascot around here, presented us with the UN Ribbon. By the way, I'm enclosing it in this letter.

Honey one bad thing. I might get held up at Inchon for a while. They gave me a smallpox vaccination on April 29 but the darn thing didn't take. So when I had my physical on the 19<sup>th</sup> they gave me another one. Now they are telling me about a regulation that it has to be two weeks from the time you get the vaccination until the time you can leave Korea. And to make matters worse, this one didn't take either.

But I have a friend back here in Personnel who said that he'd fix it for me. We'll see. If I get through Inchon without a wait, he's a buddy, and if I have to wait, he's a stinker. Anyway, he's trying and time will tell how successful he is. What did I say in yesterday's letter about keeping your figures crossed?

General Huddelson gave us a speech today. How much was just talk and how much was the real McCoy remains to be seen, but he had some very complementary and interesting things to say.

The big ham flew in by helicopter and then he read us a letter from the Corps Commander praising the National Guard all over the place. Then he told us about our casualties; around 70 killed and 300 wounded since we've been here. He also pointed to the action we've seen, the damage we've done and accredited it to good leadership. (Which means us).

In a question and answer session he said that I would not be discharged from the Army, but from the National Guard. However, I'll receive some sort of a release from the Army that will be just as good and will entitle me to all benefits. He also said that the National Guard would start up again in September, but as I understand it, the year's extension did not apply to me, and my time is up once I get my walking papers. That means no reserve time of any sort. He also said that the Draft Board shouldn't give us any trouble, but if it did, to come and get him and that he'd go down with us to raise Cain. So if all this is true, things look pretty good. In fact it looks like



joining the Guard was the second smartest thing I ever did. The first was falling in love with you. Keep care.

All My Love Always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXX



Dear Bob,

*Well, Honey, today I feel much better. The important thing is for you to get home, a few days or weeks won't matter too much. Just come home safe, Darling.*

*I got your May 15 letter today. They skipped the 14th, and I'll probably get it tomorrow. Your Sister called to get my address and happened to mention something about you coming home the 21st, so I called your mother to find out the deal and she read me the letter. If that is so, fine maybe you can make graduation.*

*We had the Senior Performance of the Senior Play. It was real good and everything went fine. Yesterday was the Junior Performance. It was a little scary but lots of fun.*

*Mrs. Harcus called me last night when I was in a rather bad way. She is a big wheel at the "Y" and talks on and on. Of course I didn't feel like talking or anything. She wanted me to be in this program they are having Sunday. I told her I was leaving town and wasn't coming back, then hung up. It seems I upset her, so she called Glenn and Glenn called Vicki to find out what was the matter with me. Well, nothing's the matter with me that you couldn't cure. You hurry and come home Darling and I think everyone will feel better. I love you more than anything and always will. Be good now and real careful, after all I don't want to be an Old Maid.*

*All my love always,*

Betty  
XXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXX

*I love you*

May 23, 1952

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My Dearest Betty,

This is going to be a little short Honey because we're pulling out for Inchon in a couple of hours and just like always I have a dozen things to do.

And since we have a six-hour trip ahead of us I figure I had better get this off while the getting off is good. Chances are we'll be too busy for much letter writing once we board the train.

There's not much to report. After I finished writing you guys last night, I went down and joined Tom, Charlie and Bell for a swim and then the four of us came back to the tent and played Casino until dinner time.

After supper I went to church and following that I took in a movie. The 160<sup>th</sup> Regimental Band played a little before the show started and they got quite an ovation when they played "California Here I Come."

"Apache Pass" was the movie and it starred Jeff Chandler and John Lund. It wasn't a masterpiece but it did pass the time.

I was talking with one of the Cadre last night and he told me that we're only going to have a one-day layover at Inchon. Sure hope so, and I sure hope my shot records pass muster.

