

Love Letters

— I'LL BE LOVING YOU ALWAYS —

BOOK 1

September 19, 1950–October 31, 1951

Bob and Betty Anderson

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Introduction

My 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 Arbutle, 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 50th 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 24th 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 18th of May, 1952, I was ready to take my squad out on patrol for the 26th 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 1

September 19, 1950–October 31, 1951

September 19, 1950

Dear Betty,

It was sure nice to hear from you. I hadn't expected you to write. When I got your letter I couldn't think for the life of me who lived on Gilmore. So you see, it was quite a surprise. A pleasant surprise, that is.

I'm afraid that you'll have to excuse the length of this masterpiece, but they keep me so busy up here that I really can't spare the time to go into details.

This Army life is no cinch. It's work, work, work from 5:30 in the morning until 5:00 at night. And even at the end of the day, there's studying to be done, marches to be marched and shining to be done.

Tonight we took a fifteen-mile march and just got back. Right now, I'm a little tired and sore and so I guess this letter will be a little dull.

I think Canoga Park will take the title this year. Of course, I've got my fingers crossed for the Wolves. (Don't breathe a word of this to anyone, but watch out for Verdugo Hills.) They're loaded.

I've got to close now, but promise to sit down in the next few days to write you again. Say hello to Chet and your folks and to all the gang for me.

Thanks for writing.

Bob

September 27, 1950

Dear Betty,

I got your letter the day before yesterday but didn't get a chance to answer it as I went to the show. "The Next Voice You Hear" was billed and I didn't want to miss it, and I sure am glad that I didn't. It was really super. If you get a chance, by all means see it.

If this letter sounds a little dopey, blame it on Joe Louis. Every time I start to write, Louis does something and I stop to listen. After all, I got a two-bit bet on the guy.

There's not much new up here as all I've been doing is going to classes. Today I had a class on...just a second I've got to look up the spelling... Radiological Defense. I don't know exactly what it's about, but I think it has something to do with Atomic and Hydrogen bombs and Radiological dusting. Some Physics Professor taught it and he lost me just after he started.

This afternoon, we went on a hike and had two classes in the field. One was on foxholes and the other on Scouting and Patrolling. The first was a class on (as my recruits put it) digging holes in the ground. After they dug it, they put a private down in the foxhole and ran a tank over him. We lose more privates that way.

The next class was right up my alley, as I was once a Boy Scout and knew all about Scouting. I was also a Patrol Leader, so the Patrolling was easy too.

Well, I might as well close this thing, as I have nothing more to say. Say hello to everybody for me and keep care of yourself. If you get time, drop me a line, as you never get enough news from home.

Love,
Bob

October 4, 1950

Dear Betty

This is just a short note to let you know that I got your letter today. I'm rushed for time tonight and I'm coming to school Friday, so I guess I'll just wiggle out of writing a whole lot of junk. You know I'm not much good at writing postcards. That's the reason I'm printing. Figured out what those figures meant. Just call me genius. See you Friday.

Love,
Bob

January 8, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, I've got about twenty minutes before I've got to go on guard duty, so I decided to write you a quickie just to let you know that I miss you already.

If this letter sounds a little jerky here and there, it's because people keep running in here asking me questions.

This Guardhouse is really something. The Texans are banging away on their Lukes, while the Okies are listening to some hillbilly music on the radio. Corporal Lacey, who is sleeping in the Cadre Room with me, is trying to listen to the news, while the Lieutenant is tuning in some basketball game. People are running in and out of here like chickens without heads, and in the middle of all of the confusion I'm sitting here writing you a love letter.

I went down to the Information and Education office today and signed up for my General Education and Development Test. I also registered in USAFI. I'm going to take American Government. This will give me credit for my High School Civics, and if I pass both of these, I'll be able to graduate with my class.

Sergeants Hilts and Davidson were hit out on the Carbine range today and you should hear them moan. Both of them just got a little bruise; ricochets hit them. I'm not sure if the "ricochets" is spelled right or not, but it's when a bullet hits something and bounces off, and to hear them talk you'd think they should get the C.M.H. (Congressional Medal of Honor).

I learned how to kill a man another way today. All you do is squeeze the Adams Apple. Well, Honey, it's time for me to go on guard duty now. Say hello to your folks for me and be sure and keep care of yourself.

Love,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

January 10, 1951

Dearest Betty,

"Baby it's Cold Outside." In fact, although it's January, it would seem that we're having a touch of "April Showers." I just got in from "Singing in the Rain," and I will say one thing "The Weather Outside is Frightful." When we left this morning, we told the troops to "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and it's a good thing we did because if we hadn't I'd still be "All Wet." And right now, I feel "So Tired." I'm sitting here listening to the "Rain on the Roof," and believe me, we're really having a case of "Stormy Weather." But the "Weatherman" says "It Ain't Go'na Rain No More," and so maybe the "Lazy Old Sun" will peep through and we'll have "Blue Skies." "But I Ain't Gonna Believe It Till I See It."

Now then, see what a smart boyfriend you have. It takes brains to write something like that. I haven't been doing much of anything except going to Combat School, and so there really isn't much news.

I went down and took the first of my General Development Tests, and while it didn't seem to be overly difficult, I'm certain I didn't "ace" it. It was an English test involving a lot of spelling and you know that's one of my weaker links. I pulled guard last Monday night and the weather was almost as bad as it is today. No rain, but a sharp, freezing wind that went right through you and kept all of us pretty miserable. I was inside most of the night, since I was the PX guard. I didn't catch anything worse than a cold, but those poor guys that were walking post really got it. It's a wonder they didn't all catch pneumonia.

I had to stop this letter at "pneumonia," to attend a Non-Com meeting, and boy did the old man blow his top. It seems that he doesn't care for the job his Non-Coms are doing. In fact, he informed us that if things don't change, we're going to have a lot more privates in the company. Just call me "private." No kidding, it sure is a good thing I haven't been out with the company much or I probably would have got it in the neck, too. You see how lucky I am.

Well, it's just about time for me to bring this masterpiece to a close, so I'll just tell you how much I miss you, and that I'm sure looking forward to this coming Saturday.

Tell your folks and all the gang hello for me and be sure to keep care of Chet's older sister for me. I wouldn't want anything bad to happen to this cute little dish.

All my Love,
Bob
XXXXXX

March 5, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, here's the first of the series of letters I'm planing on writing to you.

It's hard for me to sit down and scribble this one out because I've only been away from you for 13 hours, and the majority of those I was dreaming of you.

The camp looks dead with all the troops on leave. In fact, I've only got seven men left in the whole platoon, and four of those leave tomorrow. Right now, I've got them cleaning up the place and GI-ing the floor. This was the Lieutenant's idea, not mine.

In case anyone asks you, the reason I'm not GI-ing my room is because I'm sitting here at my desk, filling out some reports. Get a load of the "report," will you?

Tom is sitting over on his bed, writing another "report," so at least all of the Non-Coms are happy.

By the way did I ever tell you that you're wonderful and that I love you very much? I have? Well, that's good because I wouldn't want you to forget it.

There's nothing new on Japan and, as yet, I don't know about Friday night. But I've got a good hunch I'll be able to pull it off all right. At any rate, plan for it, but don't be disappointed if something comes up and I can't make it. I sure am looking forward to seeing you. I don't know how I'll ever manage after my leave is up. But these things have to be done.

Well, Darling, I haven't any news. I hope I've made my point in that I'm thinking of you all the time, and that I love you very deeply. Keep care of yourself and study hard. Be sure and tell your folks and all the gang hello for me. See you in five more days.

All my love,

Bob

XXXXX

March 6, 1951

Hi Honey,

Well, today is another one of those do-nothing days that is getting on everyone's nerves. Usually at this time of day (it's just about 9:30), the company is smack dab in the middle of a problem. But today, where are we? Sitting in the barracks doing a lot of nothing. And believe me, doing nothing sure can get tiring.

Tom just handed me an apple. He has an "in" with one of the cooks, and so I'm sitting and writing and munching at the same time. As I look out the window, I see fields that are covered with mud and a deep gray sky that threatens rain at any minute. So you can easily see that I'm in a romantic mood.

But romantic mood or not, I know that I love you very much and that I miss you more and more with every day that goes by. I just can't wait until my leave starts so I can come to you and once again hold you in my arms, making sure that you're real and just not a dream.

This may sound like something out of a dime novel, but it isn't. I mean every word of it. And as I wrote it, my heart started to thump hard and my mind started to stray to thoughts of how nice it would be if only I didn't have to go and leave you.

If only you could come with me, I'm sure that I'd be happy. But as things worked out, this can't be achieved, and so I just have to wait for my dreams to come true.

At least we'll have seven days together, and with these days I plan to have a lot of fun. But this idea of you ditching school just doesn't appeal to me. I don't want anything to go wrong with your marks because, believe it or not, you can never go back and high school just isn't worth missing. Believe me, I know! Anyway, there are lots of things that I'm going to have to do during this leave. I've got to get my teeth checked and then I hope to get my Patriarchal Blessing. So you see, we couldn't be together all of the time anyway. But I love you all the more for thinking about it. It would be nice, but if it would hamper your marks, I'm against it. But then, you decide. And then too, it might be a good idea to confer with your folks. Well, Darling, it is just about time for lunch and so I

better close for now. Be sure to keep care of yourself, because if anything happened to you, it would hurt me just about as much. Say hello to everyone, and remember that I love you very, very much. God bless and keep you and may your life be one of joy.

All my love,

Bob

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XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

March 7, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, the sun is out, the ground is finally drying up and at last they've got something for us to do. At 10:00, I'm going to conduct an hour of close order drill. That leaves me about fifteen minutes to scribble this letter off. That's why it's going to be a quickie.

The rest of my men who live back east leave at noon today. I'm going to be just a little shorthanded and most likely will have to do some of the work myself. Yes sir, things are getting mighty bad. Sergeant's doing work.

As for that fast one I'm trying to pull, I don't know yet. I talked with the Lieutenant and he said he'd give me an answer Thursday morning. But I'm pretty sure he'll come through. So I guess I'll pick you up at your house at 9:30. If my plans change, I'll call you. In fact I think I'll call you this afternoon anyway.

I'll tell you how much I love you over the phone. Sure hope you're home. Keep care and study hard. Remember I love you.

Love,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

March 8, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Good news sweetheart! The Lieutenant said I could come home Friday night by the latest. In fact, if I'm lucky—and I must be (after all, I know you don't I?)—I'll get off Friday noon.

Not too much news as all we've been doing is getting ready to leave.

Yesterday, I took another GED test at the Information and Education office. It was the hardest yet and dealt with math. They tell me the next one is a cinch. At any rate, it's the last one I have to take.

Tom and I took in a show last night and saw "Lighting Strikes Twice" with Ruth Roman, Ray Todd and Zachary Scott. It wasn't too bad, but it was nothing to brag about either.

I'm planning on going down to the PX tonight and getting a haircut. That's because I want to look pretty on Friday night. Got a date with the prettiest gal in Van Nuys, you know. In fact, I'm going to call her up around 3:30 this afternoon to tell her how much I love her. I was going to call her last night, but they stuck me on a detail and I didn't get a chance. Say, maybe you know this gal. You know Mary Ward don't you? Well, it's her sister.

By the way, it's only two more working days until my leave starts. So you'd better start planing on being bothered with me for the next seven days. I won't write tomorrow because I'll be coming home. Keep care of yourself, study hard and be a good girl. Write often, love me a lot and save some of those wonderful kisses for me.

All my love,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

P.S. You know what the first three means, but let's see you figure out the last one. It's a full sentence and makes sense. To check and see if you were right, look on the back of this page in the lower left-hand corner. Remember I love you very much. Good luck.

March 26, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling, I've only been away from you for 16 hours and already I miss you terribly. In fact, I missed you right after you left last night. I'm sitting here with my wallet open to your picture, trying to make believe that you're here in the room and all I would have to do to hold you in my arms is reach for you. But I'm afraid I'd be so disappointed that I guess you're safe for the time being.

Went down to the PX this afternoon and bought a pen and pencil set. Set me back \$11.75 and that's a lot of Yen in the PX. The Captain told me that our beds would be turned in Thursday morning, so it looks as though Thursday will be the day. I hear that we'll move out of here around midnight.

They just brought us back from a hike, and right now the men are cleaning their weapons. At least they're supposed to be cleaning them. Me, I'm writing to you and Tom is sleeping like a baby. I guess the men are doing the same thing.

Tonight we're going to sleep in our sleeping bags. Have to—they took all our blankets this morning. They also sent our duffel bags out, and if they should decide to keep me here, it's going to cost me a pretty penny to buy replacements. But if I could be near you for a while longer, I'd buy the Brooklyn Bridge.

You know I really have fallen for you, hook, line and sinker. I guess that I'm just stuck. And right off hand I can't think of anything nicer. Did I ever tell you that you're just about the cutest thing in Van Nuys? In the world? And did I ever tell you that I love you very, very much? Well, if I didn't, I am now because you sure are and I sure am.

Don't forget about Mama and ask Harvey to give you a big kiss for me. Make it two kisses. Say hello to everyone, and be sure to thank your folks for everything they did for me while I was home. Take care of yourself. Be sure and get good grades and don't forget to write. Remember that I love you very much and that I'll be back to claim you just as soon as I can.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

March 27, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling, I figure that you'll get this letter Thursday, and for us Thursday will be M-Day. The M stands for "moving." Then will come S, "shipping day" (which even I don't know) and after that L, "landing day." But the one that I want you to remember is R-Day. For R stands for "return," and that's the day I'll come scampering home to turn in my claim check and collect the richest prize in all the world.

There is not much new. Told you all about my knee on the phone tonight. By the way, thank your uncle for the X-rays he took of it. He was really swell, and I really do appreciate it.

They took us down to Theater #1 today to see some movies on Japan. Why they couldn't have taken us to Theater #2, which is right across the street, is beyond me, but then since I'm in the Infantry I guess they figure it's good for us to walk. The movies were about the progress that Japan is making toward Western governmental policies. The dialog was in Japanese, and the translation of what they were saying was flashed on the screen.

One was about fishing, the second about schools and the third about Town Halls. They all were on the same trend of thought, as they dealt with the ever-increasing voice of the Japanese people. I don't think that the boys really cared for it thought. But then it did give the troops something to do.

This morning we cleaned up the barracks (boy, are these things going to be clean by the time we leave), had an hour of exercise and played ball until noon. After lunch came the movies and then some dismounted drill until dinnertime. Boy, are my feet sore.

There is not much coming off, but what they do have, they drag out for a long time. Things sure get tiresome this way. Sergeant Hilts just walked in. I wouldn't want this to get out, but I think he is "pickled." In fact, I know he is. Right now, he's jumping up and down on his bed singing, "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy." And what am I doing? I'm sitting here trying to write love letters.

Speaking of love, did I ever tell you that I'm in love with Mary's _ _ _ _

'_ sister? Well, I sure am. In fact, I'm going to marry her. That is, if she'll have me. After all, I'm not as young as I use to be. All crippled up with arthritis and all that.

But if she'll have me, I'll promise that I'll love her forever and forever, and that I'll be kind to her and to all dumb animals, and that I'll take care of her and protect her until my dying day. Remember, I love you and be sure to write soon.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXX

March 29, 1951

Honey,

I just got finished talking with you on the phone, but I wanted to write this because it may be the last one that I'm going to be able to send to you for quite a while. Would you please make a copy of the enclosed map for Mom? I'm sending it to you because I thought it would be easier for you to copy than for her to. Be sure to explain to Mom why I sent it to you rather than to her. If you don't, her feelings might be hurt. Mama is funny that way.

Notice the key at the bottom of the map. It lists all of the major cities in Japan and next to each city is a number. This number is a code for the city. So if I send you an 11, it means I'm in or near Tokyo, and a 20 would indicate that I'm in or close to Nagasaki.

Since my letters may be censored, I'll need to disguise this number. I'll do this by bracketing the XXX'S (kisses) that I place at the bottom of the page. So if you get a letter with [XXX], count the X's and it will give you an idea of where I'm at. In this example, 3X's designates Shikoku. But remember, if the XXX's are not bracketed, I'm not giving you my location, but I'm sending you three big, loving kisses.

Now in case I'm not in the city, but to the North of it, I'll let you know this by beginning my letter with a big **N** for north or **S** for south, **E** for east or **W** west. So if my first paragraph starts with a big letter, look to see if there are bracketed XXX's at the bottom page. If so, count the number of xxx's and then look up that number on the map to determine what city I'm near.

Now for the test:
My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, there's not much new.
[XXXXXXXX]

So where am I at? That's right, I'm west of Hakodate, which would be a good trick, seeing as how Hakodate is a seaport and that would place me somewhere in the ocean. Either I'm on the General's yacht, or I'm all wet.

Now watch, after wearing out my new pen (to say nothing of my right hand) and using two bottles of ink, they'll keep me here. Boy, would that

hurt my feelings. But then we all have to make sacrifices.

Well, my dearest, I guess I don't have to tell you how much I love you or how much I hate going away. The thought just hit me how foolish I'd look if I didn't go. But then I'd much rather be a fool and be close to you than a genius some 4500 miles away.

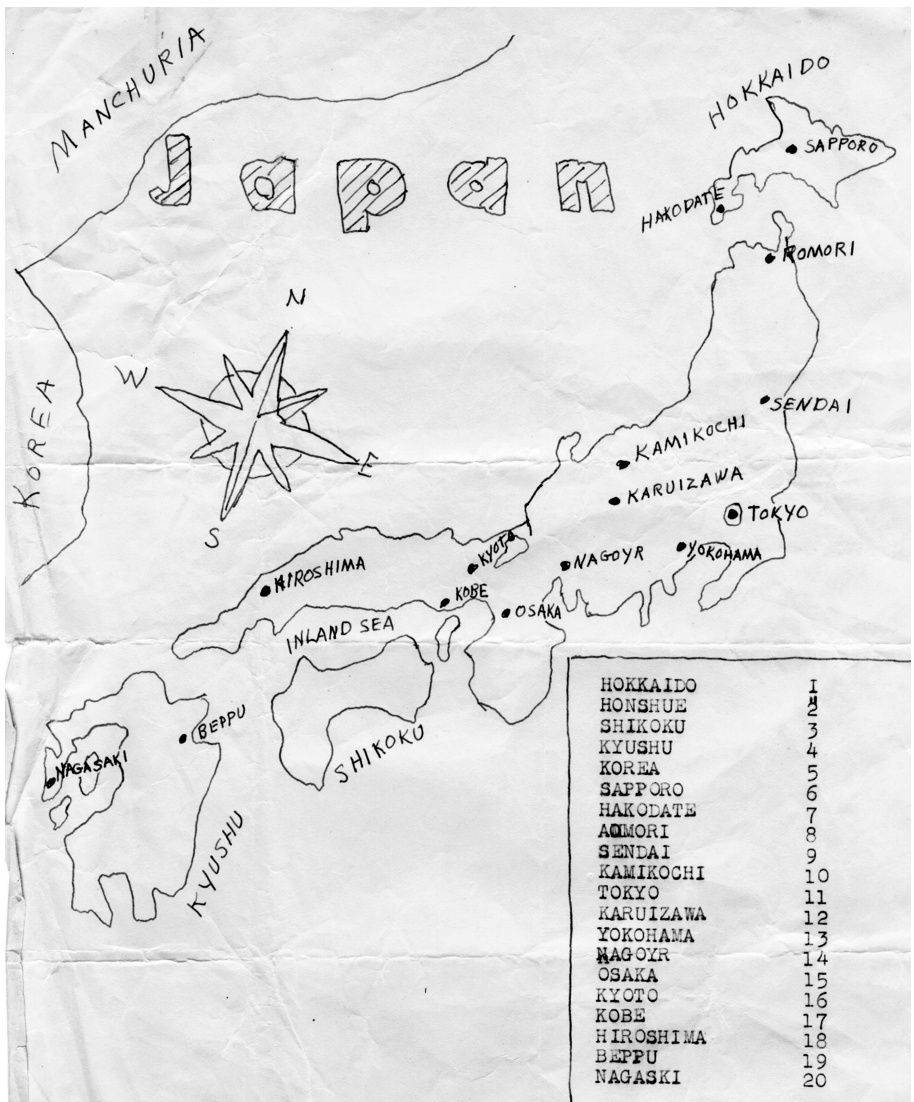
Since this is the last night for mail, I'm going to tell you some things. Betty, I don't want to sound corny, but I do want you to know that you're the only girl I've really cared for. I want you to know that I consider myself pretty lucky that a girl as beautiful and perfect as you would even look at me twice, not alone love me. I want you to know that I'm just as proud as proud can be to be associated with your name, and I want you to know and remember that you're the only girl I've ever loved. Please believe me when I say that I love you more than life itself and, if it were in my power, the world would be yours. Understand that this is not some kind of a line. I have, and always will, play square with you.

I believe that you're just about the most perfect person who ever breathed, (after Christ) and that I wouldn't have you change for all the tea in China. Remember, Betty, that I want you for my own. Go out and have a good time with other guys, but please Betty wait for me with a glow always in your heart. What I'm trying to say is that I love you and that I'm completely yours forever.

All my love for always and always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Hello Darling, I just finished talking to you on the telephone and already I miss you so much. I really don't know how I am going to get through the coming year without you; I feel so lonely sitting here writing to you. I really should say "typing" since I thought I would type this letter. I can get so much more on a page, as compared to writing it in longhand. So instead of writing several letters, I will

write you one long one, which will contain the same information and thoughts as several individual letters would, understand??? This way, I will write you every day because if nothing happened worth writing about, I can still say that I love you very very VERY MUCH every day without your having to open more than one letter for say about three days.

After you get to Japan and write back to me, I will try to write you every day even if all I have to say is that I love you more than anything. I also want you to write every chance you get, even if all you have to say is: "I love you." What am I saying "all you have to say"? Why, your love means more to me than anything else in the world and you had better not forget it.

I don't want you to worry about me because I will still be here when you come back. I will not only be here, but I will be waiting for you just like when you left. Maybe not just like when you left because I will be a little older and probably a bit different, but there is one thing that will never change and that is my love for you.

There is one thing that worries me. When I talked to you tonight, I told you I had said something to your mother about the way we felt about each other. Didn't you want me to say anything, Honey? As to what she said, I told you everything I could remember. We didn't talk about it very long because I was tired and went back to bed. Anyway, don't worry about it, time enough to worry when you come home, and I think that my parents will be one of the least of our worries. Well, I have to go wash my hair now, then do some homework so I'll stop this letter for today by telling you that I love you very much and wish you could be here with me now and always. Maybe someday it can be that way.

*All my love,
Betty*

March 30, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, this will be my last letter for quite a little while, as my ship sails at six this evening.

Right now I'm aboard ship waiting for something to happen. The train ride down wasn't bad at all, and from what I've seen of the ship, it's far above my first expectations. I got to ride next to the window on the way down; however, I slept most of the way, so it didn't do me much good. My bunk is located in an ideal place, as it's next to the latrine door. A mighty handy place to be, I'm told.

We left camp last night around 10:00 and arrived here about twelve hours later. "Here" is the San Francisco Port of Embarkation. The ship I'm on is the General M.C. Meigs. That is about all I know about the ship, except that the floor is cold. How do I know? I'm sitting on it that's why.

The beds are four tall and I'm in the third one. We're in "A" deck up towards the bow, and so if they sink the boat I haven't far to go.

There's a regular parade going back and forth to the latrine, men exploring the ship and all that, and I swear that every so-and-so that passed me either kicks, steps or falls all over me. Believe it or not, I'm beginning to lose my temper. Maybe this will explain why this letter is all jumbled up.

Well, Honey, that's about all there is to write about, so I guess I'd better close. Keep care of my girl for me and remind her that I love and miss her very, very much. Tell her folks hello and remind me to all of the gang. Goodbye for now, my Darling.

All my Love Always,

Bob

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Hi Honey,

Well, another day has gone by and that means just one less day

until you come home. Canoga Park beat us today in track. I can't remember the score, but it was something like 44-60. I guess that means we will be second this year again, darn it! There was a big argument about one of the races. A Canoga guy jumped the gun twice and was put out of the race. Boy, was the coach from Canoga mad; he argued for a long time, but I really couldn't see anything to argue about. Everyone could see that the guy jumped the gun. The coach, I don't remember his name, makes me so mad because he always seems that he is arguing about something. The guy from Canoga even started to cry. They put another guy in the race for Canoga, but we won that race.

The paper drive came off real good. We got 120 tons of paper; our goal was 100 tons, so it looks like we'll be awarded the Public Address System. We got 110 tons of paper and 10 tons of coat hangers, and my homeroom exceed our goal by over 200%.

It is late now and I am tired because I went to work right after the track meet; I didn't even have any dinner. Talking about work, we got robbed again tonight. It was my counter this time. I went to the counter next to mine to help some people, and when I came back all the bills were gone. You know that makes \$80 in three weeks. Worst of all, it comes out of Champ's pay. The store next to us was robbed of \$4000 last Friday night. It looks like someone is making some money, doesn't it?

Guess I will go to bed now, dream of you of course. How can I miss with Harvey sitting at the end of the bed and the other rabbit sleeping with me? Did I tell you that your mother got some frames for your pictures so they are hanging up just above my desk where I can look at you all the time? By the way, Mary Ann said to tell you that she was watching me for you and would write and tell you if I did anything unusual. But you really don't need to worry about me. You just watch those Japanese girls over there. Good night Darling, I love you very much.

*All my love,
Betty*

March 31, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today is our first day at sea and I now know why I joined the Army instead of the Navy. We left San Francisco Bay last night about 7:30 and right about now I figure we're about 450 miles out. That leaves only 4050 miles to go.

I stayed on deck last night when we left the harbor and took in all of the sights. We crossed under the Oakland Bridge, and as we did so, I couldn't help but remember last year about this time. I don't remember the exact date, but it was when Chet, Leni and I flew up for the Key Club convention at Berkeley. It must have been just before April Fool's Day because I remember writing that screwy article for the April Fool's issue of the school paper. That was the time we ditched Sunday night activities and hopped the Streetcar for San Francisco to take in the sights. We rode the Cable Cars and Chet played with the bell all the way to Fisherman's Wharf. There we split up and I went back to the "Y" and Chet and Leni, toured the town some more. When I took the Streetcar back across the bridge, I climbed aboard the wrong one and ended up in Oakland someplace, instead of in Berkeley. If you had told me then that this year I'd be sailing under that same bridge on my way to Japan, I think I would have had you "committed."

After passing under the bridge, we passed Alcatraz and then under the Golden Gate Bridge. The bridge was all lit up with yellow lights and as we passed under, the reflection shown on the water and the faces of the men. Get your paint set out and mix green and yellow together and you'll have an idea of what we looked like when we left the good 'ol USA. Things have been pretty calm so far, knock on wood, and so I've been getting along fine. That is I haven't dropped any biscuits yet.

Gee, I sure hope that you can read this thing. It really is the best I can do, as there just isn't any place to write. Right now, I'm sitting on my life preserver (which is lying on the floor) with my back against my pack, which is leaning against the wall. I'm using my right knee, along with my writing portfolio as a desk, with my arm resting on Tom's cot. It wouldn't be so bad, but this ship keeps rocking. First it goes up, and then it goes

down. Then over to the left, followed by a rocking to the right. Then it starts all over again. And to make matters worse, the troops keep falling all over me.

I just got back from dinner, and while there I found out that we're headed into a storm. Pardon me while I locate my steel helmet, which should last me until I reach the side. I also learned that we're sailing at 210 degrees at the rate of 19 knots per hour and that we're out 650 miles instead of 450. That makes it 3850 instead of 4050 to go.

For dinner, we had corn beef and cabbage, a boiled potato, coffee, chocolate cake, a peach, three olives and bread and butter. The mess hall is located near the middle of the ship, and there are no seats in it. When we eat, we eat off the tables that are waist high, and seeing there are no chairs, we stand up to eat. I don't know the reason for it, unless it's to get us out of the mess hall faster.

Tomorrow, I'm in charge of the KP Detail and with my luck we'll hit that storm just about then. Won't that be ducky? Storm on the outside, me on the inside. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow.

They're going to show a movie tonight at seven. It's an oldie, "I Was a Male War Bride" (I was waiting for that thing to run out of ink) with Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan. Guess I'll mosey on up and see it. There is not much else to do.

I slept pretty well last night and then I slept quite a bit today, so you can see I'm getting prettier every day. Speaking of being pretty, did I ever tell you you're pretty? Pretty what? Well, you're pretty wonderful, pretty beautiful, pretty nice, pretty pretty and pretty near perfect.

In fact you're so perfect, that I'm perfectly in love with you. In fact, I love you so much that I want to marry you just as soon as I can. How about you? Well, Baby, if I'm going to catch that movie I'd better close—and besides, there is nothing new to write about.

Be sure and keep care of yourself, and tell Harvey to give you a big kiss for me. Tell everyone hello, and remember I love you very very much. Be seeing you in my dreams.

All my love always,

Bob

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U. S. E. I

Dear Bob,

Here I am writing to you again. It kind of looks like this is going to become a habit. Mother said that she thought that I should write you every day because the Army loses so much mail, so I guess that this will be the last letter that I write like this. Oh well, I thought it was a good idea a couple of days ago.

I talked to your mother on the telephone tonight. She seems better about your going, though she still doesn't like it. But for that matter, neither do any of us. I will probably see her next week and tell her about the map that you sent me. I copied it this morning. I am going to give your mother the copy that you made because I can read the one I copied and maybe she couldn't. Besides, I'm sure that she would rather have the copy you made. How long did it take you to make it, Honey? It looks real nice, but there were a few things I couldn't make out. (But then you didn't expect me to be able to read everything you write, do you?) I should talk, given the way I spell and write. Of course, you know that I'm kidding. I can always read everything that you write to me (or guess at it).

You know how I was going to save all my money so we could have just the kind of wedding that I want to have? Well, this morning before work Vicki and I went shopping. We only had 20 minutes, but that was time enough. I bought 2 cashmere sweaters. They are real pretty; one is navy blue and the other is forest green. Oh well, I can start saving next week. Someday, maybe I'll have bought everything I could ever want; then maybe, I could save some money.

You remember how my fingernails were getting real long? Today I worked on plants all day and you ought to seem them. They are all broken off. Harvey also sprung a leak today because Mary played so hard with him. Don't worry, Mother fixed him up and he is all well again. I gave Mary a good scolding and I don't think that she will play with it again, not rough at least. I wouldn't have anything happen to Harvey for the world. He is sitting right here with me as I write this masterpiece of a letter. You are probably bored to death by now—see what you are in for?—at least for the next year. Just think: getting one of these masterpieces every day for a year! Every time I start writing you, it seems that I am going to bed afterwards, but I

am so tired I don't think that I will ever catch up on my sleep.

I was going over to Vicki's tonight to make a dress but Mother wouldn't let me. Just think, in a little over a year, I will have to ask you instead of Mother. You know I don't think you know what you are getting into. Or just how big of a problem I can be, but then I guess you have a year to think it over and, if you want to, to change your mind. If you do have second thoughts about us, be honest and write and tell me. I know you always have (at least I think you always have) been honest with me. Let's both always be honest with each other. That way, our love will be strong since it will be built on truth and trust.

You must not worry about me, or about losing me, because when you worry it worries me. If you don't trust me, or if we don't trust each other, we might as well quit now. Can't you see, Darling? When we are married, if there are any doubts, it will make us both unhappy? Being away from each other for so long will be a good test, and if either of us is going to changes their mind it will be best to find out now than later.

I want my marriage to be perfect, or as near to perfect as a marriage can get, and I think you will make a perfect husband. I only hope that when you get home you will still think that I will make a perfect wife—but I really don't think that either of us have anything to worry about, Darling.

I trust you more than I trust myself. I know that no matter how this all comes out that it will be for the best. I just hope that it comes out the way we hope and pray that it will. Well, Darling, I suppose it won't be too long before you come back to me, but right now it seems like it will be forever.

Take good care of yourself, Darling, and write when and every time you can and always remember that I love you more than anything.

All my love,

Betty

April 1, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

This is going to be the hardest letter that I've ever had to write. I guess that now that I've had time to think things over I realize what a mistake you and I made. I really am awfully sorry, Betty, but I just can't see any reason to fool around anymore. After all, I did promise that I'd let you know if my feelings ever changed for you and, Betty, I'm afraid they have. I just don't love you anymore and that's all there is to it. April Fool!

Boy, am I glad the above paragraph is over. No kidding, it was just about the hardest thing I ever wrote. I kept worrying about things like: "Will she get mad and quit reading this thing before she reaches the April Fool part?" Or "Will I hurt her?"

But then, I wouldn't feel right if I didn't get my little joke in, and I feel pretty safe that you'll read the whole letter. And if I hurt you, I'm sorry. But I figured you'd get a laugh at the April Fool part, so I stuck the joke in. But really, Honey, if I ever did break up with you, it would be me who would be the fool. In fact I'd be about the biggest fool alive.

And you know, it's a funny thing, but I don't even like to joke about it. So I'm going to quit writing such nonsense right now. So there!

Well, it's now 7:00 PM and I just got off KP Detail. Boy, that sure is a long hall from 4:00 in the morning until 6:30 at night. Just goes to prove what I've said all along: "What this Army needs is a union." Had a good bunch of boys to work with though and that made things a lot easier.

Went to the show last night and saw "Sugar Foot." I thought it was going to be, "I Was a Male War Bride" but they fooled me. Tonight they're showing "My Dream is Yours." I've seen it, but I guess I'll tag along anyway. There's nothing else to do.

We set our watches back one hour last night at 2:00 AM and we're to do it again tonight. Guess we're really traveling along. Of course, we don't get up at 2:00 AM to set them back. Most of us do it before we go to bed (that's what I do) or after they get up in the morning. Just goes to show you how smart we Army men are.

Things are a lot better today as the men are beginning to get their sea legs, and at long last, their stomachs are beginning to settle down.

I went to the Mormon Church service today, more for the kicks of it than for anything else.

While I was on KP I found a penny. And in case you don't know, when one finds a penny, it's considered lucky. So since it's a lucky penny, and since I love you so very much, I'm sending it to you. Of course, if you feel it's too expensive of a gift and you're concerned about what the neighbors will say, you can send it back.

Well, my Darling, that's about all the news for tonight so I guess it's about time to wind things up.

However, I haven't told you that I love you since yesterday's letter, and since I don't want you to forget it, I'll spoil you and say it once again. I love you very, very much. In fact, I love you more than dry land, and out here where all you can see is water, water, water, that's saying a lot.

You know I really do miss you and want you more than ever. When I get back from this mess, I'm hoping to find you waiting. Not "hoping," but "expecting" would be a better word for it because I really do believe that you love me. So, if you want to make me the happiest man in the world, just love me and wait—and you will.

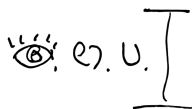
Sell hello to your mama, daddy, brother, sister, Shakespeare and all the rest of the family for me. And give my best to all the gang.

Be sure to keep care of yourself because, if anything ever happened to you, I think it would hurt me more than it would you, and I'm an awful sissy. Work hard in school and get that education for both of us. Remember, someone has to be able to help the kids with their homework. See you in my dreams.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Carol just left. We were doing our Chemistry and we have a notebook due Tuesday. I only have one more chapter to do, but it is the longest one. Jeanette was supposed to come over, too. I don't know what happened to her. Right now, I am listening to the baseball game and writing to you, of course. The Angels are winning 5-0 in the fourth. They won the first game 6-5 so this is just a seven-inning

game.

Haven't done much today. I went to church this morning as I always do on Sundays. Do you realize that this is the first Sunday since the first of the year that we haven't been together? To make matters worse, Mother and Dad went to my Great Uncle's for dinner and Mary went to visit my cousins, so until Carol came I was all alone. Now I am all alone again. It isn't quite so bad when there are people around, but when I am by myself I almost go crazy because I miss you so very much.

I guess I had better do some more homework. I don't think I will ever catch up. I love you remember—

*All my love,
Betty*

April 2, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Darling, today has been a dull day and for the life of me I don't know what I'm going to write about. Too bad someone can't fall overboard or do something on that order to liven things up.

Come to think of it, when I took Journalism, they taught us that when there wasn't any news we should go out and make some. Pardon me while I go give someone a push...

Sound: Splash

Man: Help! Help!

2nd Man: Man Overboard!

Dear Dearest Betty,

Tonight a man fell was pushed overboard. For the life of me, I can't figure out how it happened.

(Kind of Corny, Huh!) But a guy has to fill his letters with something.

Now here's something for the books. Just as I was writing the words above "I can't figure out..." Scott came over and told me that Schulte wasn't feeling so good. So, being a good Squad Leader, I put my letter aside and moseyed over to see what was up. Nothing was up, but things were sure "out," as low and behold poor ol' Schulte was all broken out with little red bumps. I think he's got the measles. In fact, now I know he's got them because the First Sergeant took him up to Sick Bay and he just came back to gave me the word. Funny thing, now that I know he has them, I itch all over. I sure hope that darn stuff doesn't spread. On a crowded ship like this, a measles epidemic could prove serious. Sure was nice of him though to come down with the measles just so I could have something to write home about. Remind me to buy him a basket of fruit or something. I'll keep you posted on how things turn out.

Well, this is the third day out and I figure are about 1400 miles out of San Francisco. That leaves 3100 miles to go. Tonight, they're showing "I Was a Male War Bride." I understand that this is the last picture that they have aboard, so after tonight my nights are going to be rather dull. Saw "Sugar Foot" last night, and although it wasn't super, it did pass the time.

Well I guess I'd better wind up today's edition, seeing as how I've got to get going if I'm going to find a piece of deck to sit on while I watch ol' Gary doing his stuff at tonight's picture show.

Remember, my Dear, that I love you very, very much and that I miss you almost as much as I love you. Remember too, my Darling, that I'll be home before you know it and then we can start our lives anew together...and if you wait for me, you'll make me the happiest man in the world.

Give your folks my best and tell Harvey to give you a great big kiss for me, just like I would do if I were there.

Remember the Alamo and also remember to love, miss and write me.

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
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U. S. U. |

Dear Bob,

Here it is only seven o'clock and I have all my homework done, even got my Chemistry Notebook finished. I think I ought to go out and celebrate or something.

I got your letter today. You said it would be the last one for "quite a little while." Well, you had just better have been writing every chance you get on the boat because I expect at least a book when you are able to send a letter. After all, just think of all the time you had on the boat unless you got so sick that you couldn't write—but then that's no excuse because you just shouldn't get sick.

My cousins from Lompoc were down last night. They came to look at a car and ended up buying new Mercury. It is a real pretty gray, etc.

Vicki came from Iowa and she said that she used to live in Webster City, which is only 100 miles from Graceland College. Vicki just loves it back there. In fact, she would much rather live back there than out here and would move back if she had the chance. Mrs. Seager said she thought they made Graceland a four-year college. Vicki said that Graceland is real good in sports and that they use to play them in basketball all the time. The way Vicki talks about it, it

sounds like a real fine college and ought to be lots of fun. Since Vicki talked to me, I like the idea of going there much better. In fact, if it is like Vicki says, it would be just the kind of college I would like to go to.

I was just fooling around today and I figured out, approximately, how much the kind of wedding I would like to have would cost. It came out to around \$500. Oh well, I can dream, can't I? You know, if you've changed your mind and decided not to marry me it would save us both a lot of money.

Goodbye for today, Honey, I'll try to write again tomorrow.

All my love,

Betty

P.S. I can just see you when you get all these letters. With your mother writing every day, me writing every day and everyone else that writes to you, it will be weeks before you can read them all. Maybe I shouldn't write so much?

April 3, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

This has been just one of those lazy summer afternoons when my Mother used to make me mow the lawn. Strangely enough, it started out as a threat. When I got up, it was raining and everyone was worried that this ocean we're a-traveling-on would up and rock the boat. But the lazy ol' sun popped out from behind a cloud and cleared things up. I don't believe I've ever seen water the color it was today. It was brilliant and I can think of no words to describe it.

The sun beat down upon us and it gave you that lazy feeling you get when you're nice and warm and all comfortable. I laid around on the deck for the better part of the day, just reading and chewing the fat until it was chow time and then I moseyed down to the mess hall to stuff myself like a fat little pig.

Leona's birthday is coming up and tonight I'm going to make her a record. I figure she will get a kick out of it. A ship's officer is cutting the records for a buck, so I figure I can't lose much. I would also like to have one made for you and Mom, but there's only one to a customer. When I get to Japan, I'll keep my eyes open. Maybe I'll find a place to make one for each of you. We set our watches back another hour tonight, which will put us three hours ahead of you. I always did tell you that I was way ahead of you.

Well, Honey, that's about all that happened today except that we did have a fire drill. All it entailed was that we went below, put our life jackets on and returned topside. Not much news value in that. Since I'm running out of news, I guess I'd better close for now. Remember that I love you very, very much and that I'm three hours ahead of you. Take good care of yourself and tell your mama and papa and everybody else hello for me. Write as soon as you can and remember I miss you almost as much as I love you. Boy, am I in a rut! See you in my dreams.

All my love for always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

It is raining hard now, first time it has rained in ages. What did I do today? Nothing, absolutely nothing, except to go to school of course. We didn't even have G.A.A. after school tonight. I usually have archery; that is really a joke—you should see me shoot an arrow.

Russell said that they had a couple more lessons done. I told him to call your mother, but then I have been telling him that for the past two weeks. However, from what he said, I guess things are coming along better now.

I drove again today. Mr. Starr took me out this time and I seem to be getting better. If I keep improving, I should be an expert by the time you get home. I just hope you don't wait that long before you come home. A lot you have to say about it, I know. Do they censor my letters, too?

You know that I miss you very much. It hasn't even been a week since I last saw you, but time has gone so slowly it seems like a year.

All my love,

Betty

April 4, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

In yesterday's letter, I made a slight error. It seems that we are three hours behind you, rather than the other way around, and to make matters worse you're going to gain another hour tonight. Woe is me! Every time I open my big mouth, something happens, and what's worse, it happens to me. But then I guess this is just one of the evils of life that all men must face.

There's not much doing, Honey, so it's getting harder and harder to make these letters sound newsy. I sure hope that I'm not boring you with all this stuff and nonsense, but I want to write you every day while I've got the chance to let you know that I'm thinking about you every day.

I'm afraid that when you receive all these letters at the same time you'll be just a wee bit bored, but I'm hoping that you miss me so much that you'll be relieved to hear from me. Now you know how much I think of myself.

Well, Baby, there's no news and I've got some washing to do so I guess I'll bring this masterpiece of stupidity to a close.

Remember, my Darling, that if you should ever change your mind to be sure to let me know and remember too that I love and miss you more and more every day. Keep care and tell everyone hello for me. Be seeing you in my dreams.

All my love for always,

Bob

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U.S. U.]

Dear Bob,

Aren't I good? I have written you every day since you left. Of course I haven't said anything, but at least I let you know that I am thinking about you (not just when I write the letter, but all the time). You see, Darling, I happen to love you very much and miss you

terribly.

I bowled this afternoon and didn't do very well, bringing my average down seven whole points. Now it is only 93. I bowled a 63 in the first game (isn't that awful?) then 109 in the second game.

I went to a Girls Activity Board meeting at noon. Your mother called tonight and I'm going over to see Leona with her tomorrow. I think that's everything of interest that happened today. Now that you have the daily report from my house, I will go to bed as I always seem to do after writing to you. I just want you to know that I love you very much.

*All my love,
Betty*

April 5, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling, tonight I have something to write about. First of all, today was Leona's birthday; secondly at 11:00 PM we pass Midway, and thirdly tomorrow at 9:30 AM, Friday becomes Saturday. Yes sir, at long last I have some material.

First of all, today was Leona's tenth birthday and, believe it or not, the gang and I had one rip-roaring of a time celebrating it. Sergeant Jones, who is the biggest nut in the crowd, pulled out his book of matches and since we had no cake, he stuck ten of them into a pear. Then we all sang a quick Happy Birthday and all of us blew. They all went out, so Leona gets two wishes this year instead of just one. Of course, half of the Mess Hall thought we were crazy. The other half wanted to know what we did with the bottle. Anyway, we had a good time.

Second new item: Tonight at around 11:00 PM the General M.C. Meigs, along with the troops of the 40th Division that it is transporting to Japan, will pass Midway Island. As you will recall, Midway was the field of many a bloody battles in the Second World War and the 40th is thankful that this is 1951 instead of 1941. The ship's Captain informs us that we will not get any closer than three miles to the island because of orders from the Navy Department. Bob Anderson, noted military genius, is planning to stay awake to witness the event. This will mark the first time that he's seen land, or should we say lights, since leaving San Francisco last March 31.

Third News item: Tomorrow morning, which happens to be Friday, will become Saturday at 9:30 AM when we cross the International Date Line. When I mail this letter, I'm enclosing a copy of the Ship's Newsletter so you can read all about it. By the way, when I cross the Date Line I will be ahead of you by approximately twenty hours. I always did say I was way ahead of you. So there!

However, I still love you very, very much. In fact I love you very, very much a lot. In fact, I love you very, very much madly. In fact, I love you very, very, very much. In fact, I love you very, very, very much a lot. In fact, I love you very, very, very much madly. In conclusion, I love you.

Keep care and give my best to your folks. Say hello for me and remember:

All my love for always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

I didn't have time to write you last night because I didn't get in until late, so I'll write you now, then again tonight so I will still have written you every day. Right now, I'm in a Radio Speech.