Well, Darling, it hasn't been much but there's really no news. Be sure and keep good care and remember that I love you just a wee bit.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXX



Dear Bob,

*Tonight was the last performance of the Senior Play. It was lots of fun and went real well. Then we had the usual cast party over at Jack's house. This will have to be rather short because it is now 4:00 o'clock and I have to get up and go to work at 8:00. Of course the*

*guys got liquor and several of them got drunk. Then all of these "big guys" came to a crash the party just as we were leaving. The driver of the car I was in was drunk so I drove. We went to Bob's and got more to eat. Then Ken wouldn't let anyone but me drive his car so I've spent the last two hours driving him around so he could get sober enough to drive home from my house. He has an Olds "88." It is a real fine car to drive.*

*It was really fun being in the Senior Play, good experience you know.*

*Well, Honey, as I said before it is late, morning comes pretty soon and I have to work all day tomorrow.*

*I love you. In fact I love you more than anything.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

*XXXXXXXX*

*XXXXXXXX*

*I love you*

*May 24, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, another leg of that long journey home is behind me, but how long we're going to be here at Inchon is an item of debate. Some rumors have us leaving tonight while others say five days. But there's not much sense worrying about it because we're not going anywhere until they get good and ready to send us. But I'm not going to worry about it because for the first time in five months, I'm beginning to feel safe. It's just too good of a feeling to wreck with useless worry.

We got in at the train depot around 9:30 last night and were herded to this tent city where we're billeted now. It's a nice place. The tents are on wooden frames and have wooden floors and the doors even have glass windows. There is also a good shower and washing system, and hanging over the mess hall door is a sign that reads "Best Mess." You can take that anyway you want to, but honestly, the chow is darn good.

After we got in last night, they fed us and then we hit the rack. The only complaint I have is that we only have one blanket and it gets a little cold around here at night. After breakfast this morning, we packed all our gear and carried it down to "Shakedown Hall." Then we went through a series of lines that lead us through a shakedown where they checked your equipment and confiscated any unauthorized equipment: gave me another physical examination, and then a D.D.T. spraying. From there we went over to personnel where we were given a card and told to check if our name, serial number and race were correct. Mine were, so I turned in my card and returned to my tent.

That concluded our processing here. The next thing will be the posting of the shipping list. Chances are my name will be on it, since it seems like my shot record was O.K. So it looks like I'll be shipping out with this bunch. If not, I'll have to wait awhile. They are also talking about the possibility of sending us by train to Pusan and leaving from there, rather than from here. Actually, either way, it makes little difference.

I picked up a spoon and chopsticks at the PX for Mary today. They are made from shell casings, but Tom told me to tell Mary that an old Korean Priest gave them to me. At any rate, I'll carry them home with me. Keep

care now and remember I love you like you love me.

All My Love Always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXX



*Dear Bob,*

*I can't find a dumb pen so I guess you will just have to read pencil.*

*Mary is talking to some boy; here it is 10:30. You would think they would stop. She has to talk in here because the folks are trying to sleep upstairs.*

*I didn't do anything today except work. I tell you I felt like I was walking in my sleep half the day. Right now I am eating fudge. I just made a whole lot and everyone is in bed and Mary doesn't feel like eating, so here I am making myself fat.*

*You know I still haven't gotten your letter of the 14th. I did get a letter today; it was dated the 16th, so I have just come to the conclusion that the letter of the 14th got lost.*

*You asked me to promise you one thing—that was to love you. Well, Honey, if it will make you happy I promise “I love you”— this makes about the millionth time, but I'll promise you every day of my life if it will make you happy.*

*You know I hope I am wasting my time writing this, if anything else happens to stop you from coming home. I don't know what is going to happen but something is.*

*By the way I kind of love you, just a little bit you know.*

*All my love always,*

*Betty*

XXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXX

*I love you*

*May 25, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, for a while this morning I thought I was on my way. I was sitting in church and we had just sung the opening hymn when the loudspeaker blared out for all casualties to check the shipping lists that were just posted on the bulletin board, and for those whose names were on it to pack up. Needless to say the service was sped up a bit and then we all headed for the same place for the same reason. I checked the list and sure enough, there was that familiar eight-letter name. Tom's was a short way down the list, and when I looked, Charlie was in the middle of the B's, and Wibber was just about the last dog on the tail end of the roster. At least we were all shipping out together.

From there I went back to the tent and found that Tom and Charlie had already thrown my gear in my duffle bag and so we settled into a forty-five minute wait. Finally word came to report by packet number, so we shoved off. All of us were in line and ready to go when a Sergeant came out to give us the bad news. We weren't shipping out but were merely changing compounds to make room for others. As it turned out, it wasn't a complete loss. Since I was on the shipping list I feel a lot better about that Smallpox vaccination. Chances are if they were going to hold me back, my name would not have been on the list, but then there is always a chance they still might catch it. Then in addition, we found out that we are supposed to travel by train from here to Pusan on the 27<sup>th</sup>.