Yesterday, as you know, was Leona's birthday. Your mother came over after school and we went over to Claudia's. Leona got a lot of nice things, but I guess she will tell you about them. Of course, she liked the skates you gave her best. She liked the telegram too and didn't even think that you really didn't send it. Leona has your letters all tied up with a red ribbon. I think the only thing she didn't get her for her birthday was your being able to be there, but of course we all want that. I explained the map to your dad, Claudia and your mother so I think they understand it. Stan says that your letters will not be censored, so try to tell me where you are and let's see what happens.

Last night, I went bowling at the Sunset Bowling Alley. I didn't bowl very well, 95 and 103. We had lots of fun. We got home around 9:30. After we took Jeanette home, they were to take me home but somehow we got to talking and Vicki, Blake, Jack, Richard and I ended up playing basketball until around 11:00. I think it all started because our cat "Ruby" had kittens yesterday afternoon and they had to see them.

Well I have a History test that I haven't even studied for, but that isn't unusual. Anyway, I had better look at my notes, so goodbye for now, Darling. Take care of yourself and remember that I love you very much.

All my love,

Betty

April 6, 1951

Dear Bob,

Hi Honey, just got home from school. They had a track meet at Franklin, so there was no sixth period. I would have gone, but work, you know. Also we lost the gym meet to North Hollywood by two points?

How do you like the picture in the article that I enclosed about that Key Club? I think it is terrible. Our cat "Ruby" had three kittens so now we have five cats; only five because Dad got mad at the little black one and took it to the pound.

Honey, I am going to a dance at the J. C. with John Moriarity. It will be fun and he knows that we go together, etc. I think it will be the kind of date that I will want to have while you are gone. I probably won't go out too much because I really don't want to, but you know how it is. I know that this will be all right with you because you know John, etc.

They elected the Ephebians. They are: Bob Rutter, Bruce Cathcart, Jim Defrates, Dolores Marino, Kate Zimmerman, Russell Johnson, Joe Peters, Ruth Hurlbert and Jerry Laden.

Guess what? I got an "A" on a Trigonometry test. It was on a chapter that I didn't even understand. We are having a big test Monday. Have to help Mother get dinner now.

Gee, I miss you, Darling. I sure wish you were here talking to me. Then I wouldn't have to write you a letter. That makes sense, doesn't it? Anyway I love you a whole lot.

*All my love always,
Betty*



"EVERYBODY'S HAPPY!" is assurance of members of Van Nuys High School Key Club and their girl student guests, shown during gala dinner party hosted by club members at Kover's Bull Pen, Sherman Oaks. Seated from left are Robert Anderson, vice president; Betty Ward, Ellen Weber, John Woodyard, vice president; Mrs. Felix Subject, Mr. Subject, sponsor; Mrs. Paul H.

Roose, and Mr. Roose, co-sponsor. Second row: Charlene Barnum, Sandra Squillace, Leslie Jones, Nancee Smith, Ed McMillan, Lynn Mayre, David Folz, Mary Bray, George Krueger, and Arthur Stroud, secretary. Third row: Don Markham, Ross Reed, Crosby Newton, Jerry Laden, Dick Baker, Victor Lewis, Suzanne Folsom, Claudia Howalt, and Bill Karabinus.

Herb Carleton photo

Key Club Hosts 'Better Halves' at Dinner Party

One of the liveliest student groups on Van Nuys High School campus is the Key Club, composed of men students selected on basis of scholarship, athletics, leadership and participation in school extra-curricular affairs.

The local Key Club proved this conclusively with a "ladies night" held during Easter vacation when the majority of its members hosted their fair damsels at a dinner party in Kover's Bull Pen, Sherman Oaks, taking over the large private dining room for this purpose.

Sponsored by Kiwanis

Key Club President John Woodyard, squiring Ellen Weber, conducted the meeting which combined a brief business session with a longer period of general social camaraderie and viewing of motion picture travel films.

Faculty members Felix Subject and Paul H. Roose, co-sponsors of the club, were present with Mmes. Subject and Roose as honor guests. Likewise sharing honors were Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Mendenhall, representing Van Nuys Kiwanis Club.

Key Clubs are instituted and

sponsored in high schools throughout the United States, Canada, Alaska and Hawaii by Kiwanis Clubs, and the local Key Club was formed and chartered by Van Nuys Kiwanis in 1948 during Mendenhall's presidency of the service organization here. He addressed the group briefly on the advantages and responsibilities of Key Club membership.

All Girls Well Pleased

Crosby Newton and Ross Reed of the Key Club at San Fernando High School, attended the dinner and showed color travel films on South America, furnished by Dodge Truck Division.

And the young ladies? Attractively frocked and coliffured, they gaily wore the corsages provided by Key Club escorts, and pronounced the evening "one of the best ever."

April 7, 1951

My Wonderful Betty,

Today I got tired of saying the same old thing, day in and day out, and so I decided to live dangerously and start my letter out differently. This accounts for the Wonderful instead of Dearest. Of course you're still my Dearest, but you're also Wonderful so I decided to put some spice in this communication.

We crossed the International Date Line this morning, which means that today is the 7th instead of the 6th. They had a shindig back on the Sun Deck in honor of this great event so Sergeant Smith and I moseyed on back to take in the goings-on. It wasn't bad, but it wouldn't last long on Broadway either. Our Dance Band played some numbers and a couple of Hams cracked some corny jokes. Then the Ship's Chaplain presented the Crossing Certificates to the Colonel and to some PFC who represented the Enlisted Men aboard ship. The Colonel, of course, stood in for the Brass. All the rest of us will get our Certificates sometime tomorrow. The First Sergeant is handling the distribution.

Remember I told you that our song would be "I'll Be Loving You Always"? Well, we've now got some new words for it. They go something like this:

*I'll be overseas Always
With the Japanese Always
Not for just a day, not for just a month, not for just a year, but Always,
Always
I'll be a PFC Always
Yes, oh yes-sir-eee Always
Not for just a day, not for just a month, not for just a year, but Always*

All I've got to say is that the guys aboard this tub have a lousy sense of humor. By the way, there are more words to the song, but they get a little nasty as they go along, so I quit while the quitting was good.

We passed Midway last night and after staying up half the night to watch it, I was somewhat disappointed. All I could see were two lights. One blinked on and off and the other kept going around and around. So after watching the lights go on and off and around and around I went below and

hit the sack.

After the Ceremonies this morning, I had lunch, showered, washed my clothes, shaved, cleaned my teeth and then combed my hair. Then I washed my towels, attended a Fire Drill, went to the P.X. and ate dinner. After dinner, I sat down and started writing this letter, so you can see how much I do every day. The washing wouldn't have taken so long except all four hundred of the Bendix's were out of order, so I had to do them by hand. Tell me, will you still love me regardless of my rough, red hands?

Sergeant Evans just dropped by and gave me a book to read. It's "Rookie of the Year" by John R. Tunis and is, of course, a baseball story. This one should be a relief. So help me, if anyone's murdered in it, I'm throwing it overboard. No kidding, so far 've read five books on this voyage and all of them have had a least one person bumped off.

Well, Darling, I'm running out of news items, not to mention pencil lead, and so I guess it's just about closing time. But before I close, I want to tell you that I love your more than life itself and that I want you more than ever.

Remember, my Darling, the times we've spent together and remember too, that I'll come home to you. It may be a little while, but with God's help, I'll return and when I do I'll make all the lost time up to you.

Give my love to your folks and say what's to be said to everybody for me. Tell Harvey to give you lots and lots of kisses and make believe they're from me. I'll be seeing you in my dreams.

All my love for always,

Bob

XXXXX

Eye. U. |

Dear Bob,

Hello Honey, well here I am again, same old girl—well, not so old, only 16. This is just to let you know I am still living, but that's about all. There is only one thing wrong. The trouble is that that one thing is everything and nothing else really matters. Honey, if I could only see you once in a while everything would be perfect; as it is, nothing seems to be really right without you.

Tonight, I went to the show and saw "Born Yesterday" (again)

with Jeanette. Darling, do you realize that tonight was the first time I have gone to a show without you all year? You don't know how empty I felt; so lonely, just as if nothing really mattered anymore. I don't mean to sound this way and make you worry; it's just that I don't want you to worry that I won't be waiting for you when you come home. I know there are times that I get to thinking—and I can even talk myself into thinking that you don't love me, and that you have more doubts about me than I have about you. So, I think that if I can talk myself into thinking that, [I wonder] what you might talk yourself into. If you don't understand all this, that's all right. At least, I know what I am talking about. It is just that I want you to know that I really do miss you. Gee, how I miss you—so much that it isn't good for me.

We are running a hotel here. Grandmother and Granddad are down from Santa Barbara. Chet didn't come this time, but Nancy is spending the weekend with Mary and Jeanette is spending the night with me. I worked all day as I usually do on Saturdays—at least, it is becoming usual.

And I'm still worried about your reading all the letters you'll receive when your ship docks; and I say to myself "I wouldn't be surprised if you didn't read all of my letters"—and after all the work I went to in writing them! Then I say, "If I received a whole bunch of letters at the same time from you, I know I would read all of them in one sitting." Now I am mad!

Now a word from our sponsors, the people who give me my bread and butter, and I quote: "Betty Anne go to bed"! Tomorrow, we'll will get back to our story, so to find out just how mad I am now, open up my next letter (see what a silly girl you have for a girlfriend; boy are you stuck!).

*All my love always,
Betty*

April 8, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, today marked our eighth day at sea and with every passing day we get closer and closer to Japan. You know, it's funny, but now that I'm away from home and know I won't get back until this job is done, I wish that this tub would put on the steam. I guess it's the monotony of the cruise, but I'm looking forward to planting my two feet on solid ground—even Japanese ground. Sure wish this tub was headed west instead of east, but my turn will come in due time.

Today is Sunday. At least it is Sunday out here. Back home where you are, it's Saturday. This week we didn't get a Saturday—too bad, because I won't be able to take another bath for a whole week.

I kept thinking all day long about what we would be doing tonight if I were home with you. Then I looked at my watch and realized that it was 2:35 AM in California, so most likely you are tucked away in your nice, warm bed. Now I'm wondering what you're dreaming about, and I'm crossing my fingers and hoping that it's me. You see how selfish I am, always thinking about myself. But then you really can't blame me because I love you so very much. It's only natural that I want that love returned. You see, I'm nuts about you and there just seems to be no cure, not that I want to be cured, mind you. Honey, I can hardly wait until I get back home and we can be together again.

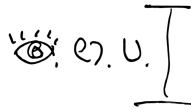
I just read this letter over and I'm afraid it sounds just a bit corny. I guess this love letter stuff isn't up my line, but at least you'll know that I'm thinking about you along with keeping you posted our on trip across the Pacific.

Since this was Sunday, I got together with some fellows from my church and we held our own service. It wasn't as good as back home, but I enjoyed it more than the Mormon service last Sunday. Today I also finished "Rookie of the Year" and managed to get an extra scoop of strawberry ice cream at lunch. Yes sir, I'm a man of many accomplishments.

Well, Darling, that's about it, so I'd better sign off. Tell your mama and daddy hello for me and remind me to all the gang. Be sure, my Darling, to

keep good care of yourself and be sure to get the most out of school while you've got the chance. Just think of our kids. If things work out the way I plan, they'll have an old man that won't be able to spell, do math or speak algebra. So, helping them with their homework will be your responsibility. Remember, I miss you almost as much as I love you. See you in my dreams.

All my love always,
Bob
XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Still mad; not really, how can I be mad at you?

Went to church this morning, then Jeanette and I worked on the Dance Committee files all afternoon and we finally have them all up to date.

I went over to Uncle Maitland's (Dr. Dirks) for a while this evening, then came home and went to Luther League. Now that you have the daily report, you can see that I haven't been a bad girl or anything like that. Not that you need to worry (Ha Ha), because you know that:

Didn't know I could draw, did you? Probably still don't. Just you wait—sometime when I have more time I will write you a whole letter in pictures. I hope you know I expect an answer to every one of these letters I am writing you. By the time you get the chance to mail a letter, you ought to have at least one book written. That's all for now I am afraid—there will be more tomorrow.

*All my love always,
Betty*

April 9, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, I just got back from a Non-Com meeting and it seems that we've had it. They gave us the low down on what we are to look like when we disembark from the ship, and the only thing that they neglected to tell us to do was to pluck our eyebrows. But then they can't think of everything, can they?

There is not much new except that it's getting hotter and hotter as we go along. Right now, the sweat is running down my back and, boy, do I wish you were here to scratch it. I keep watching for the first star every night, and when I see it, I always make the same wish. I figure if I wish hard enough and long enough that my wish will come true. And when it does, you'll make me the happiest man in the whole wide world.

We passed a ship today and a rumor spread like wildfire that it was carrying our equipment. Who know? Never can tell about rumors. I laughed at the one that said we were going to Japan and look where I am today. Oh well, into every life some rain must fall.

We're to land in Yokohama on Wednesday or Thursday and then we'll take a six-hour ride train ride. Once again, I'm not laughing.

Well, Honey, I guess it's old hat to tell you that I'm nuts. Nuts about you, that is. In fact I even think I love you—just a wee-bit. But then how can a guy help but love anything as lovely as you? Yes sir, you're just about the cutest little thing that lives in Van Nuys—next to me, that is. But then I really don't count, seeing as how I can't claim Van Nuys as my residence at the moment.

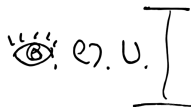
Well it's about time for me to sign off. Tell your folks hello for me, give my love to the gang and tell Harvey to give you a big kiss for me. And remember to keep care of yourself, to study hard and to write real soon.

Sergeant Reese just came by and told me a cute story. It seems that in WWII, a buddy of his wrote home every day. Every day he wrote to his girl. He wrote no matter where he was, or what he was doing, and when he got home, what did he find? His girl had married the postman.

All my love always,
Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

P.S. By the way, what does your postman look like?



Dear Bob,

Hi Honey, how are you today? I didn't do much of anything today. At noon, I went to an Entertainment Committee meeting for the "Frolic." Guess who we are going to have come? Margaret Whiting (spelled something like that) you know who I mean, the singing star. I sure wish you could be here for my "Frolic." Why don't you just swim over for the day? You said that you would do anything for me.

I had a Trigonometry test today. It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be, but it wasn't good either. I also had a Spanish test that was worse and I may have failed it—so I get a "B" instead of an "A," who cares? I know, Honey, I should take school more seriously and all that. Maybe I will be sorry later, we'll see, and you'd better be around to find out.

I am going to a Dance Committee meeting tonight that might be interesting because Jeanette and I made a list of who had worked and for how long at the last dance, so a few of the kids will probably get it. See how mean I am? But "Doc" said to make the list, so I did. If I have time when I get home tonight, I will write and tell you about it.

Love,

Betty

P.S. I found the clipping about Tom on the front page of the Van Nuys News today.

April 10, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Thought I'd jot down this little message of love while I wait for the chow line to shrink. There's not much news, except that tonight we turn in all of our U.S. Money. A boat is to meet our ship when we get to Yokohama for the purpose of exchanging our U.S. Dollars and they need to know how much Yen and Script they'll need in order to make this exchange. Script is money that can be used only at U.S. Government businesses, such as the PX, and Yen is used off the Post. The funds cannot be interchanged. That is, Script cannot be used off Base and Yen cannot be used on the Post.

It's really going to be fun keeping track of all this money. I now have \$40.00. If I were to exchange this for Yen, I'd have 14,400.00 Yen to stack neatly away in my billfold. But then, that's only 16 bills to keep track of: 14 thousand Yen notes and 2 two-hundred Yen notes. So you see, it won't be as bad as it seems. At first, I thought the Japanese only had one bill, the Yen. So I had visions that come pay day, they'd pay me my \$113.65 in Yen at the rate of 360 to one. That would give me 58,680 pieces of paper (not counting the sixty-five cents) to keep track of. I can just see me going into a store to buy a penny postcard, pulling out my suitcase, placing my hand inside and pulling out a Yen and then saying: "Keep the change. I'm rolling in the stuff." So you can see how lousy rich I am.

Another newsworthy note is our Debarkation Drills. That's when everyone packs everything he owns, squares his pack, cleans his weapon, showers and shaves, changes his underwear and shines his shoes, just to go out on deck and stand in formation for about twenty minutes. Then we come back and tear our packs apart because we need our toothpaste. Thank goodness, there isn't another Debarkation Drill tomorrow.

With this letter, I'm sending you another ship's paper. I would have sent you all of them, but they are rather scarce and I figured that you might not want them cluttering up your house. But they do give you an idea of what's going on aboard this ship. Be sure to note the rabbit joke. I think it's kind of cute.

Here's some more fill for this letter. SFC Reese and I were talking

today on just about everything, when the subject of girls came up. He's married. Anyway, since the subject was girls, and you're a girl, I started bragging and flashing your photo around and telling everyone that you're not only the best looking girl in Van Nuys, but also the smartest, kindest, nicest and every other good thing that I could think of. To which Reese remarked "You should have married her before you left."

Then the subject got around to kids. This time, it was his turn to flash pictures. And flash them, he did. He's got more pictures of his kids than anyone else on board. Well, he was stealing the show; not to be outdone, I said that Betty is going to have twins. He looked at me and a smile came across his lips. Then he looked me straight in the eye and said, "See, I told you that you should have married her before you left."

I told him I was kidding, but I'm never going to live this down. Already, the First Sergeant has asked me if I wanted to fill out an allotment form for dependents and the Captain has had a heck of a good time kidding me with his man-to-man talk. And every man in the Company is calling me "Pop." You see, I always did tell you that you were more trouble than you're worth. So if I come home and we're walking down the street and we run into one of my old Army buddies and he says "Hi Ya, Pop", he's talking about your twins and not about some kids in Japan.

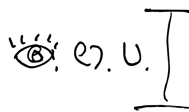
I'm also sending you a book on Japan and another one on Korea. The Secretary of Defense puts them out, but don't believe everything you read in them. I'm told that it's not as pleasant over here as the books make it sound. So when I write and tell you about had bad this is, and how bad that is, don't turn to page 16 and say: "Just as I thought, he's a stinking liar." Just take my word for it.

Well, Honey, it's just about time to close shop so I guess I will. Keep care of yourself and study hard. Tell your folks hello for me and also give my best to the gang. Remember I love you and I wouldn't trade you for a double hot fudge sundae—not even out here.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

 Bob

Dear Bob,

I read in the paper today that part of the 40th has arrived in

Japan; Yokohama, to be exact. I guess you will probably arrive there tomorrow, won't you, since you said it took 12 sailing days?

Today I went to G.A.A. Archery. I'm getting better—at least now I hit the target once in a while and sometimes I even hit the bull's-eye.

Chet is coming down this weekend and I think Grandmother is coming with him so she can have some x-rays taken.

Honey, did I ever tell you that I love you very much and miss you? Well, I can't say how very much I love you and miss you. Darling do you realize that it will be 14 days tomorrow since I have seen you; it really doesn't seem like 14 days, more like 14 months.

How was your boat ride, Honey? Did you enjoy your pleasure voyage? Anyway, it ought to be interesting over there in Japan.

Write me often, Honey, but I guess I really don't need to ask you to do that since I know you will if you can.

*All my love always,
Betty*

April 11, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, if ol' Davey Jones is going to make me seasick, he'd better do it fast because we're only 36 hours away from Yokohama. At least we're scheduled to land then (then being 5:00 AM on Friday.) Note that's Friday the 13th.

Corporal Lovejoy, who is pulling Corporal of the Guard today, just told me that right now we're just coursing up and down the coast, killing time until the rest of the convey catches up to us. This makes sense because as of yesterday noon we were 4,432 miles from San Francisco, and according to my math, that would leave us 68 miles from Yokohama. There's just no way that it would take us 36 hours to cover that distance. The way I see it, ol' Daniel (nickname for the General) wants to make one big splash all at once. Oh well, my worrying about it isn't going to get us there any sooner.

Today was washday, and a typical washday it has been. We had the worst weather we've had on the trip. It started raining early this morning and has kept it up all day long. Then, too, we've been drifting around in a fog and all that's needed to make the setting complete is a good size gale. I'd better keep my big mouth shut before I give one of these so-called "water gods" a bright idea.

You should have seen us though—everyone running around in our shorts, waiting for our pants to dry. This wash idea wasn't ours; it was the brain child of the Colonel. No kidding, I think the ol' boy is going off his rocker. He sure pulled some boners on this trip. I really think that some of our men would just as well shoot him as the North Koreans. Most of us are looking for him to be replaced once we come under the jurisdiction of the 8th Army. The 8th Army is the same as the Far East Command.

Well, Honey, that's all the news there is today so I guess I'd better close with today's thought. I compose it myself:

In fourteen hundred and ninety two
Columbus sailed the ocean blue.
In nineteen hundred and fifty two

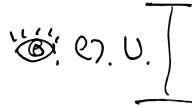
Anderson sailed it back to you.

Of course we're talking about two different oceans, but that's beside the point. Remember that I love you. See you in my dreams.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Just got home from work. Mother called me at bowling and said that Sears wanted me to come to work, so I worked until 10 o'clock. It was only fun. We marked stock and made tickets. Vicki and Carol worked, too, so altogether there were four of us girls and George and Champ. And, boy, did we have a riot.

I bowled 101 and 113 today. We only have a good bowling team (for us that is). Jane and Lucy both bowled over 150 today.

Just call me a brain. I got an A on my History tests and a B on my Trigonometry test. We get our grades the first of next week.

I talked to Ross today and he said he had completed four lessons but that he thought things would go faster now that they've gotten into it. They're going to bring them to school tomorrow and I will give them to your mother as soon as I can.

I have to go to bed now, Honey, so I'll write you again tomorrow (I think). Always remember, I love you very very much, even more.

Lots of love always,

Betty

April 12, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Darling, ol' Davie Jones took me at my word. Never have I seen waves as big as those that are tossing this tub around; and talk about wind! It's been blowing harder than at a Democratic Convention. No kidding, the ol' M.C. Meigs is really rocking, but so far, I'm holding out (or should I say holding it in). Anyway, if I can last the rest of the night, I'll win out.

The story about MacArthur broke in tonight's paper. We heard rumors about it last night though. One of the cooks claims he heard it on the radio, but no one else did, so we didn't know if he was pulling our leg, or what. At any rate I don't like it. First of all, Mac wasn't doing a bad job, and secondly, Ridgeway who is replacing him, is the bird that's been yelling for more troops in Korea. So, I may be earning my Combat Infantrymen's Badge real soon, seeing as how the Red have committed 18 new Divisions to the fight and we're going to become available around 5:00 AM tomorrow.

There's a big rumor going around that we're going to land at Pusan, instead of Yokohama, but I doubt it. Mind you I'm not laughing—just doubting it. If it were so, I think they would have known by now. But then you can NEVER tell what THIS Army is going to do. anyway, don't worry about it, as worrying never does any good. Perhaps I shouldn't write about this kind of stuff, but I figure you want to know what might happen. I'll keep you posted about what I'm doing as best I can.

Boy, this ship is really tossing. First it will go down, then it will go up, and then come down with a crack that sends everyone and everything flying every which way. Boy, what a life. Well, like I'd said, this is our last night out. Just think, tomorrow night I might be sleeping in a bed that doesn't go up and down, or this way and that way. That is when I'll start living again.

This may be my last letter for two or three days. I really don't know. A lot will depend on where they send us and how long it takes us to get there. But just as soon as I'm settled I'll be wearing out the ol' pen and pencil again. As we go along tomorrow, I'll try to get something off to you.

I'm hoping that there will be mail waiting for us when we land. Honey, I sure do miss you, so you be sure to write as often as you can. That way, knowing what's happening back home, I can pretend that you're not so far away. But the real consolation will be knowing that you still think enough of me to write.

I don't know what I keep worrying about except I can't figure out what a girl like you sees in a guy like me. I guess I'm just worried that you'll change your

mind, but Honey, I sure hope not. You see, even though I'm sort of stupid, along with a lot of other things, I do love you. I love you more than anything, and because of that love, I'll do anything in this whole wide world for you. So maybe on that basis, you'll put up with me. Baby, I sure hope so.

I don't want this letter to sound corny and I'm afraid that it does, but I'm having a hard time putting my feeling on paper. I want you, and I want you bad! Maybe I don't deserve you, but I still want you, and dad-rat-it I'm going to do everything I can to keep you. Maybe this has put things in a less corny way. Briefer anyway.

Well, Darling, it's just about time to close since 2:00 AM (when we get up tomorrow) comes awfully early in the morning.

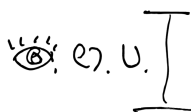
Tell everyone hello for me and give your folks my best. Folks include Chet, Mary and Harvey.

Remember, my Darling, I love you. See you in my dreams.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

 E. U.

Dear Bob,

I am in Radio Speech now and half of the kids went to the movie, so there's nothing else to do. But I really owe you a letter for last night so count this one for yesterday and I will write you again tonight. That way, I will have written you every day, but don't count on this forever—you know I run out of things to say.

I didn't get home until 12:00 last night, that's why I didn't write. Our "Y" Club went swimming at the Chase Hotel down in Santa

Monica and then we went to the pier. I won the cutest little piggy bank on the Horseracing Game.

I talked to your mother yesterday on the telephone. I got two lessons from Ross and I don't think I will go to the Track Meet today. So, I will get them to your mother this afternoon. She will wait until we hear from you before sending them.

What a madhouse in here; some kids are playing the wire recorder, some are listening to records and all the rest are just talking a steady stream.

It's about time for Chemistry, Honey, so goodbye for now. Remember to write soon and often.

*Love,
Betty*

April 13, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Baby, today I hit the jackpot. When I debarked from the ship I collected 29 letters and best of all 7 were from you.

We docked at Yokohama at 5 AM but we didn't get off the ship until 10:30 AM. Right now, I'm on a northbound train that's rocking like mad. Just about everything in it is made of wood, floor included, and the seats are lightly cushioned with straight wooden backs. They tell us that we're going to ride this rocking chair until midnight, which means we're going quite a little ways up the coast. As soon as the Army tells me when I'm going, I'll let you know.

Boy, Honey, I can't tell you how much it meant to me to get your letters. I worry all the time about you. It's not that I don't trust you, because if I didn't, I couldn't love you—and, Baby, I sure do love you. It's just that I don't like to have anything as valuable as you lying around unguarded. Please believe me when I say that I'd trust you with my life. In fact, anytime you want it, it's yours. Just take it. You might as well have it along with my heart. One's not much good without the other.

About your dates now: Honestly, Honey, I want you to go out and have good times. I know how hard it must be, and how much harder it will become as time goes by to sit home alone, and I sure don't expect that. When you love a person, you want to make her happy, and Darling, I sure do love you. So go out and have fun for the both of us and as soon as this mess is settled, we'll have our fun together.

As far as John goes, he suits me fine. He's a good fellow and I know he'll behave himself, and if he doesn't, he'd better run for the hills when "Bobby Comes Marching Home." But all kidding aside, he's fine. In fact, anyone that you choose to go out with is OK with me. Just use your head and don't get yourself in a place that you can't easily get out of.

Take it from me, Honey; we men aren't always the same inside as we appear to be on the outside. That's one thing you learn fast in the Army. Take Tom for instance. I know him and although he's better than the average Joe, his outward appearance can fool you.

But what your judgment lacks, your mother's will make up for. So

listen to her. Believe me, she's nobody's fool and neither is your old man. So between the three of you, I figure that you're in good hands. Just remember that your folks love you and that they wouldn't do anything to hurt you, unless they thought it was for your own good; and what they think is good for you, so do I. Well, that's a long enough sermon for now. Just remember that I want you to have a good time and to be safe.

Now, about us. Honey, if you want to, you can yell it from the rooftops. I'm proud of latching on to anything as good as you, and I've told my mom that you're "it"—although I'm sure that wasn't news to her. If I seemed shocked, it was just that I didn't expect you to say anything to your folks. Not that you shouldn't have. In fact, I'm glad that you did, but it did come as a surprise. So that we're clear, anytime you want the ring, just say so and it's yours. I'm yours now and so say the word and we'll make it official.

Some of the guys when they get over here go sex mad. I don't know what causes it, but even the married men catch it. But for me, it's different. You're the only one for me and I'll be damned if I'll come back to you all clogged-up with VD. I'll be just as pure as when I left because I'm just not going to let any other women interest me—and that's a promise. You're the only one for me, my Darling, for always and always.

Glad to hear about Graceland. No more paper, so I'm calling it quits. Keep care and tell everyone hello for me. I'm glad that you and my mom are getting together. Keep it up!

All my love always,
Bob
XXXXXX

ey. u. |

Dear Bob,

How is my favorite boyfriend today, Honey? I just got home from the dance. Chet came down and brought a junior from college with him. He is an exchange student from Germany and is a very interesting fellow. As usual, we went to Bob's to eat.

You know, nothing really seems right without you. Like the dance tonight— it was the first one I have been to without you for ages. It just didn't seem right. Then when I think it will be over a year before

I see you again, I just can't believe it. It all seems like a bad dream that I wish I would wake up from.

We won our Track Meet today against Eagle Rock; I didn't go, so I don't know the score. That's another thing. I used to be crazy about track meets. I wouldn't miss one and would even travel to other schools. Now, they just don't seem to interest me.

I think Grandmother and Granddad also came down with Chet, but I haven't seen them yet. They didn't arrive until after I went to work and it's now two o'clock, so of course they are not up.

I guess I had better go to bed also—it's about time, I guess.

Darling, I love you so much. Gee, do I ever miss you. I always think about all the times that we were together and try to remember just what we said and did. Then I daydream about all the things we will do and all the things we will say when we are together again. Even if it is longer than a year, you know, Darling, that I will wait forever for you. But try and make it home as soon as possible. I can't say I enjoy this waiting—and I know you just love it. Write often, Honey.

*All my love always,
Betty*

April 14, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, today is Saturday—all day—and since there is nothing that anyone can think for me to do, I'm writing this beautiful message of love.

We debarked from the Meigs on Friday about 10:30 AM and I would have wired you except that they loaded us on the train before I had the chance. Some train! I won't say it was old, but it was brought over here by the US and they forgot to take down the sign that read, "It is unlawful for passengers to shoot buffalo from the car windows."

We were on this cement mixer for thirteen hours and finely arrived at our destination. Where were we? That's what we wanted to know! Just where in the heck are we? Later on, they told us we were at Camp Youngerhans. This was fine, but where in the blazes is Camp Youngerhans?

[missing page or pages]

...and think like a genius, but at least we've all got the same number of stripes that we had yesterday. For this, I should get the Congressional Medal of Honor. But what did I get—the bus bill. Oh well, that's the life of a hero.

You should see this place; it's really beautiful. We are surrounded by towering mountains whose peaks are carpeted with snow. They're the strangest mountains I've ever seen. There's one about a half-a-mile away. The land around it is just as flat as flat can be, then all of a sudden the mountain rises up. It looks like a big pile of dirt. It's covered with trees and on top there is some sort of a building. I'm going to get a camera and take some pictures. Then I'll send them to you and you can keep a scrapbook for me. That way, you'll save me a lot of work and you'll also get an idea of what it looks like here. Speaking of pictures, if you should have any taken, snapshots or otherwise, be sure and send them to me. In fact, take some snapshots every once in awhile. You know, in a special dress, or at the beach, or in just plain anything. I'll do the same and that way we can watch each other grow old.

The athletic facilities around here are super. They have six ball

diamonds, a football field and track, a gym and a bowling alley. We also have tennis courts, horseshoe pitching areas and volleyball courts. Things are not in full swing yet, but it's going to be super, providing we have the time to enjoy them.

Well, Darling, it's getting dark and since I have no lights, I've got to end this.

My Darling, I miss you more and more every day and I want you to know that I want you as my perfect wife. I trust and love you beyond human understanding and I want to be with you more than I want life itself. Wait for me, my Darling, for I shall return, and when I do all of our dreams will be realized.

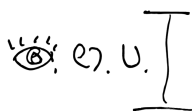
Remember I love you, and I love you, and I love you, and I love you beyond my ability to express it.

Keep care of yourself because if anything should happen to you, my life wouldn't be worth living. Say hello to all the gang and give my love to your family. Tell "patched up Harvey" to give you a big kiss, just as I would if I were there. And when you sleep with my Easter gift, make believe that it's me and hold it tight. See you in my dreams.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

A hand-drawn signature that appears to be 'Bob' with a large, stylized 'I' to its right. The 'B' has a small eye-like shape inside it.

Dear Bob,

I am sitting here eating one of my big breakfasts before I go to church. This is really going to be a fine letter; the pen won't even write. I didn't work yesterday, just loafed around until four in the afternoon and then I went to a barbecue at the "Y." All the clubs were supposed to be there. We played volleyball, ate hot dogs, etc.

At 7:00, Vicky and I had to leave. We came home and at 7:15 David Folty picked us up, then Vicki, David, John M., Alan and another girl (and of course, me) went down to the Santa Monica Ballroom to see Spade Coolie. He was real good.

About 11:00, all the kids decided we should go to the pier where I won another piggy bank, just like my other one except that it is a different color; this time it's yellow. We went on several rides,

including the roller coaster, which was great fun. Then we went back and danced until about 1:30.

Today at 3:30 your mother and dad are coming after me and we are going out to dinner. Then when your dad goes to work, your mother and I are going to the show; that is, if we can find one that we haven't seen.

Darling, don't get this all wrong. Sure, I go to a lot of places and supposedly have a lot of fun. I always have and I guess I always will. But just because I do go out and do a lot of things doesn't mean I haven't the time to think about and miss you. Honey, you don't know how hard it is to go out and try to have a good time. I really have to work at it; whereas before, it came natural.

If I thought it would help by staying home, I would. But I don't think it would help either of us to quit living for a year. I know you understand all this, but I just want to tell you again so you won't misunderstand and worry. I know you worry about me, and that makes me worry. I wish you had more faith in me. But I guess I have said that before, and I know you want to have faith in me. But I guess I haven't acted as if I really do love you. I don't know any other way to convince you other than to tell you that I love you very much.

*All my love always,
Betty*

April 15, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today is Sunday, and like all good Christians, I went to church. Of course, I got up too late to go to the early service (on Sundays you can sleep in) so I went to the 11 o'clock service. It got out late, so I missed lunch. Next time, I'll get up early.

Last night, I went to the show and saw "Short Grass." If you get a chance to see it—don't! It stinks! Sergeant Smith tagged along, so afterwards we went down to the NCO club. When we arrived, we found just about every Non-Com in the Company plastered. Boy what a party! The gang really cut loose. You should have seen the look on the bartender's face when I staggered up and said, "Give me a double coke." I thought he was going to drop through the floor.

And what a time I had getting them all back to the barracks. I went out and got a bus and then loaded them aboard one by one and (with the help of the driver) got all of them tucked in. You should have seen all of the trouble I had with the MP's. I had to lie like a horse...

[missing page or pages]

...told us that. The camp is located just to the right of the 140-degree longitude and about 35 miles above the 38-degree parallel. It is right smack dab in the middle of a triangle consisting of three cities: Yachi to the North, Saga to the South and Tendo to the West. At present, this is the most information I have as to my location, except that I'm in Building 22.

Building 22 is for the birds. It has no lights, heat or hot water. But they tell me we'll have lights by Tuesday. At least I'll be able to see while I'm freezing to death. Right now, we're sleeping in our sleeping bags and all I've got to say is that the guy who made these things should be made to sleep in them.

Well, Honey, my hands are turning blue and so I think I'll go to the show to get warm. Be sure to keep good care of yourself and don't forget I love you more than anything. Give your folks my best and say hello to the gang. Be seeing you in my dreams.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

U. S. E. I

Dear Bob,

I am sitting on the bed eating ice cream with chocolate sauce and nuts on it and writing to you.

I just got home from having dinner and going to the show with your mother. She will write to tell you about it, but you will just have to read about it twice. Your folks pick me up about 3:15 and we went to that place where we used to like to eat; I'd tell you the name, but I can't spell it. Anyway, we had a very good dinner.

After dinner, your father went to work and your mother and I went to the show. We saw two real cute pictures: "Three Guys Named Mike" and "Never a Dull Moment." After the show, we went to the bowling alley and had a couple of coffees. It was lots of fun and your mother and I get along so well.

I gave Chet your address, but don't feel hurt if he doesn't write for a while, if ever. You know how he is about writing. If we are lucky, he will add on to the end of one of Grandmother's letters, "Still living, Love Chet."

Well, I guess I had better get to sleep; you know, school tomorrow and all that. By the way, tell "Woody" to write and tell Shirley to look me up at school sometime. I swear, I don't know where she hides, but I never see her. While you are at it, you can also say hello to Tom for me, and if you like, say hello to yourself as well.

You know every night I kiss Harvey and the other bunny rabbit good night, but, Honey, Harvey just doesn't kiss me back the way you used to, and neither does the other bunny rabbit. But I don't think anything could take the place of the real thing. So, why don't I send Harvey over there and you come back here so you can kiss me goodnight every single night. Of course, you would have to kiss me goodnight twice—once for "Harvey" and once for the other bunny rabbit.

I miss you, Darling, write soon.

*Lots of love,
Betty*

April 16, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Don't ever let me hear that you don't believe in wishing, because if you do, I'll say you're just plain dumb.

Right now I'm on CQ (Charge of Quarters) so I decided that I'd write now rather than later tonight. So I took my pen and paper, wrote the date, but that's as far as I got. I tried to write but got disgusted and the piece of paper ended its usefulness in the wastepaper basket. So I started again, but again I was stumped. Then I said, "Gee, I wish I'd get a letter from Betty, then it would be easy to write this letter." Then low and behold, no longer had the words escaped my mouth, than the Mail Clerk came waltzing in with two big, fat, wonderful letters from my wonderful, wonderful Betty.

My Darling, I can't tell you what you mean to me. My love can't possibly be expressed in words; the English language just isn't capable of doing the job. But then, neither are any other language—they just aren't that far advanced. I love you, my Darling. I love you more than anything.

Darn, I get mad at myself. I struggle to tell you how I feel, what I think about you and just how much I want you, but I can't. I'm just unable to get my emotions down on paper. Baby, I'm in a rut. You've really got me hooked and the funny thing is, I like it.

Remember, my Darling, anytime you change your mind about getting engaged just write and I'll jump at the chance. Write hell nothing; wire me! Nuts, wire me collect! You're worth it. You're worth anything in this whole wide world. I love you, my Darling. I love you more than anything. Now for some news.

Well, Honey, the two letters that I got from you tonight were dated the 9th and the 10th. Combine them with the letters of the 29th, 30th, 31st of March and the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th of April that I got when we landed at Yokohama and you can see I'm a pretty lucky guy. However, I'm looking forward to receiving your 7th and 8th letters that are probably floating around in Japan somewhere.

You know, you keep saying how lousy you are at archery. Well, I don't believe it. I don't believe in Cupid, and someone sure scored a direct hit

with an arrow to my heart. Baby, with shooting like that, I'll bet that you're the star of the team.

Honey, you're figuring this time all wrong. Here it is the 16th, and that makes it 18 days that I've been away from you. But I'm glad because that's 18 days closer to the day that I'll return to claim you as my own. It's not the past days that bother me, but the days that are coming up. Of course, the longer I'm away from you, the more lonesome I'll get. But then, being away from you now is breaking my heart, and I just can't miss you anymore than I do now.

My Darling, you're the most wonderful person in the whole world, but Baby, you're also the dumbest. Get in there and get that schooling. You'll never get another chance. Don't muff it, like I did.

Well, Baby, once again it's time to close shop, so I guess I'll call it quits in my usual way. Take care of yourself. Give my love to your folks and say hello to everyone for me. While I think about it, ask Mr. Miles to start sending me the Mirror again. How was your date with John and how is my mail coming in? Write soon, my Darling, and remember I love you. See you in my dreams...tonight, as well as always.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

eye. e. u. |

Dear Bob,

How are you today, Honey? I am tired! I just got home from officiating at a Junior College Play Day over at Valley.

We got part of our grades today. I got an "A" from Diether in History, a "B+" in Spanish from Mr. Moore and an "A" in Physical Education and First Aid from Miss. Corkhill. We get the rest of our grades tomorrow.

I am real proud of myself. You know I have written you every day since you left. That is something for me because I am not much of a letter writer. Have you gotten all my letters?

Darling, have I told you lately that I love you? Well, I know I haven't today. You know, if you were around I could tell you more often, but since that isn't possible I guess you will have to settle for

just my saying "I love you" every day in a letter.

Write me often, Honey.

All my love always,

Betty

April 17, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Tonight's letter has got to be a quickie as it's just about time for the lights to go out. I would have gotten to this letter sooner, but I just had too much work to do.

Getting organized is taking up a lot of time. Today, we got our duffle bags and footlockers, so everything had to be unpacked from our duffle bags, folded neatly and stored in our footlockers. In addition, I had four pair of boots and shoes to shine, a rifle to clean and see to it that the barracks floor was swept and mopped. Then, I had to check my squad to make sure that they were all squared away. So, you can see I've been pretty busy. I was also on CQ (Charge of Quarters) last night and today, so they've really had me on the run. Tomorrow, our wall lockers are scheduled to arrive.

Well, my Darling, this hasn't been much of a letter, but I was lucky to get this much done. At least you know that I'm thinking about you. I hope that it's unnecessary to remind you that I love you very, very much, but in case it is, I love you more than words can say.

Take care and give my love to your folks. Write soon and often. See you in my dreams.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXX

U.S. U.]

Dear Bob,

Hello Darling, I got all of your letters today—letters for 12 days, including all the ½'s and ¾'s. I was so surprised to get so many. I expected several, but one for every day? I didn't think you would have much time. It was wonderful of you to write me every day, Darling, and I love you for it. Of course, I love you anyway.

It sounded like you had a fine voyage. Are you sure you didn't get

seasick? I liked the first paragraph of your April 1 letter, but you just had better not write that on any other day other than April 1. When I first read it, I must say I was surprised but I really didn't think you could be serious.

Here is your penny back. It was a little expensive, and I'm afraid the neighbors will talk. But if you really think it will bring me luck, please send it back.

Have you had the measles yet? Why didn't you catch them before you left? Maybe they would have kept you at good old Camp Cooke. Honey, it would be nice if you sent me a record, then I could hear your voice. It was good that you sent one to Leona for her birthday. I know she misses you, but then, we all do.

Don't worry about boring me. After I got home from G.A.A. and found all your letters, I laid right down on my bed and read all of them, with time out for dinner in the middle. It took me quite awhile, but I got them all read and I don't think it will be the last time that I read them. Don't worry about sounding corny either; I am sure you won't after reading a few of my letters.

I am listening on the radio to the arrival of General MacArthur in San Francisco. Honey, I think you are not only nuts about me but I think you are just plain nuts. At least I hope you are nuts about me.

My postman is very, very good-looking and so nice. He is about 23 and on Saturdays, or any other time that I am home, he always stops by and talks to me. But don't start worrying about it; he got married sometime last year.

I can't remember the name of the new Captain (ROTC Instructor) at school, but I will find out and write and tell you tomorrow.

About that poem you wrote me about Columbus... Well, you're a poet and didn't know it, but your feet show it, because they're Longfellow's (Ha Ha). Isn't that an old one? But it fits the situation.

Another thing, Honey, don't you dare say that you are stupid. I won't have anybody saying that about my best boyfriend. I can say it, but don't let me hear anyone else say it, including you. Understand?

I got the rest of my grades today. They were a "B+" in Chemistry and a "B" in Trigonometry, with all "E's" except for four "S's." That is

the point I don't understand—I really think that teachers are blind. Quit telling me to study hard; I am beginning to like school less and less. Besides, I spent all my time in class daydreaming about you—do you mind? But really, Honey, I am afraid that by the time our kids are ready for High School, I will have forgotten everything I know.

Honey, I haven't said I love you very very much since the first page, so I guess it is about time. It is also about time to end this masterpiece. So, Honey, goodnight for now, and I still say that Harvey can't even come close to kissing like you do. As they say in Japan, "Ya-Soo-mee-na-Saoee"—in other words, goodnight. Remember I love you and miss you very much.

All my love always,

Betty

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

April 18, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today your letters of April 7th and 8th caught up to me, and so every day is accounted for through the 11th. Boy, I can't tell you how glad I am that you're writing everyday. It really means a lot to me; especially since I'm overseas and so far away from home.

In your letter of the 7th you wrote, "I bet you don't read all my letters." Well, if you really want to bet, I know a number of fellows who would just love to make a quick buck. But I wouldn't bet if I were you because you'd lose. The Company has a policy that Sergeants don't go to mail call. One of the troops picks up our letters for us. It sure is a good thing we have that policy because if we didn't, everyday I'd trample a couple of men rushing for your letters.

No kidding, it's getting so that I just wait for mail whistle to blow. And after it does, I'm all thumbs wondering if one of those "extra special" (and that's what yours are) letters came. When I got that bunch at Yokohama, the first thing I did was to separate them into four piles: yours, mom's, sis's and miscellaneous. Then I arranged yours according to the dates when they were written and read hungrily. Mind you, not skimming them, but letting each and every word sink in. Honest, my Darling, I would rather receive one letter from you than ten from anyone else. That's how much your letters mean to me.

Sometime all the mail that I get makes me feel like a heel. I usually get at least one letter, and sometimes as many as six a day, and when I look at the faces of the guys who didn't "collect" for the day, it just makes me sick. Honestly, there should be a law that requires relatives to write to their servicemen. A letter from home really peeps up a guy's morale. When I go to bed tonight, I'm going to thank God that I'm one of the lucky ones who have people who care enough to write.

Another thing, my Darling, don't ever get the idea that I don't love you, or that I won't continue to love you always. When I write "All My Love Always" at the end of each of my letters, that's exactly what I mean: All of it, forever and ever! Of course, I really don't mean all of it because your heart is divided into sections. One section is for your

mother, one for your father, one for your sister, one for your niece and another for people and things in general. But, my Darling, you're the undisputed "Section Boss" of that large hunk that's marked: "For the one and only or future Mrs. to be." It's all yours. Now, be sure to take good care of it because it bursts easily.

You know the one great thing that I fear is losing you. I guess the reason for this is because I feel that I'm stealing when I try for, and win, anything as precious as you. Mind you, it's not that I mistrust you, or that I worry that you'd cheat on me, because I trust you far beyond my ability to say. It's just that I figure, that sooner or later you'll wise up and change your mind, and then I'll get a "Dear John" letter instead of one of those other letters that I look forward to. This is one time that I hope that I'm all wet. But if by chance you do wise up, please let me know. I just couldn't bear to get the news when I get home. But please, if there's any mind-changing to be done, do it about the ring and not about me.

Without question, my Darling, you're the brightest thing that has ever come into my life. I've gotten all the good breaks since day one. God must have felt especially generous the day He put you on earth. I like to think that He put you here just for me to find because, my Darling, that's what you represent to me—A God Send!

I love you, my Dearest, more than anything. Please be sure to take good care of yourself because whatever hurts you hurts me, too.

Tell everyone hello for me and give your folks my love. Check the reverse side of this for a change in my address. Kiss ~~Harvey~~ my picture tonight, as I do yours every night, and make believe that I'm there in the same room with you. And when you snuggle up in your nice warm bed, take "Mr. Easter Bunny" and hold him tight in your arms as you close your eyes making believe it's me. I'll be seeing you, even if it's only in my dreams,

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXXXX and many, many more

[Reverse side of letter]

Sgt. Robert L. Anderson, NG 28116301

Co F, 2Bn, 223 Inf. Regt. 40 Div.

APO 6 c/o Postmaster

San Francisco, California

The change is the 2 Bn. I'll tell you why tomorrow.

Remember I love you,

All my love always again,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

eye. U.]

Dear Bob,

Guess who—it's just me again. We made out our program today and of course I'm really going to have an easy program. I am always changing my mine, so it may not stay this way, but this is how I remember it: first period, free; second period Advanced Composition with Williamson; third period, Business Machine with Shipley; fourth period, Bookkeeping with Rankle; fifth period US Government with Smyth and six period, Physical Education.

The Instructor of the R.O.T.C. at school is Captain William F. Hooper.

I bowled today; my scores were 121 and 100. We have a really good bowling team. We have only lost one game and are tied for first place in the league. I drove again today with Mr. Starr: up and down hills, parking on a hill and all that—it was only fun.

We had a Girls Activity Board Meeting at noon and I have to make some leis (about 10 to be exact). Now, when do I have time to make them—I can't even get my homework done. Mary is in her room working on them now. The only trouble is that she makes such a mess of them. At least she did when she made some for me for the Aloha Dance. This weekend, I am going to stay home and do nothing but homework. Of course, I say that every weekend, but this time I mean it!

You know, Honey, that it is three weeks today since I last saw you. Gee, it seems like longer than that, and yet I can remember everything about that last night as if it were yesterday. You know I miss you. I sure hope you miss me as much, but I really don't see how you possibly could. I also love you, as if you didn't know, but I thought I would tell you again just to make sure you knew. How

about you, do you still love me as much as ever?

How is Japan over there anyway? I bet you are having lots of fun and don't even have time to think about me. Oh well, to show you what a good sport I am, I love you anyway—so there! Before I say something I shouldn't, I'll end this—shall I say—“letter”? With:

*All my love always, (forever if not longer), Your friend and mine,
Betty*

April 19, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today I'm a hero! I belted a three-bagger that drove in three runs to defeat E Company 6 to 5 in our first softball of the season. You should have seen the Captain. He got so excited he fell off the bleachers. No kidding, they sure made a big fuss over it. Especially the Japanese spectators; never have I see anyone go so wild. Our Japanese workers got there early so they'd be sure to have good seats. E Company sat on their side and F Company sat on the other side. Every disputed play nearly caused a riot. Never saw such goings on. They really go for this baseball stuff.

But you really should have seen the Old Man. While we were losing, he was like a caged lion—all over the field. Why don't you bunt? What's wrong with Marble? What's the score? Would you like me to play? Let's get some hits! Boy what a C.O. (Commanding Officer) we have. Never saw anyone so happy after I got that hit. I think if I'd ask him for a promotion, he would have given it to me. No outfit has a C.O. like we do and boy do we love him. For my money, they don't come any better.

I got two more letters from you today. Boy, was I happy to hear from you. I also got a couple from Mom. Honey, you've really made a hit with her. Just read what she has to say in one of her letters: "I think that is the reason I bought the Kaiser—plenty of room for Betty and the family (I'm getting more and more to regard her as family)—a car that can stand up. We can meet you anywhere." Baby, you're in! Not that I didn't think for a minute that you wouldn't be, but in case you were worried, now you know where you stand. How do you like "being one of the family"?


My Darling, I've got to close now. It's time for me to turn out the lights. Remember that I love you more than anything in the world. Keep care of yourself and say hello to everyone for me.

All my love always,

Bob

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XXXXXXXXXX

 e.g. U.]

Dear Bob,

This will have to be short as I am tired and it is late. Just got home from our "Y" Club meeting. For once, we had a regular meeting (we do that every once in a while). Then we played cards. About 9:30, they went home—that is everyone but Jack, Blake, Richard, Vicky and I—we came over to my house and we played basketball until 10:30, so you can see why I am tired.

Nothing much happened in school; there really wasn't much doing today. We went to a play during First Period, and then during Second Period I went to the Auditorium to hear General MacArthur speak. Then we spent the rest of the day discussing his speech. Barbara came over this afternoon and we went to the "Y" meeting—and you know the rest.

Well, how has the world been treating my favorite boyfriend? The world isn't treating me very well because it took the one thing I care most about and put him on the other side of the world. I bet you don't know who I mean, but I'll give you a hint, he is reading this letter right now. That is, he had better be!

Take good care of yourself because if I am going to have to live with you the rest of my life, I don't want to start off by getting you in pieces.

Write soon, Honey —

Love,

Betty

P.S. and often

April 20, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Boy, the U.S. Government is sure putting me on the spot. First of all, their darn old Army doesn't do anything and then the mail didn't come in. Tell me, what does a fellow write about when there is no news and nothing to answer? Of course, I could tell you all about the two hours of training we had this morning. One of the sixty-minute periods was devoted to Dismounted Drill and the other to Physical Training. Boy, what a life I'm leading. Two hours of work and I still get paid for the full eight hours. Of course, I'm wondering just how long this is going to last. In fact, I'm certain it won't become habit forming. Some changes will probably be made on Monday. This leaves me two more days of freedom.

Sunday, I'm going on a sightseeing tour. I don't know where I'm going yet, but I should worry—it's free. Monday I'll write and tell you about all of the strange sights I saw. In fact, I'll write you, strange sights or no strange sights. If I can't think of anything else to write about, I'll fool around like I have on the last couple of pages. Now for the news of the day. "FLASH! Today we planted two trees; UNFLASH!" That was a brainy one wasn't it?

Honey, if you're going to change that mind of yours and stick me for a ring, now's the time to do it. At least the 13th of the month will be, because that's payday and I'm really going to clean up. I was figuring just how much I'm raking in this month, and as near as I can figure, it will be about three hundred smackers. This is without anything being taken out. How close it will be, won't be determined until payday but if Personnel is on the ball, I should collect a bundle. So if you want that ring, you'd better collect while the collecting is good. I don't think I could spend it in any better way.

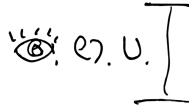
Well, my Darling, I guess this letter hasn't been any too hot, but at least you know I'm thinking of you. I really am, my Dearest. You know I love you very, very much and although I may be clumsy expressing my love in words, I mean it with all of my heart. Keep care, my Dearest, and

please love me as I love you.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXXXX

A hand-drawn doodle consisting of a stylized eye with a single eyelid and a vertical line to its right, resembling a bracket or a simple drawing of a face.

Dear Bob,

I am listening to the ballgame, Hollywood and L. A. It is a last of the ninth, bases loaded, Angels up and the score is 6-2 in favor of the Stars.

I work tonight as usual; we were shorthanded because I guess a few of the girls forgot to come in or something. Well, the game is over, Hollywood won 6-5. Nothing much of anything happen today except we won the Track Meet with Verdugo Hills.

I wish the school would burn down or something. I sure will be glad when summer vacation comes. I know, Honey, "study hard" and all that. I got a 100 on a Spanish test today—if I am real good, I can get an "A" in Spanish.

Mother just came in and said "go to sleep"; if you had been around this afternoon, you wouldn't think I was so perfect. I was real tired, and I am warning you now, when I am tired... (well, I am trying to get better)...my advice to everyone is just to let me alone. Hey, this isn't good, telling you all my worst faults; maybe you won't love me anymore, or be afraid to marry me or something.

Nothing more to say (not that I have said anything) so I'll say good night for now, Darling. Remember that I love you very much, and whatever you do, don't forget that you love me.

All my love always,

Betty

April 21, 1951

Dear Bob,

This letter is for yesterday. I started to write you last night but I was so tired that I just went to bed. What did I do last night? Well, I went over to Jeanette's and so did Vicki, Blake, Richard and Jack. We all played cards for a while, then we taught the boys how to dance. It was fun; at least it passed the time away.

It was real funny this morning. Vicki spent the night so we were going to get up and go to church as we always do on Sunday. Just a few minutes ago, mother came in and asked us if we were going to church as it was 11 o'clock. So, I guess we didn't get to church this Sunday.

I hope you can read this letter as I'm lying in bed writing it. I worked all day yesterday. But best of anything, when I got home there were five letters from you, Darling. They must keep them in Japan until a plane comes over or something because they all had different postmarks. As to how I am getting your letters—I told you that I got all of them that you mailed after you got off the ship; now I have April 12, 14, 15, 16, and 17. I think you meant the 13th instead of the 12th because you were on the train and I already have a letter for the 12th.

Honey, I think it is a wonderful idea about the scrapbook. By now, I am an expert on keeping scrapbooks as I have kept them for any trip that we went on (my family); I also have a family scrapbook I keep, plus I am keeping one of my own and one for Chet as well. Don't just send me snapshots; send me postcards or anything else that will tell me about the country and what you think would be a good addition to the scrapbook. Then when you come home you'll have something to look at and remember all the fun you had at this and that place.

Another thing, I don't remember ever saying that I don't believe in wishing—I do, so there! And something else, in your letter of the

16th, you said you had been away from me for 18 days—Well, you are counting from the day you sailed and I am counting from the last time I saw you, which was on Wednesday, March 28—and that makes it 20 days since I have been away from you—so there again!

Here it is 12 o'clock and Vicki is asleep and I haven't even gotten up yet. Honey, do you realize that this is the fifth page of this, shall I say "letter," and that I haven't even told you that I love you yet? Well, I have now but I'll say it again; I love you very much, Darling, and miss you more than anything.

Well, it is about time for dinner, so goodbye for now, Honey. I'll write you today's letter tonight.

*All my love always,
Betty*

April 22, 1951

My Dearest, Darling, Beautiful and Loving Betty,

I was just sitting here thinking about what I was going to write about when from out of nowhere a voice came that said: "My Gash Andy, you must really love that girl." The voice belonged to the First Sergeant and you know, Honey, he's a very smart man. He just never called his shots wrong.

Of course, I don't have to tell you that he was right; right about my loving you, that is. But just in case there is any doubt in your mind, pay attention to the following sentence: Betty, my Dearest, I love you more than anything in this whole wide world. And just in case you're tempted not to believe me, remember this, that never once have I ever lied to you about anything; and for further proof, ask your brother if I ever lied to him about anything. My Darling, I'm a man of my word, and I give my word to you when I say that you're the only girly that I've ever really loved, and that I want you something terrible.

They say that absence makes the heart grow fonder, and, Baby, in my case, it sure has. This year is going to be a long one. In fact, this year may have more than twelve months in it. But whether it is one, two or even three years, I know that when I return you'll be waiting for me. I know because something way down deep inside of me tells me you will. And when this voice speaks to me, I know it's true.

I only wish that I were home so that I could take you dancing instead of your going with the gang. And I only wish that I could win those piggybanks for you. And I wish more than anything that I could take you and hold you tightly in my arms and feel your nearness and your warm breath as you tell me that you love and want me the way we did before.

But, my Darlin,g these things are wishful thinking. It seems that there is a job to be done, and like millions of other Americans, I must do this job first and return to our wishful thinking after victory is won. It is up to me, and my squad, and the troops of our armies to achieve this victory. True, many of us will not return, but the fruits of victory are sweet, and our fruit is our way of life. It's worth every ounce of strength and every pint of blood that will be lost in the winning of this victory. I only hope

that we can stop it here and bring to halt this menacing red hand.

Beware of this red color. It burns and destroys like the red flames of a fire. So be on guard against it at home. Our Army will never be defeated on the battlefield, but the red termites that are eating from within could cause our collapse. So fight it. Fight it, as I am doing here in Japan. The danger is greater than many think, and when I do return to you, I want us to live our kind of life and not the life that another selects for us.

Go out. Go out and have good times, for this is a part of what we are fighting for. Go to your parties and go to the dances. I really want you to. I want you to have fun. I want you to enjoy yourself for both of us. But please remember me. Remember that over here in a far distant land is an American soldier whose heart is in Van Nuys. Remember that there never has been, or will there ever be, anyone who loves and thinks of you the way I do.

Sure I worry, but not about your love for me. Because I know our love is true and that truth is strong. I worry about little things, just as you must worry about my health and where I will be sent from here.

But I know that my worries are in vain. Because every night before I retire I kneel down and thank the good Lord for a girl like you. And I pray to Him that the time might pass quickly, that your welfare is looked after and that I might return to you whole—whole in body, mind and spirit.

I know that what I ask of Him will be answered because our God is the true God and He is good.

Pray for me, my Dearest, as I do for you, and remember that you have:

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

U.S. U.]

Dear Bob,

I just got home from Luther League; what a bunch of nuts we have in our church. Jeanette and Vicki were over all afternoon. We played cards and I won. I was going to do homework all weekend—Well, I think I did six Chemistry calculations and that only leaves me 94 more to do.

I talked to your mother today and it was my turn to be surprised.

She read me the part of your letter where you said you loved me and wanted to marry me. We had quite a talk about it. Honey, I thought you had told her before. She said that you really didn't need to tell her and I don't think so either; if she couldn't see it, she must be blind and I know your mother is not blind.

Honey, I sure do miss you. You know I miss you more on Sundays, if that is possible. I always remember how we were always together on Sunday. I just can't tell you how much I love you, and no matter what anyone says, someday (soon I hope) I'll prove to everyone that I really do love you and that I am just not saying it. It is late and school tomorrow, you know —

*All my love always,
Betty*

April 23, 1951

My Wonderful, Wonderful Betty,

Today I received three letters from you and I really must say that when I'm reading your letters it's the best time of the day.

The three dates were the 15th, 16th and 17th of April and in the letter of the 16th you stated how proud you were of yourself for having written everyday. Well, all I can say, my Darling, is that you're not anywhere near as proud of yourself as I am of you. I know that sometimes it's hard to write, and that sometimes the time is hard to spare so you must love me a lot to take the trouble to write everyday.

By the way I'm sending back the penny, along with a five-cent piece of script and a ten-yen note. If this doesn't do the trick I'll send you a rabbit's foot, a horseshoe and a four-leaf clover. If the neighbors say anything, tell them to go — to Japan and get their own yen.

I must say that the four B's and two A's isn't any too good for a bright little girl like you. It reminds me of a joke I saw over at the service club, and if I can get my hands on it, it will be in tomorrow's mail. Speaking of mail, it was sure nice to hear that the "man who rings twice" has already been hooked. But then I don't think you'd go for a mailman. Personally, I can't stand them. My First Sergeant is an ex.

I am, by the way, happy to report that I did not catch the measles. However, I did manage to pick up one dickens of a cold. Satisfied?

As far as the record goes, I'm not having much luck, but one of these days I'll find a place that makes them and I'll make one just for you. As for that crack about my voice, it may sound funny but it would be a whole lot funnier if I didn't have one. And speaking of voices, that cracker box that you have for a voice box isn't the best one in the world. Of course, I'd give my right arm to hear it right now, but that's beside the point.

So you liked my poem. Well, just to show you that my talents are not limited, I wrote a song about you and me. However, I must admit that I borrowed the tune from "Katy"—but that's immaterial. Here goes:

Be-Be-Betty, beautiful Be-Be-Betty

You're the only ga ga-girl that I ad-ad-adore.

When the Mo-Mo-Moon shines over the guardhouse
I'll be mo-mo-moping up the kitchen floor.

Instead of being in the Army, I'm thinking about writing songs and poems for a living. Talent like mine should not be wasted.

As a point of information, the name of the restaurant is Goff's. And another point of information is that I'm very pleased that you and Mom are hitting it off so well. But if she gets in your hair, send up a flare, and I'll call off the hounds. However, try to make it work. It's true that she's set in her ways, but by the time I was born, it was too late to change her. Remember she loves me just about as much as I hope you do and, judging from her letters, she thinks the world of you and enjoys your get-togethers. To her, you represent little bit of me.

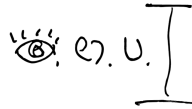
Well, it's been a hard, long day and the old Sarge is pretty tired, so I'll just turn back the covers and go bedie-bye. I love you, my Darling, more than words can say and sure wish that this thing would get over with so I could come home where I belong. Be sure to take good care of yourself. Got to laugh. In every letter, I tell you to take care of yourself. Guess it's because I'm not there to see that you do. Till tomorrow then, I send:

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXX

P.S. See you in my dreams.



Dear Bob,

This will have to be a short letter as I just got home from work about an hour ago. But I haven't done any homework—not that I ever do—but it would be nice if I got started again.

I got a letter from you today dated April 19 to be exact. Glad to hear you are such a big hero. Bringing in three runs is quite an accomplishment, especially when it wins the game.

I talked to your sister today and she said that you were going to call May 12th. It will be good to hear your voice. I know your mother will like it.

I also talked to Mr. Miles today about your paper. He said it would

be better if I sent it to you every week, then you will be sure to get it. So, wanting to be helpful, I said I would.

That will have to be all for now, Honey, as I have a lot to do before going to bed and it is 11:30 now. I'll probably end up going to bed and putting the rest of it off—it always seems that way.

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. This will never do! I didn't even say that I love you more than anything in the world. In fact, I love you so much I am willing to risk money on our love. Barbara bet me five dollars today that I won't marry you and, of course, I bet that I would. That will give me just five dollars more to spend on our wedding.

April 24, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Just what in the heck are you trying to do—get me poisoned? Of all the persons you had to tell about getting a stack of letters from me, it had to be Woodie's wife. He got a letter today with a very subtle hint in it. Honey, I don't mind if you get the First Sergeant's wife mad or even the Captain's, but Baby, Woodie feeds me!

Of course, you know I'm kidding and Woodie and I think it's fine that you two got together. I suppose you know that Shirley is five weeks pregnant. Keep it in mind; maybe you can be of some help to her. Don't know how, but maybe.

It's very seldom that the ol' Sarge bosses his little gal around, but here's a must. When we have that church wedding, Leona is going to be a flower girl. I guess she put two and two together and in her last letter she asks if she could be. Or rather, she got her mom to ask for her. You know what she means to me, and you know what she thinks of me, and I just wouldn't have the heart to disappoint her.

So when the time comes, let's work in another flower girl. I know you have things all set in your mind and, my Darling, I want you to have it just that way, but please try to work Leona into the stream of things. When the time comes, you can ask her, and after asking her you'll be in for life. She's that kind.

Sis seems to agree with me about Mom. She wrote in her last letter, "She (that's Mom) sees Betty quite often and talks to Mrs. Ward on the phone quite a bit. I believe that's good because Betty, being your girl, gives her an outlet." See there, I'm not so dumb. Also, I figure that she is good for you as well.

I guess that I haven't told you that I love you yet. Well, I do, very, very much. You're the only one that I ever had anything to do with, and believe me Darling, you're the last. I'm hooked and I might as well face it. Before I forget, I've got another song. It goes to the tune of "Brown Eyes":

Beautiful, Beautiful Van Nuys
Beautiful, Beautiful Van Nuys
Beautiful, Beautiful Van Nuys

Beautiful, Beautiful Betty
Beautiful, Beautiful Betty
Beautiful, Beautiful Betty

I'm hoping to come home real soon I love you, Oh really I do.
Keep care and write often. I love you, my Darling, more than ever.

All my love always,
Bob
XXXX

ey. u.]

Dear Bob,

Everything happens to us tonight. It all began very calm with all of us going miniature golfing (the "Y" Club). After waiting about an hour for the guys on the swimming team, we decided to go ahead and meet them down there. We also decided that it would be silly to take both cars since there would be two others down there. After 10 of us got in the convertible, the car wouldn't start; after a lot of confusion and a push by another car, it finally started. Then the kids in the backseat decided it was too crowded. Saul [and others] got in the other car and, in the meantime, Marinette ran into a parked car and bent its fender all in. In the confusion, the other car left. After finding the owner of the car that was hit and getting that all straightened out, we called Blake to find out when he was coming down. His mother said he had left. So after waiting a half hour, we decided he wasn't coming. So we went to my house, but my folks weren't there, so we called Jeanette's parents who picked us up and took us to the miniature golf course. And when we got there, we came to find out that everyone else was playing calmly.

Honey, it makes me feel bad because everyone doesn't get mail over there and if it makes you feel bad too, you just send me their addresses and I will write to them. What's one more or less letter in my life? I just know they'll all just love hearing from me (Ha Ha).

Don't you ever worry about receiving a "Dear John Letter" letter from me, Honey! I had to write one once, and that is the last one this girl is ever going to write. You see, I found the only one for me, so there is no use looking any further. I wish you would stop saying "make believe (Harvey) is me." Honey, don't you know that nothing could

take your place, even just a little tiny bit?

It's late, so goodnight, Darling—for tonight anyway.

All my love always,

Betty

April 25, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today, my Darling, has been a very busy day. We went on a Speed March this morning, and although it nearly killed us, we made the 5.7 miles in 62 minutes—only two minutes over the allotted time for 5 miles. Pretty good for us soft Californians, huh? They also came around today and asked for volunteers for airborne duty. SFC Reese, my platoon sergeant and Sergeants Hanson and Evans, along with some of the other men, made the fatal step. But I told them that the only way that I'd jump was to jump on a boat and go straight home.

I'm sorry that Reese signed up. Of course he's not gone yet, and a monkey wrench still might fall. But it gets tiresome breaking in new Platoon Sergeants all of the time. I don't know why, but it always seems like I'm the guy who does all the work while the "Boss Man" gets settled. But then I guess that's what I'm paid for. SFC Dorsey should be in line for the job, but it wouldn't surprise me if he turned it down. He's got it pretty soft where he is. And since there is no pay increase, I really don't see why he would accept the job; kind of hope that he does though—he's a good man.

The General is coming down tomorrow to inspect the troops, so we've all been busy getting ready. I've pressed my uniform, shined my brass, cleaned my rifle, showered, polished my boots and just about everything else I could think of until I nearly dropped. Now watch, it will rain tomorrow, and they'll either call it off or we'll wear raincoats, but then such is the life of an infantry man. I hope you enjoy this letter since I'm losing sleep because of it. It's now 12:04 and I have to get up at 5:45 tomorrow morning regardless of what time I get to bed tonight. So see how much I love you?

I just can't help it. Every once in awhile I consider not writing the letter. "Just this once," I say to myself, but then I think how you'll feel when you don't get a letter from me. So I sit right down and write it. I know how I feel when one of yours is delayed and I miss a day. But then I'm happy the next day because I get two. You know, I love you.

Love you more than anything.

All my love always,

Bob

XXX

P.S. be seeing you in my dreams and remember:

8:00 P.M. |

Dear Bob,

Hello Honey, here is eight o'clock and, as usual, I haven't done anything. I was going to do homework all night and I haven't even started yet. But the most important thing in my life is you, so I always write to you first to be sure and get a letter written.

I bowled today as usual, but it won't be "as usual" anymore because today was the last day of bowling until next semester. Our team won the league. Do you remember Lucy Tobias? Well, anyway, she is on our bowling team and she was top bowler on Wednesday night. I'm enclosing the most recent edition of the Mirror in this envelope so that you'll get them at the same time.

About that ring, Honey, I would sure like it. But darn my common sense, I just don't think it is wise to get engaged with you so far away, etc. It's not that I don't love you enough (you know I do), but I think it best if we just wait. So, why don't you send the money home to your mother? That way, as soon as you get home—in fact, if you want it that way, the very minute you arrive—I'll let you give me that ring.

If I am ever going to get any homework done, I'd better start now. After reading one of my letters, I don't see how you could say that you never say anything in your letters.

Remember I love you very very much and a lot more.

All my love always,

Betty

April 26, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today, my Darling, has been a very, very busy day. The General dropped by, and so we thought it would be a good idea to have a parade. What a parade! More fuss than San Francisco made over MacArthur. Frankly, I don't think old Daniel is worth the trouble, but that's beside the point.

And to make matters worse, our platoon's billet is right across from the Battalion Headquarters. So wouldn't you know it, out of all the buildings in Camp Younghans, he picks ours to inspect. But we fooled him. I figured he'd be too lazy to walk very far, so I had all the boys wash behind their ears this morning and we passed with flying colors. He also made a speech in which he said nothing. He told us that we had the best quarters in Japan. What a liar! Maybe we haven't been around yet, but we've sure talked a lot with the old-timers.

Have you heard that the Army is going to get a new uniform? They'll probably issue them around the time that our grandson is finishing his hitch, but that's beside the point. "It features the accepted tailoring of a military coat, designed in two colors of a predominantly greenish hue, and includes a brass buckled belt and large brass matching Chevron's. The service cap to be worn with this model is of an impressive design in the same shade as the coat and trousers." The reason for the change is because I told them you didn't like the old style. As soon as the Army staff heard, they jumped right into action and presto: new uniforms!

Don't tell Mom, but I almost lost an eye yesterday; just missed by a fraction of an inch. It happened in bayonet practice. Yes, my Guardian Angel is right on the job. Funny thing, right after it happened I got a letter from you saying you wanted me home in one piece. Well, Honey, I promise you I'll get home in one piece or die trying. I guess I'll be enough of a handicap to you now, not alone with only one eye. Honest I'll be more careful in the future. No more mistakes. Well, tomorrow, we have another Speed March, and so I better hit the sack.

Remember, my Dearest, I love you. I love you a lot. I love you terribly. Honest, I do! Take care and say hello to everyone for me.

Until tomorrow then I send...

All my love always,

Bob

XXXX

U. S. U.]

Dear Bob,

Nothing happened today except school course. We had an Assembly; it was very good and the Glee Clubs sang—you know a musical assembly. No G.A.A. tonight so I called about 30 people for Mother to see if they could bake a cake for open house tomorrow night. Right now, I am sitting on my bed writing to you and waiting for Mother to finish getting dinner. I already helped her, so quit thinking that I am lazy.

You ought to see my dress for the Frolic. It is real pretty, blue organdy, etc. I sure wish you could be here to take me; it would be so much more fun.

I didn't get any mail today, none at all from anybody. This is the first day in about two weeks that I haven't gotten at least one letter from somebody. The little girl I write to in Holland finally wrote to me again after about a year, and so did a couple other girlfriends that I write to. As if I don't write to you enough without writing to a lot of other people.

We are having a History test tomorrow. Mrs. Diether had me counting ballots for the King and Queen of the Frolic while everyone else was studying for the test. I haven't even read the chapter, but then I never do; Mrs. Diether must think I am a genius, but then maybe she's right.

Speaking of geniuses, how are you Darling? And how is that hard Army life treating you? I would write you all night, but there is one complication, I don't have anything to say. Of course I could write "I love you" over and over again, but then you might get tired of hearing, or should I say "reading," it. So I'll just say it once, but don't you forget it because I really mean it and it is very important to me,

and it should be to you. Now for "it": I love you very much.

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. You never did tell me what the 2Bn in your address means.

April 27, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Tonight is Friday night, my Darling, and tomorrow is Saturday. And so this has got to be somewhat of a quickie. Saturday morning inspection means care and cleaning Friday night. At least it means it, if you want to keep your stripes.

We took another 8-mile march this morning and covered it in one hour and 39 minutes. If this doesn't stop soon, I'm going to come back as a midget...all this pounding on the soles of my wittle feet.

Guess who's going to volunteer for the paratroops? I'll give you one guess. You went to school with him. That's right: Tom—not a brain in his head. But then I guess that's his business.

You know, tomorrow marks an important day. It will be 30 days since I've held you in my arms. Honey, that's a long time. But I'm going to make it up to you. Just you wait.

Gee, I love you. I just can't seem to get you out of my head. And I'm sure glad about that. Can't help it, I'm just stuck I guess. Sorry about this shortie, but I'll try and make it up to you tomorrow. Take care and give my love to your folks.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXX

U.S. Army

Dear Bob,

I just finished reading one of your letters (April 22) about 10 times. I always read your letters at least that many times. Then when I don't get a letter (like yesterday) before I go to bed or when I get home I will lie down on my bed and read the letters over and over again that I have gotten from you before. I miss you so much, my Darling. I just can't tell you how much.

I went to the Track Meet for about an hour this afternoon. It was

against North Hollywood and we were winning, of course.

There is a dance tonight at school. It is a Backwards Dance, but somehow I just couldn't see spending any of my money on any of the boys around here, so Carol and I are going to go after work. If it wasn't for being on the Dance Committee, I wouldn't even go. Sure, you say go to the dance and have a good time, but can't you see, Darling, that I can't really have a good time without you? It isn't that the kids aren't nice to me; I always have more to do that I can possibly accomplish, and the guys are also nice. I go out, but I have to try so hard to have a good time, and then, really, there is always something missing.

You know, it doesn't take long at all for your letters to get here. Your last letter was mailed on the 23rd and it got here today, the 27th; that is only four days.

I just got home from the dance. What a mess! None of the Dance Committee members wanted to work, so all I did from the time I got there 'till the end of the dance was work. I worked harder at the dance than I did at work. I guess this makes up for all the times I went to the dance with you and did nothing.

I guess I better go to bed. I have to get up early tomorrow and go to "Oxy" College to some May Day event. I'll tell you about it tomorrow, Darling.

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. You know I love you very very much, but maybe I'd better tell you to make sure.

April 28, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Every once in awhile, you write a letter and because of it, I have an urge to kill.

Of course, I'm referring to your letter of the 22nd where you said, and I quote, "I talked to your mother today and it was my turn to be surprised (you spelled it with an s). She read me the part of the letter where you said you love me and wanted to marry me. We had quite a talk about it."

Now, Honey, I think that it's fine for you to talk about it. But for goodness sake, don't tell me about it and then drop it. I'm awfully nosy and it's killing me wondering what you talked about. So, next time you have a heart to heart talk, please let me know what the discussion was all about. Pretty please! With sugar on it! But regardless of all your faults, I still love you. And I'll be darned if I still don't want to marry you. Yes I'm just a poor GI that's love struck.

We had an inspection today, and after the Major checked my squad, he turned and said "Good squad, Sergeant." Tomorrow is a big day. We get paid! It's a funny thing how the morale of the troops picks up just about this time of the month.

Next Saturday, our pass policy starts, and I'm heading straight for Sindie, the reason being that I need socks. The only catch is that the PX will probably be closed on Sunday. Just my luck! It seems as though the bottom of this page is coming up kind of fast, and so I guess I'll close this masterpiece. Remember, my Dearest, that I love you more than life itself. Keep care and remind me to one and all. Be seeing you in my dreams. All my love always, and always, and always!

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Hello Honey! I am over at Jeanette's for the night. I'm all ready for bed, but Jeanette is still running around here and is about ready to try on her Frolic dress. It is real pretty.

Today we went over to Occidental College to a May Day event. The theme was "One World," and in spite of the rain, we had a real fine time. First, they had a fashion show and an Aquacade. Then in the afternoon, they had a panel discussion on what you have to take at Oxy and the different departments they have. Then the most fun of all was when we went to the dormitories. They were so fine. I just can't explain them. They were so typical of college. It really looked like it would be lots of fun to live there. When you go to see something like that, it really makes you want to go to college and live on campus in the dorms. Then we went to the Greek Bowl for the crowning of the "Queen," and just as they got her crowned it began pouring rain, so that sort of broke things up.

You know how you teased me when I wanted a stuffed animal? Well, you can stop laughing. All the rooms had little stuffed animals all over them, and that was one of the things that made the rooms so cute. So there!

I got two letters from you today, Darling, and I sure do love hearing from you. You don't know how much it means to me to hear from you almost every day. I know how hard it is for most boys to write and I don't think you are an exception. So, don't think that you are wasting your time writing so many letters to me because, Honey, it really means a lot to me to hear from you.

About those poems and songs you write. The only thing I have to say is that I hope we never have to depend on them for a living. I am afraid we would starve. You are right—"talent" shouldn't go to waste—but talent like yours shouldn't happen to a dog.

Another thing, would you please never say that your mother would get in my hair? We are good friends and that is the last place she would ever be. She may be set in her ways, but I like her ways just the way they are. You know, Honey, someday soon she will be my Mother, too and I am sure that I for one won't have any in-law troubles.

Now about our "wedding"—you make it so complicated. I get it all figured out and you come along and change everything. I want little flower girls and Leona is too old to be one. However, she may be able to be a junior bridesmaid. That way I will have to have six bridesmaids and you know that runs into money. Anyway, we can figure that all out when you come home.

Well, it's late, and on top of that, we lose an hour tonight. Daylight Savings Time, you know. Remember, I love you very much and miss you terribly.

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. I got "our" Penny back today and this time I think I'll keep it. Thanks for the yen and the other thing (Script). Send me some pictures so I can start the scrapbook that I am going to keep for you.

I love you and will write every day for the next 10 years if you are away that long.

Jeanette is just having her Light Treatment, so I'll just write a while longer. Now, for something to say that I have said one million times before. Can't think of anything, I could always make up a song like you do, but I am afraid I don't have any more talent than you do.

Anyway, I love you, so that will just have to last you until my next letter which should come tomorrow, or maybe you have it there with you now. Anyway, I haven't written it yet. See how you can write on and on and take up space and time without saying anything but a bunch of meaningless words? But here is something that is more than words. It is bigger than both of us, bigger than most anything in the world—and that is my love for you. I should say our love for each other, and with that thought in mind I'll leave you till tomorrow.

April 29, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, the Army is turning out to be just like a woman. After saying they weren't going to pay us, they upped and did. I drew \$173 and collected \$55 that different people owed me. This gave me a total of \$228. I figure that I was shorted around \$75 and I sure wish they'd get the pay records straight. I don't know how much they owe me, but I sure know they do. Mr. Johnston is going to Sendai sometime next week and WILL look into it for me.

Maybe I'll collect this back next month. At any rate, I'm sending \$100 home. I figured that I'll keep plenty on hand, because I'm still not familiar with what's going on around here. I purchased a camera, and that set me back \$35, then mom's phone call was \$18, and along with \$10.50 worth of flowers for Mother's Day, I spent a total of \$63.50.

I also need some socks, and I'm going to have to go all the way to Sendai to get them. What the socks or the trip will cost me I don't know, but I figure that the \$65 should more than cover my expenses. Like I said, I don't know the score yet and I'd rather have a surplus than be caught short. I can always send home what's left over.

At any rate, OUR first \$100 is almost put away in the bank, and along with the \$5 that you're going to win just as soon as I get home, we will have \$105. I figured that I might as well get in the habit of talking about our finances now, rather than later. You'll probably nag me all the time anyway.

Guess, what happened today? Don Byers called me on the phone. We had a pretty good talk about how things were in Korea and just where and how he got hit. He said that some artillery shrapnel got him in his left thigh. He also wants to transfer back into the company. I'm going to see the Captain tomorrow and ask him for a letter requesting his transfer back to our unit. I don't know, but I think the Captain will do it.

Well, my Dearest, I guess I'd better bring this thing to a close if I'm going to the show tonight. "I'll Get By" is playing, and I don't have the time to go very often.

Keep care of my girl now, and remember that I love her with every

ounce of strength in my body. See you in my dreams!

All my love always, my Dearest,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

I used to like Sundays, but you know now I don't seem to. Maybe it's because the mailman doesn't come on Sunday; no maybes about it...I know that's the reason!

Well, today I went to church with Jeanette to her church. Then we went to the show and saw "Bird of Paradise." I thought it was real good. Then we came home and worked on Chemistry.

Another day is over and that makes just one more day closer to when you'll come home. It seems so long since I have seen you, and Darling when you left I knew I'd miss you, but I didn't dream I would miss you this much!

For 24 hours a day I always dream of when you will come home and of all the things we used to do. It seems every thought of mine has something to do with you.

Sorry this is been such a short letter, but there really wasn't anything to say. I just want you to know that I think about you all the time and that I love you very, very much and a lot more.

All my love always,

Betty

April 30, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Tonight's masterpiece has got to be a quickie, because tomorrow we are firing on the range and lots of work needs to be done beforehand. Rifles have got to be cleaned and oiled, sights blackened, score books readied and the squad inspected.

Then too, we have to jump up 45 minutes earlier tomorrow, and if one expects a good score, one must be able to hold his eyes open. All except me, that is. Funny thing, I seem to do better when they're closed.

Today was just another training day with the usual classes.

On Wednesday I have my first class since we arrived, and that's in judo. Corporal Lovejoy is to assist me. Some assistant, all he does is get in the way. But then I guess when I was inexperienced I was the same way.

Well, Sugar, I warned you this was a shortie. Hope you're not too mad, but at least this will let you know that I love you and that you're in my thoughts continually.

Keep care, my Dearest, and say hello to everybody for me.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

I am in Spanish now. I was out during the first part of the period and now he is calling on kids to recite something that they studied at the first of the period. So all I have to say is that I was out—simple, isn't it? Anyway, now is about the only time I have to write because I have so many things to do. That dumb Chemistry Teacher, Mr. Ward said today that our notebooks are due on Thursday and are to cover seven chapters (of which there are 30-35 questions at the end of each chapter, along with doing the problems and a summary of two of the

units). It would be all right if they were short questions, but oh no, he expects an essay on each one.

Tomorrow is May Day and the Honor Girls Breakfast, etc. Of course, being on the Activity Board means that we are in charge of all of that. So tonight I am supposed to make six leis and do all my homework (which includes studying for a test in Chemistry). But there is one catch—I have to go out to dinner and a Council Meeting at five. That leaves about one hour to do all of this, which is impossible even for me! I may be an extra special person—but I am not superhuman. I don't know when I can do my Chemistry notebook because I have G.A.A. tomorrow and then, as soon as I get home, I have to go out again to a "Y" meeting. Well, enough of my troubles; somehow I always seem to get out of the messes I get myself into and hopefully I'll get out of this one, too. But the most important thing is to write to you, Darling. So of course, no matter what I am doing or how many things I have to do, I always have time to write to you.

Now I am home and it is time to go to bed. I went to the Council Dinner and it was real nice; we always have a lot of fun at these affairs. Jeanette and I worked all afternoon on our Chemistry and we are beginning to see an end to the road. Jeanette does one chapter and I do the next...that makes it a lot easier.

I talked to your mother on the telephone tonight for about a half an hour. I also talked to your sister because your mother was over there watching television.

Well, Darling, here it is 10:30 and I still have to make some leis for tomorrow. By the way, I got another wonderful letter from you; it was for the 25th of April and I now have a letter for every day up to 25th. Honey, I really appreciate you staying up so late just to write to me. It really shows that you love me, but then I didn't have any doubts about that. You just keep on writing every day if you can. If you can't, I'll understand.

Why don't you tell me something about Japan when you can't think of anything to say (except of course, that "I love you")! I would never know from your letters that you are in a foreign country. Don't forget to send me pictures and things so I can start the scrapbook that

I am going to keep for you.

Well, Darling, this letter was supposed to end a long time ago, so I'll just say the whole point of each and every letter—I love you very much, my Darling, and miss you terribly. Even though everyone says that you'll be home before I know it, I'm afraid this will be the longest year in my life.

*All my love always,
Betty*

May 1, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Did I ever tell you that you represent to me everything that is worth living for in this whole wide world? Well, if I haven't, consider yourself told, because sure enough, I do.

Funny thing, but with every passing day I'm thinking more and more of you as my wife. I was walking over to the show last Sunday with Sergeant Smith and we were talking about how the duty here could be improved, when from out of nowhere I said, "Things wouldn't be bad at all if we could bring our wives over." Smitty looked at me and said, "When did you get married, Andy? So you see you're in too deep to back out now. Of course, if you really want to you can, but I sure hope your reverse gear is on the blink.

As I told you in yesterday's letter, the company went to the firing range today. Each of us only fired a few rounds, but they were enough to zero in our rifles. The rest of the day was spent in classes and in care and cleaning. Speaking of classes, I'm teaching a judo class tomorrow. So if tomorrow's letter arrives in another's hand writing, you'll know that I met up with someone who had the advanced lesson.

By the way, just who is this Marnette who goes around banging into parked cars? Tell her she can do anything she wants to do when she's alone, but when you're along, she better take it easy. I like you just the way you are. Of course, I'll take you anyway I can get you, but I prefer you in one piece. So tell her for me, to take it easy.

Just as a point of information: it does make me feel bad when the troops don't get any mail. But just you never mind about them. They've got families and friends. Your main concern is a certain Sergeant in the U.S. Army and his name isn't York. If you have so much time on your hands, you can just sit down and write me two letters a day. I promise that I'll read all of them.

And just in case I forgot to tell you, I sure am glad you found your "one and only." Dad-rat-it, I wish I could put down in words how much I love you. But just you wait until I get home and I'll show you. Until then, all I can hope for is that you know how much I love you, how much I want

you, and how much I need you. I love you my dearest and because of this, I ask you to take good care of yourself. See you in my dreams.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Just got home from a "Y" Club meeting. Jeanette and I worked on Chemistry all afternoon—I only have about an hour's work left, so if I get it finished tomorrow afternoon, then I will go over to your mother's and watch television; that is, if she is home.

Today for once, I got up early (6:15 to be exact), just to go to the Honor Girls Breakfast; it was real nice. All first period I was supervising the making of real flower leis for the Queen and Princesses. I was in charge of that and since I don't know how to make them, I just supervise. Second period I had the May Day Assembly; it was really good. The theme was "Hawaiian Paradise," so we had hula dancing and just everything.

I got the letter you wrote April 27 today. I always thought Tom was a sensible boy, but to volunteer for the paratroopers, he must be crazy. Anyway, wish him luck for me and while you're at it tell Woody "hello" for me as well.

Guess what I'm going to say next—you're right "I love you." Okay I may not be very original—it seems I say it in every letter. But, Honey, I am afraid you're stuck because this isn't the last time you're going to read it, and just wait until you come home and I'll be able to show you as well as tell you that I love you very, very much and more. I think about you all the time and if you don't believe me, just ask Jeanette or Vicki, because that's about all they hear from me nowadays.

Now it's time for your little Betty to go to sleep, so good night, Darling. Take good care of yourself and don't volunteer for anything.

All my love always,

Betty

May 2, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Tis my lunch hour, and I'm writing this now because tonight at 7:00 the Company is taking a hike, and I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to get it off if I didn't do it now. What I'm going to write as yet hasn't come to me, but I'm trusting that it will as I go along.

They opened the bowling alley last night, and some of the fellows who went to the opening tell me that it's pretty nice. I understand that it cost twenty cents a line, and that you can get shoes and everything. I guess I'll have to try it sometime soon.

As of yet I haven't taught my judo class, but it's coming up the next hour. Had a little trouble this morning when Corporal Lovejoy got sick. But the Lieutenant allowed me an hour, and I broke in Sergeant Evans—and I do mean broke him in! Now if he can carry the load, everything will be all right. Control is pretty hard to keep in these judo classes, and if your assistant instructor isn't any good, it's darn near impossible. Of course, a lot depends on your class.

This morning we had an hour of bayonet practice, and then we worked for two hours with the Weapons Platoon, whose job it is to support the Rifle Platoons in a fire fight. I also took some pictures of some cherry blossom trees, and if they turn out they'll be beautes.

Well, my dearest, I'm running out of things to say and so I might as well devote the rest of this letter to you.

Just know, Betty, that I love you from the bottom of my heart and that it's going to be that way always. Remember, my Darling, that you are, and that you'll always remain, the one nearest to my heart. Honest! See you in my dreams,

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Hello Honey, how are you this fine day, or is it a fine day? As always, I got a letter from you today; it was the one for April 25 where you said you almost lost an eye. Well, it's a good thing you didn't. Not that I wouldn't love you if you only had one eye, but I think it looks so much better having two. Besides, then you couldn't see how pretty I was, so then why should I bother to look pretty, then the other boys wouldn't whistle—so you see it would be bad for me.

No matter what it is I can always work it out; so I am thinking about myself, but after all, what else is there? After all the nice things you tell me every day you can't blame me for getting a big head—now can you? Really, Honey, I am not important at all. I am just one little girl who loves an American soldier over in Japan, and, like hundreds of others, I miss him and wish that they would quit all this foolishness and let him come home.

Well, today I went to a funeral service for my great uncle.

Then tonight I went over to your mother's and watched television. Leona and Claudia were there, too. Our school was on a television program called "High Talent Battle." We tied with Manual Arts, so we're going to be on television again next Wednesday.

It is late, so good night for now.