Actually, I think we got a better deal on this move. We are now housed in an old school building and that beats tents any old day. Then, we also have a Special Services hall here where they show the movies and since it is indoors, we cannot be rained out. And from what we've seen, the chow is just about the same.

Right after we got here, we had lunch and then another church service. Turns out the Chaplain that spoke earlier was also speaking at this service so I was able to hear his sermon after all. Since then, I've just been laying around, writing a few letters. In fact, it looks as though I have written too many letters because I am all out of ink and have only a few envelopes left. When I will get new supply of ink and envelopes

remains to be seen, but I will get your daily letter off if it kills me.

Keep care now and if anyone tells you that I'm coming home for any other reason other than you, tell them they are crazy. In fact, tell them I love you just a wee bit.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

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*May 26, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Honey, if you think yesterday's letter was a stinker, wait until you read this one. I haven't got a thing to write about. As the pencil writing so well illustrates, I'm still out of ink, but our Packet NCO made a list of the things we need, and he and some other Packet Leaders went down to the PX to do our shopping. So I might get some ink yet. If not today, maybe I'll get a bottle aboard ship, or at the latest when I arrive in Sasebo.

As for today's news, there isn't much to report other than I've done some reading. As for yesterday's news, after I wrote you, I played some cards and went to a movie. The game took place after dinner and was between Charlie, Tom and I. We played over in the Special Service's hall because we were planning on seeing the show and we figured that we'd get a better seat if we got there early. Unfortunately, others had the same idea, but the cement floor wasn't too bad to sit on, especially after Charlie ran back to our billet for a blanket. And guess, whose blanket it was. That's right; mine! He said it was the handiest. The game was Casino and the stakes were high. Whoever lost had to wash the other's mess kits at all three of today's meals. I won't say who lost, but you know the old saying "Unlucky at cards; lucky at love." Well, today, I not only have you, but dishpan hands as well.

The show was "Outlaws in the Cave" or something like that and I was more interested in Rusty Tamblin's acting than I was in the picture. He only had a small part, but his brother Warren and I went to school together, and I've always been somewhat interested in his career. I guess it's going right along and maybe, someday, I'll be able to say I knew him when.

At noon today, I got trapped by this blowhard sitting across from me at the dinner table. He started telling me war stories. Man to hear him tell it, he was in for the Congressional Medal of Honor, and after thirty minutes of this, I found out he was in Regimental Communications. That's about eighteen miles from the front lines. He probable never saw a dead Chinese, not alone a live one. Promise me something, if I ever open my mouth about this place; give me a good swift kick in the chins.



Well, my Darling, I guess that does it. Keep good care now and remember how very much I love you. No kidding, I thought I'd be satisfied when I got off the hill, but I'm not. And I won't be until I can hold you close once again.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

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*May 27, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, it looks as though I beat that smallpox rap, because we only have four hours to go before we leave for Pusan, and so far, no one has said anything to me. We leave at 6:00 PM tonight by train to Pusan and then we're grabbing a ship for Sasebo. They say it actually takes less time that way, but between you and me, I don't see how it could. I just hope that we don't get delayed waiting for a ship.

I keep worrying about the Senior Prom. I don't want you to get stuck, and yet, I don't want to give up hope. You said in one of your letters that you'd give me up to an hour before dance time. I liked that. But I'll try to give you a little more notice than that. I should have a better idea about things once I hit Sasebo. But if I don't make the Prom, chances are I will make Graduation if I don't get stuck in Japan. And if not graduation, then there's always the Fourth of July to celebrate.

Not much news over this way. We played Casino again last night and lo and behold, I won. In fact, I skunked them. Then we saw the movie "The Lady Said No" and I came to the conclusion that if they were making pictures like these nowadays, that I'm going to stay home and watch television. Of course, I'll invite you over and we'll put the folks in cold storage somewhere. After all it gets kind of lonesome in a dark room all by oneself, and, for the past fourteen months, I've been lonesome enough.

However, Hollywood is bound to make a couple of good pictures now and then. The law of averages is on their side.

As for this morning's activities, there isn't much to report. We just had another physical examination and that was that.

Well, Honey, I've run out of things to say. You know I guess I could finish this out by telling you just how much I love you, but I'm afraid I couldn't put it in words.

You know how much I've missed you because you've probably missed me just as much. In fact, I hope more. And you know that I'd do anything in the world for you and that, if need be, I'd lay down my very life for you. And that's no schoolboy talking. I've been in some pretty tight spots and I know what it feels like to have your life on the line.