*All my love,
Betty*

P.S. If your Sister is going to make a scrapbook for you, there is no use in me making one as it would be a waste of time for both of us to make one. I would like to make one for you, but if your Sister wants to, she should make it since she is closer to you. I should've known one of them—either your mother or your Sister—would think of making one, so we'll just let it go. O.K.?

May 3, 1951

Dear Champ,

Well, I can stop feeling so bad about those games that you use to beat me in. After all, I was competing against a champion.

Tell me, just what do you eat for breakfast? But all kidding aside,

CONGRATULATIONS!

Of course, I knew all the time that you'd come out on top. You're just made of the kind of stuff that wins. After all, you won me, didn't you? Oh well, even the best lose once in awhile...

I'm writing this in the theater. I wanted to see the picture and yet, at the same time, wanted to keep my letter writing up-to-date, so I'm combining the two.

The "Medlark" is playing, and I understand that it's a pretty good show.

That hike I mentioned in yesterday's letter turned out to be a whopper—a 13 mile whopper to be exact. Oh, my aching feet!

Monday, we go out on bivouac, and Honey, if my letter writing drops off, remember that it's not because I'm losing interest in you, it's just that I haven't got the time. But I'll try, Darling, honest. I know from my feelings that you must look forward to my letters. After all, your letters are one of the most important things in my life. So I'll try not to disappoint you—but if I should, please try and understand.

While I was writing this, the lights went out and so I am now sitting in the barracks writing to you.

Boy, what a combination it was tonight. There I was sitting in a theater in Japan, thinking about America, listening to Spanish being spoken by some fellows in back of me, and watching a feature about England. Now maybe you see what I go through.

Well, Baby, it is just about time for me to close, so I guess I will. Remember, Champ, that I love you. Keep care.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

This will have to be short as I'm having a Trigonometry test tomorrow that is really going to be something, and as usual I don't know anything about it. I got an "A" on my History test like I usually do today—but I don't think you'll be hearing about my Trigonometry test score.

Am I ever tired; this is the first night I have been home in over a week. Nothing happened today of which I can tell you. I didn't get a letter today; most likely it was probably held up or something. Yesterday I found out that my Second Cousin is also in Japan with the 40th. I didn't even know he was in the Army; just goes to show you how much I know.

The Valley Track Finals are tomorrow, and again we are in second place this year; Canoga Park is in first place—darn it!

That's all, except I love you, and miss you very much my Darling.

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. I only said "I love you" once in the whole letter, so after reading it over, I decided that that wasn't enough times. You know I am very funny person, and sometimes when I am tired I take it out on other people. I don't mean to; but it just seems to work out that way. So if you ever get a letter that doesn't quite sound like me, or has some mean remarks in it, you'll know I am just tired. I just want to explain to you so you'll understand that I really don't mean them. Now Honey, don't start worrying about it because most likely you'll never receive that kind of letter from me, but just in case, now you know. I think I warned you before but I do have some faults, and I don't want you to ever think I would use those little ways—of shall we say—"trapping you." You'll just have to admit that you were warned beforehand. Enough of my troubles, the whole point of this letter was to tell you how much you mean to me. I can't really put that into words, but I think you know what I mean.

May 4, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Champ, just how are things on the home front? Not any too good judging from your last letter. I don't like the idea of my girl working all the time, so next dance, you take it easy and have yourself a little fun. After all, you're the boss, and it's your job to see that the work is done, not to do it yourself.

It doesn't take any kind of leadership to work. The leadership comes in by making your followers WANT to do the job. And don't argue with me. I'm a graduate of the Army Field Forces Leadership course.

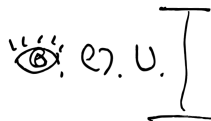
Why, if my squad went on a work detail, and an officer caught me doing the work instead of my troops, my sleeves would be a whole lot lighter. I remember once, when I was a corporal, a Colonel caught me working along on one of my work details. He stopped me and asked, "Corporal, just how much is the Army paying you?" I didn't know, so he told me. Then he said, "the Army doesn't hand out money like that to just anybody. "You're a Corporal, and we pay you to use your head and not your back." I've been loafing around ever since.

So let this be a lesson to you. Use your head and not your back or some Colonel might catch you. But whether or not you get busted, I'll always love you. Remember, to me it's not how much you work, or how much your rich relatives leave to you, or anything else like that. The only thing that's important to me is that you can cook, you're you. I love you, my dearest, cook or no cook. And once more, I always will.

All my love always,

Bob

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 Bob

Dear Bob,

Guess what! We may still win the Valley Championship in Track. I didn't go today, and after hearing about it, I kind of wish I had. At any rate, there are a number of stories, and we won't know for sure until they develop the pitcher of the finish for the hundred yard dash. No matter how everything comes out, Canoga Park will have only taken a third in the meet, and this should put the Championships out of reach for them—we'll see.

I got three whole letters from you today, two for April 28 and 1 for the 29th. Now about that crack you made about me nagging you—I deny it! Is too much trouble to nag, and you should know by now that I'm the lazy type.

As for the talk that your mother and I had—we didn't say anything. Your mother just said that when you come home, if you still love me and I you, that she didn't see why we couldn't get married. Of course, I think she doubts that our love will last. She didn't say that, but she inferred it. She kept saying that if I change my mind to be sure and tell her; that she wouldn't like me any less even if I didn't love you or should you stop loving me—but she added quickly that she doubted I would. She also said that if I change my mind that you would be able to get over it. Now Honey, does that make you happy?

If I sent you a record of my voice would you have any way to play it? Uncle Matiland (Dr. Dirks) has a recorder, and I can make a record every day if I want to.

Honey, about that scrapbook, I don't know what to say. I want to make it, but if your Sister is going to make one.... Oh, I don't know, Darling, you do what you think is best.

No matter what anyone thinks, I am going to show them that I can wait a year or longer for you and that I will love you just as much then. If there is going to be any changing of the mind, it is going to be you who changes his mind because I am not going to change my mind.

It is late and I am tired as always, so I had better stop this masterpiece by saying that I love you and that you have

All my love always,
Betty

May 5, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling, today is Saturday and the entire Division is going on pass for the first time today. That is, everyone, except me. I've got C.Q. (Charge of Quarters). Don't ask me how—I'm just lucky I guess. But at least I'm saving money.

No Stateside mail came in today, and so I have no letter to answer. Maybe it's just me, but writing seems easier when you're answering a letter. Especially when there's nothing new to write about.

I get off duty tomorrow at 3:30 PM, and I guess I'll spend the day getting ready for Monday's bivouac. Then maybe I'll take in the show tomorrow night. "Target Unknown" is playing, and since I don't have anything else to do I might as well see this as doing anything else.

I was just thinking that a week from tomorrow I'll be hearing your voice once again. Honey, I can hardly wait! I sure do miss you, but then I guess I've told you that before.

This letter is really a stinker to write. The phones keep ringing, the Officers are yelling and the men are clamoring for their passes. Boy, it is really hard to gather your thoughts in this environment.

But at least there's one thought that comes in nice and clear, and Baby, that is you. There just isn't anything that can distract my thoughts when it comes to you.

Needless to say, my Darling, I love you with all my heart, mind and all the strength that God has bestowed upon me, and I want you far beyond my ability to put it into words. Keep care, my dearest, and once again, I love you.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

I have to write you now because tonight is the Junior Frolic.

I really do believe you pay Mary; now out with it—how much do you pay her? Every time I mention a boy, she says that she doesn't like him. Like tonight I'm going with Cary McCann. I don't believe you know him. He goes to UCLA. Anyway, when I said I was going with him, Mary about had a fit. Every time I mention your name, which is quite often, by the way, she goes on and on; you would think she was in love with you and not me. Now about Cary; he is a nice guy and lots of fun. Chet knows and likes him.

Mother doesn't appreciate the things you write on the outside of the envelope, so maybe from now on you can say all that you want to say on the inside.

Now Honey, aren't you being selfish about this matter of the poor men who don't get any mail? After all, my masterpiece of letters could make the poor lonely men feel so much better—don't you think?

Now I have to get ready, so I'll close this for now. I sure wish you were taking me tonight. Another thing that might make you feel better—I am triple dating with Jeanette, Bill Thompson, and with Vicky and Joe Peters. I love you very much, Darling, and miss you terribly and even more.

*All my love always,
Betty*

P.S. Hello again, Darling. Well, I just got home from the dance, and it was a real terrific Frolic. Margaret Whiting and Andy Devine were there, and the band was real swell. There was only one thing missing, and because of that the dance wasn't very good at all; you see, I really wasn't at the dance, I was over there in Japan with you, wishing that you were here with me. If this makes you feel any better, out of all the guys I have gone out with since you left, I haven't let any of them so much as even kiss me good night. Somehow the thought of anyone else but you kissing me just doesn't agree with me.

It's late, Darling (after 3:00), and like a good little girl I have to get up in the morning and go to church. So good night, Honey, and remember how much I love you.

*All my love always,
Betty*

May 6, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Dad-rat-it, I sure wish the post office would get on the ball and start bringing in some mail. This is the second straight day that no stateside mail has come in.

Tell me, how my letters are coming in to you? Are they arriving one at a time or in bunches? Or are they coming in? Never can tell about this Army. And in case you're wondering, I haven't missed writing to you every single day.

As for your mail, I received a letter for every day from March 29 to April 27. Usually I get two every other day.

By the way, Darling, I sure am proud of my girl. Writing every day is not easy, and if there was ever any doubt in my mind about you—there's none now.

And believe me, it's a darn good feeling to be able to feel—to know—that the girl back home is being true and that she'll be waiting for you when you get home.

And if there are any doubts in your mind—forget them. I'm all yours—and no one else will ever do.

I'm nobody's fool, and I know a good thing when I see it. Sometimes I have to look for a little while, like I did in your case, but I always managed to wake up in time. And now that you did wake me up, try and get away. I've got you now, and I'll never, never, never let you go.

Tomorrow, the company goes on bivouac, and if I should slip, and you don't get a letter, don't be mad. It's kind of hard to mail letters out there. Disregard the above paragraph. I WILL get them off if it kills me. That's a promise!

Well, my Dearest, it is late and a long, hard hike is ahead of me tomorrow. So I'm going to hit the sack. Remember, dearest, that I love you very much. Give my love to your folks and say hello to everyone for me. Keep care.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXX

U. S. E. I

Dear Bob,

I just got home from going bowling with your mother. Our scores were terrible. I beat two games and your mother won the other two. Maybe if we go often enough we may become good. Really, I don't think anything will help me, after all the time I have been bowling. G.A.A. for three semesters now, still I'm terrible. But it was lots of fun.

Guess who got married today. Audrey Wolf (Jack Bold's girl). She married a Sergeant in the Air Force. It was a very small wedding, but nice.

I went to church today like the good girl I am, and then Vicki and Jeanette were over all afternoon.

Honey, whatever am I going to get you for your birthday? There isn't anything I can think of. It is so hard with you over there—then you have to go and have a birthday. But I guess it is kind of nice that you do have a birthday. Well, this will have to be the end of this letter, busy day tomorrow you know, school and all that.

You know how much I love you—after all, how many other girls write their guys every day? Quite a few from what I hear, but for me, writing a letter every day (for what is it, 39 days?) is pretty good because I never did like to write letters, Honey. But you know if I missed a day I think I would feel lost, not to mention guilty. But don't worry about it. Even if I break my arm I'll get someone to write it for me. You know how much I love you—at least you should by now.

All my love always,

Betty

May 7, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Boy what a march that was; fifteen miles with full field packs. I don't think I'll ever walk again.

We started at 7:30 a.m. and got here a little after noontime. Allowing for 30 minutes of break time, that's pretty good.

We've been digging foxholes and setting up a defensive position all day. Boy, my hands are sure sore from all of the digging.

We've also got to sleep in the open tonight because the Colonel said, "no tents." What I want to know is why did we carry them all the way out here if we're not going to use them.

Tom's squad is on our left flank, and if things are quiet tonight, I'll mosey over and see him. I've got to get going now, lots of work yet to be done. Remember, I love you very, very much and want you almost as much. Give my love to your folks.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXX

Ⓢ. U. |

Dear Bob,

Hi Honey! I just got home from a Dance Committee meeting. Don't mind this pen, but it just doesn't seem to write. What a meeting tonight; it was just a jam session, and we were a little on the catty side, but it was fun.

This afternoon Jeanette was over. The minute we got in the house we flopped on the bed, and we didn't wake up until after six. So you can see we didn't get very much done. Just think, tomorrow is the last day of G.A.A. I will be so glad when it's over; then maybe I'll have a little time to do something else. The way it is now there is always something I have to do, and most of the time there are several things I

should do. After this semester I won't have anything to do, which will be nice, but I don't know how I am going to last this last month or so until school is out.

Now that I have written almost 2 pages of nothing, I had better say something that is meaningful—and that is, of course, that I love you. Now I can end the letter knowing that I have said in those three little words everything that I needed to say—not that I want to stop writing, but there just isn't any more to say.

Good night, Darling. I miss you something awful, but just wait; in another year all this waiting will be over, and even if it is longer than a year it will be worth it.

*All my love always,
Betty*

May 8, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, today we enlarge our foxholes to 2X6X4; two feet wide, six feet long, and four feet deep. Boy have I got blisters. By the way, these enlarged foxholes aren't foxholes. They are "Slit Trenches," and believe it or not, we're going to sleep in them. This stuff is all right when you're in combat, but out here, I think it's a lot of nonsense. Too bad the Colonel doesn't.

It's getting dark now, so I better close. Remember dearest, I love you very, very much. And as far as I'm concerned, you're the only one. Keep care, Darling, and be sure and give your folks my love.

All my love always,

Bob

XXX

⊙: 07. U.]

Dear Bob,

This will have to be real short as I just got home from our "Y" Club meeting. I really didn't just get home from the club meeting, but from Blake's house. As you have probably noticed, Vicki, Jeanette, Blake, Jack, Richard and I always do something after the meeting. Tonight we went over to Blake's and played cards. The meeting was real good; it was a combined meeting with two other clubs. We had a speaker on "Pirates' Treasure," and he has been all over and told us a lot of stories.

Then dumb Mr. Ward moved the day that our notebooks are due up a day so I had to work on it all afternoon.

You seem to worry about my working too hard, seeing as how you devoted a whole letter to it. Well, Darling, that is one thing you'll never have to worry about. In fact, maybe you worry that I never do any work. Usually Jeanette does all my work for me, and since she

was having such a good time doing my work, I wouldn't be a very good friend if I didn't help her out, now would I?

Well, I said this was going to be short and if I don't stop now I'll never get any sleep. Honey, you know I love you. Miss Rob said she was going to shoot me if I didn't start paying attention; and she isn't the only teacher who feels that way, and it's all because I'm thinking of you all the time—somehow I just can't help it. By the way, I didn't flunk that Trigonometry test—I got a “C,” so with that pleasant thought I'll send you—

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. I love you terribly and miss you even more.

May 9, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today, my dearest, I receive five wonderful surprises. They were five letters from you.

And believe me, they could not have come at a better time. It rained last night, and despite the shelter halves over the slick trenches, we got all wet. Of course, we also ran a night problem last night, so we got soaked before we started. Combine with all the mud, and you have a pretty miserable Company F.

I was miserable, but I'm not anymore—your letters evened the score.

I guess this is beginning to get to be a habit with me, but once again I'll say it. I love you, dearest; love you more than anything in the world.

Keep care and give my best to your folks.

XX

All my love always,

Bob

XXX

P.S. We dug another foxhole today.

Ⓢ. U. U. }

Dear Bob,

Well, tonight I went to see the T.V. show "Hi Talent Battle"— it is only fixed, we lost. I went in with Vicki's folks, and there were nine of us. On the way home we saw all these lights, so we stopped to see what was coming off. They were making a picture with Robert Mitchen; the only trouble was that they weren't going to shoot the big scene until two this morning, so we didn't stay.

Here is your paper, Honey, as you probably have found out.

Nothing else has happened, and it is late as always, so I better quit and go to bed.

I love you, of course. I also miss you, think about you, dream about

you, talk about you, etc. And of course I'll understand if you don't have time to write every day because I know you would if you could.

I love you, Honey.

All my love always,

Betty

May 10, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, this is going to be another quickie. I'm sorry about all these short ones, but honest, Darling, I just can't seem to find the time to do any more.

Take today for instance. We got up at 5:45 a.m. and were busy running our problem until 11 a.m., and then we ate and packed up and started back to camp at 1:30 p.m. It was one of those hot summer days, like we have back in the states around the middle of July, and of course just about all of the roads in Japan are made of dirt. So you can guess what the dust was like.

Honey, I don't think I've ever walked a harder 15 miles in my life. All the rain and little sleep over the past few days coupled with the fact that they worked us extra hard because the Colonel was in the area meant that I was worn out to start with. Then add to this the hot sun, dusty roads and the long, drawn-out march with heavy packs, and you'll understand why I feel the way I do tonight—and Baby, that's just plain lousy.

I shouldn't be writing about stuff like this. Instead I should be telling you how much I love you and how much I want and need you.

You know, my Darling, you're the only one that I'll ever want anything to do with. You're my one and only, and someday soon I'll come home to you. Keep care and give my best to one and all.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXX

⊙: 07. U. |

Dear Bob,

Hi, well today has been a very rare day. Nothing happened! I just went to school came home and did some homework, didn't go anyplace or do anything. I did get another lesson from Russell today.

Maybe someday he'll get the lessons finished. Has your mother sent any of the lessons to you yet?

I talked to your Sister on the telephone today for about an hour. I must say you picked a fine time to call.

How long does it take my letters to get to you?

Since nothing happened, there is really nothing to say. Oh yes, René was out in our backyard, and he knocked down one of our electric wires, isn't that interesting?

Our Tennis Team lost yesterday. Poor Mr. Ward was so depressed. But I don't blame him, it was the only set we lost all season, and it was for the Championship.

That's all for now—I guess I could add that I love you, because I really do.

All my love always,

Betty

May 11, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I just finished reading your letters of the 3rd, 4th and 5th of May, and after reading them, I'm not quite sure why I love you the most. It seems that every time I stop to think of what it is that I love about you the most, my mind becomes overloaded. I guess the best way to say it is that I love everything about you. But I think that one of the things that causes me to love you so much is your letters. Last week was really rough, and the thing that really kept me going were those little notes of love from my little Betty back in the States. Speaking of letters, I got three from you today, and that makes eight since Monday. That's 1,000% above what the average guy gets. And by the way, I'm glad that you feel the way you do about "Goodnight Kisses."

It's just good to KNOW—and believe me, I do know—that you're the only one for me. Funny thing, even though we're thousands of miles apart, I know things that others would not believe it possible for me to know. It's hard to explain, but it's a feeling down inside me—a deep feeling—that cast all doubts about us aside... Believe me it's a good feeling, and Honey I sure hope you're feeling the same way about me.

Above all, Darling, remember these three things: I love you with all my heart, I trust you completely and I never have, been nor will I ever, be, anyone else's.

You're the only thing in this world that will satisfy me. Nothing else can take your place because while a man can live for a while without food and drink, he can't live without the sun—and you are the light of my life.

My scrapbook will be kept by you—the one I love the most. While I love my sister, my heart is divided into sections and by far the biggest section belongs to you. We'll let her and Leona keep a scrapbook, but the things I send home will be addressed to you. Then some rainy day, we can curl up in an easy chair and look through it together—a book that we both helped to make.

Well, my dearest, it's time to bring another letter to a close. Remember how much I love you and remember, too, that I'll be home soon. Give my

best to your folks and pray for me as I do for you.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXX

Eye. U. }

Dear Bob,

Mother got the orchid you sent her today, and it is beautiful. I had just started for school when I looked around and saw a postman go to our door, so I went back to see what it was because I thought it might be from you. Mother sure likes it, Honey. She went to a dance out at Pierce College tonight and she wore it. She was so proud of it; I bet everyone in the neighborhood has seen it, and I know everyone has heard about it.

You know, Darling, I haven't gotten a letter from you in three whole days. Maybe the mail got held up; what do you think? I know you don't think but you can try, can't you?

Well, nothing much happened today. I work tonight as always. I also got an "A" on a History test and we had another Trigonometry test today.

I am sorry this is another short letter, but there just isn't anything to say. I could write a book, or fill a whole library about how much I love you. But since I am the lazy type I'll just wait until you get home—then I will show you! Is it a deal?

All my love always,

Betty

May 12, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Boy, what a mess this telephone call is turning out to be. Seems that these Japs don't believe there is such a number as Sunset 1-4023. I kept telling him that there is, and all he replies is, "No, so sorry, no telephone."

Finally, I got a hold of some Sergeant, and he's checking into it for me. I keep calling him back every hour but he's waiting for some information from Sendai. I'm hoping that if I can't straighten this mess out that I'll be able to place the call to my house. Boy, I sure hope everything turns out all right.

Tomorrow I'm being transferred to the Second Platoon as Platoon Guide. Seems that someone higher up wasn't satisfied with the way Sergeant Smith was handling it. So I was elected. All it amounts to is a lot more work and no more pay, but it does put me higher on the promotion list.

Of course, we haven't had any promotions in this outfit since December, but then we all figured we're due. Chances are I'll be a Sergeant for the rest of my hitch, but at least I'll have a lot of company.

The Company goes on bivouac again this Monday, and so the short letters will start rolling in again. Believe me, Honey, I just can't help it. I'm really doing good to get one off, but I'll keep doing so if it kills me.

You would have died laughing if you could have seen me writing those little notes of love last week. I really wrote at some of the darns' times, but then I kept the record intact. For this I am very proud of myself.

About that birthday present, don't worry too much about it because no matter what it is I'll love it just because it's from you. Don't get anything too expensive now; something simple, and useful. You know, something like a million dollars, or maybe, a nice atom bomb. Aren't I helpful?

Well, Baby, tomorrow I hope to be talking with you on the telephone. It sure will be good to hear your voice again.

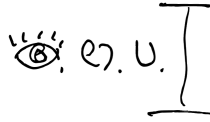
Of course, I really hear it all the time because, my Darling, you're always with me, no matter where I go, and the only way I'll lose you is to

lose my heart. Keep care my Darling and remember:

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Hello Darling, well I am waiting for your folks. You are going to call tonight about 12, I'm told. So we are going out to dinner first, then I guess over to Claudia's house to wait until you call. Just think, maybe I'll get to say hello to you.

I worked all day—more fun; I ran change. If you don't know what that is, maybe someday I'll tell you; that is if you're lucky. They caught two little Mexican boys stealing. The poor little boys were scared to death. They always call the cops, and the way they talk anyone would be scared to death.

Well, Honey, I had better say I love you and close because your folks ought to be here any minute.

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. Forgot to say I love you—don't see how I could forget, maybe it's because I think it all the time, so I just naturally thought I told you.

May 13, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I'm sitting in the telephone office waiting for my call to come through. It was supposed to come through at 5:00 PM and is now 5:40 PM. However, there's about seven ahead of me. They're all officers, and since my application was placed in April, I think they gave me the shaft and pushed the brass in ahead of me.

I'm writing this now because tomorrow the company goes on bivouac and I haven't readied my pack yet. So I'm going to wait for the call to go through, that is for as long as I can, and then hustle back to get ready for tomorrow.

Boy, I sure hope that you are there when it goes through as I really want to talk to you. It seems like it's been a lifetime since we last talked, doesn't it? And then I keep worrying that there will be some mix up and that you and my folks won't be there to get my call. But all I can do on this end is cross my fingers and hope for the best.

I went to church this morning, and the Chaplain delivered a wonderful sermon. Honestly, it was one of the best I've heard. Of course, his talk was on Mother's Day.

Several letters arrived today, and as always I read yours first—even before Mom's, even though this is Mother's Day. I don't know why it is, but I just like your letters. Maybe it could have something to do with the fact that you're all I can think about.

I heard an awful rumor today. Somebody told me that this bivouac is to last for 11 weeks. Okay, thanks!!! Next time you see Sergeant Bell, tell him that Japan ain't what it use to be. No kidding, they're working us almost as hard as they did at Leadership School...

Sure hope that everything goes well in Korea cause if it doesn't, hey, they might get a wild idea and send us there. They're sure not training us for occupational duty. But I'll just keep on hoping that nothing is going to happen. Chances are I'll die of old age on these bivouacs.

Well, Baby, I'm running out of things to say, and so I guess I'd better bring this letter to a close. Remember my dearest that I love you very, very much and that I'll be home before you know it. Take care and tell

your folks hello for me

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXX

U. S. E. I

Dear Bob,

Hello again Darling, well it is now 6:50. It hardly seems possible that just an hour ago I talked to you on the telephone. Poor Jeanette, I was supposed to spend the night with her; I thought you would call around midnight and then I planned to go to Jeanette's and spend the night with her. Well, I got here at Jeanette's about 6:30. Mr. Wichmer had gone to work and locked both doors. So I almost scared Jeanette to death. There was a window by her bed that was unlocked. So I opened it and there was Jeanette, sound asleep. Then I started laughing, and you ought to have seen her jump. Anyway, to make a long story short she let me in. Now she is trying to sleep on the other side of the bed. You know, after staying up almost all night, I am wide awake and can't go to sleep. I suggested to Jeanette that we do Chemical Calculations, but she didn't seem to think it was such a good idea. Just watch, this afternoon I'll probably go to sleep and let her do them. Well, I can always say I was willing to do it at 6:30 in the morning. I did get some sleep around 1:30; Leona was in bed, so I went in and got in bed with her.

Honey, I understand about your letters. Darling, if you're too tired, don't bother to write me—sure, I'll miss your letters, I wouldn't love you if I didn't. But I understand when you're "camping" you don't have much time, and you do get tired—we all do. So don't worry if you can't write all the time, but now just don't forget to write.

Well, Honey, Mrs. Wichmer just got up so I'd better try to get some sleep before church. I'll finish this masterpiece later—

Later—Well, Darling, here I am laying on my own bed writing to you again. I did Chemical Calculations all afternoon. Of course, I went to church like a good girl this morning.

Still later—we had company, some real good friends we hadn't seen

for about two years. They have four of the cutest children. The little girl Jill is so sweet. In fact, if we get married next year, I want her to be a flower girl. She is just a Darling.

My mother wore the orchid to church this morning. You ought to see it; it is just as beautiful as when it came Friday morning. Darling, she really likes it, and she thinks you are just wonderful. Mother always did, but now she thinks you are even more wonderful. Well, she has nothing on me, as I always did think you were wonderful. Gee, Honey, I sure do miss you. Golly Honey, I even love you, as if you didn't know. Here you are in a far off country having fun, camping and playing games while poor me had to sit home all by myself. Things are rough all over, aren't they? But no kidding, Darling, I love you and miss you more than I could ever say.

*All my love always,
Betty*

May 14, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, here I am again. Out in the middle of nowhere, and as usual my feet are killing me. Not to mention my back.

We started out at 7:00 this morning and arrived here just before noon. They haven't told us how far we walked, but judging from the time, the pace, and the size of my swollen feet, I would judge it to be about 20 miles.

Of course, the first thing we did after we got here was to dig in. Yup! You guessed it, 2X6X4. At least I'm learning a trade.

How did Mom take the phone call? I sure hope she liked it. Then it was wonderful to talk with you again. Funny thing, but I spent half my time thinking of what I'm going to say to you when I get home, and when I get the chance to talk with you, what do I say? "How are you?" Oh what a stoop, I am.

Instead of telling you all the things I wanted to tell you, I flubbed the dub with stuff like that. But I'll get another chance, and believe me, I'll make up for it.

I received another letter from you today along with one from Mom, and the funnies from Sis. When I'll get a chance to read the papers I don't know, but I'll sandwich them in somewhere.

Your mail is coming in fine now. I'm getting one everyday instead of in bunches. I like it this way a lot better.

The bivouac area is a lot better this time. Not a very good place for a defensive stand, but swell for a rest area. The only trouble is there are too many trees, not a good place to be if the enemy is firing their artillery at you because the shells explode when they hit the top of the trees, giving the shells' shrapnel a greater bursting radius. If you get caught in a place like this, they can really raise the dickens with you. But no one is firing at us—at least not for a while—so this spot is swell, and it's easy to camouflage because of the thick growth, which means that less work has to be done.

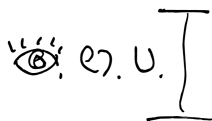
Well, Honey, daylight is running out on me, so I'm going to have to call it quits.

Remember that I love you very, very much and that I miss and want you almost as much. Keep care, my Darling, and once again give my best to your folks.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

I got three wonderful letters from you today. Now I have one for every day up until May 7; as to how I got them, they were coming every day until you decide you would like to go camping, now they come in bunches. Now you know, Honey.

Too bad about your pulling C.Q. (Charge of Quarters) while everyone else went on pass, but that's life. Look what I did; I fell in love with a guy, and what does Uncle Sam decide? Why, that he should see the world. I wish he would stop seeing the world and come home. I know he would if he could.

Hey Darling, I forgot to ask you how many times a week you get letters now that you are "camping."

By the way, Honey, I am doing some good. I am not only writing to you but Barbara is over here, and since I am writing to you she is writing to Billy.

Never mind writing me every day if it kills you, Darling. You see I love you, and you would be no good to me dead. But if you can write every day without any great danger, please do. I don't know what it is, but when I get a letter from you, I feel so much better. You know you've spoiled me, don't you? Writing every day, I expect it every day.

Here it is 10 o'clock; I was going to get to bed early because I've been so tired all day. Jeanette was over all afternoon. Then we went to a Dance Committee Meeting, and Barbara came home with me. Like always, I didn't get anything done; Barbara and I got to talking and Well, you know how it is.

Honey, did I tell you what a smart girl you have? I got an "A" on a Trigonometry test! Really, Honey, it was an easy one, that's how it

happened.

You ought to see my hands. We did an experiment in Chemistry today, and parts of my hands turned brown. They say it will wear off, so it ought to be gone by the time you get home.

Well, Darling, it is getting later all the time, and being as I have to go to school tomorrow and all that, I had better start winding this down. Anyway, you know how much I love you. At least you should by now. I also miss you Darling, and think about you. Why, Darling, you know I can't even think about anything without thinking about you. That's no kidding. Sometimes I wonder what I would think about if I wasn't thinking about you. I'd better stop this right now. I just can't seem to stop writing.

I love you —

All my love always,

Betty

May 15, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, here it is the second day, and it's raining right on schedule. I don't know why, but somehow it always does on the second day. The Japs must have some agreement with the weatherman or something.

The rain is really coming down. Sure hope that this rain doesn't find a flaw in my slit trench. It did last week, and it was really a mess. Maybe this time I'll be lucky.

I didn't get any mail today. Guess it was too much trouble for Tom Bonnie, our mail clerk, to come out in the rain. This is one bird I don't like, but then neither does anyone else.

This morning we ran an attack problem in the woods. Lieutenant Wiggins was the instructor, and everything went off without a hitch.

Then this afternoon we ran a defense exercise in the woods under Lieutenant Clements, and everything went off fine, except that I got killed. Ah well, one can't live forever, can one?

Sergeant Walsh is my new Platoon Sergeant. I think I told you that I'm doing it now. They made me the platoon guide.

One good thing about this bivouac is that we're only going to have one night problem. It takes place tomorrow night and is suppose to be a night raid—I hope it's to the kitchen.

By the way, just in case you've forgotten, I love you. It's a funny thing, but try as I may, I just can't get you out of my thoughts. One good thing about all this is that I'm having much better thoughts nowadays.

No kidding, Honey, I sure miss you, especially on these cold nights. No evil thoughts connected with the above; just thinking about the future. After all, it's cold outside.

Better close now, Honey, and get some shut eye while I've got the chance. Remember, dearest, that I love you very, very much. Keep care and give your folks my best.

All my love always,

Bob

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⊙. U.]

Dear Bob,

Hello Darling. Well I got three more letters from you today, Honey, and that means I have one for every day up until May 10. Honey, I can't tell you how much it means to me to get a letter from you every day. I know how hard it is for you to find time to write, especially when you're out "camping." I really do appreciate it, but if you should miss a day, don't worry, Darling, I'll understand. Today I went to school like I do every other day. After school I stayed for the last time for Archery.

Tonight I should have gone to my "Y" Club meeting, but I had so much to do that I stayed home. I made out all the service points for the sub dance and Dance Committee, made the chart for Saturday night's dance, worked on my radio script, did some Chemistry etc.—and I still didn't get everything done. I am having another Trigonometry test tomorrow; Miss. Robb has gone crazy for tests recently.

I just bet you don't know what I am going to say next. Wouldn't you be surprised if I didn't say I loved you at least once in every letter? I often think you might get tired of reading it day after day; but then I think how it would be to get a letter from you that didn't even say that you love me. So I decided that you don't get tired of reading those words, and if you do, you just don't have to read them. Besides, I like to say it, and heaven knows that's what I think about all the time.

I love you, Darling, and miss you—well, just more than anything. Don't do anything foolish and get hurt. Remember I love you and don't you forget that you love me.

*All my love always,
Betty*

May 16, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I'm beginning to dislike Bonnie more and more every day. All I can say is if the jerk doesn't get on the ball and start bringing in the mail, there's going to be trouble. No kidding, all this guy does is sit all day long, and the only thing he has to do is to pick up and deliver the mail, and 50% of the time he flubs the dub. I repeat, what a jerk!!!

Well, it's going to rain again tonight. I feel it in my bones. No kidding, when this knee of mine starts to ache we're either going to have rain, or I've been on it too much. And since all I've done all day is observed, it's going to rain. If it isn't any better by tomorrow, I think I'll go to sick call. I don't like to go unless it's absolutely necessary because it sets a bad example for my men. You know, they all start complaining: "He's a Sergeant and he goes on sick call. Why shouldn't I?" And the first thing you know, half the company is riding the sick truck.

Tomorrow is squad testing day. It was supposed to take place today, but they're running behind schedule. Since I'm the platoon guide, I don't think I'll have anything to do. However, I'll bet that someone will think of something to occupy my time.

We ran squad problems all day today, and all I did was tell them what they did wrong. Funny thing, you can always see the mistakes when you're watching, but when you're running things, it's a different story. Anyhow, this job I've got now is a racket. Wonder how long it will last? Just in case you're interested, my slit trench held up just fine, and I was high and dry all night long. In fact, I slept like a baby and I sure hope my luck, or should I say slit trench, holds out tonight.

You know I was thinking that maybe these letters are sounding bitter. I sure hope not, but it seems like all I'm doing nowadays is complaining. I guess it's just because it's harder out here than in camp. But there are good things about bivouac. I haven't found any yet, but I'm sure there must be...

But all kidding aside, things are getting better. The food has improved, and we're learning little tricks of the trade that help to make things easier. You know, you've got to have a system in the Army to do anything,

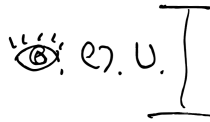
and once you got the system set up it's not so bad. Now if I could just figure out an easier system for digging these holes...

The one good thing about this week's bivouac is that there is only one night problem and, of course, this means more time to sleep. And the longer I sleep, the longer I dream, and since I always dream about you, this makes the bivouac much, much better. You see how simple it is? By the way, just in case you've forgotten, I love you very, very much and I miss you almost as much. So do me a big favor and take care of yourself. Say hello to one and all for me.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Hello Honey. I'm over at Uncle Maitland's. They went to an organ concert or something. I made you a record you ought to hear. I guess you will in the near future. It is only funny, but you'll see what I mean. It took me all afternoon to think of that much to say. I don't know what I'll say Friday when the rest of your folks come over to make the big record, but I hope I'll think of something. The speed for the record is 78 I think; anyway you play it on the regular speed.

I got your letter for May 11 today. In the first place, you said, "you are my bright spot"—I don't like being called a "spot." I hardly believe it fits my personality. Then when you said "the biggest" I was insulted. I'll have you know I am not big. Of course, you know I'm just kidding. That dumb pen was making me mad so I'm switching to pencil.

Darling, maybe I'll sound like a selfish, spoiled brat, but Honey, it isn't that, but I don't believe the scrapbook deal is settled yet. You have to send some things home. I know you will, then your mother will give them to Claudia, you know she will. Then we are right back where we started from. Sure we will probably have a few things different, but you know as well as I do that most of it will be the same. I think it is silly to have two books the same. I would talk it over with your Sister, but I don't think she would understand, but

maybe it would be helpful if you wrote her about it. You don't have to do it if you don't want to, because maybe I am being silly, but that's just the way I feel. No matter what, you do what you think is best.

Darling, you know how much I miss and love you. I really don't need to say anymore. This place is driving me mad. My Sister is in the other room playing the player piano over and over like she has been doing for the past three hours. A little while ago my cousins were running around—it's really a madhouse—and if my aunt and uncle don't come home soon, I'm going to go Bats. I know, Darling, you thought I was crazy before—but you haven't seen anything yet.

Goodbye for now since I had better stop before I say something I shouldn't.

Don't forget I love you —

All my love always,

Betty

May 17, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, the old' knee didn't let up, so I thumbed myself a ride into camp. Saw the head man at the hospital, and he's referring me to some specialist in Sendai. I'm going back tomorrow to find out just when I'm to go.

One of the fellows from Fourth Platoon got in the way of a stray bullet this afternoon, and for his trouble received a hole in his chest. I understand it was just a flesh wound, and that he's not in danger of dying. Boy, things like this really make you stop and think—a guy could get killed in this war.

Mail, like I said in my preceding letters, hasn't been coming in on a regular basis. However, I did get three letters from an extremely gorgeous girl from Van Nuys today, so things are looking up all over.

Well, Honey, that's all the news for tonight. Remember, my dearest, I love you very, very much. And remember that I'll be home soon. Wait for me, Honey; the time is closer at hand than you think.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Hello Darling, well we have had a little bit of excitement around here. My Sister is sick and had the Doctor over and just everything—it is her appendix, and maybe she will even have to have them out—won't that be exciting? Now if it was me who was sick with my appendix, I could go to the hospital and have them out. Then I could write you about all the cute Doctors. Darn, my Sister gets all the breaks; she doesn't even have to go to school for a while. Oh well, some people are just lucky.

I am a genius! I got another "A" on a Trigonometry test—that makes two "A's" in a row! Now I can afford a few low grades that I think are coming. After typing all night, I also have my Radio Script finished.

I talked to your mother on the telephone for about two hours tonight. We got started talking about religion. Honey, how some people expect you to change the beliefs that you have had all your life just because they think a little different, I'll never know.

We didn't argue or anything, so don't worry; we just talked about it. But your mother just couldn't understand why I believe some things like I do. Just a word of warning, Honey, when you come home and if we get married, you'll want me to believe the way you do, right? Well, Darling, just don't get too pushy because I have a stubborn nature, and if someone tells me something is a certain way and can't be any other way, no matter what, it is my nature to get stubborn and stick to the way I have always believed. Maybe that's not a good way to be—but that's the way I am.

I know you take your religion seriously, but, Darling, so do I, and while I love you, Darling, and I'm willing to learn, you can't teach me that way. As anyone who knows me will tell you, I can't be told anything. Not that I'm unreasonable, but somehow if someone comes right out and says it is one way and no other—I won't take it. And I won't go along with anybody or thing that believes they are right and that it couldn't possibly be any other way.

We are humans and we all make mistakes, and who is to say that their way of life is the only way. I believe most in Jesus and what he stood for. Most of all, he stood for love; I don't think I need to tell you, of all people, what Jesus stood for. But I believe—and I know I will not change my mind about this—that a Jew, Lutheran, or any other denomination will get to heaven equally if they believe in Jesus and what He stood for; and that the minor differences between churches are incidental.

Now that is the way I think. Maybe I am wrong, but who are you or I to say whether I am right or wrong. I probably have said too much, especially since I started out to say just a few words. Don't worry about any of this as there will be plenty of time to settle when

you get home.

This afternoon I went down to the Junior High school and officiated at a Play Day for the Lettergirls.

Well, Honey, it is late (after 11:00) and I probably have bored you to death. I love you, Darling. Take good care of yourself and don't do anything foolish and get hurt.

Remember always that I miss you terribly and lots more. Also, that I will be here when you get home and will love you just as much and more—if that is possible.

All my love always,

Betty

May 18, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

This is going to be a quickie because I'm going back in the field in about 15 minutes. The knee feels a whole lot better, and my appointment to see the specialists won't be until early next week. And so there's really no reason for me to stay.

One can never tell—they might even need me out there. Why I'm going back is beyond me, but I've just got a hunch that I need to. Usually my hunches don't amount to much—but then there are those that do—so I'll play this one out.

I was thinking today that my letters must sound sort of bitter and that they were getting duller and duller, and Honey, I'm sorry about this. But I'm going to try and do better.

I love you, dearest, with all my heart, and the one thing I really want and pray for is a discharge you. Keep care and give my best to one and all.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

How is my Honey today? I am fine, but Mary isn't feeling very well. She felt fine until about a half hour ago. Mary was running all over the house all day, and when we had company tonight and she was up and around and was feeling fine, but now she feels awful, poor kid.

Well, this afternoon your mother, father, sister, niece and grandmother all went over to my aunt's and made a record. Of course, I went to; it's a real good record.

Now I am sitting in my Sister's room. She won't let me leave.

Mother called the Doctor so maybe she will have to have her appendix out tonight. Here it is after 12, almost 1 o'clock, and Mary has some crazy idea that I will help, so she wants me here. She is insisting that if she has to have them out, I have to go with her, fine thing. Oh well, Mary will be all right. Maybe I shouldn't tell you this, you might worry. But then what is there to worry about? By the time you get this letter she will be all right.

I worked tonight as always. Nothing else has happened. I guess I had better end this now. As for Mary, I don't know what I can do except maybe give moral support.

I love you, Darling, by the way, have you had your appendix out? I miss you—Better close now —

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. You may be happy to know that Mary is still alive. We took her to the Doctor, and he thumped her here and there, and she feels better; so I'm going to bed!

May 19, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today, Dearest, is the first of my “new kind” of letters. Sure hope it’s a good one.

We came in from the field today, and believe it or not, I did the 20 miles with no trouble at all. Boy what a liar I turned out to be.

But at any rate, we’re real proud of ourselves. We made the jaunt in four hours, and with full field packs—that’s moving.

The Captain seems to think it’s some kind of a record, and if that isn’t, the fact that we didn’t lose a man is!

I really must admit, though, that I was tired. But after a good shower and a square meal for lunch I felt pretty good, and then the mail call rolled in and I got two letters from you, and now I feel wonderful.

I went down to the In NCO (Non-Commissioned Officers’) club this afternoon and got myself a haircut, a shampoo, a facial, a shave and a tonic for 80 cents. As you can plainly see, inflation has set in over here. Opps! Almost forgot, shining my boots was included in the price.

While I think of it, don’t worry if my mail doesn’t arrive on a regular basis. You know there are two ways of doing things; the right way, and the Army way. And unfortunately the mail is being handled by the Army.

Just in case you’re interested, I’ve written every single day since I left the good old USA and, circumstances permitting, I’ll keep writing until I return.

Mom wrote me and told me that adding the 2BN to my address was bothering you. I thought I wrote you an explanation about this, but I guess not, and I’m sorry about that. By now, Mom has probably explained this to you, but in case she hasn’t, here’s what it’s all about:

For starters, 2nd BN stands for the Second Infantry Battalion. In the Army everything is divided into units; something like cities, counties and states. The lowest unit in the infantry is a Squad, consisting of nine men. The next highest is a Platoon, consisting of four Squads; then a Company consisting of four Platoons; then a Battalion consisting of four Companies, then a Regiment consisting of three Battalions; and then a Division consisting of three Regiments. Then there are Corps made up of

Divisions; and then Armies made up of Corps.

When we were in the States, the entire 40th Division was stationed at Camp Cooke and all of our mail was sent there and then distributed to the various units.

But when we arrived in Japan, the Division units were sent to different locations. For example some of our Regimental units were sent to camp Younghans and some to Camp Sendai. Since our Regimental Headquarters was in Sendai, all of our mail was sent there and then further distributed to our Regimental units; with the net result of the mail destined for Camp Younghans being delayed for several days. Now, by adding 2nd BN to our mailing address, our mail bypasses Sendai and comes directly to Camp Younghans—which means that I get your letters sooner. Finally, the Army has done something right!

So the adding of 2nd BN to our mailing address had nothing to do with moving us to a different location. We're still at Camp Younghans, and if any move does take place, I'll remember the map so that you'll know where I'm at.

As for the Orchid, I almost didn't send it since there is nothing official about our relationship, and I was worried that your mother might think it was improper for me to do so. I even went to the library and researched the propriety of my sending it but found no useful information, so I gambled, trusting in my good intentions, and sent it. Luckily, I drew a full house because you said she liked it.

And while we're on the subject of Mother's Day presents, thanks for giving Mom that box of candy. I know she got a big kick out of it. She's that way you know, always giving and never receiving.

Just in case you don't know it, you've won two other allies over to your side. Sis wrote in her last letter that, "Betty and I had a swell time just gabbing. She's sure a sweet kid. She fits right in with us. You should have heard the razzing she gave Stan—Just like you always do." And she added that He (Stan) also thinks you're swell.

In case you're interested, you're also tops with a certain GI over here in Japan. It seems like this poor guy just can't get you out of his noggin. Some say he's a mental case; others say it's love.

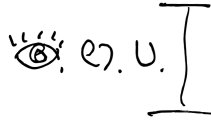
Me, I think it's both. But one thing I don't think, but I know is that you are the most wonderful thing that ever happened to this GI, and that he loves you with all his heart and soul. And about that "deal," count me in! And just try to break the bargain; I've got letters, you know, and I'll sue you for breach of promise if you try to wiggle out of the deal.

Keep care of yourself, my Darling, and give my best to your folks.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Well, today Mary feels fine, good as ever. I worked all day. This morning I went to the Dentist because I had a toothache last Thursday. Well, he filled one tooth, but I don't see how it helped because my toothache was on the other side of my mouth. Anyway, I have to have another filling on Wednesday—more fun. Worst of all, the other side of my mouth hurts now. Oh Well, I hear it's tough all over now.

I can't find my pen. I don't know what happened to it, so I'll just continue writing in pencil.

Darling, I really do appreciate your writing every day. I know I've said it before, but Darling, it means so much to me. I know how hard it must be, but please don't let it kill you. You see, Darling, I kind of love you just a little bit. Just more than anything else, that is.

There is a dance at school tonight, so I guess I had better get ready. I will finish writing this when I get home. I still haven't gone yet, so I think I'll enclose two pictures. They're not very good as you will see. I don't take good pictures anyway, but I take worst snapshots. Next time I'll try not to frown.

Here I am home from the dance. It is now 2:15. Now don't get worried, Darling, we had to stay to clean up after the dance, and then David Foltz took Vicki and I home by way of Bob's Big Boy. Well, you know how it is when Vicki and I get together, but it was worse tonight—for David. But we had fun.

David has a new car. It's a convertible, and we rode all the way with the top down—more fun.

There weren't very many people at the dance, but there never is on Saturday nights. The band was wonderful, the best we've had in years.

Guess who I was thinking about all the time; especially missing him when they played songs that had been real popular at the time when this person was home? I kept dreaming and wishing that he could be there with me. Well, this guy I'm talking about is a pretty wonderful fellow, at least I think so. You know, I love him very much and hope to spend the rest of my life with him. Darling, of course you know I'm talking about you, and really I mean it.

Good night, Honey, it's late and like a good little girl I have to go to church tomorrow—

All my love always,

Betty

May 20, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today is Sunday, and like all Sundays in the Army it's been a lazy day. The most exciting thing that happened was that I went on a shopping trip to a neighboring town where I purchased two matching jackets; one for Leona and the other for me. They are gold and blue and are embroidered with a tiger and serpents. They are also reversible, however I was unable to get the inside of the jackets to match, but do feel good about getting the jackets in the sizes that I wanted. I also picked up a tie for myself and a couple of other knickknacks for total cost of around \$20.00. By the way, please don't mention any of this to Leona as I want it to be a surprise.

After shopping I stopped in at the NCO club and had a steak sandwich, some French fries and a Coke. It was almost like being at home.

Of course, I went to church this morning and as always found myself wishing you were there beside me. You know I wouldn't mind this tour at all if you were here with me, but then there's a war on and all that.

Today being the 20th, the Far Eastern Command switched the color of our uniforms to Sun Tans. I understand the boys in the States had the switch sometime earlier this month, but since it takes longer for things to warm here in Japan, our change was delayed. It's strange, but this uniform switch gives me a funny feeling. I was activated in September, and it is during this month when the Army starts wearing wools, so all I've really seen is the Army in wool—and suddenly, switch-a-roo—we're in Sun Tans!

The Company goes back out in the field on Tuesday, and I believe we're due back on Sunday or Monday. I'm still waiting for that appointment, and I think I'll go down and check on it tomorrow—squeaky wheel and all that!

Well, Honey, I hate to bring this to a close, but we've got an inspection tomorrow and I haven't even started getting ready for it.

Keep care of yourself, my Darling, and remember I love you over and beyond all earthly things.

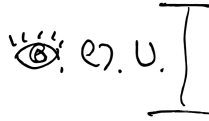
Give my love to one and all, and tell Harvey to give you a big kiss for

me. Pray for me, Betty, as I do for you, and remember it won't be too much longer.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Hello Darling, here it is Sunday. My folks are gone to Malibu with my great uncle. I stayed home thinking that I would get some homework done. I thought about the other times I had stayed home on Sundays by myself to do homework. I hadn't gotten anything done then, but I thought here it is almost two months since you left and I should be over that awful loneliness I always get on Sunday afternoon when I am alone. But I am not; it's as bad as ever, if not worse.

I really tried. I came in and opened my Trigonometry book and even read a couple of problems. That was four hours ago, and I haven't written one thing down. I just couldn't stand it any longer, Darling, so for the past three hours I have been talking on the telephone, and that's no lie.

After I bored Vicky long enough, I ran out of people to talk to, so now I am writing you a letter. You won't mind, will you, if I just say everything and nothing? You see, I don't feel like doing Trigonometry. I just can't seem to think. I have so much of it to do, but I just can't do it.

The only thing that helps me, besides talking or going to a show, is writing to you. It helps because there is so much I want to say to you and things I would like to do with you. Just to be with you for only a few minutes would be wonderful. I think of all the people who have been away from each other for years, but somehow it just doesn't seem to help. Here I am, supposed to be helping your morale or something by writing—and I can't even think of anything cheerful to say. All I can think about is how very much I miss and love you.

Darling, I missed Johnny, yes, but it wasn't anything like this! You don't know how glad I am that you waited around until I came to my senses. I can never tell you how glad I am that I wrote that letter to Johnny telling

him that I loved you. I know now that it could never have been any other way. Now that I look back, I don't know how I could have ever thought I loved him when I could have a wonderful guy like you.

I guess I gave you a pretty rough time there for a while, but believe me, it will never happen again. I can honestly say that I have never been hurt by any boy, and I am sorry to say that I have hurt more than my share of boys; certainly I am not proud of this. But you are really the only boy that could really hurt me. Johnny might have been able to hurt me eight months ago, but you are the only one that could now; and somehow I just can't believe that you ever would.

You know it is funny, I have a wonderful imagination. I can imagine almost anything. But for the life of me I just can't imagine you not loving me and wanting me more than anything else. Maybe it is wrong for me to think this way, but that's just the way I feel. I know how hard it is for me, you being away; but how much harder it must be for you being away from all of those you love.

I guess I'll live until you get home, but that's about all. When people ask me how I am, I say, "Well I'm still living"—but they don't really know how much I really mean just that.

I must say this is a short letter and I have probably bored you to death or something. Maybe I shouldn't have said all this to you now, but I get so lonely and it does help to say it. It is really bad when you are lonely and when there are lots of people around you but you can't think of anything but one thing. Maybe this all sounds silly to you, but it shouldn't because if you love me as much as I think you do, you feel the same way.

Mary is all well. What a nut; you would'nt believe that she was dying the other night, but now she is as good as ever. Of course, I went to church today like a good little girl.

The orchid you bought Mother for Mother's Day is still real pretty. That really did a lot, Honey. Mother always did like you; in fact, all my family thinks the world of you. But that little extra thing sure helped.

Well, goodbye for now, Darling—remember how much I love you and remember, too, that it is forever and always—

All my love always,

Betty

May 21, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I'm beginning to think that maybe the Army has lost me. It's been three days and no mail. Honestly, the only thing that keeps me going is the thought of all that mail when the Army finally gets around to delivering it to me.

Speaking of mail, the first of next month I'm going to send all your letters back to you. I just don't have room to keep them, and for some silly reason I treasure them. I can't very well send them to Mom, and I know that once you get them, they'll be in good hands—make that beautiful hands; hands that I love.

Today was just another one of those lazy days that we in the Army seldom have a chance to enjoy.

We did have a Battalion competition and an individual competition. Tom and I placed somewhere in, the top six places. I wrote Mom the details, and if you're interested, you can check with her.

Tomorrow we go out on bivouac again, and I understand that we will be coming back either Saturday or Sunday. Anyhoo, we're going to the same place as last week to work on Platoon Problems. There is also going to be some sort of a test, so I've been boning up on the subjects of "Platoon on the Attack" and "Platoon on the Defense"—almost felt like I was in school again.

It looks like I'm going to have to come in from the field to get that x-ray taken. They still haven't told me when that will happen, but I did worm it out of one guy that it will be either Wednesday or Friday. Guess I'll just have to wait and see what comes of it.

You know, Honey, I sure miss you. Every time I think of all the times I could have enjoyed being with you—and didn't even notice you—I could kick myself. Funny the things you remember. You know, I can tell you everything that we did together. Tell me, what one thing or incident do you remember most clearly? Three things really stick out in my mind. One was the first time I ever kissed you. Another was that first night that you, Mom and I spent in that motel when you woke me up, and number three is the time you met me at your door with a big kiss. Of

course, I have a lot more wonderful memories of us being together—but those are the big three.

Honey, it sure is good to know that there is someone waiting for me when I get home—and that someone will be you. How lucky can a guy get!

And remember, my dearest, that no matter what you may hear about how guys in the Army operate in foreign lands—this is one Sergeant that is staying on the straight and narrow. It's just you and me. It's never been anyone else, and Baby, if you stick with me—there never will be.

Be sure, my Darling, to keep good care of yourself and remind me to one and all.

I love you, my Darling, more than any other earthly thing, and please believe me when I say I want you more than I want the all riches of the world. Pray for me, Betty, as I do for you.

All my love always,

Bob

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P.S. And I do mean Always!

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Dear Bob,

This will have to be short as I have to go to work tonight. It is a lot of fun to work at night. Only Vicky and I and Mr. Champion and George and maybe Jimmy are working tonight. Vicki and I get to take in all the money when George and Champ go to dinner for about an hour, and that is when we have the most fun. We listen to the radio and talk all the time. Of course we mark things while this is all going on, but it is the easiest way to make money while having fun I know of.

Anyway, it will probably be late when I get home and I wouldn't have time to write.

Nothing out of the usual happened today. School went on as always—it didn't burn down or blow up or something as I hoped.

I talked to your mother for a while this afternoon.

Well, nothing else to say except I love you.

All my love always,

Betty

May 22, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

This Army life must be getting me in condition as evidenced by the fact that I hardly noticed the hike out to the field today. On second thought, maybe they've killed off all my nerve endings. At any rate, I made it and I'm feeling pretty good, even though I've just trudging over 20 miles on a forced march.

Of course, the first thing we did when we got here was dig slit trenches (6x2x4). Some Japanese men came up from the field and wanted to dig them for us for a couple of cigarettes, but of course, we couldn't let them. However, some kids saw me out in the fields cutting bushes for camouflage, and they went around cutting bushes and presenting it to us. There were only three of them, and I, being the softy that I am, gave them each a cookie.

We now have 3,000 of them, cutting down every Bush in the area, and the old man is running around pulling his hair. If he ever finds out who is responsible for this he will kill me.

We're generally in the same area as last week, but we moved up about a half a mile to the edge of the hills. The land to our front is all cultivated while there are woods on our left flank and a hill that we call "Mohawk Hill." I am going to take a picture of it so maybe someday you will know why we nicknamed it that.

Well, Baby, it's getting close to my favorite time, chow time, so maybe I'd better wind this thing up.

I got some mail today. One from you, two from sis, and one from mom, and I must say you seem to be in good favor with my folks. In fact, even if I wanted to, I don't think they'd let me change my mind about you. Not that there is any chance of that happening because you're still the only one for me. I love you, Betty, more than you'll ever know. Keep care.

All my love always,

Bob

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⊙. U.]

Dear Bob,

I was going to write you earlier this afternoon, but I went to sleep. After I read your letters I thought I would rest a while, and mother woke me up in time for dinner.

Don't get me wrong, your letters didn't put me to sleep, and I don't think they sound bitter nor do I think you complain too much—and you certainly don't bore me. I think your letters are wonderful, and I think the guy who writes them is pretty nice, too.

Sorry to hear that your knee has been hurting again. And another thing, stop worrying about those short letters. I know you are doing the best you can, Honey; I think you are pretty wonderful to find time to write at all, especially to find enough time to write every day.

You know, Darling, it has become such a habit with me to write every day that I think I would feel lost if I didn't. The two most important things to me is to come home after school and find a letter and then to write you every night.

Today was the Senior Play. It was entitled "That Face is Familiar," and it was pretty good, but I thought it kind of dragged and was too long. It was about 2½ hours long, but then we did get out of some classes, which was pleasant. No kidding, Honey, I used to like school but I sure am getting sick of it. Will I ever be glad when it is out! Now, who's complaining?

I am writing this before I go to my "Y" Club meeting because usually the six of us (you should know who they are by now) Vicki, Jeanette, Blake, Richard, Jack and I do something after the meeting. This time I think we are going to Vicki's to play cards.

Tonight at the meeting we are having a speaker who is the photographer that shot the movie "King Solomon's Mines"; you know, this is the picture we saw just after Christmas with Chet and Barbara Diether. I think he is also going to show us some other movies.

I love you—

All my love always,

Betty

May 23, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Sorry old girl, but I'm afraid this is going to be one of those stinking letter. I've already started three times, and all three are in the wastebasket. I get this way every once in a while, and when I do I have a devil of a time expressing myself. I guess you could call it a mood. At any rate, bear with me because it only affects my writing, and that only happens once in a great while.

I went into Sendai this morning and got that bum knee of mine x-rayed. Nobody would tell me anything except they'd forward a report to the local boss man. So until he gets the report and lets me in on "the know," you'll just have to be in suspense.

The hospital down there is really a beaut. At least it is in comparison with what else I've seen in Japan. And the food I had for lunch was out of this world. Once again, that's in comparison with what we have been getting.

However, I think that the one thing I enjoyed about the whole trip was talking to an American kid. His daddy is over in Korea, and he and I became good friends over an ice cream cone that I purchased for him.

I'm beginning to wonder if there are any roads in this country and, I'm quite sure that there isn't one from here to Sendai. It seems that all the driver does is pick out a good path and then takes off in the general direction of where he's going.

Well, Baby, your ever-loven' has got to go back in the field tomorrow, and I'm thinking he should finish this letter and get some shuteye.

Be sure, my Dearest, to keep good care of yourself and remember that you're the only thing that really counts as far as I'm concerned. Tell your folks, and all the gang, hello for me and don't forget I love you with all my heart.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

I think the Post Office is crazy. Yesterday I got some letters from you that were mailed (postmarked) on May 19th, then today I got one that was postmarked on May 15th. This has happened several times before. Oh well, I won't start complaining until they just forget to bring me some.

I went to the Dentist again today. He pulled two teeth and they hurt now. He said to say "Hello" to you, so I will: "Hello!" He used to be a Dentist up at Camp Cooke, just before the 40th arrived there. I don't have to have any more fillings. but I do have to go back again on Friday to have my teeth cleaned.

Don't worry about your mother liking the phone call; of course she did! I don't remember you're saying to me, "How are you"— I just remember you're saying, "Hello Darling, I sure miss you." Of course, with your folks all around I really couldn't say the things I wanted to say to you either. So if you're wondering why I didn't, that is the reason. However I really do love you, in case you don't know this by now. Also, in case you have forgotten, I'll say it again—I love you, Honey.

Well, today I had another driving lesson. As soon as school is out I think I'll get a Drivers Permit. I would've gotten one a long time ago if I had had the time to do so. I probably could get my license now, but then what's the hurry?

Tomorrow I'm having another Trigonometry test. Believe me, Darling, during the three weeks between tests, I think I've got dumber instead of smarter.

I really wish it were only this time next year and that you are coming home soon, or better yet that you were already here. Oh well, I guess it will soon be that time.

Tonight I am going to bed early. I know I say that every night I stay home, which isn't very often, but this time I mean it! So I'll end this masterpiece, but I have a better reason for doing this since I have no more to say. Not that I have said anything already.

*I sure miss you, Darling, but most of all I love you—
All my love always,
Betty*

May 24, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Just got back from running the platoon problem, and boy was it a toughie. Tracers from the 50 caliber machine guns started brushfires, and those flames were over our head at times. To make matters worse, the hill we were taking was just about straight up and we were all beat from running across an open field before we even started to climb up the thing. The telephone lines that ran from the control tower to the pits were destroyed by the fire, and consequently no targets appeared whatsoever. Then after we got to the top of the darn thing and dug in for the expected counterattack, we trotted back down the hill and fought the fire.

I am now laying flat on my back writing to you. Furthermore, I don't intend to get up until I'm ready; or at least until somebody with more stripes or a bar makes me.

Received a package from Mom last night, and even though it was packed in stale popcorn we enjoyed the dates and fruitcakes.

I also got a letter from Mom today, but not from anyone else. As I said before, I think the Army has completely forgotten about me.

Well, Honey, that's about all the news for today, except that while I was back in camp someone stole all the straw out of my foxhole. It's getting to the point that a guy can't trust anyone.

Be sure and keep care of yourself and tell everyone hello for me. And whatever you do, don't forget that I love you with all my heart and miss you very, very much.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Well, Darling, since when do you have time to write to my little Sister? You should have written me two letters or at least a longer one instead of writing to Mary. As my Sister says in her letter (she didn't spell it this way, she is a worse speller than I am), I am a very jealous person (Ha, Ha). And Darling, if you can write to Mary, I ought to be able to write to some of those poor boys who don't get any letters, so Honey—give with a few addresses. After all, I will be doing more good than you are.

Now, Honey, please explain what you mean by “new kind” of letters? What was the matter with the old kind? I like the new kind, but then I love them all. In case you're interested, I too have written you every day, and if you're lucky I will continue to write you every day until you come home. Honey, while we are on the subject of letters, I thought you tore my letters into little pieces and threw them away. If you did that, how do you expect to sue me for Breach of Promise? Where is your evidence? Although, I hope you know that such an action will hardly be necessary. I also want you to know that I could sue you as well because I also have letters. Now that we are both scared to death about pending legal actions, let's talk about something else.

By the way, Honey, I read the letter you sent to Mary, and if you go around telling all the girls how beautiful and wonderful they are—just how do you expect me to believe you when you tell me the same thing? After all, why should I, when it would seem that you tell these things to everyone? It won't do you any good to write and tell Mary not to let me read your letters. You just went too far when you wrote to two girls at the same address. At the very least—you should have changed your line a little bit.

Today I had a Trigonometry test but it wasn't quite as bad as I thought it would be; at least I don't think I failed.

I finally got my Star for my Athletic Letter. I have been going to get it now for about a month.

Harvey sends his love, too. He is fine except for a slow leak someplace—so I have to blow him up every day. The other bunny is fine. “Harvey” sleeps at the end of my bed every night while the pink Bunny sleeps right next to me.

You know, Darling, since I started writing to you I have gotten a talent for writing more about nothing that anyone I know. Take this letter for example. Nothing really happened today, so I write on hoping that I don't bore you; but then I really don't worry because I know you love me, and since you do you should like what I write no matter what.

Now you do too much worrying about what you write. I want you to complain because it is unnatural if you don't. I want you to feel that you can tell me everything and anything. If you had a hard day and something didn't strike you just right, tell me, Darling, because you always feel so much better when you tell someone or write it down. That's why you get some of the letters you do from me. I always feel better when I have told someone. Maybe you don't like it when you get those letters from me, but that's the way I am. I feel if I am going to spend the rest of my life with you, I might as well be natural and not try to cover up any faults or actions. I want you to do the same.

Of course, when we get married we both may have to change a little so that we can live happily together. I'm willing to change and do my part because I love you so very much. I will always try to make you happy, Darling, but it takes two of us, and I know that you will do your part as well.

See how I get started on one thing and end up on another. I was going to end this letter about three pages ago, but I got started on something and then I think what a shame to just write a little bit on this big piece of paper—so on and on I go.

In case you are wondering why this letter is so sloppy, it is because I am laying down while I am writing. I could say something now about you having enough time to read such a long letter, but I figure anyone who has time to write to his girl's sister has plenty of time to read any letter I would write. However, there is one thing I can't figure out. Just why do you always say you are so busy if you have so much time?

Now look what I have done, I've started a new page!

Now don't you forget to get me a few names of some lonely soldiers who don't get any mail, and I will see that they do. After all, if you can write to other girl and give them a big line, I ought to be able to write to other guys.

Guess what? I got another lesson from Ross today. Maybe someday they will finish. I'd better end this before I start another page —

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. I forgot to tell you—guess who's coming over to join you; not in Korea but in Japan? You remember "Goose" (I don't know how to spell his last name—it is something like Gousiland)? You remember he was a Major in the ROTC when Troy was the Colonel. Dick Baker is now the ROTC City Colonel. Isn't that fine? That makes three semesters in a row and four semesters out of five that Van Nuys has had the top officer in the city. Also the Van Nuys ROTC got some kind of an award today, but you can read about it in the school paper. That is, if I ever remember to send it to you. It will probably be with tomorrow's paper. Anyway, I love you and miss you very much. I promised not to use that line with anyone else—that is if you won't either.

May 25, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Baby, today was just another day as the third platoon moved out to run their platoon problem and worked on Combat Outposts.

SFC Walsh, my platoon sergeant, went out with the third as a safety NCO, and so yours truly acted as the "Big Wheel" for the day.

I think that this bunch of boys is pretty good. First, they collected 79 points out of a possible 100 on the problem they ran yesterday, and considering the fire—and Honey it really was a fire—that is darn good. Then today, working under a new leader they are not use to yet, they pulled off that combat outpost problem with flying colors. Yes sir, I think I am going to like it over here.

We had fish, just like every Friday, for dinner tonight, and if this keeps up, I'm going to stop eating dinner on Friday nights.

Tomorrow the company marches back to camp—and come to think about it—I have a meeting with the old man at 7 p.m. So I'd better close this thing but fast.

Be sure, my Darling, to keep care of yourself and give your folks my best, and always remember, my dearest, that I love you more than anything else in the world and that I miss you and want you something awful. Bye for now.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Hello Darling, how is my favorite boyfriend today? It really isn't the 25th anymore but it's actually the morning of the 26th. Vicki is sitting on the other bed putting up her hair. We went to a movie after work. The features were real good, and their titles were "I Can Get it for You Wholesale" and Fathers Little Dividend."

Honey, guess what? You know that Trigonometry test I was going to fail—Well, I got a “B” on it—ain’t I smart. Gee, I sure hope Chet does that Trigonometry for me on Sunday. Those problems are a racket; all the kids pass them around.

Boy, has it ever been warm around here. Yesterday they had an Invitational Assembly during the Fifth and part of Sixth periods, so five of us went out on the Girls Gym Field and got a tan all afternoon. That is the life—just laying out in the sun. It was so much better than sitting in a stuffy old Spanish class.

Well, Darling, it is late and I had better get to sleep; you know, work tomorrow and all that. You know I love you very much and miss you something awful and even more.

All my love always,

Betty

May 26, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I have just finished destroying 12 pages that I wrote to you last night. They had to do with your letter of May 17 in which you told me about the talks you had with my Mother about religion. Honey, I've tried to write and explain how strongly I feel about my church, but somehow I keep coming up short—especially when I'm trying to explain the deep commit I'm feeling for it. If I were there with you, perhaps we could talk and I would be better able to express myself, but since I'm not then maybe we should just leave the subject alone until I return home.

However, if there is anything specific that you would like to know, just tell me and I'll do my best to give you a straight answer. As you know I have a lot to learn about my faith, but if I don't know the answer I'll sure try to find it out.

This letter is rough to write because I want to say so many things but I just don't have the skills to adequately express them. Just remember that I love you, I miss you terribly and I'm living for the day when we get married.

Thank you, my Darling, for your wonderful birthday presents. To me the ID bracelet will always symbolize our togetherness, and I will wear it with pride. You'll also be happy to learn that the chain on Harvey's rabbit foot is doing a good job holding my keys together and that that little rabbit you sent "to keep an eye on me" has a keen observation post over the head of my bed. However, the life expectancy of your record has been radically reduced due to it being played over and over again. Everything was a smash hit and you made my birthday—still three days away—a very, very special and happy one. Thank you, my Darling, not only for the gifts but for the thoughts behind them—and most of all thank you for falling in love with me. I say again, how lucky can a man get?

Keep care of yourself, my Darling, and please remember that I love you more than anything. Tell everyone hello for me and give my best to your folks. I love you.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Well, Darling, here I go again. It is late; about one o'clock, and I am in bed writing to you, thinking of you, missing you, but most of all loving you. Now the scene is set. Question is, where have I been tonight? Well, the answer to that one is over at Vicki's. We had a great time; the six of us, Blake, Jack, Richard, Jeanette, Vicki, and I. It really was lots of fun. We played cards, danced etc. I hope you can read this, it is a little messy, but I am sleepy and the pen won't write and there are a dozen other things that are wrong.

At last I remembered to send your paper, as you probably noticed when you opened the letter. Darling, I have to get up early tomorrow, we are going to Santa Barbara, so this letter will have to be another short one. Just one more thing to say. It's about something that is bigger than both of us—but takes us both. You guessed it, I love you.

*All my love always,
Betty*

May 27, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, I think maybe I neglected you in yesterday's letter, but I was just too tired to write anymore. At any rate, I'll try to make it up to you in today's daily.

I was sorry to hear about Mary getting sick, but before I could send my condolences a letter came saying she was okay. So I'll just say that I'm glad the little gangster is up and around. As for that stuff about her wanting you around, I don't blame her. I kind of want you too. And just for your information, ask my Sis who holds my hand when I go to the dentist.

Speaking of the dentist, I sure hope your teeth are better. You know you should really be taking better care of your teeth. Goodness knows I don't want to come home to some old toothless hag.

You know I haven't mentioned it but I'm pretty proud of my girl getting all those A's. Every once in a while one of my boys gets out of hand and starts telling me what a dumb cluck I am. But I don't have to worry because I just smile and say "Yeah, but I got a smart girlfriend. She got an A on a Trig test last week." Funny thing, but it works just about every time. Honey, if you start getting C's I'm all washed up.

I played your record today. Boy, it was wonderful. And while I was playing it I had a little ache right around my heart. I think maybe it's love.

Just in case you're interested, all those packages arrived today. Boy, what a mess. I got cookies, nuts, candy, and cake, and I have popcorn balls strung around the room like it was a circus. And to make matters worse, SFC Walsh also got a big package of cookies today. They're sure nice to get, but too much of anything can kill a guy.

Honey, I got your pictures and they were swell. Please try and send me more. Honestly, next to you and your letters I think pictures of you are the most wonderful things in the world. I've been trying to send you some pictures, but I can't get any regular film for my camera. The dumb P.X. only has colored slide film. I've already sent two rolls home and I'm on my third roll now. So until the P.X. or Mom comes through with some

regular colored film I guess you're going to have to look at slides.

By the way, I want something from you. It's a list of your Mother, Father, Brother and Sister's birthdays. I don't want to let anyone out if I can help it.

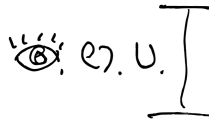
Well, Baby, that's about "Thirty" for tonight and so I'll close for now. Be sure to keep good care—teeth and all—of yourself and give my best to one and all.

I love you Betty. I love you far more than you realize.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Today we went to Santa Barbara for the day. My grandmother and great uncle went, too. After going miles out of our way to see some dumb old town, we arrived an hour later than we had planned but just in time for church. Today I was a bad girl and stayed home. I just got to talk to Chet long enough for him to tell me he had to have a 1,500 word report on one of Bacon's essays that is due tomorrow. So helpful me, I thought that while he was at church I could start it. The topic was friendship, and it seemed easy enough. By the time the day was out, I had it all finished—all 1,500 words of it! But now I am getting ahead of my story. After they came home from church, there was a mad rush for dinner. Chet had to be down to the harbor for a race. Cliff Horn was there (we brought him up with us), and another boy from Cal Polly came in (you know him, he went to Van Nuys but I can only remember that his first name was Bill).

After dinner we went down to the beach to see the end of the Flattie race. Chet took second. Finally, I got Chet home and had just given him the Trig book when Mother came in and said that the food was ready and that after eating we would have to go home. This, of course, did not meet with my approval. So she said we could stay about an hour or so after dinner. After dinner I got Chet already to finally do some Trig, when Mother comes in and says she has to talk to him. So for the next hour or so, she talks. By that time, it was late and time

to go. My reason for going to Santa Barbara was to get my Trig done. How many problems were done? Why, not one! I came up to have Chet help me, and I ended up writing a term paper for Chet's English class. Oh Well, that's how life goes I guess. It was lots of fun, and who wanted to do Trig anyway?

Chet said he would write you as soon as finals are over. That means if you are lucky you should get a letter in about a month. Don't think that it is because Chet doesn't care about you, he does. It's just that Chet just doesn't write. He hasn't written to Ernie in over three months. He is somewhere in the Pacific in the Navy.

Well, Darling, as always it is late and I should have been in bed hours ago. My grandmother was telling me how much she liked boat trips. I almost had her talked into going to Japan and letting me come along to keep her company. No kidding, Darling, there for a while I thought for sure she was at least going to take me to Hawaii. But then she said it was too late to plan anything this summer, besides the small details of money. Probably next summer when you are home she will want me to go to Japan with her or some such place. I sure would like to come to Japan and see you; in fact, I would do most anything if I could, but this is just wishful dreaming. It kind of looks as if you will have to come back to me, and for the time being, I can just send my love by letter. You know, Darling, that you have all my love for always and longer.

All my love always,
Betty

May 28, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today I got two wonderful letters from you, and I also got one from your Mother, two from Sis and one from my Mom. So as you can plainly see I really hit the jackpot today.

By the way, thank your Mother for her card and tell her that she was certainly welcome for the orchid. I'd write her a note myself, but we go out on bivouac again tomorrow and I have lots of things to do before I hit the hay tonight.

I went over to the hospital this afternoon to check on those x-rays, but nothing has come back from Sendai yet. However I should be getting information back by next week by the latest.

Took in a show last night and saw the "Enforcer." It was a good show and in fact I really enjoyed it. By the way, that card of yours really hit the "Ol' Spot." I guess it goes without saying the way I feel about you, and, Honey, I know I've said this before but it really is wonderful to know that you've got a girl back home who is waiting for you.

Quite a few of the fellows have received notes from their girls telling them it's all off, and the majority of the rest of them live in daily fear that their number is next. But me, I know just like I know I'm coming home that it won't happen to me. And believe me, Honey, it's a good feeling.

You know it's funny, but these hikes we keep taking just click on an example inside of my head. When you're going OUT the spirit isn't too high. The fellows know that all they have to look forward to when they get there is digging in, sleeping in a damp slit trench, and a week of hard work. But on the way home it's different. The men are looking forward to a nice shower, their food without bugs in it, a nice warm bed, and two days of just lying around.

It's like that with me. I don't dislike the Army, but I'm not crazy about it either. And the way I figure is that after "that hike" I've got something to look forward to. Of course I know I'm reaching for the brightest star up there, but it kind of looks like I got ahold on it now, and if I can only hang on I'll have it made.

Baby, in case you haven't guessed it, I'm crazy about you. I've been bitten by the bug and Baby, you're all that counts. Just remember to take good care of yourself and that there's a Sergeant over here in Japan that you mean everything to.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Today I am in bed. I have a sore throat and runny nose. I just woke up about an hour ago. That is, Mother woke me up because the mailman had come, and he brought me some letters from you. So after reading each of them about 10 times, I decided to write you a letter. I really don't have anything to say since all I have done all day is sleep.

You said something about sending my letters back to me; go ahead—it is all right with me, but I will probably have to move out of my room to make room for all of our letters in one place.

You asked me what one thing we did together that I remember the most. Well, like you, I can remember everything we did together, and I spend half my time thinking about the things we did and the other half of my time thinking and dreaming of all the things we will be doing in the future. The thing I think about the most are the two mornings that I woke you up when we stayed with your mother. Then the week you were home and came to school, it was almost as if you weren't in the Army. I really can't say what things I remember the most because I think about them all the time.

Don't feel bad about all the time (as you say) you "could have enjoyed you (meaning me) and didn't"—because maybe you couldn't have. You were having fun, but so was I. You know, Darling, how can you really know if you have a really good thing if you have never known anything else?

Darling, we both have changed since the days when we went to school together. When we started going together last December, we

both were a lot different. You had changed in the Army, and I owe Johnny for my changing. I had gone with a lot of guys and most of them had been older, but they weren't like Johnny. Johnny really made me grow up. Sure, I have a lot to learn. I am far from knowing all the answers even now. So you can see that it wasn't wasted time because we were both growing and probably weren't ready for each other yet. But now that we have found one another, we don't need to wonder what it would be like to go with someone else because we both have had more than our share of going with other people.

After that last sentence, the telephone rang and it was your mother. She knew I was home because I had called her around noon.

Now I had better get busy and do some homework. Remember I love you—

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. I do miss you, Darling. But as you say, it won't be very long. But I am sure that the coming year is going to be the longest in my life, at least it will be if it's anything like the last two months.

May 29, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Baby, today is my birthday and like all the others I've added another year to my life. You know I've already had 19 but I really must admit that this last one is one of the best.

True, I was taken out of school, put in the Army and sent to this far off easterly land, but it was also during this year that I started going out with you, and so that more than made up for the rest.

As you've probably already guessed, the Company is out on bivouac again and this time we did a 25-miler. Boy, I sure hope we stop and don't try for 30. My feet are killing me. All I can say is this has been a heck of a way to celebrate one's birthday—but it will be better next year.

Tell me, why in the world did a wonderful girl like you fall for a guy like me? It just doesn't make any sense, but, Honey, to be perfectly honest I'm sure glad you did. You know I'm really a pretty lucky guy getting a gal like you, but then I got Harvey's Rabbit's foot to bring me good luck, don't I?

Better close for now because it will soon be dark and my gear needs to be put away. Take care of yourself and give my love to your folks. Remember, my Darling, I love you very, very much.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Hello Darling, I just got home from the Lettergirls Initiation, and we had more fun. It always starts with the G. A. A. spread. There we eat, have entertainment, sing poodle songs and then announce the new officers for the coming year. They also give out the awards. I got a real nice pin for being on the winning bowling team, my first star, and I am to be the head of bowling next semester. It is only fine because I

get to bowl two nights a week next semester. The 11th grade also won the little red poodle for having the best song.

Then all of the Lettergirls along with the new ones got on the streetcar and went down to Hollywood. On the way down, the new Lettergirls had to do everything we told them to. Barbara Flanagan was my personal slave. Then we all went to the Chinese theater and saw "On the Riviera." We also learned that we're having the Premier of "The Great Caruso" at the Egyptian theater, so we had to go down there and see Mario Lanza and all the other so-called stars. Then we got something to eat and came back home on the streetcar. It sure was lots of fun.

Anyway, now it's late, Darling, and I have to get up and go to the beach tomorrow with our "Y" Club, but it's not too late to say I love you and I would have much rather been out with you tonight, even if I did have a real terrific time. Honey, even with all the fun, noise, and excitement, I still missed you. And I have this empty feeling way deep inside of me that I don't think will go away until you come back to me.

You know, Honey, tonight was only the second time I had been to the Grumman's Chinese Theater. The first time I went, you took me. Remember, we saw "Halls of Montezuma." I can't remember the exact date, sometime in January, but I do remember you in your uniform. Afterwards we went to Eaton's and had a ham dinner.

Like I said before, it is late. Remember always how very much I love you.

All my love always,
Betty

May 30, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Boy, what a scorcher it was today. No kidding all I've done all day is sweat. And when I think that we're still in the middle of Japan's rainy season my morale drops another 50%. But I guess I'd rather be overheated than cold any day of the week. It seems to me, though, that if grown men just have to fight, they'd mind a spot with good weather to fight over.

We ran a Company problem this morning, and of all the things to happen I got killed. Not just killed-wounded but killed-killed. But then one can't expect to live forever.

This afternoon we got a break as the Chaplain gave us a talk, and Lieut. Wiggins tore this morning's problem apart inch by inch. It sure was a good thing we sat and heard instead of running up and down mountains all day. I think that would have killed me.

No mail came in today, and since we didn't do much out of our routine, this letter is a hard one to write; especially since my morale is not at its highest because I didn't get any mail from you. But tomorrow will be a new day and since I haven't gotten any mail from you in three days, tomorrow should be a dandy. Of course tomorrow, being payday, will make it just that much better; but I think I'd rather get a letter from you than get paid any day.

By the way, just in case your mind is failing you, there's still a certain G.I. over here that's nuts about a certain Betty back in Van Nuys. Once more, he sure hopes she hasn't changed her mind about him—but he's pretty sure she hasn't.

Be sure, my Darling, to keep care of yourself because if anything happened to you I'd be like the little ol' woman that lived in a shoe—I wouldn't know what to do. Say hello to one and all.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

⊙. U.]

Dear Bob,

Well, today, Honey, I must say I got "well done" (to say the least) because I spent the entire day at the beach. We left about 10 this morning and got home about 8:30. You ought to see me; now I have red skin.

First we went swimming, and the water was wonderful. Then we walked a couple of miles down the beach before we loaded into the car and drove to the pier where we road all the rides. I went on the Roller Coaster twice; it's great fun, and I just love riding it, and I don't understand why you don't like it. Anyway, that's all I've been doing today; laying on the beach and getting—Well, shall we say—sun tanned?

The mailman didn't even come today because it is a holiday. I ought to get several letters tomorrow. Darling, I know this is a short letter, but I am tired and should get to bed. I love you very much, Honey, and lots more.

*All my love always,
Betty*

May 31, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

For the life of me I can't see why this Company has to change areas when it's raining. It's hard enough to pack up and march five miles to another area, but when it's raining, it's just that much harder. But then I don't remember anyone saying that the Army is a cinch.

One of the mortar men from G Company was killed today. The weapons platoon was firing in the field when one of the rounds fell short. Someone said that the shell landed about 10 feet in front of the mortar and before anyone could move, it exploded. Eight others were badly hurt, but two others on the crew weren't even scratched—they must have had rabbit foots, like me.

But rabbit foots or no rabbits foot, I sure am glad I don't have to mess with those kinds of weapons. Being a foot soldier I don't have to worry too much about blowing myself up—just about somebody else doing it. But then if the Joe that was killed this morning was home, he might have fallen down a manhole or something. Anyway, you can't live forever.

I also got paid today. With all this rain, the money got soaked but I figure it'll still be spendable when it dries out. Well, Baby, it's late and I've got a tough day ahead of me tomorrow, so I guess I'd better close. Be sure, my Darling, to keep good care of yourself and give my best to one and all. Tell Mary that I got her letter today and that first thing Sunday I'll answer it.

Remember, my Dearest, that I love you with all my heart, and my one big wish and prayer is that I might return to you soon.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

⊙. U. |

Dear Bob,

Today I am feeling the "tan" I got yesterday. It isn't very bad—but

it is little warm here and there.

I am feeling like a genius again, so you'd better watch out for this letter (you know bragging and all that). What put me in this state? Well, Honey, you had better sit down for this one. I got 100 on a big Trig test. We also had a History test today, but it wasn't very hard. The hard test comes tomorrow—the one that just about everyone fails—and that, of course, is the Chemistry final. I was studying for it, but got bored and thought I would write you a letter.

While I am bragging, I should tell you I got an A on my Postured test in Gym (no points off). That reminds me, I took some pictures of myself (that is, Mary took them), and if any of them turn out good or fairly good you ought to be getting them in a letter in the next three or four days—I had to show you my “tan,” you know, but since they were taken with black and white film, you'll probably not be able to see it.

As I said before, the Chemistry final is tomorrow, so I had better study. I don't know why, it never does me any good.

I read in the paper today where “G” Company of the 223rd had a little trouble with one guy getting killed and several others hurt; something about a shell falling short or some dumb thing. You just tell the guys who fire those shells over you to be careful because if you get even a scratch—Well, Darling, just think of the great loss that would be to the world; not to mention what it would do to me. So, Honey, you had just better be extra careful, and this is one time I'm not asking you, I'm telling you! I don't think I need to because, after all, if you go to Heaven so much sooner than I plan to go, we might miss each other. I don't think either of us would like that.

Talking about missing people—I sure do miss you, and in fact, more than just a little, but a whole lot—and much more. Darling, guess what else? I also love you. Not just a little, but a whole lot and much, much more. I really can't tell you how much, but just wait until you get home and I'll show you—until then

*All my love always,
Betty*

June 1, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I guess this will have to be a shorty because I'm low on paper; in fact, this is my last sheet.

Right now I'm sitting on top of a hill waiting for a demonstration of 105 Recoilless Rifles to start. The Heavy Weapons Company has been blasting away on a hill all day with their Machine Guns and 75's Recoilless Weapons, but so far they haven't made much of an impression. Their weapons carry a lot of wallop but they're not much good if they can't hit the target.

This morning the Company fired Rifle Grenades and Bazookas, and I almost got hit from shrapnel from one of the High Explosive Grenades—but as the old saying goes, a miss is as good as a mile.

We're supposed to have some kind of another demonstration tonight around eight o'clock; then we'll go back to the bivouac area and tomorrow morning have another speed march back to camp

Honey, I guess this hasn't been too hot a letter. But I'm sitting in the sun and believe me—it's hot! The other problem is that it's being written in parts because I watch one thing, then write, and then watch something else, which doesn't do much for its continuity.

At any rate, Darling, you know that I'm thinking about you, and just in case you're still not sure—I am! Much more than I've ever thought about anyone or thing before. In fact, I think about you every minute of every single day, and I always will. You see, Betty, I love you very, very much.

Be sure and keep good care of yourself and give my best to one and all. Once again, I love you and I mean it when I write

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

⊙: e. u. |

Dear Bob,

Well, here is June. It hardly seems possible that June 9th it will be

six months since you first took me out. Remember you called from Santa Barbara, but I was working, so Mother said I could go. Then she came down to the store and told me. You picked me up at home; I remember you were early for once; Anyway, it was around 9:15 PM. Then we went to the show and saw "Four Flags West" and the "Glass Maginaria." I don't remember where we went to eat, but we got home about 2:30 AM. Here it's been almost 6 months, but I can remember it just like yesterday. A lot has happened between then and now, hasn't it? Sometimes I wish it were six months ago, but most of the time I wish it was six months and more in the future. It doesn't seem so long when you think how fast the last years have gone by.

Today was just an ordinary day. We had the Awards Assembly at school, and there were so many awards that it was limited to Senior Ayes only. You can read all about it in the school paper when I send it. I haven't even gotten it yet. In fact, it hasn't even come out yet.

Today I got my Letter for "Ladies." They're only going to be 32 members in all next semester. All of the gang got in. Next semester the kids I have gone around with since grammar school (most of them) are really going to run the school. Almost all the officers and all of the organizations at school are held by some of the gang. It helps because there isn't much of a Senior Aye class next semester. That's another thing. Just think in another 15 days I will be a Senior. I can hardly believe it. Next year at this time I will be graduating. But the thing I am looking forward to most is that I will probably also be planning a wedding.

I just got home from work and I had to stop this letter at the last sentence in order to go. I also just finished talking to your mother. She is coming over in about 15 minutes to get some lessons for you and show me some pictures that you sent her. I don't have any other time this weekend. I really should be doing a Chemistry chapter now, but I don't feel like it, and knowing me I don't do it if I don't feel like it. Jeanette will probably kill me because I said that I would have a chapter done when she came over tomorrow night.

I had better end this and start doing that Chemistry chapter.
Remember I love you—

All my love always,
Betty

June 2, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

This is a funny kind of letter because I am writing it on the 2nd and hoping that it reaches you by the 9th of June—because the ninth will be our sixth month anniversary.

Happy Anniversary Darling!

You know, it's funny but it sure seems that it's been longer than six months; I'm guessing the reason for this is because I've been away from you most of the time.

For the life of me I can't understand how I fell for anyone so fast. But, Baby, I sure did—and this guy is sure glad that he did! The only thing wrong with this whole deal is the Army, but then providing that you receive this by the 9th, I've only got 357 more days to serve. Then maybe we can get married and live the rest of our lives the way we should.

You know, I figure I'm a pretty lucky guy grabbing onto a girl like you. The only trick now is to live through this war and get home in time to slip a ring on your finger before somebody else does. But then I'm not really worried because I know I'm coming home in one piece, and when a fellow has a girl like I've got he just doesn't have to worry about "Dear John" letters. Of course it helps if the fella knows his gal loves him—and, Baby, you've sure told me you do more than once.

Just in case you're interested, I have a differing opinion about my writing to Mary. Since I'm going to marry you, I want to be sure to be on the good side of your baby sister; after all, we might be stuck for a babysitter some day, and if we are I want to be on good terms with her. Besides, just to keep the record straight, I like Mary and she and I are pals going way back, and if she can take the time to scribble me a note now and then, the least I can do is answer her back. And as for your being jealous, maybe it would be a good thing because if you get too jealous maybe you'll accept that ring I've been offering you.

I think you're kidding about those addresses; but if you're not send the word, and I'll collect a few. I won't like it, but I'll do it.

We had another accident yesterday. Three Japanese kids got into an area where we had firing rockets, mortars and grenades and something

went off. The little boy was killed and both girls were cut up pretty badly. However they'll both live.

It's pretty rough when you see kids get banged up like that. It's tough enough when an adult Japanese national gets hurt, but those accidents are bound to happen when you're operating in this kind of an environment; but with kids it's different. I don't know, I guess I'm just a big softy when it comes to the little ones.

The Section Sergeant of the mortar crew that had the accident yesterday died today. But the word is that all of the others who were injured should make it. Now, whatever you do, don't start worrying about me. That rifle of mine just goes bang, or it doesn't go bang and I've never heard one blowing up. Besides I've got a rabbit's foot.

One more thing before I close this masterpiece. When I say you're pretty, or when I say you're beautiful, I mean just that. Never have I ever given you a "line." With you—it's always been the straight stuff. If I didn't mean what I'd said, I wouldn't be talking (make that pushing) marriage. Just you remember that!

You know there's an old saying that says, "there are other fish in the sea," but my heart keeps singing a happy tune that proclaims "there's no one like my Betty."