But what's most important is that we both know that we love one another and that we have a beautiful life ahead of us, just making each other happy. Keep care.

All My Love Always,  
"Your" Bob  
XXXXXXXX

*May 28, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, I can hardly believe it, but I've pinched myself just to make sure, and sure enough, I'm on an honest-to-goodness ship that will sail for Sasebo, Japan, in just a few hours.

I've only been aboard for a few hours, but that has been long enough for me to eat the noon meal, and I'm happy to report that the Navy is keeping alive that grand old tradition of serving good chow. But then, I guess anything would be good after that stuff the Army feeds you.

The name of the ship is the USNS Aiken Victory and from what I've seen of her, she's the best I've been on yet. (I've been on five). At least the troops are going to be more comfortable aboard her. Just one example. You can sit down in the Mess Hall. On the other ships, you had to stand while you ate.

We were told when we got off the train that we'd leave her at 1700 (5:00 PM) and arrive in Sasebo around 10:00 AM tomorrow morning. I guess that's pretty straight information because when we came aboard, they only issued us three chow passes. That means that they're planning for us to eat tomorrow's noon meal in Sasebo.

As for the train ride, there isn't much to report. We left the compound around six o'clock and walked about ½ a mile to the train. Then we climbed aboard and in another ½ hour we were on our way. In short order, darkness fell, and so I found myself a nice soft spot on the floor (sleeping on the wooden seats is impossible, especially if your seat is on the aisle) and settled down for the night. I didn't get too much sleep but I dare say I got as much as anyone else.

I got up around 6:00 AM and had breakfast. Of course, we had "C" Rations, but I got a break and drew a fruit unit and so I'm not complaining. Then I just sat back, read a little, and watched the countryside.

Well, Honey, this isn't as long as usual, but when most of my hours are taken up traveling there's not much to write about.

Keep care, my Darling, and remember how very much I love you.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXX

*May 29, 1932*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling, I'll give you just one guess as to where and with whom I wish I could be celebrating my birthday with.

But since I'm not home and you're still 5,000 miles away from me, I did the second best thing and celebrated it in Japan with the boys. And believe me I'm very thankful to have been able to do that.

Our ship docked at 9:00 o'clock this morning and just as soon as we scrambled off the ship we were loaded on trucks and were driven to this Repo Company where we were assigned to our tents. The tents are fairly comfortable with wood frames and floors, lights and beds with springs and mattresses. Tonight's sleep is going to be luxurious.

A short time after arrival, we were called to formation and they issued us our bedding, complete with mattress covers and two blankets. After we made up our bunks we set out for the first step in our processing. We were ushered into a large building and went up stairs where we stripped down to our shorts and combat boots and tossed all of our old clothing into a container, after which the Medics checked us over for body lice. We then went to a counter where they confiscated the entire contents of our duffle bag, with the exception of our personal items. We then proceeded down a long hall where we checked our personal belongings and got rid of our shorts. Then after another check by the Medics, we swallowed two guanine pills and hit the showers.

After showering, our personal items were returned and we were given a complete issue of new clothing, including everything from shorts to a necktie. We then returned to our tent, stored away our gear, and went to chow to enjoy a steak dinner with all the trimmings.

After dinner, Tom, Baker and I took in the movie "Two Tickets to Broadway" and then stopped off at the snack bar where we made pigs of ourselves.

They have told us on numerous occasions that they are "contemplating on getting us out of here in 72 to 80 hours," but I have my doubts. There just seems to be too many guys here that are ahead of us. But I'll know more in the next day or two.

Keep care now, Sugar, and just remember how much I love you.

All My Love Always,

“Your” Bob

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*May 30, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Man I've got a stiff neck and it really is bothering me. No kidding, every time I twist my neck, it hurts all the way to the top of the point on my head. And to make matters worse, I don't know how I hurt it. But I'll live and it should be as good as new in a day or two.

We completed our processing today and now all we're waiting for is a ship to take us home. Yesterday I thought that I'd be able to tell you in today's letter when I'd be leaving, but all of the stories and rumors have only served to confuse me, which means that I know nothing. And between you and me, I'm not so sure that the characters that are running this show know much more than I do. But perhaps something will come down tomorrow, and if it doesn't in the next couple of days, it will be too late for me to make the Prom anyway. But we'll see.