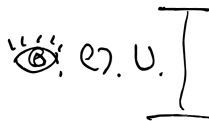
Just be a good girl and believe me when I say "it's you and me, Baby—all the way." There will be no compromise. It's either all or nothing at all, and as far as I'm concerned it's **ALL** for **ALWAYS!**

Keep care, pretty one, give my love to your folks and again **Happy Anniversary, My Darling!**

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Hello Darling, guess what time it is? Almost 3:00 AM, and I'm not a bit tired. Vicky is spending the night and we have been talking a blue streak all night and are still going strong. I thought I would take time out in order to write my favorite boy. We did get a lot done. I did some Chemistry and Vicki got the Dance Committee files up to date.

By now you have probably looked at the two pictures I enclosed.

You can't see much of my suntan—but just imagine it. It doesn't hurt anymore.

I worked all day like I do on most Saturdays. Nothing exciting happened. I did get three letters from a pretty wonderful boy. About those dates you wanted, you know birthdays and all that, I don't know all of them offhand, but I'll let you know for sure tomorrow. I really do think it is silly of you to get them something.

About that religion, we can get that and everything else straightened out when you come home. Until then let's not worry about things like that. Let's just remember how much we love each other and that nothing else really matters.

Well, Darling, it's late and I don't think I'll ever make it to church if I don't get to bed. I am sorry that the letter is short—but things are rough all over they tell me. Anyway, I love you. Don't do anything I wouldn't want you to.

*All my love always,
Betty*

June 3, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, only 362 more days to go and I'll be a free citizen again, and believe me, when they let this boy out, he's heading straight for his ever loven'.

I went to town today in hopes of seeing something to send home to "our Pops" for Father's Day. But although I missed lunch and did more walking than I do on our hikes, I struck out. They didn't even have a card at the P.X. that I could send. But I'll keep looking and maybe I'll hit on something.

By the way, that little Japanese girl died of shock today. Like I said, it's pretty rough losing little kids that way. We also got word that the Medic who treated the mortar crew that were injured by that short round is being recommended for the "Soldier's Medal." "It seems that he continued to render aid even though he was seriously wounded himself. It just makes you feel a little better knowing that there are Medics running around with guts like that and that they'll be there for you if you get hit.

Speaking of Medals, they pin one on me yesterday. However it is no great achievement and to be honest I wish I had never been given the opportunity to earn it. It's the Japanese Occupation Medal and is automatically awarded to every single member of the Armed Forces after he's been in Japan for 30 days.

Like I said, I sure wish I was home working on Boy Scout Merit Badges instead of over here chasing after this red, white and black ribbon. At any rate, I'm sending it home for you to keep for me because I'll never wear it over here. And maybe someday when we have Grandchildren I'll get out my uniform for some parade and I'll be able to speak to them about how I won this glorious award.

In the meantime, however (and I understand it's becoming a fad), if you want to wear it, you know that it's fine with me. In fact, Mom has three more and my Expert Infantryman's Badge if you want to wear them as well. Like I said, wear them if you like or put them in a box. In fact, if you want to, you can pin them on one of the rabbits. It makes no

difference to me.

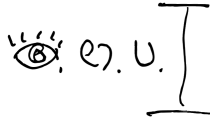
What does make a difference to me right now is you. You know I love you and you know how much I miss you—but what you don't know is how hard it is to be without you. But I'll get by, and believe me when I get home all this lost time is going to be made up for.

Take care and give my love to your folks and be sure to keep up your good work in school.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Today was Sunday, and being the good girl that I am, I went to church. After church your mother called and asked me if I could go to Griffith Park with them. Thanks to Vicki, my homework was done, so I went. We went to the zoo and saw some of your other relatives. Afterwards, we went bowling. It was lots of fun. Your mother and sister can fill you in on any details. While I am thinking about it, I gave the things for the scrapbook to your sister today, with much regret I might add.

Here are the dates you asked for: Chet's birthday is June 8, Mary's is October 21, Mother's is March 6 and Dad's is February 15.

You know, Honey, I can't even think of anything to say. This, of course, is very unusual for me.

Honey, I think my tan is going to peel off, darn it!

Honey, if you are only in the Army for 18 months won't you, or should I say, shouldn't you get out next March? I thought you told me you wouldn't get out until May. Honey, I have a fine idea; why don't you just quit now? After all, why continue with all this nonsense? Don't you wish it was that easy? But then I suppose you like it. A nice vacation with pay, with a little bit of work on the sidelines, of course. Just think of all those nice camping trips you get to go on and all those wonderful games you get to play. I bet you are really having a fine time. While you are having all this fun, there is

a poor lonesome girl back here in the States who isn't enjoying herself quite so much. She kind of wishes a certain Sergeant would hurry up and come home, until then—

All my love always,

Betty

June 4, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Baby, today's masterpiece is going to be a shorty because there's no news and tomorrow a tough twenty-miler is coming up, and one needs his beauty rest in order to sprint to the finish line. We'll only be out for one night this time and tomorrow we'll speed march back in. That's 40 miles in two days—man, my feet are hurting already.

I sent your birthday present off today. Of course, I shipped it by boat, it's much less expensive that way, and it will get to you in plenty of time. Now whatever you do, when you get the package don't cheat and open it before your birthday—or Harvey will tell.

I also went down to see about my knee, and as usual the Army had flooded the dub and the x-rays haven't come down yet. However they did call Sendai, and the people up there said they would get right on it.

The troops in our Company also got a Japanese Beetle shot along with a dental check today. The shot didn't hurt a bit, but the Dentist said I had to have some fillings and maybe one or two teeth pulled. This, believe it or not, came as a shock since I had my teeth checked just before I sailed and the Doc there said that my teeth were Grade A—and believe me, I've been taking real good care of them. Guess I'll just have to cross my fingers and hope for the best.

Well, Baby, that's it. We had no stateside mail come in today and so there's nothing to answer.

Of course it goes without saying that I want you to take care and to give your folks and all the gang my very best. But most of all I want you to remember that I love you very, very much and that you will continue to have

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

⊙: 07. U. |

Dear Bob,

Just got home from a Dance Committee meeting. We voted on new members. What a mess. We voted 11 new members on. I am Chairman of Service again and Vicki, who just got on, is Sub-Chairman of Service.

Honey, I thought you would be interested in the clipping I enclosed. Just remember, don't eat too much, Darling; I think you are big enough. I'll let you grow taller but no wider, please. I like you just the way you are. I should talk. I eat all this stuff, and someone will say, "Betty your figure," and I just tell them, "Why worry? I have a whole year to lose it in."

Didn't do much today. Went over to Jeanette's after school. There was a GAA Board meeting at noon.

Guess what? The new Bob's is opening tomorrow. It is only going to be fine. Bob's right here in town! I will miss going over to the other one. You ought to see this town, has it ever changed—you wouldn't even know it. New stores, wider streets etc. By the time you get home you probably wouldn't even know it's the same town. The only thing that will still be here is me, and even I probably will have changed a bit.

Honey, it is late and I had better end this masterpiece. Remember how much I love you—more than you know. Darling, I really do miss you. I really didn't know what it was to miss anyone until you went away. Please hurry and come home.

*All my love always,
Betty*

June 5, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Baby, here I am again, out in the middle of nowhere on this torturous routine that the Army calls bivouac. No kidding I've spent so much time out here since we've arrived in Japan that I now have a hard time sleeping in a bed. As I said in yesterday's letter, we're only out here for one night, and the spot we're in today is pretty good. It is a little over 20 miles from camp. It was also a rainy day today, which was good because we didn't have to put up with the sun—sure hope we get a repeat performance tomorrow.

A letter from you and another one from your sister arrived today. Please tell Mary for me that I'll answer her letter just as soon as I can.

Generals Ridgeway and Huddleston, along with Colonel Stuart and Lieutenant Colonel Black all came out to see us today. Ridgeway seems to be a pretty regular guy, although in my opinion he has a tendency to overdo it. The Company officers have a kit that is carried in the mess truck, and when it comes time to eat, the officers eat separately from the enlisted men, which is according to protocol and is the way it's supposed to be. However when General Ridgeway was invited to eat with the officers, he declined, took a mess kit out of his pocket and went to the end of the chow line—a little over dramatic if you ask me, but then no one's asking me. Of course, Colonel Stuart borrowed a mess kit and got in behind the General as did Huddleston. But my ol' man, Captain Cook just shrugged his shoulders and he, Lieutenant Colonel Black and all the company officers set down at the officers' table and ate their meal just as they always do out here. That's what I like about the ol' man. He doesn't put on a show for anyone.

Well, Darling, this is my last piece of paper, and as you can see I've already borrowed some so I guess I better start to wind this thing down. Be sure now to take good care of yourself and please give my best to your folks and to all the gang—but especially always remember that I love you very, very much and that I can hardly wait until I come home to you. By the way, you still want me, don't you?

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

U. S. E.]

Dear Bob,

Hello Darling, just got home from the "Y" meeting. We elected new officers. Vicki is President, Blake is Vice President, I am Secretary, Richard is Treasurer and Jack is Chaplain. It was just the way we wanted it, except we wanted Jeanette to be the Chaplain. It really is a rare club, but we have fun.

And I went to school today just like every other day. I got two wonderful letters from a pretty wonderful guy. Too bad about you getting killed on May 30th, but then as you say, you can't live forever. You had just better live for at least another hundred years.

There isn't anything the matter with my mind. That G.I. over there had just better stay nuts about that certain Betty back here—because that certain Betty is nuts about that G.I.—even more than nuts. He better be more than pretty sure that she won't change her mind—he had better be positive.

I can answer that question you ask (why in the world did a wonderful girl like you fall for a guy like me?). Well, it so happens that the guy you speak of is a pretty wonderful person, and it is this girl that is the lucky one. It makes a lot of sense when you are in love with the most wonderful person in the world, and to think he loves you too—it sure makes you feel good.

I've got all of Harvey to bring me luck, but I really don't need it. It wasn't luck that made me fall in love with you. It was more than that. When you come right down to it, how could I help but love you? As of yet I can't find one thing I would want to change. Yes, Darling, I will admit I've looked, but I love you just the way you are.

I sure do miss you too, but then you can't have everything you want. Time for me to go to sleep and dream about my favorite subject—I'll just let you guess what that is.

All my love always,
Betty

June 6, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I got your letter of May 31 today in which you said you were feeling tan. Honey, after that 40 miles in two days you have nothing on me. I feel dead. But then all I really need to put me back on my feet is two or three months in a hospital.

All kidding aside, the marches weren't as bad as I made them out to be. Sure we were tired, we were darned tired, but not anywhere near as tired as those fellows in Korea, and believe me we sure thank our lucky stars we're on the sea and not over there.

You know we're just above 38th parallel here in Japan. Think of how much rougher it would be if they put us in a boat and followed a parallel course to Korea. Oh, my aching back. Anyway, next time anyone asks you where I'm at you can tell them I'm a little above the 38th parallel - you needn't mention what country I'm in.

I lost a buck on one of those tricky gags today. One of the guys came up to me today and said: "Say Serge, did you hear the war was over in Korea?" To make a long story short, I bet him a buck it wasn't and he promptly said "Sure it is, where else would it be?" These sharpshooters are going to break me yet.

But back to the hike; when I came in there were three things that pepped me up. One was a shower, then there was lunch, but the biggest thing of all was a letter from you. No kidding, Honey, I think that your letters have made my job over here 50% easier because worry is half the battle, and I know that as long as those daily letters are coming in that my girl is thinking about me, and Baby, that's what I want.

You know it's kind of funny, but I'm still stuck on you. Every time I look at your pictures I get a big lump in my throat and every once in a while I find tears welling up in my eyes. Of course I always was a big crybaby, but I've got a cure—a ticket home.

By the way, this boy is popping the buttons off his shirt at the way your finals are coming in. You may not realize it now but this schooling isn't to be neglected. And you know your ol' Dad wouldn't try to fool you.

Glad to hear about those "suntan pictures." Since I can't see you I like

to do the next best thing, and that's to look at your pictures. Be sure and take care and give my love to your folks and my best to the gang. And remember, Dearest, I love you very, very much.

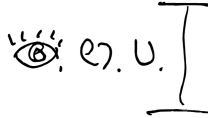
And don't worry about those accidents. I've got HRF*!

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

*HRF - Harvey's Rabbit's Foot



Dear Bob,

All the stuff was so big that I had to steal one of Dad's envelopes to put it all in. Anyway, you can see what it is, just the school paper etc. I thought you would especially like it because it is mostly about what would have been your class.

We get our Annuals tomorrow. I am only mad; I lost my Annual receipt. That is, my Sister lost it. I have to blame it on someone, you know. Just wait until we are married, everything I lose I will blame on you. Just warning you.

Honey, there is something I want to ask you to do. Darling, I know you write a lot of letters, but if and when my Aunt writes to you, could you write to her? You see, this is a long story but I'll try to make it short. Aunt Inez, my mother's sister, has had kind of a hard time in life. She is divorced and has a little girl which she brought up and is now about 12. Anyway, Meri Dee, her little girl, usually spends the summer with Grandmother. But Inez didn't know Grandmother is having trouble with her eyes. So Mother wrote and told her that and some other things. She also mentioned that I was going with you and told her something about it. So we got a letter today, and Aunt Inez asked me to write and tell her about you. She also said that she and Meri Dee would like to write you, if I thought it was okay, because they don't write to any servicemen and would like to. Anyway, Inez and I have always been close. She is my favorite Aunt and, of course, she is interested. I know you would like her. Aunt Inez isn't very good about writing. We hardly ever get a letter from her, but when we do it

is a book. So, Darling, I thought I would ask you to please write her back just in case she happens to write you.

Jeanette was talking to Jean Maxifield the other day and happened to mention me, and Jean asked her why you wrote me so often because she thought I was engaged to someone else. I don't know where all these people get all these strange ideas. Of course Jeanette explained things to her.

I have to end this letter now because I have to get ready to go to the "Ladies" Initiation. Remember I love you very much, much more than anything else in the whole world, and what's more I always will.

*All my love,
Betty*

June 7, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I'm beginning to believe that the Army has got it in for me because every time nothing happens around here, there's no mail. So what does a guy write about when the only thing he's done all day long is walk up and down a firing line and there's no mail to answer?

Of course I could tell you about the score I got when I fire—but I think that the revoking of my Expert Rifleman's Badge speaks for itself. No kidding, today I don't think I could have hit the inside of a barn—even if I was inside and all the doors and windows were closed.

But then I've got a lot of excuses. One is that I was tired. Then there's always the old reliable excuse that the piece was off. But since I'm a man of my word I'll just say it wasn't my day—after all, even major league baseball players have those kind of days every once in a while.

However, when you come right down to it, I could always fill this letter with what I think of you. But those would just be words and not what I really mean because I could never put my love for you into words. It just goes too deep!

Betty, if I ever lost you I don't think I'd give a hoot about anything else. You see, I'm putting my whole life around you, and if by some trick of faith you were snatched away, my life would collapse just as any foundation would if the ground supporting it crumbled.

Just in case you think I'm kidding, stop and think how you would feel if anything should happen to me. At least I hope that you would feel the same way. So whatever you do, be sure and keep good care of yourself because as I've said before, if I lost you my life would not be worth living.

I love you, Betty. Believe it or not, I love you more than you love me—or for that matter, more that you could ever imagine.

Give my love to your folks and remind me once again to all the gang—and remember that you're mine and nobody else's. Until tomorrow I send

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

Eye. U. }

Dear Bob,

I just got home from work. Vicki and I along with another girl worked tonight. We had lots of fun. We got our Annuals today. They are real nice. Of course, we got out of fifth and six periods to have them signed.

I had another big test today—the last one, thank goodness. Boy was it hard. Even if I failed it, which I doubt, I will still get a B in there. I only hope I can get a B in Chemistry. Oh Well, I'll know next week. Just think, no more school. I don't know why I want it over so fast. I haven't before; I used to like school.

Then if I work all summer I can save enough money so we can have a real big wedding like I want. Of course, I will take a few weeks off to go to Santa Barbara, etc. I will probably end up taking the whole summer off.

The "Ladies" Installation last night was real nice. It was really wonderful! They said that for our initiation we couldn't go out with boys for a month. I think they were just kidding. At least I hope they were. I have a date with John M. on Saturday, and I'm not going to break it. We are going to China Town and the dinner is on the school—you know, us privileged Dance Committee members.

Darling, it is late I am afraid, so I better say "goodbye" for now. I love you very much, Honey. Take good care of yourself and don't do anything I wouldn't want you to do.

All my love,
Betty

June 8, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today, my Darling, was a wonderful day! I got three letters from you, and work-wise all we did all day long was care for and clean our equipment, which in the Army means that we got a well-deserved rest.

I did, however, manage to walk down to the telephone exchange and make application to call home on Father's Day. I can hardly wait to talk with you again. Speaking of Father's Day, your dad turned out to be a problem. However, I solved it by getting him two ties. Because they're light they won't cost much to mail home and I figure that a teacher can always use more ties. Then too, if he doesn't like them he can always give them to Chet or use them for rags.

I also looked all over for greeting cards but couldn't find anything, so I guess I'll just have to put my brain into gear and compose a poem. By the way, you'll marry me with or without your Father's consent, won't you?

Your birthday present is also on its way. It's not much, but like I said, there's not much to choose from over here. That's why I asked Mom to also pick you up something for me; so maybe between the two gifts you won't feel too slighted. Also know that tomorrow I'm sending you a hanky via airmail. This is not a birthday gift so you can open it whenever you like. At any rate, I hope you enjoy your presents.

I got more pictures from you today—and my gash, Betty, **you're beautiful!** No kidding, I just about flipped my lid when I saw those pictures. Now if you could send me the negatives I can have the pictures enlarged (it's very inexpensive to do over here) and plaster them all over my wall. As for snapshots, I cut them down and carry them in my wallet. Now remember you owe me four negatives, and should you be able to find the negatives of the snapshots you've previously sent me, please send them along as well.

I don't know if anyone has bothered to tell you that the reason I haven't sent any pictures home is because I can't get any 135mm film over here that produces pictures when developed. All that is available is colored film for slides; however, prints can be obtained from these. Of course by now you probably know that I've already sent two rolls of film

home. I also asked Mom to send me colored film that, when developed, will come out as a photograph, so as soon as I can I'll be sending pictures of your ever-loving to you.

I figure you want them just as much as I do and so I promise that just as soon as I can they'll be on their way.

While I think about it, in your birthday present you'll find another tie that is not meant for you, but is for Chet. Speaking of Chet, next time you see him, tell him Ralph Kern just got court marshaled for falling asleep on guard duty. However, they went pretty easy on him as he only got 60 days hard labor and was fined two thirds of his pay for the next six months.

Well, Honey, that finishes the daily bulletin. Be sure and keep good care of yourself and give your folks my love and the gang my best.

You know I love you—and darn it I sure wish this war would stop so I could come home to you.

Honest, Betty, you're all I think about. In fact, sometimes I wish I could get you out of my thoughts. But Honey, one thing I'm sure of and that's that I am the luckiest guy in the world to catch a gal like you.

All my love always,

Bob

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⊙: 07. U. |

Dear Bob,

Hello Darling, I'm afraid you're going to be getting this kind of stationary for quite some time. You see, my Mother bought me six boxes of it. I wish that dumb post office would get on the ball; I have only gotten a couple of letters from you all week. I've got one for every day up until May 31 now.

I may get a B in Chemistry—you're probably thinking right about now, how could there be any doubt—Well, Honey, for a girl who has read only a couple of chapters in the whole book and who knows little or nothing about Chemistry—and for anyone to get a B from Mr. Ward in the first place, you have to be a genius. So you can see I'm doing pretty good. But I haven't gotten it yet so, we will have to wait and see.

I'm telling you that the telephone has rang every three minutes this afternoon. Every other sentence it rings, and I have to get up and answer it. I better stop this now until I get home from work. You know I have to eat and all that.

Well, here I am at home again. Am I ever tired! They forgot to tell some girls that they were not to come in, so I had to keep eight of them busy downstairs.

We had our last Spanish test today. I got a 100. By the way, I got a B on my final Trigonometry test—I was a good guesser.

As a whole, we didn't do much in school today, just signed Annuals. Just think, only one more week to go.

Honey, I sure do miss you, but I know it won't really be too long before you are home. Remember how very much I love you.

*All my love,
Betty*

June 9, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today, my Darling, is our sixth month anniversary so I thought it only fitting to dedicate this letter to you and the six most wonderful months in my life. So

Happy Anniversary My Darling!

By now I'm sure you realize that this love letter writing is far from being one my accomplishments, but I want you to know that my love for you is real and that it is far beyond what your mind can conceive it to be.

For starters, I want to thank you for falling for a guy like me and to tell you how blessed I am to have won someone like you. I'm proud of my girl, and believe me, I have every reason to be. You're all that a man can ask for—and much more.

Thank you for writing to me every day, for loving me and for allowing me to love you. The truth is that I love being with you; love to hold your hand and kiss your sweet lips; to talk and laugh with you; to plan our lives together and to talk about our possible children and the importance of family; and this list goes on and on—it's endless and it's not so much that we're looking for answers—but that we're talking, and relating to each other and enjoying being together.

Because of you my life has greater purpose, and you have made the difficult easier for me. Your infectious smile and enduring personality lights up my life, and I marvel that our values and ideas are so alike and that your heart is so big it can take in the world.

In short, my Darling, you're my perfect match and through you I am receiving far more than I have any right to. You and only you are the only one for me, and I pray that your heart leads you to think the same way about me.

Right now it's rough being away from each other, but if the two of us use this time of separation and loneliness to strengthen our resolve for one another, then when I return, we will have a strong foundation on which to build.

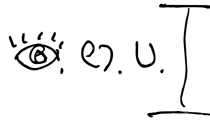
Keep care of yourself, my Darling, and give my love to your folks and to the rest of the gang. I hope you enjoyed our Anniversary Letter and that

I didn't speak too freely. Remember I love you very, very much and that love is not for just a day; not just a week; and not for just a month, but is for always.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Hello Darling—Well, it is late again—you know, Honey, every time I go out with someone else I love you more. It is hard to understand, but it seems that when I am having the best time it is then that I miss you the most. I always wish you were there with me, how very much more fun it would be. I even start thinking what you would say, etc.

Now to tell you what I did tonight. Well, after much delay we got down to China Town. By we, I mean Joe Peters, Jeanette, David Foltz, Mary Ann Goetz, John M and myself. You see the Dance Committee was having their annual dinner. About the middle of the dinner, Joe and Jeanette left us since Joe had to go to an Ephesians meeting.

Then we went to the show and saw "Forbidden Jungle" and "Fabiolo." "Forbidden Jungle" reminded me of that picture I made you see "Prehistoric Women"; remember, you were going to divorce me because of it. "Fabiolo" was real good. It had a history theme and was about the Persecution of the Christians. You know it had a good idea; in fact, the whole picture was based on it. That peace and not violence will win. At the end, this one man by throwing down his sword and refusing to fight saved hundreds of lives. Best of all, it worked. This is the first time I have been to the Studio City Theater since you took me. It was hard, especially tonight, because it was six months ago tonight that we first went out. Darling, believe me, I was thinking about you all the time.

After the show John's car had a flat tire, which Mary Ann and I thought was quite funny. But they got it fixed in a very short while.

I didn't get a letter again today. But I know I'll get quite a few on Monday. I would make this letter longer, Honey, but I can't stay

awake any longer.

I love you, Darling, a whole lot more than I can say, and miss you—Well, I just can't say how very much I miss you. You know those fortune things the Chinese put in their cookies? Well, mine read, "stick to routine, ignore your day dreams and imaginations"; maybe it is right, but if I did that I wouldn't have anything to live for. For, Darling, all I live for is the time you come home. Until then—

*All my love,
Betty*

June 10, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I've been a little worried about yesterday's letter thinking that maybe I was a little too bold, but Honey, if I overstepped and you're upset with me, please accept my apology—but know that I meant every word I wrote. However, at times I do get a little sentimental.

Honey, if you are mad, please let's kiss and make up (I'm blowing you one of my finest kisses now), and if you're not mad, let's kiss anyway. I just wish you were here so I could demonstrate the technique in person.

By the way, I did leave out a few things in yesterday's letter, one of which is why I'm so proud of my Betty. So congratulations on be elected into the Ladies; on being chosen as the Captain of the bowling team (or is it President?); and for adding that Star to your Letter.

And thank you, Honey, for the Anniversary Letter you sent me—it tickled me pink that you remember. And especially thank you for writing me every day between December 9, 1950 and June 10, 1951. And for allowing a guy like me to love you, and even a bigger thank you for loving me back.

Nothing much happened today, which is usual for a Sunday. I slept in late and didn't get up until 6:45 AM for breakfast. Then I cleaned up and went to church. Chaplain Wright was the speaker and as always his sermon was a good one. The rest of the day I just laid around reading and writing.

Tomorrow morning I teach a class in judo, and I think I'll spend the time reviewing and practicing wrist holes, arm wind around's, and standing trips.

All the officers went to Sendai this week to take Advanced Amphibious Training. This was in preparation for the entire Company taking similar training starting on June 23.

Well, Honey, that's the news for tonight so I guess I better be shoveling off. Keep care, my Dearest, and remember I love you very, very much and more. Please remind me to one and all and give my best to your folks.

All my love always,

Bob

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⊙ 27. U.]

Dear Bob,

Today was Sunday. I didn't go to church because I didn't get up until 12:45. I didn't do much of anything today. I cleaned out my desk and threw away so much stuff, so I don't have very much to put back in it. In fact, now I have a big drawer just for our letters.

Vickie was over part of the afternoon, and we made out the dance chart, and of course, we hashed over the weekend. Do you remember Bessie Holland, Zeak's sister? Anyway, she is in the hospital and is expected to live.

You know what; I didn't do anything today, so I don't have anything to say; not that I ever do. Did I tell you that the last week in June my folks are going away for a week? So they are leaving me home and Vickie is going to come over and spend the week. We ought to have a gay time, don't you think?

You realize that this makes the 73rd letter I have written you—one for every day for 73 days. I am real proud of myself. But I am prouder of you, Darling, for making the time to write me every day. You don't know how proud it makes me feel when someone says, "heard from Bob lately?" and I can answer, "sure, he writes me every day." Sometimes some of the kids will tease me, or they try to worry me by saying you have probably found some cute Japanese girl. They just can't understand how I can be so sure of myself. It isn't that I am sure of myself. It is that I'm sure of you and your love. Somehow I just know that I can always depend on your love—as you can always depend on my love.

Well, after all the sleep I have been getting I am afraid your girl is still tired. So I had better say Goodnight, Darling. Take care of yourself and remember how very much I love you.

All my love,
Betty

June 11, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, today was just another day in that all we did was to round out some rough spots in our training. My Judo class went pretty well, and although we work mostly on review I did have time to teach a new throw. The second hour was dedicated to Map Reading, followed by a radio class and then, just before lunch, a class on squad tactics.

Following lunch our First Sergeant taught a class on “Intelligence” and then we topped off the day with an 11-mile march.

At dinner we had a meal that included baked potatoes (yum, yum), and then I took in a show entitled “Royal Wedding.” I won’t say it was bad, but if they keep showing pictures like this one I’m going to stop going.

Tomorrow it’s out to the field to learn about “Patrolling.” It’s rumored that we’re riding trucks out, but I refuse to believe it until I climb aboard one. While I think of it, thanks for that crack about the zoo. Remarks like that really boosts a guy’s morale—but just wait, my turn will come.

I’m glad that you’re seeing a lot of my folks since that means they’re getting to know you—and anyone who knows you just can’t help but love you; and I’m sure that in the “getting to know you” department all of you are earning an “A+.” Of course the same goes for me, and if you’ll send me the names and addresses of some of your relatives over here I’ll start the “getting to know you” ball rolling—that is, if they speak English; See, I told you I’d get even.

Today is the 11th and this was fine time for you to let me know about Chet’s birthday—anyway tell him “Happy Late Birthday” for me. Also, being the forward looking guy I am, when you open your present you’ll find a tie inside. Give it to him and tell him “better late than never” — and if he makes any cracks, take it back and let Harvey wear it.

Well that’s it for today, Honey. Be sure and keep care and tell everyone hello for me.

You know I love you with all my heart, and I sure hope I’ll be home soon to collect all of that love you say is waiting for me. However I’m in for 21 months—not 18 —which means I should be discharged around May 31st. Of course something could happen and we could get out

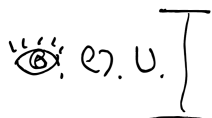
earlier; then on the other hand they could extend our length of service. Just cross your fingers and pray. That's all we can do.

I love you, Betty; in fact I love you with all my heart, mind and soul, and this doesn't leave me much love for anyone else, does it? But that's the way it is—and that's the way I want it—and that's the way it always will be.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

I am in Spanish now. There is some work on the board I can do if I want to—I don't want to so I am writing to you—this is getting to be my favorite past time. I called home at noon, and Mother said three letters arrived from you there, so I am looking forward to getting home—of course I always do because there is usually one or more of your letters waiting for me there. However I can't go right home because I have to go shopping with Vicki. Mr. Planters' wife (our club sponsor) is having a baby, so we have to buy them something,

Honey, I saved a whole page in my Annual for you to sign. I got to thinking that I probably would forget to have you sign it when you come home, so I have enclosed a blank piece of paper for you write on it just as if you were signing my Annual here, and when you return it, I will put it on the saved page. O.K.?

I had my last test today (I hope) for this semester. It was a History test. I was lucky again because Mrs. Dietter let us use our notes, and I didn't know a thing about it. Of course, this was my idea. It is sure warm today. I am about to roast.

Well, here it is night time. Now for a few comments on the letter you wrote to Mary. I don't recall you ever telling me off, and you certainly didn't tell me to "jump in the lake." Of course, there is always time for that if you would like to try. I doubt if you would like the outcome. My friends have always said I had a sharp tongue, and if you don't believe me just ask any of them.

As to my sister telling you how unfaithful I have been to you, how could you even think of such a thing? You know, Darling, that there isn't anyone but you. I didn't think you could even think such a thing, much less say it. You know, that it is bad luck to say anything like that. And if you really do think that, there is plenty of time for me to be untrue, and don't think I haven't had the chance. Now about that jealous section you put in my letter. I would be more apt to just not write than to ask for a ring. As to those addresses, I guess we can just forget about them this time, however don't push me too far. As for being a good girl—Honey, we'll see! Well, I guess I have done enough damage for one letter.

I think you have a nerve asking me to wait to open a package if it comes before my birthday. After all, you didn't, so why should I?

As for the Dentist, now look who's talking. I didn't have to have any teeth pulled, just a couple of fillings—so there!

Thanks for the ribbon, Honey, I'll take good care of it for you. However I couldn't ask your mother for any of the others. Coming from me, I just don't think she would take it right. I think you know what I mean.

I think I do know how hard it is for you to be without me. Because I know how hard it is for me. If it wasn't for the thought of the wonderful future we have before us, I just don't know what I would do.

Darling, it was wonderful of you to remember June 9th. But then I should have known you would because you always have thought of everything. Darling, you know how very much I love you and miss you. Be good, and don't get any foolish ideas—

*All my love always,
Betty*

June 12, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I was a pretty lucky guy today because I got two letters from a pretty special somebody back home. First of all, let me set your mind at ease regarding Aunt Inez. You bet your life I'll answer. After all, any Aunt of yours is an Aunt of mine (someday soon), and so as soon as one of her letters arrives I'll put on my thinking cap and scribble her quick note with a witty reply.

Another thing, never believe anything you read in newspapers. Since I've been in Japan I bet I have lost close to 20 pounds; my pants don't fit and neither does anything else I have. No kidding, it's going to cost me a fortune get my clothes tailored to fit.

Don't get me wrong. We get enough (true it's barely enough) to eat and people just can't do the things we do and stay fat; there just isn't such a thing as a fat infantryman – at least not in "Fox" Company.

Speaking of weight and judging from the pictures you sent me, that waistline of yours couldn't be much smaller. In fact, should you want my unbiased opinion—"You're Stacked."

Just for the record, I don't care if Van Nuys burns down as long as you're there when I come home. You know almost as much as I do, that you're the only thing that counts with me.

It's a funny thing but I had no idea that Jeannie Maxfield didn't know about us. I guess it never occurred to me to tell her, although heaven knows I haven't tried to keep it a secret—in fact I've shouted from the mountaintops. So as for her thinking you were engaged, maybe I said something way back that give her that idea, but I don't think so and I don't see how that could have happened. But then you know how I can gum things up.

I THINK that I told you about Jean; didn't I? At any rate I met her in the eighth grade and we went through Junior High School together. In fact, I had my first crush on her, but I outgrew it. Still we've always kept fairly good contact with one another and she still drops me a note now and then that I always answer. She really is a sweet kid and a great person, and though I never considered her as a girlfriend I've always

valued her as a good friend—something like a cousin.

I really don't know if you know her, but if you do I'm sure you like her. And if you don't, go up and introduce yourself. I think it would be great for the two of you to become acquainted.

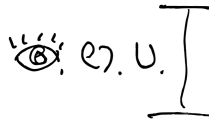
That's it for tonight, Honey, keep care and give my love to your folks and to the rest of the gang.

And always remember one thing, Betty. It was Jean and then it was Freddy—but now it's you and that's the way it's always going to be.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Hello Darling. I just got home from the "Y" club meeting. It was fun. We played volleyball, etc.

Today I got 3 more wonderful letters from you, Honey. It will be wonderful to hear your voice, Honey. We will probably just have time to say hello. Dumb me, I am always speechless. I know Dad will like the 2 ties, although they haven't gotten here yet; they probably will tomorrow. Honey, about that poem—I hope you just forgot it, Darling—Well, you get the general idea don't you? Of course I would marry you without Dad's consent. Although I don't think we will have any trouble. I would marry you if the whole world were against it. Because I love you so much—how about you?

I know I will love my birthday present, no matter what it is, because it is from you. You shouldn't have asked your mother to buy me something. What do you think I am—a gold digger? Maybe you had better not answer that one.

Now, Darling, we come to pictures. I am glad you liked them. I didn't think they were so hot. Are you just realizing you have a beautiful girlfriend (ha ha)? Why I have known it all the time. As you see by this, she also has a big head. Now about those negatives—Well, Honey, next time I send pictures I will enclose a negative or two. If there is any one special that you would like, write me a description of it and I will try to find it. O.K.? About putting them on the wall,

don't you have someone else in the room beside yourself? What would they say? Now you get on the ball and send me some. Yes, Honey, I know about the film, that's no excuse!

I am ashamed of you for losing a whole dollar on such a simple gag, "did you know that war was over in Korea"? Why anyone would know that one! Honey, think next time—I know it is hard but please try, just for me.

That's right, Honey, you don't need to worry about your girl because this girl thinks about you all the time, and like you say, sometimes I wish I could think of something else. Sometimes I wonder what I would think about if it weren't for you.

Honey, about those grades. Let's not get proud too soon. I don't get my final grades for a couple more days yet. You never can tell. You know I did a lot of playing this semester, and it wasn't exactly easy to have someone you love more than anything or anyone else go away. Anyway, we will just have to wait to find out.

Bob, you can ask the silliest questions. In your letter of June 5th you said, "By the way, you still want me, don't you?" No Bob, I don't want you. I am just writing you a letter every day, staying up half the night to do it by the way, because I need the exercise. I just tell you how much I love and miss you because I think it sounds nice. I think about you all day and dream about you all night because I haven't anything else to think and dream about. When I go out with other guys, I sit on the other side of the car and make it quite clear that we can be friends and that's all because they don't use the same toothpaste you do. I sit up half the night waiting to hear you say hello because I want to prove to everyone that I can stay up all night. I want to marry you and spend the rest of my life with you because you have money! No Bob, I don't want you anymore, I just want you for always and for more than anything else in the world.

Chet is getting smart. Did I say getting? Anyway, he got an A on a French final. You know he failed French last semester. By the way, finals should be about over and you should be hearing from him, but don't count on it. You know how Chet is about writing!

Now about those lessons, Darling. I am doing all I can. But you know, graduation and all that. They will get them finished soon,

Honey. I'll get after them some more.

*As usual it is late, so I will just remind you that I still love you.
Yes, Bob, Darling, I still want you more than ever. No, I won't ask a
foolish question and ask if you still want me because I know you do.
You'll be home soon, and then we can both have what we want most.*

*All my love always,
Betty*

June 13, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, today I'm feeling kind of blue. Guess I'm just homesick because it's our second anniversary over here. As you'll recall, we docked on Friday, April 13; an unlucky day for me—but then we've only got 352 more days to go.

Another thing is that is adding to my blues is tomorrow my original Van Nuys High School class gets sprung. I'd be a big liar if I said I wasn't sorry that I wasn't going to be sprung with them. But then we can't have everything, and after all I do have you—and that's what really counts in my life. Of course you realize it's not school but that you're the reason I want to hurry home.

I just keep thinking how much fun we could have together and I keep wishing it was me taking you to Chinatown instead of John. But I'll be home before too long and then I can start living again.

One good thing about this hitch is that it will put me in an A4 Draft Classification, which means that I should be free from all military obligations. Of course if an all-out war breaks out I'll probably be off again, but then so will everyone else. But if war comes while I'm still in school, coupled with the fact that I'm to be married, they should defer my call up—and if I'm real lucky they might even forget about me. Then, too, if we get busy and have three kids, I'm except—so you see I've just about got to marry you to escape the Draft.

I'm looking forward to seeing what kind of grades you get, so be sure to send me a copy of your report card, and if I catch ya cheating, I'll spank you hard—well, not real hard.

Today was just another day. We had a four-hour class this morning on "Air-Ground Support." That's when us infantry guys call on the fly boys to bomb an enemy position that we can't get to. Of course they usually blow the dickens out of our own troops first and just mess things up, but every once in a while we get ahold of a fly boy with some sense. Guess we'll just have to hope for the best. Then, to round out the day, we took a 13-mile road march. It's the Army's way of showing us the scenery.

Tomorrow night we'll be out on my problems until 11:30 PM. What we'll

do in the morning remains to be seen.

So far the film I asked Mom to send hasn't arrived, but just as soon as it does I'll snap a couple of shots of me and rush them on to this sexy babe I know in California. And you be sure to do the same—except send them to me and not to the sexy babe. Truth be known, I almost enjoy your snapshots as much as I do your letters.

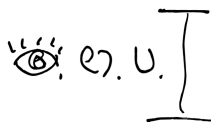
Well, Honey, that's it. Be sure and take care of yourself and give my love to your folks and my best to the gang.

You know I love you, and this boy sure is glad to know you're still waiting for him. I guess we're just stuck with each other—for always.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Hello Darling, just me again. Thought I would start my daily letter before I go to the meeting tonight. It is a Y Co-Ed council meeting; you know the officers of all 6 Co-Ed clubs have a council. We are going to elect officers tonight.

I about dropped dead today. We got a whole letter from Chet. I think it is about the first letter we have ever gotten from him. He usually just adds a little note on the end of Grandmother's letters. Which usually consists of "I'm still alive." This masterpiece was a whole 2 and a half pages long. I will give you the run down on what he said. It is mostly about school. I think I told you before he got an A on his French final. So he said he would probably get a B in there. On his Chemistry final he got the top grade in the class. Then there is English. I told you about my writing that 1,500-word term paper for him. Well, he got a B on that, then a C+ on one that he wrote himself. I feel pretty proud of myself. I wonder what Cliff got from his teacher on the paper I wrote for him. Guess I will have to wait and see. Chet said he didn't have anyone proofread the papers before he turned them in, and if he had he would have received a higher grade because they took off for spelling. You know from my letters that I don't spell well and neither does Chet. While we are on the subject,

neither can you. So don't write back with any comments on my spelling.

Didn't do anything in school again today but talk.

After the meeting tonight, Vicki, Jack, Blake and Richard came over, and we played cards again. We had a gay time as always. As gay a time as anyone can have when her heart and mind are someplace else. No kidding, Darling, I didn't know what it was to miss someone until you went away. Sometimes it is too much. This afternoon was one of those times. I don't know what started it, but I just cried all afternoon, it isn't the first time and I know it won't be the last until you come home. Well, let's get back to the meeting. I don't want to get you feeling blue, too. We elected officers. Why do they always elect me Secretary? I can't even spell, much less take minutes. Vickie is Vice President and Blake is Parliamentarian. I don't think you know anyone else.

You know how very much I love you, and it goes without saying how much I miss you. Take good care of yourself because if anything happened to you—Well, you are all I live for, what would be the use? I am not going to worry because I know you will come back to me safe and I pray soon—until then

*All my love always,
Betty*

June 14, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

This letter has got to be a shorty because the Company is going out in the field tonight on a "Night Patrolling" exercise, and I have a lot of things to look after before we move out.

This morning we ran a Compass Course, and yours truly surprised himself when he came away with a perfect score. It was the first time I had ever used a Lensatic Compass and now I know all about "beginners luck," But the real test will come tonight. It's a lot harder to read one at night than it is in the daylight. If you're interested, you can ask Chet for the details.

We also had four hours of class, which reviewed Squad and Platoon Patrolling, followed by another Japanese Beetle injection and a short period of PT.

Well that's the day's activities. Keep care, Honey, and give my best to one and all.

Remember I love you and it's you and me—always.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

Ⓢ: 07. U.]

Dear Bob,

Today is another lazy day. I am in History now with nothing to do, so I thought I would write you. I am warning you, I don't have anything to say.

For once I am staying home tonight. This afternoon I am going downtown to see if I can find a certain kind of belt your mother wants. Her back hasn't been too good, and if I can find one she won't have to go to the trouble of searching for one.

I have just been sitting here dreaming for the past half-hour. We

can just hear the Graduation March in the background. I can hardly believe that in just another year I will be graduating. It just seems like yesterday when I was in grammar school. You know today makes the 78th day since I have seen you. It seems so long ago, yet I can remember everything we did like it was only yesterday. In fact, I can't even remember half the things I have done in these last 78 days. But I am glad when every day comes and goes because it brings the time just that much closer when we can be together again.

At lunchtime I went with Vicki to hear her practice singing. You know, Honey, she is getting better. Vicki has a wonderful voice. I told you she was going to sing at our wedding didn't I? Well, now you know. We went down to see Miss Blake, and Mrs. Smith was sitting in the other office. So while Vicki talked to Miss Blake, Mrs. Smith wrote the enclosed note to you.

I didn't stay home tonight as I had planned. I worked. We had lots of fun marking Christmas cards, etc.

Time for bed now. Tomorrow is the last day of school—thank goodness! I love you very much, Honey, and miss you something awful.

*All my love always,
Betty*

June 15, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

It's a funny thing what we enlisted men think of. Here I am 4,500 miles away from my Mother Country, and all I could think about today was how I would feel if I were home and walking out the high school doors with my graduating class for the last time. You know the more I think about it, the more I'm convinced that somewhere along the line someone slipped me a "Mickey." Yes sir, I think that I got robbed out of a very good year, but then it's not going to do me any good to worry about it, so I might as well make the best of what I've got.

As for yesterday, we went on night patrol last night and the problem my squad was running went off without a hitch. They gave me a compass and an azimuth to follow until I hit this lake. In back of the lake stood a wooded area and behind the wooded area, a field. Our job was to recon the lake and the field, so I brought the patrol in from the rear. And just as we hit the clearing another patrol came roaring into the area. This patrol was running a different problem and was lost.

Of course the "enemy" force let loose on the lost patrol with everything they had, and all I had to do was to lie up on a bluff and jot down the number of enemy troops, their equipment and location. Then we backtracked to our own lines and the "enemy" troops didn't even know we had been there. Remember what I said at the start of this letter about beginners luck?

Tomorrow the Navy comes in and we start our amphibious training. I haven't got the slightest idea of what it's going to consist of, but I've got a hunch I'm going to find out. I'll let you know more about it in tomorrow's daily.

Well, Honey, it's late and today's news has been covered pretty well, so I guess I'll just conveniently run out of ink.

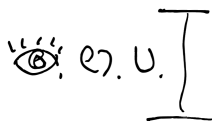
Be sure to keep good care of yourself and give my love to your folks and my best to the gang. And as far as that loving stuff goes, I'm still stuck and I'm still glad I am. And just remember that any time you want a ring to make it official, just say the word and it shall be yours because

our is not for just a day, not for just a month, but for always.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Hello Darling, I just got home from the Aloha dance. It was a real good dance. One of the best we have had in ages. The band was real good. I remember the last Aloha dance I went to. You took me, remember? Chet was down, so you took Chet, Cliff, Vicki and I to the dance. Then Barbara Flanagan came home with us, too. We went over to "Bob's" afterwards. Well, compared with that one, this dance was nothing. I miss you so much. I didn't think it was possible to miss one person so very much.

Here I am at the last day of school. I am now a Senior, but I still feel the same. Jeanette and I didn't go to any classes today. We just tracked down leis. As is the custom, today was only a half day because we needed to get our grades from our Teachers.

And would you like to know what your smart girlfriend got? I got A E E in Radio Speech, a B E E in Chemistry, a B S S in Trigonometry an A E E in history, an A E E in Spanish II and an A E E in Gym. That ends my hard classes. From here on out I'm not doing anything—not that I have been.

You know, Honey, if I went to summer school I could graduate and go to any college I wanted to. I have often thought about graduating in February, but I say why rush things?

Honey, I have to get off work early just to say hello to you. Oh Well, I guess it's worth it. You know I am just kidding. I wish it could be more than just hello. It seems so senseless just to say hello. But I know it is the best that can be done. It is late, Darling. I should be sleeping. This whole war is so silly, I don't know why you don't just quit and come home. I know you would if you could. I guess it won't be very long until you come home. I sure wish the time would go faster. It seems the only time the time flies is when we are together.