Today's processing consisted of checking our personnel records, and believe me that 223<sup>rd</sup> Personnel Section sure has our records messed up. They didn't even have me down for the Combat Infantryman's Badge. But I got a lot of it straightened out and I should have the rest of it fixed up by the time I'm discharged. Not that it means anything, but you never can tell when and how the right information might be helpful. Then too, the way I figure it, as long as I went to the trouble of earning the decorations I might just as well get credit for it.

After processing, we came back to the area and were dismissed for the rest of the day. I moseyed over to the Barbers and had my ears lifted and then I went down to the PX. I checked on the China, but they couldn't help me, so it looks like we'll have to order it through some store in the States.

As for tonight, I think I'll stay home and rest my neck. No kidding, it's really a nuisance.

Tom just came in and said we are to leave on June 2. Says some Lieutenant told this to some other guy. If that's so, I could make it. That would give us 13 days for the crossing, and unless we get on a slow boat, we should make it in time. Then as soon as I landed I'd apply for a 10-day furlough, and assuming it was granted, would buzz home.

But Honey this deal is all full of IF's and I know darn well I'm putting you on the spot. If this deal about the 2<sup>nd</sup> is so, it should break tomorrow. At any rate, I'll keep you posted.

Keep care, my Darling, and whatever you do just remember how very much I love you.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX



*May 31, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, tonight your letter is being written from the Service Club, so if your letter doesn't make sense, don't blame me. Blame the noise and confusion that goes along with this establishment.

I was planning on spending a nice quiet and enjoyable evening in the tent, but it seems that Tom and Charlie had other ideas because in they came and before I knew what was happening, I was talked into a card game. So we came down here, but I held my ground and demanded that I write my Honey before starting the game. They didn't care for the idea, but they've known me long enough to know that that's my one must of the day.

Again, there's not much to report. I waited around most of the day for them to take us down to change our clothes. It seems that my waistline is smaller (33 rather than 36 inches) than I thought it was, so I had to exchange them a smaller size.

In the meantime, I took my shirts over to the Tailor's and had my stripes and patches sewed on. Then I took in a Roy Roger's movie. That'll teach me.

After the show, I came back and ran into the boys. There is nothing new on the shipping list, and if it doesn't come out tomorrow, I'm afraid my goose is cooked as far as the Prom is concerned.

Keep care now and remember how much you love me, double it, and you have my love for you.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX

*June 1, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Honey, I'm sorry, but I have some bad news. The shipping list did not come down and so, I'm afraid, that means I won't be able to make the Prom.

So please go ahead with any plans you have and don't let me enter into them. I hate to call it quits because I don't like to give up on things, but I'm sure that I won't be able to make it now, and I don't want to spoil things for you anymore than the situation already has.

But don't let it get you down. At least you know I'm safe and on my way home, and that is a whole lot more than a lot of couples have.

I just hope that they quit messing around because if they don't get us out of here pretty soon I might miss graduation. But if anyone should ask you, it's not the Prom or the graduation I miss the most—but you. In fact, without you, the joy in my life wouldn't be half of what it is now.

I'm writing from the Service Club again. Back at the Company, they keep assigning us to details and I figure that that's no place for a lazy fella like me.

There's not much other news. I went to church this morning and my neck is still sore. See what an exciting life I lead?

Well, kido, keep care and maybe we'll have some good news in the next couple of days. In the meantime, remember how very much I love you.

All My Love Always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXX

*June 2, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Once again there's nothing new to write about today. I don't know what the story is, but I do know that I'm sure itching to get home to a certain dizzy blond that I know. I don't know what it is about her that interests me, except maybe her money. Ya, that must be it. I'm marrying her for her money.

Things were pretty quiet around here yesterday. In fact, to be brutally frank, it was downright boring. But we did manage to stay awake by taking in a movie and afterwards polishing off a steak at the snack bar. The movie was fair, even though it was a British picture. At least it beat Roy Rogers. It was a J. Arthur Rank production called "The Man Within," and was about a young squirt that squealed on some smugglers. It dragged in places, but it did help to pass the time.

They were having cold cuts for dinner at the mess hall and for some reason that didn't appeal to us. So we went into the snack bar for a hamburger, and ended up with a great steak.

Today is the first nice day that we've had since we got here. Tom, Charlie and I are planning on making the best of it by getting a pass and seeing the sights of Sasebo.

Well, my Darling, I must be slipping at this letter writing business because I can't think of another thing to write about. So I guess I'd better call this a good try and sign off for now.

Keep care, be good, and get ready! Because I'm on my way and once I get there you had better be all rested up and ready to go because I'm planning on making up for lost time once my ship comes in.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX

*June 3, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Today was a typical day, my Darling, and I'm afraid there's not much of anything to write about. But I'm not one to desert (it took half the tent to spell that last word) a sinking ship and so here goes nothing.

As for Sasebo it turned out to be just like any other Japanese town only with saltwater. And, of course, saltwater brings the Navy and you can take it from me that this place has gobs and gobs of sailors in it. I bet they outnumber us GI's Fifteen to one.

But nevertheless, the place was a welcome relief from Army life and it sure did feel good to walk into a place, sit down, and order something to eat without having to stand in a line.

This morning we went over to the theater and heard a couple of lectures. The first was on security and the second touched on some of the benefits we have coming as veterans. Did you know I could be buried for nothing? At least, that's what the man said and so you keep that in mind. In another eighty years that information might come in handy.

He also hit on this Reserve business, only what he said and General Huddleson said doesn't jive. General Dan told us that after our three years were up, we were finished and this boy told us we had a year's extension to serve. If he's right and Dan's wrong, I'll have to serve in the National Guard until January 24, 1953. But if Dan's right, I'm all finished. In either case it's not going to make much difference to us because if I have an additional year to serve, I'll just go inactive which will mean no meetings. Then too, if we go to Graceland, they either have to transfer me to the Iowa National Guard or discharge me, and I'm inclined to think that they'd do the latter.

But once I'm out, that's it. I'm free, with no strings attached except for the draft and things would have to get pretty bad, like a Third World War, before they'll call up the vets. Compared to the draftees, I'm sitting on top of a cloud. They have to serve from 5 to 6 years in the reserve.

This evening Tom and I took in a movie and even though I've still got this darn neck problem, I enjoyed it. In fact it was pretty good, but once I get rid of this sore neck and get you on the end of my arm,

I'm going to enjoy them and everything else a lot more. Keep care and remember I love you.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX

*June 4, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling, I want you to get out all of the letters that you've written to me and count all the X's that you've marked at the bottom of the pages. Because tomorrow at 11 a.m. I'm leaving here for the port of Sasebo. Before too much time goes by, I'll be loading aboard the General Weigel, which is the ship that will be taking me home to collect all of those kisses.

We'll be landing at San Francisco and I'm to be separated at Camp Stoeman. Just when my ship will get in, I don't know, but you and the family should be able to find this out without too much trouble.

From what I've heard of this ship, it isn't too hot. Someone said that it took him to Korea and that they only served two meals a day, and that it had limited facilities. But the same authority said that she was a two stacker, and if that's true, it will mean a fast trip home. I'm hoping that we'll make it in twelve to thirteen days.

I don't know what the situation will be when I get home, but if I'm running close to graduation, I'm going to ask for a furlough. I think they'll give it to me under the circumstances, and if they won't, perhaps they'll be able to push me through a little quicker. It remains to be seen, but with some good luck and a fast trip, I'll be able to make it all right.

Again there's not much to report about the days' activities. We were restricted to the area all day and didn't do anything except to have a physical inspection and to exchange our Military Script into Greenbacks. Then, this evening, I'm pulling Sergeant of the Guard, which means no running around and nothing else to write about.

I did get on the phone and called Brother Crum, Master Sergeant Bell and Bart Spardo. Bart is a bed patient, and since the phone wouldn't reach his bed, I just left a message. But I did have a good chat with the other two.

I'm inclosing a couple of things for our scrapbook. One is a chow ticket that we used here; another is a napkin from a place that we ate dinner at the other night, and the third is a Five Cent Payment Certificate.

Well, Sugar, I hope this is the last letter I ever have to write you

because never again do I want to be away from you for this long.

Keep care now and remember I love you with all of my heart.

All My Love Always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXX

*June 5, 1952*

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My Dearest Betty,

It seems that I just can't get out of the habit of writing to a beautiful woman.

Not that there's any news to write about, but I do have a heart filled with love for you, and on this more or less special occasion, I just wanted to say Thanks!

It's been a long hard grind, but you've stuck with me, which is certainly something that I have to be very thankful for. Then too, we don't have any doubts about each other.

Just keep care now, and the ship will do the rest.

But above all, remember that I'm your guy and that I'm so crazy in love with you that I promise to do everything I can to make you the happiest woman in the world.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

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