I love you, Honey. I don't know how you could love me more than I love you. I just don't think it is possible. I just don't think you think or know how very much I love you. I really can't say how much I do because there aren't words for it. You know that you have

All my love always,

Betty

June 16, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Right now it's 2045, (8:45 PM) and I'm sitting in the Orderly Room pinch-hitting as C. Q. (Charge of Quarters) for Corporal Scaidell while he's getting himself a snack.

We started our Amphibious Training today, but all we did was listen to lectures and climb down nets. All of the classes are being given by Naval and Marine Corps personnel, and since Amphibious Landings are their specialties I guess we're getting the best instruction available.

The real training will start sometime next week when we move from Younghans to Sendai and load aboard ships. The plan is to do everything just as if we were hitting a beach in Korea instead of Japan. Here's hoping that they don't pull a fast one and that when we wade ashore the natives are speaking Korean—and shooting at us.

We're boarding everything; trucks, tanks, even the kitchens are going. Yes Sir, it's really going to be something, and it looks like there's a lot of hard work ahead of us.

By the way, Honey, it just might be that I won't be able to write for a few days. When you're moving you can't tell what's going to happen, so don't feel too bad if I miss a day or two. After all I'm in the Army to fight a war, not to write letters, and I've also got my men to look after. Anyway, I haven't missed a day so far and I'm not about to break my string if I can help it—and you know me; if there's any way at all I'll get the mail through.

I'm pretty excited about our telephone call tomorrow, and I'm really looking forward to hearing your voice. But of course I'm really a big louse to call my Dad for Father's Day and then to talk to you all the time—but then I'm not going to marry him. You haven't changed your mind, have you?

Speaking of Father's Day, did your Dad get my gift on time? I would have mailed it earlier, but there's a lot of red tape to go through when you're shipping things out of the country. By the way, if your Dad finds any dope in that package, tell him to sell it on the street and we'll split the proceeds 50-50.

Another thing—all is forgiven concerning “Prehistoric Women” since it’s only human to make mistakes—and seeing as how you’re more than human (Angelic comes to mind), I’ve decided to allow you twice as many as anyone else. See what a great guy I am! And speaking of shows, I went again tonight and saw “Ma and Pa Kettle on the Farm.” At least it was better than their last one.

I’m also sending you an article about the 40th that I thought you might be interested in seeing and pasting in OUR scrapbook. Also the film I’m expecting from Mom still hasn’t arrived, but as soon as it does I’ll get right on it and send you some more snapshots for our book.

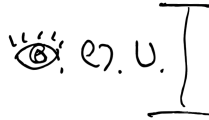
Well, Honey, that’s it for tonight except for the usual, “tell your folks hello and give my best to the gang” and the same old stuff that comes from deep in my heart that I love more than life itself and always will.

Keep care, my Darling, and remember you have

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

This letter is for last night. I'll write you another one tonight. What was I doing last night? Well, if you will look at the date I think you will know. This makes twice now you have kept me out all night. Why, you keep me out later now that you are in Japan than you did when you were here. Then about 7:30 they called and said the call would come through sometime this afternoon (about 3 p.m.). So Claudia took me home, and here I am in bed writing to you. I think I have a one track mind. The only thing I could think of last night when I was trying to go to sleep on the chair that makes into a bed is that I didn't write you. I knew I could write you twice today, but it seemed so funny to know that I hadn't written you. It seemed like something was missing.

Yesterday I got all my letters back. It seems so funny to go back and read them. I will take good care of them for you. I also got the handkerchief. Thank you, Darling. I love it because it is from you. I like what's on it, too. My mother just came in, she is so funny. Did

I tell you the latest? Well, she is going to take me to the doctor. She has been saying that for weeks now. She thinks I am ailing. There is nothing a doctor can do for me. The only cure is when you come home. Nothing else will do or matters.

I just got a call from your mother. She said that you had just called. At least you got to say more than hello to your folks, anyway. If you look hard enough, I guess you can find something good in everything. I have yet to find something good about you being so far away. It was nice that your parents got to talk to you. Of course, I would have liked to say hello, but I guess that's how things go. Far be it for me. I don't even try to understand anymore. Your mother told me you said to tell me you loved me very much. I love you too, Darling. Too much, I'm afraid. It isn't good just to live for one thing like I do. Nothing has ever meant so much to me. I always have thought that it wasn't wise to place all your hopes in one place. That way I have never been disappointed, that is, had any real big disappointments. Your mother said you were going to call, or we were going to call you, on my birthday. I guess that isn't so far away. Maybe I can live that long.

I got your letter of the 9th yesterday too. You don't need to thank me for falling in love with you. How could I help it? I am the one that is lucky, not you. Darling, I really don't think you know what you're are getting into. I know how hard it must be for you. Your mother said last night that she thought you were lonely. Then she looked at me and said, "You know, Betty, it's you that makes him so homesick. It's not any of us, it's you he misses so much." I know how you feel, Darling. It is so hard for both of us. I guess we should realize that it is only a small fraction of our lives. Maybe it is to test our love. So many people doubt it. Maybe even ourselves, sometimes. This will prove to the world that we are not just a couple of kids who have spring fever, but that our love is real and could and will last through whatever test we put it to. Chin up, Darling, we'll make it. Sometimes it is hard, almost unbearable, that's the way I feel now. I can feel the hot tears running down my face now, but with the strength of your love I'll make it. I can't tell you to stop missing me. I know that is impossible, but Honey, we both have to understand that it won't be for long. We'll make it, and just think how wonderful it

will be when you get home.

I should go to church now, Darling. Remember you have

All my love always,

Betty

June 17, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

There's not much news to write about today because I've been waiting all day for my phone call to go through. It was supposed to be placed at 11:00 this morning, but it's now 8:50 PM, so I guess it's going to be a little late.

Speaking of phone calls, I made an application to call you at your place on the Fourth of July (that's the third your time). I'm supposed to get through around 5:00 PM (again that's your time). Of course it will be late, but Honey, that's the best I could do. So try and plan on being there because I want to wish you a Happy Birthday the next best way I can.

I went to church this morning at 9:00 AM and then killed a little time in the library until 11:00 AM. As for the rest of the day, I've just sat around the telephone office waiting.

I got two letters from Mom and one from Sis today but none from you; however, yesterday I got one from you and none from anyone else, so I guess that squares things up—and when the expected two letters arrive from you tomorrow, I'll be walking on the top of the world.

You know, Honey, I'm really stuck on you. I sure wish I could come home right now so we could start our lives together, but then I guess a lot of other guys feel the same way. It seems that some people in this world don't realize when they're well off, so they get greedy and power hungry and go to war. Well, Honey, our country is big enough to put a stop to this kind of thinking, so MAYBE this will be the last one. I sure hope so because I don't want our kids to have to go through all of this. I'd rather put more time in over here than have that happen. Of course I could come home right now and we could have girls and 4F boys.

But don't let this Korea thing fool you. This is just a small part of the picture. Where the Reds are really hurting is back home, so be on guard and don't let us fellows over here down.

Did you get my present on time? I sure hope so.

Well, Honey, that's the news in a "nutshell" and so I'll be ringing off for now. Be sure and keep care and give my love to your folks and my best to

the gang; and remember it's just you and me, Always.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

As I told you in my letter earlier, I went to church today. You know how I have told you that when I have a problem or am feeling rather low and go to church, Pastor Ramseth will preach on that problem or something that fits right in with it. It always seems to give me so much comfort, and a lot of the times it settles my problem completely. This time it didn't settle my problem because the only thing that would do that is if you came right home. The sermon was "From Whence Cometh Confusion?" I said before it was very good and did help.

I slept most of the afternoon. Then about 5:30 my folks wanted to go to my Great Aunt Flora's. They are going to Alaska. So we went over there and took them for a long ride. My great uncles are so funny. Great Uncle Edward was there too. Anyway, it seems they have a \$10 bet on what I'm going to do. Uncle Han's is betting that I will graduate from college while Uncle Edward bets that I never will even go to college. This surprised me; I thought it would be the other way around because Uncle Edward was the one that always told me that I couldn't get married until I was at least 25. I don't know what he expects me to do if I don't get married or go to college. You know, Darling, I haven't been over there since you took me Easter Sunday.

You know, Darling, I feel so at home with your parents and sister. Your mother treats me just like a daughter, and your sister is just like an older sister to me. You know, Honey, I have been thinking that maybe it would be nice to have your sister be Maid of Honor at our wedding.

You know, Darling, all my letters always seem to sound about the same. I have been thinking I could save a lot of time if I just changed the dates on the letter you send back to me and send them back to

you. I think that would be rather funny.

Honey, next time you send a bunch of my letters home, will you put on the bottom of some of the letters you liked the best or just seemed to hit you right at the time? Do you know what I mean, just put some kind of mark? Of course, write and tell me what the mark is. I know that you must like them all, as I love all of your letters, but I must admit I like some better than others depending a lot on how I happen to feel at the time.

I guess that's about all. I have to get up and go to work tomorrow. I love you and want you more than just anything. Always remember that you have

*All my love always,
Betty*

June 18, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Boy what a bunch of mail I got today. Twelve letters in all and best of all, three were from you.

It was a dirty shame that I missed you yesterday. But then I guess that's the way it goes. Anyway, I'm sure sorry.

About the call on your birthday, I'm going to cancel it and have Mom call me. It costs a little more that way, but if we can eliminate all that wasted time, it will be well worth it. I'm checking on the details now and I'll let you know more about it soon.

Here's a good piece of news! Woody, you remember him, talked with his wife via shortwave on Saturday, and he says he's pretty sure that she can arrange the same deal for us. He said that she handled all the details over there and that they contacted him over here. Anyhow, check with her. It sure can't do any harm, and if we're lucky it might work out. Here is her address: Mrs. Surely Widman, 8405 Wakefield Avenue, Van Nuys, California -EMPIRE 23288.

He's not sure of the phone number. So if it's wrong get my Mom and she'll take you out to see her. He's writing her a letter about this.

By the way, you're right about that Japanese girl. There's nobody but you, so I guess you're safe being sure of yourself. But don't get smart with me or there'll be trouble. Don't forget I'm an Army Sergeant and all I do seven days a week is rant and rave, and blow fire from my nostrils. No kidding, I'm a Meany, and when I come home I'm going to be in good form.

As far as your being untrue, there's nothing I can do about it over here except get my mob after them, but when I get home—watch out! Of course I know better; that is about you being true, but if should you get mad and stop writing I think I'd blow my brains out. And according to some of my boys I could do that with a handkerchief. Ho! Ho! I cracked a funny!

By the way, did I tell you the story about the Moron who wanted to be President—well he made it. And if you dare open that birthday present before 12:01 AM on July 3 I'm going to spank you hard when I come

home. After all I told you, you didn't tell me to.

You know the old saying "he who laughs last"? Well, Baby, they rechecked my teeth today and the doc says they're in good shape except for a small cavity. Ha! Ha! (Last Laugh). Now watch them yank a half dozen.

Honey, you're certainly welcome to my ribbon, and if you want I'll write to Mom and have her give you the rest of them. But please, Darling, don't feel strange about asking my Mom anything or for anything. She's sold on you 100% and she knows how much I love you, and believe me she'll go to hell and back for you—she's that kind. However, miff her and she'll tell you off—and Honey, I don't know about you but that's just the way I want it.

I'm not sending that Annual thing back to you right away because before I do I want to give it some serious thought. If you can find them, send the negatives of all of the photographs that I already have here in Japan and don't worry about my roommate—he likes a pretty face around just like I do, and besides we just don't squawk about things like that in the Army.

Honey, whatever you do don't let Russell Johnson get off to Harvard without finishing my lessons. This would really put me behind the eight ball. As far as that silly question goes, I liked the answer I got. You just keep on the far side of the car and keep saving all those kisses for me because I'm going to make up for lost time when I get home.

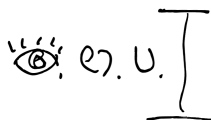
And as far as the question you asked goes—it was a no-brainer. Of course I'll marry you—the minute I get off the boat. And any time you want to buy the ring, the only thing it will cost you is a six-cent airmail stamp and a note telling me so.

I love you, Betty, far more than you realize.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Hello Darling. I am watching television over at Jeanette's house. I am spending the night here tonight.

I didn't do anything today except work. Which wasn't very exciting,

but it wasn't bad either because I ran change all day and I like doing that.

Honey, guess what I did tonight? Just call me orange head, it is so funny. I got this blond hair rinse, and the first time I put it on nothing happened, so Jeanette put almost the whole bottle on. Then my hair turned bright orange. It looked so funny. Then we rinsed it off, and it isn't too bad now. Now, Honey, don't get upset. It will wash right out the next time I wash my hair.

Your mother is going to shoot me. This is her pen and I am sitting here chewing on it. The one she got at first didn't work right, so I took it back and got another one.

By the way, Honey, I think you had better sign your letters after this. The one of June 11 wasn't signed, and if it wasn't for the return address on the outside of the letter, how would I know who it was from?

You had better not spank me hard. You know I would never tell you an untruth (ha ha). But really, the grades I sent you are on the level. If they weren't I would have gotten straight A's.

Well, Darling, Jeanette wants to go to bed so—I just want to make sure you know I was kidding about signing your letters. I can tell your letters by the handwriting. No, Honey, really I am just kidding. I can tell your stationery anywhere. Now, Darling, you're the only one that says the things you do, that is, the way you put it, you know the style. Now really you know you're the only one I really love. Jeanette is getting disgusted. I have kept her up with letter writing more than once before.

I love you and you have and will always have—

All my love always,

Betty

**This is so you'll know which one _____*

June 19, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, this is going to be somewhat of a shorty because there's no news, no letters to answer, and I've got to get up at five o'clock tomorrow morning because I'm going to Sendai.

It seems that they need a "Character Guidance N.C.O." and seeing as I'm the biggest character in the company, they chose me.

Right now I know nothing more about this except that I'm leaving at 6:30 AM and I'm to wear a Class A uniform.

This letter probably sounds a little funny. But I've got a good excuse. Sergeants First Class Walsh and Bob Smith (he was in ROTC) are in here having a bull session. They're talking about their old love affairs. So seeing as I've only had one in my entire life, the session doesn't interest me.

I got Mom's and Dad's presents off today and I also canceled that application for your birthday telephone call. I think I told you I was going to have Mom call me instead. It will cost a little more, but I think I'll come out on the better end of the deal in the long run. You just can't do business with these Japanese clerks. That is, you can't do it if you expect to get a square shake.

No mail came in for me today except that my colored film and slides arrived. So I'll start clicking and I'll zip you snapshots as soon as they are developed. Well, Honey, that's it for today. Be sure to keep good care of yourself and give my love to your folks and my best to the gang.

One more thing I don't want you to forget; and that's that I love you very, very much.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Hello Darling. Not much to say today because I worked all day. Vicki quit because she got a better job. It will seem so different without her down there. It will still be fun because a lot of my friends work there, and all the people are so nice.

I got 3 letters from you today. Also, Dad got the ties. He likes them, Darling, and I thought the verse was cute. I was laughing about it when Dad said he thought it was good, lots better than I could do—I guess he told me!

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without all that if you were only just here.

It isn't so much that I write you every day. Lots of girls write their boys every day. It is something for you, with everything you have to do, to make the time to write me every day. Believe me, Honey, it makes it a lot easier for me. Don't thank me for letting you love me, I should be the one to thank you for loving me. Really, Darling, I am afraid that you are getting the short end of this deal. But I am not complaining or worrying. Why should I, when I am in love with the most wonderful person on earth, and he loves me too?

Honey, why didn't you tell that you were first in that competition? It is really something to have a guy who is tops in everything.

I bet you look real good after losing 20 pounds. Not that you didn't before, but you know what I mean. It is a lot better than gaining 20 pounds you must admit.

This weekend I am going to Big Bear with Jeanette which ought to be fun.

I love you very much, Darling. Don't worry about me getting mad. I love you too much, and if and when I do, I know it won't last very long.

*All my love always,
Betty*

June 20, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I just got back from Sendai, and man, you never saw so much “Brass” in all your life. Even the Commanding General was there. The meeting was held at the Officers Mess and featured four main speakers.

General Huddleson (not counted as a speaker) started off with the usual welcome warm-up speech and was followed by Mr. Tadakatsu Suzuki. He’s the Director of the Yokohama Liaison and Coordination Office, and he spoke on “A Study of Customs and Attitudes of the Japanese People.” An interesting thing about him was that he was Japan’s Representative to the League of Nations. He also brought out a point that interested me when he said that Stodard, the present big wig of Los Angeles Schools, helped their school system along before World War II. I don’t recall if I’ve mentioned it, but their schools are much more advanced than the rest of their reforms.

Suzuki was followed by a Captain Newton, who is the CID Chief of the Provost Marshall’s Office, JLC. This topic was “A History of Delinquency During the Occupation of Japan,” and one of his interesting points was that Russia (he didn’t actually say Russia but he said it in such a way that there was no doubt who he was referencing) was shipping narcotics into Japan in an effort to addict our troops. Boy what a bunch of stickers these Reds are.

A Colonel Sylvester, Special Service Officer XVI Corps, had the next hour and he made use of it by talking on the “Special Service Program in Japan.” His talk dealt mostly with future plans.

After the Colonel spoke, we went to lunch and dined on Shrimp Salad, Creamed Peas, Biscuits, Lettuce Salad, Coffee and Ice Cream. Then following lunch we heard Lieutenant Colonel, O.H. Tietjen, 40th Division Chaplain, talk on the “Army Character Guidance Program,” and following an open forum discussion, the evening concluded at 4:00 PM.

One other interesting event took place today. In a surprise move they called in all the Occupation Script that American forces use as legal tender. They did it just out of the blue, with no warning with the objective of having a negative effect on the Black Market. The move caught the

Black Market Purveyors with large amounts of Script on hand – which it is illegal for them to process – and which is now worthless. Of course the American forces turned their outdated script into financial officers this evening and will receive newly issued script in the same amount tomorrow morning.

Well, Honey, that's it. No more news at all, so I guess I'll say the same ol' thing, namely to tell your folks hello for me and to say Hi to the gang. Also be sure to take good care of yourself and to remember that I love you more than all the Script in the world—and we're talking good stuff here.

All my love always,
Bob
XXXXXXXX

⊙: 07. U.]

Dear Bob,

Here I am again, same place, same time, and same girls. How is my Honey today? I just worked all day. Your sister was in the store to pick up your lesson. Nothing exciting happened. Doris was over most of the evening. She had another fight with Chuck. When she has a fight with him, she always comes down here and talks to me. You know, Darling, we have never had a real fight, at least what I considered a fight. Sometime when you come home we will have to try it to see what it is like. But let's not stay mad very long.

I got your card today; thank you, Honey. I thought you couldn't buy cards over there. Your mother said the other day that she should have sent you one to send me. I don't agree with her. I never like to get anything unless that person has picked it out, no matter what it is. It means so much more to me if you got it for me. Do you think you may be home for Christmas? That would be wonderful, but I am afraid it is wishful dreaming.

I just couldn't see getting my ring by mail. No matter how much I may want it. I want you to put it on my finger, and to hold me close and tell me how much you love me and want me. Every time I pass a jewelry store I stop and look at the engagement and wedding rings and wish that I had one. I still think we did right. You must admit it

was the most sensible thing to do, but who wants to be sensible?

I had to change pens. The other one just wouldn't write. This one is so much better. I would find one that worked just when I ran out of things to say. It is late as always, so I had better end this piece of art with the usual—

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. I love you—

June 21, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, it seems that I'm just a big softy. The radio is playing our song and boy, what a romantic mood I'm in.

In fact, it seems I've been in a bunch of different moods today. The worst one during the last lap of a twenty mile forced march when it started to pour—and I mean pour—down rain. In fact, it's still pouring. I guess this is just one of my moody—and very wet—days.

But then our song came on and everything seemed to get brighter—just like the room lights up when you walk in. Then, too, I wanted to send the most beautiful girl in the world the enclosed handkerchief with the hope that every time she wears it she'll think of me.

Just like I'm thinking of her right now and thinking that I would give anything if I could just hold her close and kiss her beautiful sweet lips—see, I told you I was in a romantic mood—but then I think of you in this way all of the time.

Honey, I'm sorry this is so short but I got a ton of stuff to do and we have an early start tomorrow...so, I'll see you in my dreams.

Keep care, my Darling, give my love to your folks and my best to the gang and remember that you have...

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

⊙. U.]

Dear Bob,

I just finished making an Angel Food cake. It is in the oven cooking now. One thing, Darling, when we get married, at least we won't starve. That's about the one and only thing I can do.

Guess what? At last I got my Learner's Permit for driving. I got it this morning. Dad said that when I got it, that next Christmas I could get my License. Well, he took me out driving after work. When we got to

San Fernando, he said Well, maybe I could get it just before school starts instead of Christmas. We were just about home and Dad said, maybe you could get your license before we go on our vacation, that way you could help with the driving. I guess I must not be too bad, Dad didn't even want me to get a learner's permit, this morning. Your mother said she would teach me, too, when her back is better. I think I will take her up on it for a couple of lessons.

I bet amphibious training is fun. At least it is something different to do, Just so you keep on landing in Japan and the Navy doesn't forget where Japan is and takes you to another place. You know Japan isn't a very good place, I will admit, but there are worse. About those letters, don't worry about it, Honey. I understood and I know you will write if it is at all possible.

I can hardly wait until my birthday because you are going to call or something. At least I will be able to talk with you. This time you will be calling me and I can talk to you the longest.

About changing my mind about marrying you, Darling, don't be silly. Why, I would be crazy or at least out of my head if I did anything as foolish as that. No, Honey, you don't need to worry about that, I know a good deal when I see one. Just you don't go and try to get away.

You never did tell me what happened about that X-ray. With that I leave you because this (your) girl is getting sleepy. Until tomorrow—

All my love always,

Betty

June 22, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, I'm sorry but I've got some bad news today, and after tomorrow I'm not going to be able to write for a while. At this point I can't tell you why, except that it's a Direct Order and is connected to the Amphibious Training we're taking.

Now don't start worrying. The Lieutenant told us, in fact he gave us his word, that we are NOT going to Korea and that this restriction is just part of our training exercise—and from what I know about this Lieutenant he isn't the type to mislead his men.

Another thing I want you to remember is that when and if the 40th is deployed to Korea—that you folks back home will properly know about it long before any of our mail could reach you. Also, I really do believe that there's no danger of us going anywhere except back to Camp Younghans. Of course orders can change at any time, so cross your fingers and hope for the best and that when we wade ashore during this exercise that the natives are not speaking Korean and/or Chinese—and that they're not shooting at us.

By the way, you scored a dozen or so points when you picked up (or tried to pick up) that belt for Mom. She wrote and told me all about it, and believe me she thinks you're tops. But then so does everyone else in the Anderson clan. She also said that she was afraid she put her foot in it when she mentioned something about Jeannie Maxfield, but I wrote and told her not to worry because you know all there is to know about Jeannie and me and everyone else I was ever involved with. I also told her that if you don't know by now that you're "the only one" then you never will—and I penned those words because I mean them. My Darling, always know that you are and always will be the "only one."

As far as the Aloha Dance goes, you bet your sweet life that I remember! Golly, how I wish I were home so we could finish out our senior year together. But it kind of looks like Uncle Sam has other plans for me, and all I can do is sit tight and hope for the best.

Now about your grades; they weren't bad but of course I would have done better—and what's the big idea of those SS's in Trigonometry? You

know, I may be too stupid to pass any of my classes—but never did I get 2SS's. In fact, I can't remember getting any S's at Van Nuys High School.

But then what can you expect from an ill-mannered brat like you—and while we're on the subject, what "snap" courses are you planning on taking next semester?

By the way, I agree with you about not rushing things, and I certainly wouldn't rush graduation. Your senior year will be one of the best in your entire life, and this is coming from a guy who missed out on his. So you stay in there and enjoy all those exciting and fun times for both of us.

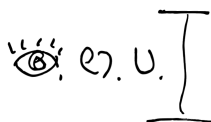
Well, Baby, that's the news except that we had another twenty mile speed march today.

Be sure and keep care of yourself and give my love to your folks and my best to the gang and remember that I love you, I love you, and I love you!

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX0000000



Dear Bob,

I just got finished decorating a cake. Now I am watching wrestling on television. By the way, I am over at Jeanette's house. You know I am their star boarder. We are getting up early to go to Big Bear tomorrow. I worked from 1:30 to 9:00 tonight. We were sure busy from 5:30 on. Four girls didn't come to work that were supposed to, and about eight girls who did come to work were new and didn't know anything. Since it's my job to run change, see that everyone is waited on, answer questions and see that everyone has something to do, I was kind of busy to say the least.

My cousin Meri Dee came down today. She said her mother (Aunt Inez) wrote you a long letter but didn't like it, so she threw it away and hasn't started another one. My folks are going away for a week starting tomorrow. As I said before, Vicki is going to spend the week with me.

Poor Jeanette thinks it is time for bed, since we have to get up

early—at least what I consider early. I know you wouldn't think it early, but then you have to realize that you are use to getting up early and I'm not.

Anyway, Honey, I will try to write a longer letter tomorrow.

Remember you have—

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. I really mean it when I say always

June 23, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I'm disappointed! Here I am moving out tomorrow, and no mail will I see before I return, and that means no mail from the most wonderful person in the world. But then the Army is handling the mail so what can you expect.

Whatever you do, don't stop writing because I won't get delivery for a while. Chances are by the time you receive this I'll be back, and you know how much I look forward to your letters.

This letter isn't going to be as long as I would like because I can't write about the amphibious movement and there's no letter tonight to answer. In addition tomorrow is going to be a tough day. It's now 9:30 PM and we have a 3:00 AM early start tomorrow with an ending of goodness knows when.

However, my Darling, I want to tell you once again how very much I love you and how very much I want and need you. I wrote Mom today and told her that if it was four months ago instead of today that I'd marry you even if I had to hit you over the head and carry you off—a little dramatic perhaps, but that's the way I feel.

Now I understand your saying "Not Now" to the engagement and/or wedding rings that I've offered to put on your finger, and I even agree with your reasoning, but at the same time I want to strongly assure you of my love, devotion and faithfulness. So let me say this as strongly and affirmatively as I can: You are the only one for me, and as far as I'm concerned that's the way it will always be.

Well, Darling, it's late and tomorrow comes mighty early so I'd best close. Keep care, give my love to your folks and my best to the gang and remember that I love you with all of my heart and always will.

All my love always,

Bob

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⊕ 27. U.]

Dear Bob,

Well, here I am up at Big Bear. Jeanette and Mrs. Whichmer are finishing the dinner dishes. I am writing this by lamplight since they don't have any lights up here and no running water. We didn't get off this morning as early as we had hoped to, then we had a little car trouble and didn't get here until a little after noon. After fixing lunch, Jeanette and I took some pictures just for you. That is, you'll get them if any of them turn out half way decent. Then we went in to Big Bear and fooled around. Jeanette and I bowled a game, or should I say tried to bowl. Jeanette did good, but me, Well, let's not talk about it. Then we rode around and came back to the cabin. We all laid down and no one woke up until seven. So then I had to wake everyone up.

The Whitlock's just came in, so now I am sitting in front of a big fire I built. I am chief fire builder around here. I have built every fire so far, and they all started the first thing.

Anyway, afterwards we woke up and fixed dinner. Then I went out and helped Mr. Whichmer chop wood. Have to keep my figure up, you know.

Jeanette and I sleep on the top bunk, which has 3 mattresses and a feather comforter. We always sleep there when we come up to here to the Whichmer's cabin. Is it ever nice. Just like you think a cabin should be. I really can't explain it, but just dream about a mountain cabin and this is it.

I went outside just as the stars were coming out. It was so beautiful! I made a wish on the first star, the one we always wished on. I bet you can't guess what the wish was? Yes, Honey I think you are right, I won't tell you or it won't come true, but I make the same wish hundreds of times a day.

It is so nice just sitting here. It would be perfect if you could be here with me, but someday soon you will come home and we won't have to make the same wish over and over again. Until then you have—

All my love always,

Betty

June 24, 1951

(Letter One)

My Dearest Betty,

Don't be surprised if this letter comes to an abrupt end. I'm writing this while I'm waiting for the trucks. Here they are.

All my love,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

P.S. I love you

June 24, 1951 (Letter Two)

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, this must be your lucky day because this is the second letter I've written to you today. However I really don't think you appreciated the earlier one.

These letters that I'm writing you are going to be like the ones I wrote on the Moggs. It's a funny thing, but the Navy just doesn't seem to have mailboxes out here. But I'm writing anyway so that my goal of writing one letter a day won't be broken.

So far I haven't got the slightest idea what's coming off. Nobody has told me anything. All I know is that we got up "sometime during the night"; it must have been night because it was dark outside, and then we ate, cleaned up and loaded on trucks.

The trucks took the Sendai route, and I was in truck Number 83. Boy, you talk about dust. Just imagine 83 trucks on a dirt road,—and ours was open. Well, one good thing about it, I didn't have to worry about getting dirty.

We went through Sendai to the waterfront and debarked from the trucks. From there we loaded onto LCP's (Landing Craft Personal) that took us to our ship, which was about a mile from shore. Once alongside, we climbed up cargo nets and boarded the ship.

What a climb that was. I had a full field pack, a rifle and steel helmet, plus 180 pounds of fat blubber totaling about 230 pounds to haul up that

blooming thing. That in itself wouldn't have been so bad, but some joker kept rocking the ship so that the cargo netting kept waving back and forth, and you know me—I'm afraid of the roller coaster. But I made it and was feeling somewhat ashamed of the condition that I was in when I realized that I was the first man from my platoon to lumber aboard. Then I didn't feel so bad. No kidding, that climb doesn't look like much, but you're really pooped when you've finished it.

But I guess I'm just not use to it, and by the time they are finished with me, most likely I'll be all but running up and down these nets.

After the entire platoon was aboard, we were shown to our quarters. I believe the name of the ship is Telepair, and we're in Compartment G.

Then we had lunch. We had chicken, mashed potatoes, string beans, lettuce salad, bread butter, mince pie and coffee.

Following lunch I cleaned my rifle, washed up a bit and caught up on a little shuteye. When I woke up it was dinnertime so I went back to chow. This time we had Spaghetti, creamed peas, biscuits, applesauce, bread, butter, pudding and coffee.

One good thing about the Navy, they feed you well. I wonder how long this easy life is going to last?

Well, Honey, that's today's activities in a nutshell. Be sure and keep good care of yourself and give my love to your folks and my best to the gang. Remember, too, that I love you with all my heart and soul.

Keep your chin up and don't worry. I'll be home before you know it, and then we can "start living." Until tomorrow, I remain:

Your ever loven',

Bob

XXXXXXXX

P.S. All my love always!

⊕ e7. U. |

Dear Bob,

Everyone is doing different things right now. Mrs. Whitlock is unpacking some dishes, and others are doing things to put the cabin in shape for the summer except for Jeanette and I; we just do odd things now and then.

Honey, I hear you are a hard person to sleep with. Well, I am not a bit worried. After sleeping with Jeanette off and on all these years,

I think I could sleep with anyone. It is so funny, when either of us feel the covers moving, even just a little, the other one grabs on and we have a tug of war.

Darling here I am at home again. Vicki is ironing, and guess what I am doing? We got home about 10:00 when I found two wonderful letters from a very special somebody.

I don't know if I want to marry someone that will rant and rave at me. I don't believe you are a meanie, but if you are, Well, _____. I'll find out sooner or later. Just what kind of trouble would you give me if I got smart with you? Then there is something else, are you big enough? I don't mean physically, but you are big enough in that respect to give me a good spanking—but would you?

Honey I must say your jokes are Well, _____ they are anyway.

The article I enclosed, as you'll determine is about Chet—at least I didn't send the whole paper, just for a couple of lines.

Honey, it is late and Vicki and I have to get up and go to work. Really I will write you a longer letter tomorrow. Remember I love you despite what I may say.

All my love always,

Betty

June 25, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

How do you like that? The 40th Division boards ships, and Russia starts talking turkey. But then what can you expect. I wonder what Russia will do when they find out we're only on maneuvers?

At any rate, I sure hope that they're sincere about these negotiations and that everything straightens itself out. It would sure save everyone a lot of trouble.

You know, if you were to take these bigwigs and put them on the front lines where all the mud and killing takes place, we'd have no more war. Yes sir, that's the Anderson theory to end all wars.

Nothing came off today with the expectation of a debarkation drill. It went off without a hitch, and so we probably won't have anymore.

They made me Assistant Boat Team Commander with SFC Walsh as headman. Don't tell anyone, but I think the Assistant does all the work. He's the first one down the net and from then on he organizes the boat.

In the LCP's, when they're loaded, there's no room to move around, so everyone has to be in place just so. They also have to be arranged in squad order because when you hit the beach everything and everybody has got to go with a zip. There's no time to look around for your leader. That's why everything has got to be just right.

Well, baby, that's 30 for tonight. Boy, I sure miss the mail, but baby, I miss you a whole lot more.

Be sure and keep care of yourself and give my love to your folks and my best to the gang.

Honey, you know I love you more than anything. Until tomorrow, I remain:

Your ever loven'

Bob

XXXXXXX

P.S. I love you

⊙ 07. U. }

Dear Bob,

Hello Darling. How is my favorite problem today? Vickie is lying on the other bed getting educated, reading a love story no less. We just got home from miniature golfing with your folks. We had a real nice time. I won of course, much to Claudia's disgust. Honey, you have to do something about that Sister of yours, she is even making cracks about my figure now.

Well, Vicki and I are getting along all right, no broken bones, houses or anything else—yet. However this is just the first day. We even got to work on time, in fact a little early for once. I talked to Shirley about that short wave deal, and it sounds pretty good. However we couldn't do it for my birthday, as there isn't enough time to arrange it. You have to make a lot of contacts, etc. Maybe we could arrange it for your folk's birthday and anniversary; which I believe is the 20th of July. I will have to call Shirley again tomorrow to get the telephone number of the man that does this.

That school you went to in Sendai sounds interesting. I bet you got a lot out of it. At least it is something different than the same old usual stuff.

How do you like the news about the offer Russia made for peace in Korea? It will be wonderful if it happens, but to be truthful I am not counting on it—but then you never can tell. This awful mess has to come to an end sometime, and it might as well be now. In fact, I pray that it will be; then maybe you can come home in the near future.

Darling, it is late. Same old line, but it is true. Mrs. Segar is going to call us and wake us up at the early hour of 8:30. I don't have to be to work until after 10:00 because I have to pick up the money tomorrow, but Vickie has to be there at 9:30, so we have to get up early.

Now Darling, don't do anything I wouldn't want you to do. Be careful and all that. Don't whistle at all these pretty girls over there. If you do, I'll find out one way or another. What I would do about it, I don't know yet, but I figure I can trust you. Don't shock me now,

Honey, and show me I have been wrong about you all these months.

You know, Darling, before we get married we have to have a lot of serious talks and get most everything settled that might cause trouble before hand. So you be thinking about what you want out of marriage beside love and roses. I have pretty set ideas on a lot of subjects, and I know you must have to. It is up to us, no one can tell us how to work it out or settle our problems. Our parents can't—although they may try—which would prove to be most unsatisfactory for everyone concerned.

Well, I must stop this. We can get everything settled when you get home, O.K.? Just be thinking about it because it takes two people who are working hard for happiness to make a good marriage. It is more than just falling in love, and we must understand this beforehand. And if either of us doesn't like what the other person is saying, and we can't resolve it—then there is always the option to call it quits. You know you are free to do so anytime you want to, and I take it for granted that I have the same privilege. However, I don't want to use it. You know how much I love and want you. It goes without saying that you have—

*All my love always,
Betty*

June 26, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

You know, it's kind of hard to write a letter when you're aboard ship because there really isn't much news and there are no letters to answer.

We had another debarkation drill this afternoon, and like the last one it went off without a hitch.

Tomorrow, June 27, is D Day. Or at least it's D Day providing the Navy determines that the water is calm enough to make the landing. H hour is scheduled for 9:00 AM, and the Second Battalion is being held in reserve.

They gave me a map today, and providing they don't want it back, I'll mail it to you after we get back to Camp Younghans.

One thing out of the ordinary did happen today. The ship's crew had a General Alarm at four in the morning, and evidently the Skipper of the ship figured his crew needed some target practice because they really worked their guns over. All I can say is what an awful way to wake up in the morning.

Now I know that these letters aren't the newsiest ones in the world, but at least you know that I'm thinking about you. And I am every minute of the day.

You know I love you more than anything and that I always will. Keep care and tell your folks to do the same.

Your ever loven'

Boob

XXXXXXXX

P.S. All my love always

⊙. U.]

Dear Bob,

Vickie is upstairs taking a bath, and I am down here writing my daily letter as you will find out when you get this masterpiece. This is going to be a hard one to write as nothing happened and I didn't get any mail from you.

Russell was supposed to bring me a lesson tonight, but he didn't. Those boys are making me mad. I called them again tonight, but neither of them was home. But I'll get a hold of them tomorrow. I could understand about it during school time, but now there is no excuse. Don't worry about them. They will get done if I have to do them myself. I'll try to get them all to you by the end of July, will that be time enough?

Vicki says she is going to write you a letter and isn't going to let me read it. If she does, Honey, you will send it back to me and let me read it won't you, Honey? That Vickie! Never can tell what she would say.

Vicki is down now and we have been talking for the past hour.

I talked to Shirley this morning, and she is going out to see the man who does the call Sunday, so she is going to have him call me later, probably next week some time.

That's all, Honey. Vickie just finished a story she said was real good, so of course, I have to read it. Be good.

*All my love always,
Betty*

P.S. I love you.

June 27, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, baby, today was the big day, and everything went swell. We debarked over the side and down the nets at five minutes to nine and circled around until ten when the 1st Battalion called for help.

We went in and landed, and in ten minutes "had the situation well in hand." Of course, there really wasn't anyone shooting back at us, which made things a little easier.

After the "battle," we all drew up a plot of sand, and with our trustee can openers opened up the "C" rations. Yum! Yum!

Enclosed you will find the can opener. In combat, a soldier would rather lose his rifle than this gadget. This little hunk of metal is the only thing that stands between him and starvation. And I'm sending mine to you. See how much I think of you.

After lunch, some Marine Major told us what we did wrong, and then we loaded back on the LCP's and headed back to the ship. Once again we went up the net, and then we cleaned rifles.

Well, Honey, that's the day's work.

Be sure and keep care of yourself and give my love to your folks and my best to the gang.

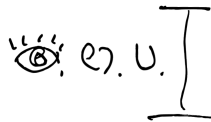
I love you from the tip of my pointed head to the bottom of my fallen arches.

Your ever loven'

Boob

XXXXXXXX

P.S. All my love always

 E. U.

Dear Bob,

Hello, Darling. Same scene. Vicki is still reading love stories and I am, as ever, writing to you. Today was Mr. Segar's birthday, so

we went over there for dinner. Then for once I saw a good movie on television. I don't for the life of me see how your father can sit and watch that old junk all night like he does. You ought to see him. The stuff is so corny, etc. I really don't see how anyone can stand it. Someday maybe I will sit and watch one all night, night after night. I guess we will have to wait and see.

Darling, do you realize that tomorrow, the 28th of June, it will be 3 months since I saw you last? It seems so long since you held me in your arms. I miss you so very much. The last night seems more like a dream than a reality. I can really say these have been the 3 longest months of my life. I am always glad when a day comes to an end, but every minute seems like an hour. I just can't explain it, but I think you know what I mean. You are probably too busy to do much thinking, and that is best, it is so much easier when you have something to do.

I got your letter today where you said you wouldn't be able to write for a while. I guess there is nothing either of us can do about something like that. I will just have to wait for a while. I am getting to be an expert at this waiting game. It is one I wish I had never had to play such a big part in. I will keep on writing as usual, of course.

I read in the paper today where you made your Amphibious landing on Japan. From what it said, it came off pretty well.

Thanks for the handkerchief, Darling; it really is a small scarf, for your information. You know, like the ones I wear around my neck.

About this Mary deal, I was just kidding, so stop worrying. Don't take me seriously about all these things. However, Darling, I am not always kidding. This puts you in a bad spot, but I think you will usually be able to tell the difference, and with a little experience I think you will become an expert. At least I am willing to give you a try.

I think all your family likes me except your dad. Now don't ask me why. I just don't think he does. Now don't start worrying about it, maybe it is all in my mind. Who knows, it doesn't worry me, I don't know why I mentioned it.

About those grades, Honey, no matter what you may say or think, I am no angel, especially in the classroom. You know how I like to

talk. Well, I can usually fool the teachers as my grades show, but to be truthful, I should have had at least one U in every class. I deserve them, really. But I have had Miss Robb a year and a half, worked with her on the Girls Activity Board, and we have been the best of friends. However the trouble is she knows me too well. Does that explain the two SS in and Trigonometry?

Next semester is going to be a dream, just a whole year of doing nothing. I am planning on having a free first period so I can sleep in. Then I am taking Advanced Composition, unless I change my mind and decide to wait a semester for it. I'm also taking Book Keeping 1, Business Machines, U.S. Government (B12 History), and Physical Education. Sounds easy, doesn't it? Just think, almost no homework. Darling, do you realize you called me an "ill mannered brat"? I want you to take it back and say you are sorry or I will be very upset.

This had better be all for today. By the way, Honey, thanks for the money. Do you think you could really spare that whole nickel? Just tell me and I'll send it back if you ever need it (Just kidding, in case you're wondering—don't want my Honey to worry about anything).

I don't need to tell you how very much I love you, much more than I could ever say.

All my love always,
Betty

June 28, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Man, this Amphibious Training is really the life. It takes us seven days to do it, and in the seven days we only do one day's work. The rest of the week we just lie around, read, sleep and eat. Honestly, when it comes time to get paid this month, I'm going to feel guilty.

Today we upped anchor and headed back for Sendai. When we're due I don't know, but there are rumors going around that it will be 2:00 PM tomorrow.

In a way, I'm going to hate to see this soft life come to an end, but on the other hand, I haven't gotten any mail from my Honey for five whole days, and I'm really looking forward to those letters.

I know that you feel the same way about my letters, and that's the reason I'm taking these chances writing to you. But then there's the old saying "they have to catch you first."

I read "Mr. Winkle Goes to War" today and considered the book to be pretty good. One thing I'll say about the guy who wrote it, he knows Army life. However, he did ham it up a bit towards the end.

During the voyage I took one roll of pictures plus some colored shots I had left on the roll that was in the camera. I'm going to send them home to be developed and ask Mom to have three sets of prints made; one for you, one for her and the other one for me. I'm sending them home because the developing here in Japan is not the best. I think there are five shots of me in them, but don't expect too much.

When you look at them, just remember that I'm a combat soldier and I'm supposed to look that way. At least, I think that's the way I'm supposed to look. And most likely after you look at them, you'll agree with General Sherman "That war is hell."

By the way, Honey, I want to be sure that you understand why I'm sending all this stuff to Mom. The reason is money. She has access to my account, and although I don't think she uses it, I keep telling her to use that money on things like this. And then too, there's the cost of airmail. And baby, that's expensive!

And as far as I'm concerned, I'd just as soon have you save your money

for our wedding. So you see, I'm not overlooking your usefulness. I'm just saving money.

I went to the show last night and saw "Shakedown." And guess what I saw? A shot of our bowling alley. These three crooks come out the back door, get in their car and drive onto Lankershim Blvd. Boy, what a thrill that was. Honey, I sure wish I was there watching them film it instead of seeing the film here. But then there's a war going on, and a fellow can't have everything.

Well, baby, that's the news of the day, and so I might as well shuffle up on deck and cool off. It sure gets hot on these ships.

Be sure, my Darling, to keep good care of yourself and give my love to your folks and my best to the gang.

Don't forget now that I'm your number one guy and you're my number one gal, and until tomorrow I send all my love always and remain,

Your ever loven'

Boob

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P.S. All my love always

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Dear Bob,

Well, here I am in bed where I have been most of the day. I went to work this morning but got so sick I had to come home a half hour later. I feel a lot better now and expect to go to work again tomorrow.

For the past hour I have been reading old letters. Some I wrote and some of yours. It sure is interesting to go back and read them. Sometime when you come home we will have to take a day out just for that purpose. It would be fun to read them together, at least I think it would be. Vicki ought to be home in another half hour, will she ever be surprised to see me in bed. But I figured, why work when I don't feel good. Money doesn't mean that much to me. I am real proud of myself. I have a little over \$200 in the bank.

Vickie just finished putting up my hair. Now we have the same old scene, Vicki reading a story and me writing to you. We are also listening to a mystery story on the radio.

It kind of looks like I won't open your package until my birthday after all. You see, it isn't here yet. I hope I get it before Sunday so I can take the tie up to Santa Barbara and give it to Chet.

Anyway, nothing happened today because, as I said before, I was sick. But I think I am all well now. I know you will write when and as soon as you can. Remember how much I love you and don't forget you love me.

*All my love always,
Betty*

June 29, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Dad-rat-it these letters are getting harder and harder to write. A guy just doesn't do anything while he's aboard ship, and it only makes matters worse when there is no mail to answer. But this is our sixth and last day out, and I'll be hanged if I'll bust my record of writing to you every day.

Tomorrow we go ashore and should be back to camp by noon. Our fillers should also be there by now, and so we're going to have our hands full straightening things up. In our platoon alone we'll be getting about ten newcomers, and so this will mean that we go up to double bunks. I guess they just didn't build these barracks large enough.

However I got it from an old school chum of mine, who is in intelligence, that our unit will be moving someplace near Tokyo soon. Now usually I'm not one to write home about rumors, but this one I'm inclined to believe. Whether the move will be for the better or for the worst, or whether the move will even take place, remains to be seen.

But no one is going to ask my opinion anyway, so I think I'll just store it in the back of my mind and take things as they come.

At any rate, one thing is sure. We get off the ship tomorrow, and I can just see all that tons and tons of mail that has built up from the most wonderful girl in the world. And you know you are— the most wonderful girl in the world, I mean. You know, I wish I could sit down and write beautiful love letters like that guy with the long nose. But I guess I'm not cut out to write things like that.

So I just might as well stop trying and come out with that old fashion statement, that I love you very, very much and that I always will. Keep care and give your folks my love.

Your ever loven'

Boob

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P.S. A.M.L.A.

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Dear Bob,

I just got home from a dance at the Y. It was real nice and lots of fun. It was a dance where all the clubs came, and, of course, the usual 6 from our club. We got another guy tonight by the name of Don, and he is quite the boy. Don't worry, Honey, he's Vicki's type. Just one boy for me. I am his own private property. Hands off for anyone else, that O.K. with you?

I worked tonight, I wish George and Champ would get on the ball. Champ said that I didn't have to work on Friday night; George said I did. But I like to work on Friday night. It was only funny tonight. We had 12 too many girls, and Carol and I had to pick out the ones to fire. Boy did we have a gay time. We both stayed and picked up the money afterwards.

Honey, I think this deal about Jeanne is funny. I certainly don't know why everyone got so upset. I am the one that told them. I just said you were writing to her. I think your mother must have thought I said you were in love with her the way she acted. I just made a simple comment. I didn't mean to start anything. I don't know what your Sister fixed because there was nothing to fix. Why, heck, I have known about Jeanne for over 6 months now. I guess it is all right as long as everyone is happy. Let's just not tell them, if it makes your Sister happy to think she is "ye old diplomat"—just let her think it, I say.

Honey, I am glad you finally think you can trust me. Don't worry, I trust you, in fact, more than I do myself. In fact, I always have; now don't disappoint me, but I know you won't. The more the days go by, the surer I am that it will be just you and I forever.

Darling, I have to get up early for work, and it is late (after 2:00), so until tomorrow, I send

*All my love always,
Betty*

June 30, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Man alive, I think that everyone picks on me. Just what can one sole person do when he gets thirty letters in one day?

You can plainly see that it would be impossible to answer every one, so I'll just answer what I remember off hand and try to catch up with the rest of them in the near future.

I received your dad's letter, and please thank him for his thank you note for me. It really wasn't necessary for him to write it, but I appreciated it.

Also tell your Sis that I'll buzz off an answer to her as soon as possible, probably tomorrow.

As you've most likely guessed by now, I'm back at camp. We got in just after Noon, and I've been straightening out gear, talking with my new filler replacements and getting things organized ever since. It's now five minutes of eight and, after noon on Saturday, we're supposed to have free time. Oh well.

Mom wrote and told me that you're working full time now and that you got yourself a promotion. Tell me, how much money are you making now? If it's more than I am, I'm going to get sore.

Me, I make \$147.00 a month. Then the government takes out \$16.30 withholding tax, and I'm stuck for \$6.50 for insurance.

But I also get \$16.00 Foreign Service pay, which by the way, I wish I wasn't earning, for a total of \$140.00 per month. Oops! Forgot a dollar for laundry. Make that \$139.20. But this month I got gypped. They only gave me \$135.00, so the government is ahead \$4.20. I wonder what they did with it?

I got a new replacement today. His name is Spohor. Sounds fishy to me. Ha. Ha.

Anyway, he's RA, which means that he enlisted, and he seems to be fairly bright. Of course, I'll probably change my mind about this inside of a week. This brings my squad up to full strength. I wonder where the Non-coms are that were left behind with them when we shipped out. Probably sitting back in the States someplace.

As for me being home by Christmas, who knows? Maybe I will. There have been rumors. But then, on the other hand, maybe I won't. They're talking peace in Korea, and talking about extending our service to 24 months. A Japanese peace treaty is being negotiated and, when and if it's signed, how it will effect us no one knows. At least no one is saying. Best thing for us to do is to cross our fingers and hope for the best.

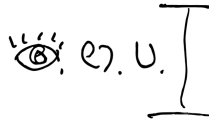
Well, baby, I've got lots of family letter writing to get done and so I'll knock off for tonight.

Tell the gang hello and give my love to your folks. Keep good care of yourself and remember I love you with all of my heart and always will. Sure hope you had a good time at Big Bear. Maybe I'll be home soon and we can go together. Until then, I remain

Your ever loven'

Boob

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Dear Bob,

Hello Darling. I got your long letter today, the one you wrote June 24th. I thought it was funny, but at least it showed me that you were thinking about me.

Honey, guess what? I am a photographic model now. It was so funny. A photographer came into the store to take some pictures for some ads featuring the cosmetic counter, and he used Eleanor and me in them. If they're published in any magazines, we'll get paid for it. Anyway, it was fun. In a couple of weeks he is going to bring us copies of the pictures.

Well, tonight Jeanette and I went to a wedding. It was real nice. Mary Ann Goetz's brother got married. The wedding was beautiful. Mary Ann was a Bridesmaid. She looked real nice. Vicki didn't go because she doesn't feel well. We are getting up about 7:00 to catch a bus to Santa Barbara tomorrow. I hope she feels all right then. The mailman was teasing me the other day about all the mail I get. I asked him when a package from Japan would get here, and he said "Oh—about another 3 months, if you're lucky." I hope he was kidding.

Russell sent me another lesson #5, and it is a long one. Anyway, they are getting done a little bit faster. Don't worry, I'll see to it that they get done by the end of July at the latest. Honey, is this the only course you have to take? I thought you had another one to do? If so, tell me what it is.

Well, Darling it is late—as always. So I guess I had better say I love you and quit for the day. Harvey says “good-bye” also, so does the other bunny rabbit. I do love you, Honey, much more than I can ever say. It won't be long, I keep telling myself. I turned another page on the calendar tonight. That means another month closer to when you come home. Until then I can just dream and try to put my love into words. But after you come home, it will be different. I won't have to depend on words alone to show my feelings. Until then remember you have—

*All my love always,
Betty*

July 1, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, another month has gone by, and so only ten more stand in our way. True, the months are hard, and with every passing day they seem to grow longer, but they are passing—and in their passing we are building.

These months over here are tough. And they are going to get harder, but I can see no reason for letting them slip away. As long as I'm over here I might as well make use of the situation. I'm saving every penny I can, and I'm shooting at a pretty high mark. And believe it or not, I'm studying. But what's more important, I'm learning through practical experience.

The one big problem that worries me is what I'm going to do when I'm out. Of course, I'm planning on college. But just what am I going to study? I've been thinking a lot about it, and I'm not satisfied as yet. But it's a number one problem and I'm going to try and solve it before I get out.

Tell me! What would you like your future husband to be? That is, besides a millionaire.

But it will come. I've just got a feeling.

Didn't do much today. Went to church and wrote some letters and read a little, that's all. I also went to the show and saw "Follow the Sun."

It seems to be getting hot over here. Some of the time that's O.K. But it's thumbs down when you're on a road march or out in the field.

By the way, I managed to hold on to that map, and I'll send it along as soon as I can find an envelope that's large enough to hold it. It'll make a swell souvenir.

You know, Mrs. Anderson, I think I'm going to like that name—Mrs. Robert LaZelle Anderson. Or maybe it will sound better as Betty Anderson. Tell me, which one do you like the best?

And speaking of names, have you been thinking about what we're going to name our kids? (Children not goats).

As for names, start thinking about girl's names because I told Mary that our first one was going to be a girl, and after I wrote her I figured I'd

better let you in on it; After all, you have a little to do with it.

The reason it's going to be a girl is because I want her to be just like you. Then I'll have two Betty Andersons to love and look after.

You know, I really do love you. Love you more than anything. And baby, you talk about missing somebody! Man alive! Sometimes I wish I hadn't met you because I miss you so much.

But then I stop and consider that this way you're waiting for me, and that gives me so much more to come home to.

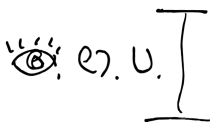
Don't worry, my Darling, I will be home. That's a promise.

Keep care, give your folks my love, the gang my best, and remember I'll love you always. Until tomorrow, I remain:

Your ever lovin',

Boob

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Dear Bob,

It is a little different tonight from the last week. Vickie is gone and my folks are home.

Vickie and I caught the bus this morning at 10 minutes to 8 and got to Santa Barbara about 10:30. Mother and Dad met us; then we went to Grandmother's house. My aunt and uncle were down from San Francisco with their three kids. My uncle is a great guy and my aunt, well, the less said about her the better. We never have gotten along very well and we were off to a running start this time. Anyway, it was foggy so while everyone was at church Uncle Bill took Vicki and I for a ride all over Santa Barbara. Then Chet took us down to the breakwater, and while he sailed in a race we sat out on the end of the breakwater. It was too cold to go swimming. Oh, Honey, I met a guy in the Army stationed up at Camp Roberts who is willing to change places with you. That is, he'll go to Japan and you come back to Roberts. Too bad it can't be arranged. Chet also took us sailing for about an hour, which was real nice. Afterwards, we came back to Grandmother's and had a turkey dinner. That's when Aunt Anne and I exchanged a few words. It seems she thought Chet took too many potatoes, and someone had to stick up for him. Boy did I rub it

in when there were some leftovers.

By the way, Honey, in your last letter to Mary you referred to me as a kid. Well, I'll have you know I resent that. For your information, I am no kid and if you want proof I have got it.

Well, Darling, your girl is a little tired. You know, work tomorrow. Gee, Honey, I miss you. Do you realize that the 9th of this month it will have been 7 months that we have gone together? You know, that is a couple of months longer than I have ever gone with someone. I went with Johnny for 7 months, but part of that time I was going with you. I should say it was 7 months before I told him about you. Besides, I love you a million times more that I ever thought I loved him. By the way, Honey, I will tell you sooner or later that Johnny will be home any day now. I will probably just see him a couple of times. It won't be for another week because he is going to Catalina. Now Darling, if you worry I will brain you. There is absolutely nothing to worry about. I know what I want, and it is you—and it always will be you. I probably won't even go out with the guy. Honey, I am serious, if you worry or even doubt me a little, I will not only be mad, I will be hurt as well. I know you probably have every reason to doubt me; but please, Honey, believe me when I say it is only you I love. Johnny and I are just friends.

[letter ends here]

July 2, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today a wonderful thing came into my life. It was a note from Chet. He added it on to Mary's letter. Tell me, do you think he's just lazy or is it the six-cent stamp?

You know, I keep worrying about that big boob. One thing is how he feels about us, and another is how the Army is going to effect him. As I understand it, when he's sprung from Santa Barbara he comes out a 2nd Lieutenant. Then he's got some active duty to pull.

No kidding, I feel sorry for him. He doesn't know it but he's in for a beating. The Army just doesn't take after R.O.T.C. shave tales. It's because of their inexperience. Every one takes advantage of them. They just don't know the score, but they learn—the hard way.

We had one Lieutenant just out of R.O.T.C. join us. Betty, he's real young, and when I spoke to him I didn't salute. This guy has heard so much about Army sergeants that when I spoke to him he actually turned white and saluted me. Honest! And when we parted, he beat me to the salute again. I didn't say anything but I guess it's happened to some of the other fellows because they were talking about it at dinner tonight. Some older officer should take this poor guy aside and wise him up. No kidding, I feel sorry for him.

So here's some tips you can pass on to Chet. Tell him that when he first goes in, he has to give the impression that he knows what he's doing. Tell him not to bluff because the men will see right through him, but to rely on his Platoon Sergeant. Chances are he's an old hand and he knows his job, and if Chet works it right he can learn a lot from him and at the same time save himself a lot of grief. Just tell him to remember to rely on his non-coms. Whether he realizes it or not, it's the non-coms who make the Army run. And so far they've done a pretty good job.

I'm glad to hear that you enjoyed your Big Bear trip. Boy, I sure wish I could have been there with you. And tell me, who says I'm hard to sleep with? Tell whoever it is that he's a stinker for telling. Well, baby, that's 30 for tonight. Keep care and give my love and my best to you know who.

Is it necessary for me to tell you you're the only one for me and that

you always will be?

Your ever lovin',

Boob

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Dear Bob,

Tonight I went to a dance committee meeting. We didn't do much of anything, but it was fun. Nothing happened today. I have just worked all day.

Tomorrow I am going to work at 9:30 and get off at 2:30 so I can talk to you. That is, I hope I get to say hello. I thought that maybe I would get to say more—but from the looks of things—if I get to say hello I will be lucky.

Just think I will be a whole year older tomorrow. I wonder if I will be a year smarter? This really has been one of the very best in my life. For after all, didn't I find you? Or did you find me? Whichever way, what really matters is that we love each other. This makes up for all the hurt and loneliness of the past year.

This hasn't been a very long, letter but I don't have anything to say. Vicki was reading some of the letters I sent to you and she remarked that I could write more about nothing than anyone she knew.

Anyway, I love you—

All my love always,

Betty

July 3, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Happy Birthday, my Darling. Happy Birthday, and May you have many, many more, the next one being the most joyous because of my return.

You know you're a year older over here today, but you won't add that other year where you are until tomorrow. See, I always said I was way ahead of you. Seventeen hours to be exact.

By the way, I've got a confession to make. I don't know how old you are. Isn't that awful?

Just think, here I'm planning, working and setting my whole life for one aim, that of marrying you, and I don't even know how old you are. I do know that you're either seventeen or eighteen.

You know, the more I think of it, the funnier it seems. I don't think I ever asked you.

But stop and think of all that took place in four short months. Man oh man, what December, January, February and March did to me. I just can't figure out what happened to me. Not that I'm complaining, mind you, but everything happened so fast.

Boy the 9th of December must really be my lucky day.

Golly baby, I sure love you. No two ways about it, I'm stuck. I don't want anything but you. That's all there is to it!

Tomorrow the call should come through.

It's getting so that I actually dread these calls. I keep worrying that something will go wrong, and when it does, down, down, down goes my morale. But I'm sure that everything will be fine this time.

Keep care, my dearest, and give my love to your folks and the usual to the gang.

Remember that I love you with all my heart and always will. Happy birthday once again.

Your ever lovin'

Boob

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Dear Bob,

Here I am sitting in your kitchen. It is fifteen minutes to eleven; we were supposed to get the call through at 3:00, as you probably will know. Claudia and your mother are, shall we say, discussing the Birdsall trial.

I thought I would write your letter now because I don't think I will have time to write you two letters tomorrow. I am eating the cake your Sister made for my birthday, it is real good. Chocolate, by the way. Your parents and Sister gave me some real nice things. Your Sister gave me a blouse, your mother gave me a real nice evening purse and your Grandmother gave me a handkerchief that she crocheted an eagle on. Then, for your information, you gave me a rhinestone pin and earrings. They will probably tell you more about them. Thank you, Honey, for your present. I haven't gotten the package you sent yet so you can stop worrying about me opening it before my birthday.

I think I started something. Now Leona and Claudia are sitting at the table with me writing you a letter.

I just read where Claudia said in her letter "I bet we are saying the same thing." I don't think quite the same thing, but if we are it is too bad.

We all played cards earlier in the evening, and guess who won? Why me, of course. At some things I am lucky. Look I have you, don't I? I don't know whether to call that luck or not. We also took some pictures this afternoon. Of course if I don't like them, too bad. By the way, did I tell you none of the pictures that I took at Big Bear turned out? So I guess you don't get any. I will try to take some at the beach party tomorrow. That is, if we talk to you before four o'clock. Sometimes I wonder. Of course, I don't suppose my Mother won't like the idea of my going to the beach after sitting up all night—but I won't miss the beach for a little sleep.

Your dad and his darn television programs. If you ask me, the whole thing is a waste of money, as I have said before.

It sure will be good to talk to you again, Darling. I only wish you could just be here for a few minutes. But then I know you would if you could. This waiting must be harder for you than it is for us, since you have to wait alone. At least we have each other's company. I think I will stop this for a while and add something later. That O.K.? Well, it will just have to be, so there.

Now it is the next morning. I won't say anything about today or I won't have anything to say tomorrow. So I will just add the usual I love you and end this thing.

*All my love always,
Betty*

July 4, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

If I could by any chance or means transport my body across the Pacific Ocean, I would take you in my arms, kiss you gently and mummer in your ear, "Happy Birthday, Darling."

But since this isn't possible and I'm in Japan instead of the United States, I'll just say "Bang! Happy Fourth of July."

Cause like I said in yesterday's daily, we're seventeen hours up on you over here.

But whether it's the third of July or the fourth, I love you just the same, except maybe a little more one day later, because I've come to appreciate you just that much more.

As of yet I haven't talked to you, but I'm sitting here waiting for the call to come through. I've missed it twice already and I don't intend to pull the same blunder a third time.

I can hardly wait to talk to you. It really hurt when I missed you last time. Honey, I sure wish you could spend the summer over here with me. Wouldn't that be something?

But maybe I'll be home before too long. I'll just keep my fingers crossed and hope for the best.

Another thing that I hope for is that my present arrived in time. Once again, I'll cross my fingers.

It just dawned on me that its 1:00 a.m. back home. I wonder, after you losing all your beauty sleep waiting up for my calls, what you'll look like when I get back. Maybe I will change my mind about making the fatal leap with you after all. Ha. Ha.

But you know that's a lot on nonsense. Every time I talk to you, my heart grows just that much bigger because it's filled with my love for you now, and it must grow in order to store the love I gain for you on such occasions. Just think how large it will be by the time we're old and gray.

Although today was the glorious fourth, it was very quiet. The big brass banned all the use of fire works today, and no passes were given out until this evening. Most of the boys just lazed around while some of the more energetic ones ventured a game or softball or volleyball. As for me, I

worked on my USAFI.

Well, baby, that's about it; I can't seem to think of any more newsworthy notes.

But I can say once more that I love you with all my heart and that I wish you a very, very happy birthday and Fourth of July.

Keep care, give your folks my love and my best to the gang. By the way, save me a piece of cake.

Your ever loving,

Boob

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P.S. All my love always

July 5, 1951

(July 4)

Dear Bob,

This letter is for yesterday, July 4th. I was going to write you last night after the beach party, but I washed my hair and was so tired I went to bed. It was about 1:00 AM, and after getting little or no sleep the night of the 3rd, do you blame me? It was sure good to talk to you, Darling. I thought everything worked out real swell. What time was it over there? I talked to Shirley again about the short-wave deal. She gave me the guy's phone number and I gave it to your mother, so maybe we can work that out. If we can, I think it ought to be a pretty good deal from what Shirley said.

Yesterday morning I started a dress. Then I went to Zuma Beach about 4:00 to a beach party our "Y" club had. It was real nice. We had a big fire and lots to eat. The guys had about \$30 in fireworks and firecrackers, so we had a gay time shooting them all off.

I guess I spoke too soon in yesterday's letter about winning at cards. After I wrote the letter your mother, Grandmother and I played poker and I lost, to put it mildly. Oh Well, you can't win all the time, can you? I guess that just about covers all that I did yesterday. Of course, the best part of the day was talking to you. I also talked to an old friend of ours. Johnny got home at 5 o'clock yesterday. He called and wanted me to go out last night, but you will be happy to know I didn't go. I wouldn't tell you but I thought you would like to know that I am being a good girl, just in case you are wondering.

I love you too much ,Honey, to ever do anything you wouldn't say was all right. Nothing more to say, so I'll just send—

All my love always,
Betty

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My Dearest Betty,

In your last letter you said that you would be very upset if I didn't take back the crack about you being an ill-mannered brat. O.K., you're not ill mannered.

Honey, I really think you've got my Dad wrong. He's just not the type to show his feelings. No kidding, the only time he ever acted like a buddy-buddy father to me was when I went into the Army. It was so sudden that it was actually a shock—not that he wasn't always a good Dad, but he just never showed his emotions towards me until then. Don't worry about it, Honey. You've got the whole Anderson and Furlong families behind you.

It was sure super to talk to you on the phone last night. I hated myself all last month for missing you the last time.

Today was just another day. We had a short road march of about ten miles and spent some time on dismounted drill. Then we had some more care and cleaning and a TIP. See what an exciting life I lead? What's coming off tomorrow, I don't know.

Well, baby, this letter hasn't been much, but I plan to take in a show tonight and I have to hustle to make it.

Keep care and remind me to your folks. Remember, my dearest, I love you very very much and always will.

Your ever loven',

Boob

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Ⓜ. U. }
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Dear Bob,

Well, here it is late again. Richard, Blake, Jack and I went over to Vickie's. We played cards, ate the food left over from the picnic, and just messed around in general. I am finally beginning to get sleepy, so if this letter should prove to be a short one you'll understand.

Well, I am now the window fixer at Newberrys. The girl that does it went on a vacation for two weeks, so I was elected. It is different to

say the least and is really fun. Today I played with dolls all day. It is really a good deal because the more things I am able to do, the better job I can get should I need it. That's what I like about my job. It may not pay much, but I get a lot of experience doing different things. Also, I don't have to be just a salesgirl, which gets quite boring, because almost every day I do something different.

Do you want to hear something different? Something I never tell you—that's right, "I love you." You know, Honey, there ought to be several ways to say that. Anyway, at least I am not just saying it, because I mean it. Catch the comma in there. Don't take the sentence the wrong way.

This girl is tired. I can hardly hold my eyes open to write this. I just want you to remember that you have—

*All my love always,
Betty*

P.S. Whatever happened about those knee x-rays?

July 6, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I'll tell ya what I'm going to do. I'll promise not to forget I love you if you promise not to get sick anymore. Of all the dumb things to do, getting sick is the dumbest, and especially when there's nobody home but you.

Every day I write, "be sure and keep care of yourself," and do you listen to me? No! You just go out and get sick to spite me.

But all kidding aside, Honey, please keep good care of yourself, and if you should ever get sick again and nobody is around, I want you to call my Mother or my Sister. That's an order! And when Sergeant Anderson gives an order, it's carried out. So please promise me you will.

Same old scope today as it was yesterday, no news.

We went on another road march this afternoon, and that was the day's activities. I tell ya, all this sitting around is driving me nuts. I bet I cleaned my rifle and shined my shoes ten times today. One good thing about it, though, is that it gives me a chance to study my USAFI. Maybe I'll get out of High School after all.

You know, I didn't realize how much you had in the bank. Now I've got another reason for marring you. As for me, I've got a little over \$300.00. I've been sending \$100.00 home every month (for 3 months), and then the Government owes me some on my income tax. I don't know whether I've gotten a return yet. Mom hasn't said anything about it. I figure that every penny we can save, the easier we're going to have it after we get married.

You keep complaining that from my letters, you wouldn't even think that I was in Japan, so I'm sending you a copy of Mr. Suzlki's speech. I think you might find it interesting. I'd send you the rest of the materials, but so far, these are restricted. That means no one is supposed to see them except armed forces personnel.

Well, baby, all good things must come to an end, and I guess that as bad as this letter is, it dose, too.

Just keep care of yourself, give my love to your folks, and my best to the gang, and remember that I love you very, very much and always will.

Until tomorrow, I remain—

You Ever Loven'

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Has it ever been hot today! I would have died if I hadn't worked downstairs most of the time. It is nice and cool down there, and you listen to the radio, etc. It was only funny tonight. I always tell the girls where to work. So I sent this lady downstairs to work, I guess she was about 35. She worked down there for about 10 minutes, then went up to the office and got her pay for last week. She said she was hired as a salesgirl, not to work downstairs. Oh well, I didn't like her anyway. It was really a funny night. A new girl sent a customer downstairs because she didn't want to walk down to the stock room to look for the things she wanted. I should talk, you ought to have seen some of the things I pulled.

I give up with that old pen. Pens never do work for me, it seems. I'll have to get a new one tomorrow.

I was supposed to go to a party tonight, but I was so tired I came home and I'm in bed now. It is still not early, almost 12:00. I just killed an old fly that has been giving me trouble. I haven't gotten a letter all week; tomorrow or Monday I'll probably get that bunch of letters you told me about when we talked on the phone earlier this week.

Mary just came in and informed me she was spending the night at the Dirk's. That girl is never home anymore. At least I sleep here half the time. If she sleeps here one night a week, she is doing good.

The two bunnies still sleep with me all night. Harvey at the end of the bed and the little pink one right next to me. They both miss you, Honey. Of course, I don't miss you (ha ha). After all, it won't be long until you come home, just nine more months, if we are lucky. Things are looking a lot better, and maybe it will be sooner than we both think. I sure hope so and I know you do, too.

As usual, I run out of things to say about now. So I'll just say I love you and good bye until tomorrow at this same time—

*All my love always,
Betty*

P.S. (Eye - Heart - U - I) and more—

July 7, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, baby, today is Saturday, and as always we had an inspection today. However, your little tin soldier didn't do so hot as he had a dirty rifle and missed the one question the inspecting officer asked him. The butt of the rifle was dirty. It must have happened after we fell out of formation because I know I cleaned it. But there is no such thing as an excuse in the Army, so I had a dirty rifle. Then he asked me who is the Secretary of the Army, and I said Royal. It's Pace. But what I want to know is how anyone can keep up with these Democrats. Guess I'll just have to start paying more attention to the political scene.

Our C.Q. (Charge of Quarters) had a little trouble with nine of the E Company boys last night. E Company threw a Beer Bust, and these fellows had a couple too many, so they ambled down to F Company and started a little trouble with the C.Q.

SFC Wilber, our supply sergeant, was in the supply room and came out to see what the trouble was, only to be met by five knuckles. It knocked his glasses off and he wasn't much help after that.

About this time, Cpl. Logen came waltzing in from pass and, of course, was included in the festivities. Anyway, there were three against nine, and our boys didn't fare so well.

The Old Man blew his top when he heard about it and is really throwing the book at the Easy Company men. They've got them on nine charges, and I figure they'll be lucky if they get less than a year. Oh well, all's fair in love and war.

In today's letter I'm finally going to give you the scoop on this amphibious landing. At least the part about the map. Be sure to save the map because I figure it will make a good keepsake. I hope you understand it.

First of all, this is a Navy, not an Army map. Our maps go into much more land detail. Now the reason we have these maps is in case we have to call for naval fire support. With the maps we can guide and adjust the fire on the target.

I've marked the map to show "Red Beach 1" and "Red Beach 2." These

are the beaches where our Regimental Combat Team landed. Note the “F X 223” on the map. That means F Company of the 223rd Infantry Regiment. I’ll break it down for you. The square means a unit. The X inside the square signifies crossed rifles and designates it as an infantry unit. The little line on the top of the square indicates that it is a Company. Then the F on the left side makes it “F” Company and the 223 on the right makes it F Company of the 223rd Infantry Regiment. Get it?

Now notice, there are many numbered squares on the map. The two that we are mainly interested in are 4677 and 4777. These are the two squares on Red Beach.

Now each one of these numbered squares are broken down into 25 smaller squares and each is given a letter. Note that the letter Z is the one omitted. Now if I should say 4469-W, where would it be? I marked it on the map with a little dot.

Now each one of these lettered squares are broken down into five parts. It’s not printed on the map but it’s like this:

1		2
	5	
3		4

Now then each plot of ground has a large square number, a smaller lettered square and a smaller numbered section. For example 4471-U-1 would be in the upper left-hand corner of U square of 4471 square. Get it?

In other words, if I’m on Red Beach 2 and run into a tank, I can call back and say “Request supporting fire at 4667-M-5 and the Navy will plaster that area for me. See how simple that is?”

But it's not finished yet because there is a code. The code is interchangeable and is used so the enemy can't tell where the fire support is going. It's very simple and is like this:

1	A	L	V
2	B	M	W
3	C	N	X
4	D	O	Y
5	E	P	Z
6	F	Q	
7	G	R	
8	H	S	
9	I	T	
0	K	U	

We simply substitute letters for numbers. If we wanted to use the letter 3 for example, we could use the letter C, N or X. they all mean 3. Just as E, P and Z all mean the letter 5. If I wanted to pin point square number 4173, I could say DAGC or I could say OLRN or YVRX or DLGX, or any other letters that fit the numbers. Notice that the letter J is omitted.

Now then, you don't substitute the letter on the map. But you do substitute the little number. Remember all you change is the numbers not the letter.

So you see if I was really on that beach and needed fire support on 4677-M-5, I would call it back like this: DQGR-M-Z. That means 4677-M-5. DFRG-M-E also means the something. Get me?

Now then, all you have to do to change the code is to move a letter to number one. Let's move T. Now the code is like this:

1	T	D	O
2	U	E	P
3	V	F	Q
4	W	G	R
5	X	H	S
6	Y	I	
7	Z	K	
8	A	L	
9	B	M	
0	C	N	

Now if I want to say 4677-M-5, I say it this way WIKZ-M-S or RYZK. And anytime I want the code changed we just move the key letter. Every time the enemy figures the code out, we change it. That's why we keep them guessing. Simple? Fine, but there's more to it.

In the Army we have what's called the Phonetic Alphabet. This isn't a code but simply helps to reduce mistakes. When you say K over the radio, it might be mistaken for A. So instead of saying K, we say King. If we wanted to say A, we would say Able. Here is a copy of the Phonetic Alphabet:

Able	How	Oboe	Victor
Baker	Item	Peter	William
Charlie	Jig	Queen	X-Ray
Dog	King	Roger	Yoke
Easy	Love	Sugar	Zebra
Fox	Mike	Tare	
George	Nan	Uncle	

So using T as our key letter, if that tank was on square 4677-M-5, I would radio back and say "Request fire support (I'd also say what kind of fire support) at William Item King Zebra—Mike—Sugar" OR I could say George, Yoke, Zebra King—Mike—How. That's all there is to it.

Of course, after you go to all this work, the Navy lets loose with a

short round, and it lands right smack dab in the middle of you. So the best thing to do is to grab a bazooka and knock out the tank yourself. Everybody knows that it's the Army who wins the war anyway.

Well, Honey that's the news of the day, so I'll close the book for now.

Keep care, be good, and give your folks my love and my best to the gang. Don't forget to keep that pretty little chin of yours up high and remember it won't be too much longer, and there just isn't anything in this world strong enough to keep us apart because I love you with all of my heart and I always will. Until tomorrow, I remain

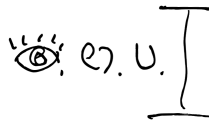
Your-ever-loving,

Boob

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P.S. The map wouldn't fit. I'm sending it by different letter

Bob's Editorial Comment (June 27, 2000): With a love letter like this, how could she resist me?



Dear Bob,

Well, I just got home from going out with an old friend of ours. You guessed it, Johnny. I must say he is the same old guy and hasn't changed a bit. There was only one difference. I was just a little bit smarter than I was 7 months ago, or a year ago for that matter. Sure Johnny's fun, a real fine guy, and I like him a lot, a good guy to go out with, but that's all.

Someday the right girl will come along and Johnny will be all right, but I am not the right one. I know you must have been worried when Johnny came home; I really can't say I blame you. But it is all over now. In fact, it was over seven or more months ago—in fact maybe it didn't even begin. Anyway, you can stop worrying; I'm quite sure that after tonight I won't see Johnny again. Someday, when you come home, I'll tell you about it. Until then let's forget I ever knew a Johnny Paige, shall we?

I got nine wonderful letters from the most wonderful guy in the world today. Darling, do you mind if I answer the letters and write

you a long letter tomorrow? I am tired and it is late, and I haven't gotten much sleep this week as it is. I love you, Honey, and I mean it when I say it is only you for now and always.

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. (Eye - Heart - U - I) and lots more—

July 8, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

So you're a model now. See, I always did tell you that I could pick them. And you be sure to send me a copy of the ads. I'll want to show them off to these wise guys around here.

As far as that other course goes, I have my choice. California will give me a diploma on my GED test and civic course, but at the bottom it will have stamped GED. GED stands for General Educational Development Test. The Army gives it to you to see how much you know as far as high school goes.

A funny thing about my GED test is that they lost two of my tests. At least they only have a record for three of them. I wrote to USAFI in Wisconsin and also the Educational Center at Camp Cooke asking about them. So far, no answer. But at least one of them should have the scores.

As far as the other three tests go, I did pretty good. On test #3, I got a raw score of 65. This means that my knowledge in this subject is within the top 93% of all high school seniors in the country. Then my score on test #4 was 60, placing me in the 84th percentile, and on test # 5 it was 56 for 73%. I don't remember which test covered which subject, but I'll find out and let you know.

If by any chance they can't find my other scores, I'll have to take tests #1 and #2 over. But even if I miss every question on both tests I still pass the GED because they take the average of all five tests, and the three scores that I have already provides me with a passing grade.

I mentioned that this GED and Civics would get me a GED Diploma. This is the same Diploma, only it's got GED stamped on it. If I want a regular Diploma, I need another credit in history, which would be my major. They're starting a course here at camp on American History. I'm hoping for the time to attend the course. At any rate, I'll shoot for the best and, if I have to, will settle for the GED diploma.

About the crack about me calling you a kid. Let's see your proof. I'm interested in what you can submit. And, anyhow, how do you know that I wasn't talking about a goat?

As far as Johnny goes, I must admit that I'm a little nervous. But I

trust you and I know that you'll play square with me.

After all, you're the girl I'm building my whole life with, and if I can't trust you, you're not the one for me to marry. You know it and so do I. You should feel the same way about me.

But you, like me, have nothing to worry about because we're both stuck on each other.

However, since you're worrying me, I'm sending a postcard on to you that my Mom forwarded to me. Now maybe, you'll worry a little bit.

Also, I'm sending you my mess card from amphibious training. You can keep it in our scrapbook.

Mom sent me a radio message from some show she went to, and it took twice as long for it to get here as an airmail letter. Ha. Ha. Anyway, find a page and paste it in.

The Company is going out on a two-day problem tomorrow. You know I'll get the daily off if I get the chance.

Keep care and give your folks my love and the gang my best.

Remember too, that I love you very, very much and that I trust you almost as much.

All My Love Always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

For once I am writing you in the morning. It is 10 o'clock, and I just woke up. You know what, last night Jeanette and Vickie were going to give me a surprise party over at Jeanette's house. This is the second party I have messed up. The first one I went out with you. It was a club at school, and since I was President they were going to surprise me by giving it in my honor, so what happens, I go out with you and don't even come.

It is no longer morning. It is 6 o'clock. After the last sentence Jeanette called, and we went to the beach. Vicki went also. It was real nice down there, the sun was out and the water was real warm. I didn't get any redness, just a little more brown.

You know, I never have said anything about your spelling because

I figured I didn't have much to talk about. But when you can't even spell your own name—Well, then is the time to say something. Darling, for your information, you spell Bob B-O-B, not B-O-O-B. While I am on the subject, does is spelled D-O-E-S not D-O-S-E. I just thought I would enlighten you.

Thanks for the can opener. I know you probably have another one, so I won't worry about you starving. That is one thing I believe I don't have to worry about. When it comes to eating, you do all right.

Honey, I don't understand why you weren't suppose to write when you were on the boat. After all, if you didn't have anything else to do, why not let you write? You can also tell me what they would have done to you if they caught you.

Honey, why don't you get your stories straight. You tell me to send the negatives of the pictures I sent you because it is cheap to get them enlarged, etc. Then a little later you tell me you are sending your pictures home to be developed. Just what do you expect me to believe? I know why you send your things home, Honey, it is only natural. You don't need to explain everything you do. If I don't like it, believe me, I'll yell. It may not do me any good, but you'll find out about it sooner or later.

Darling, I would just as soon wish that you not have a long nose and write the kind of letters you do, than write the other kind and have a long nose, besides. I didn't think they were so hot. His letters, the guy with the long nose, I mean.

I always did say you got too much mail. 30 letters in one day. Honey, how did you ever read them all? By the way, you said it wasn't the custom for Sgt. to go to mail call. Just who is the poor guy that has to get your mail every day? I hope he gets a lot of mail too, after all, I don't want anyone to dislike you because I write you every day.

I didn't get a promotion at work, really. I mostly do what I want. It was hot last week, so I worked down stairs where it was cool, and so it goes. Don't worry about me making more than you do. I haven't worked a full week yet. I always seem to take a day or 2 off to do something. However I do save at least \$20 a week.

If they extend your service to 24 months, a lot of people are going to

be mad. I thought they couldn't extend National Guard service. Of course, what they can do and what they do are two different things, as you well know.

You are a fine one. Not even knowing how old I am. For your information, I am 17. A lot may have taken place in 4 months, but I know how old you are.

Whatever you want to do after you get out is all right with me. I will just go along with whatever you want. After all, you have to do it, not me. It will come out all right, I know. Of course, it would help if you were a millionaire, but I won't complain because we have more than a million dollars, and I wouldn't change it for a million dollars.

I don't know which name I like the best. Either one is all right, just as long as it has Anderson on the end. By the way, our first child is not going to be a girl. I want a boy. Didn't I tell you I wanted 2 children? One boy, 2 years older than the girl. After all, if I didn't have a brother 2 years older than I am, I might never have fallen in love with you.

I said I would write you a long letter today, but I am afraid if I make it much longer you won't have time to read it all. I can't say anything fancy either, so I'll just say I love you as always. I really do miss you, lots more than I can say. Until tomorrow I send

All my love always,

Betty

July 9, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

There I was, on CQ, minding my own business and sleeping peacefully, when out of the night air at about 1:30 a.m., comes the shrill of the telephone.

One eye opens. The other struggles, then falls back, but jumps to action at the sound of the second ring.

Instantly I spring to my feet. Burr! The cement floor is cold. I pick up the receiver "Fox Company, Sergeant Anderson speaking."

"Hello," the voice at the other end mummurs. "This is Captain" (at this I stand, with GI shorts, T-shirt and bare feet) at attention.

"The United States is calling you by radio" the soft voice explains. "Can you come down now?" "Yes, sir", I says. "Where are you located."

"Well, you know where the Colonel's house is?" "No."

"Well, how about Fire Station #2?" Again a negative answer.

"You know the hobby shop." "Bingo," says I.

"Good says he. Turn right at the first street south of it, down about a half a block and I'll leave the porch light on." "Swell," I answer.

Over to the billet's I sprint. There lays Sergeant Sanford, completely at rest, dreaming no doubt of his most glorious love life—the ideal victim.

Like a cat I creep upon him. "Sanford, Sanford" I repeated as I shook him. Up in bed he sits like he was shot. "What's up?" He questioned.

"You gotta sit in for me as CQ while I go down to the radio station.

"Radio Station," he exclaims, "Korea", he says. "The orders are finely here."

"No" I say. "My girl is calling me."

"Your girl?" he says, half-asleep and half scared to death at the sudden shock. "Why in the %&*#@% can't you attend to your love life during the afternoon? Why does it always have to be in the middle of the night?"

"The OD is at the BOQ," I shouted over my shoulder as I went out the door.

Down Younghan's Boulevard I scampered, then I crank a right at the first corner past the hobby shop and down to the lighted porch.

"Come in," says a voice. In I go. We exchange greetings, and he gives me

the scoop.

But as you know, I didn't get through. But night after night you can bet I'll be on hand. I have to go back at 1:00 a.m. I can't go back tonight because we're going on a problem today. We should be back tomorrow noon. At any rate, I'll be there even if I have to go AWOL.

It sure is a lucky break that we have a radio on the post. Woody has to go all the way to Sendai. I'll let you know more about the station later on.

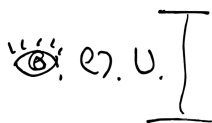
Gotta go now. Keep care, be good, give your folks my love and the gang my best.

Remember I love you with all my heart and always will. Until tomorrow, I remain:

Your ever loving,

Boob

XXXXX



Dear Bob,

Well, today it has been 7 months. Long time, isn't it? It really seems like a short while. Except, of course, these past 3 months.

I am sitting outside watching my cousin play badminton. Did I tell you they came last night? My aunt and uncle and their 3 kids. It isn't really bad. The kids are good, and as of now I haven't had any fights with my Aunt.

I was informed today by your sister that she is coming after me at 7:30 tomorrow. That means I have to get up at 7. You know, Darling, I won't do that for every one. After all, 7 is pretty early for me. But to talk to you, I guess I can stand it.

About that note from Chet, was I ever surprised when he said he had written it. I kind of think it is a little of both, lazy and the 6 cent stamp. He is coming down this weekend, and if I can I'll get him to write you a letter or put a note in with one of mine. Don't worry about Chet. He'll do all right. As to how he feels about us, I think he thinks you're crazy. You don't think much of yourself do you? "It's the non-coms who run the Army", etc.

Your sister and your mother both said you were hard to sleep with. But I am not worried. If you get smart I'll give you a hard time.

It sure would be swell if I could spend the summer over there. Only it wouldn't be just the summer. If I got over there, I wouldn't come home till you did.

Just don't you worry about what I'll look like when you come home after losing all that beauty sleep. I didn't get much when you were home. Besides, if you don't want me I'll just find someone who does. I have a feeling I wouldn't have to look too far.

I am sorry I can't save a piece of cake for you. I think your Grandfather (Homer) ate it, the last piece, that is.

My little cousin is watching me write this. He is only 5. I have 2 letters I got from you today sitting on the bed next to me. He pointed to the XXX at the bottom of the page and said, "what are those?" I explained they were kisses, but I don't think he quite understands because he looked at me as if to say, "Who's been kidding you?" Darling, I had better end this. You see it's my last piece of paper. You know I have used 7 boxes of stationery in the last month and a half. Remember I love you, and I hope I can tell you tomorrow.

*All my love,
Betty*

July 10, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, today's letter is going to be a shorty because I've been up for 38 hours straight, and I've got to crawl out of the sack at midnight in order to talk with you guys.

It's now nine o'clock, and as you can guess I'm pretty tired. But the Army works that way, so that's the way it goes.

At any rate, at least you won't get sore at me for palming a shorty off on you.

Yesterday's problem didn't go too well. It rained all during the darn thing, and the positions we were given were the most unsuitable place for wet weather that I've ever seen in my life.

The hill they gave us to defend was straight up, and I think that 99% of it was solid rock. Also, the hill was infested with bushes that looked like the redwoods in California.

You can guess how wet we were, slashing through that undergrowth, or should I say overgrowth!

We didn't have anything but plunging fire, and the fields of fires just weren't there. So we had to make them. This in itself was a 36-hour job. But the foxholes were really the problem. Have you ever tried to dig a 2X4X6 hole in solid rock? Well, I have! But, I didn't succeed. Had to settle for two feet deep. anyway, it was better than nothing. And of course the food was lousy. So all of this, plus the fact that some jokers kept us awake all night, put everyone in a bad frame of mind.

But don't get me wrong. I'm not complaining. True, it's pretty rough, but when I stop to think about it, I'm pretty well off. After all, I live in the most wonderful country in the world, and have been blessed with a wonderful family, and what's more, I have the most wonderful girl in the world. Good night, my Darling.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

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U. S. E. I

Dear Bob,

Well, today I got your package. Honey, I sure like the pajamas, robe, and slippers. I think they are beautiful. No kidding, I didn't have any idea what your were sending me, but I think they are real nice. I know Chet will like the tie. How did you know blue was my favorite color? Even if you didn't, you know now.

The pictures I enclosed were taken at roadside last Sunday. You must remember I was at the beach, and you can't expect a girl's hair to look very good at the beach. In case you wonder, that's Jeanette's head sticking in there. Doesn't she look funny? Of course I should talk. The reason for the white at the bottom, etc. is that Vickie got the film wet.

It was real good to talk to you this morning. About the History course hon, which one is it? If you would rather graduate without the C.E.D. test, and I think it would be better, you should get the other course. If you think I have had it, I must have because there isn't anything in the 12th grade but B12 Government. Anyway, if you think I should know it pretty well, get it as soon as possible and send it to me, and I will do it for you. I always get A's in history. Honey, if you want to do it that way, get the course right away, today if possible, because I have a little more time in the summer. Don't send it if you don't think I can do it because I wouldn't want to mess things up for you. However on the other hand, don't feel it would be too much for me because I'll do it if you want me to, and I would like to. I'll leave it up to you, whatever you think is best.

While we are on the subject, how much have you had toward college? How much math, science, language? That way I can figure how much you need to take in Jr. College. I think maybe if it isn't too much, if you get out in May, you could go to Jr. College summer school. Then maybe you could go to college in the fall. Anyway, it is an idea, and I could help you with Math or Science. Language you will have to get by yourself. Write and tell me what you need. I would

kind of like to know.

I didn't do anything today but work. Mother finally made that doctor's appointment for me tomorrow. She made it with the doctor that always looks at me and says, "you're in perfect health. Good bye." There isn't anything wrong with me that a little rest couldn't fix. Or better yet, if you came home.

Thanks again for my birthday present. I love it more than anything because it is from you. Marie, the girl who works on hardware—the other day when Jeanette was in the store to see me, I said something about Bob— and she remarked, "You know, I think that is all Betty thinks about or lives for is that Bob." How right she was. Marie doesn't know me very well either, and I don't remember telling her too much about you. You see I must do it without even knowing it.

It is late and I hear little Jimmy snoring over there, so I had better say I love you once again and end with

All my love always,

Betty

July 11, 1951

My Dearest, Darling Betty,

Tell me, do you like to hear rumors? And if so, what kind?

Right now we've got two running around the post that are buttes. The first one is that the 40th will be in Korea, war or no war, by September to relieve the 1st Cav. The second one is that we'll be sailing for home sometime in September.

At any rate, I do have one good piece of news. That year extension that Truman handed down doesn't apply to those of us in the National Guard. So you can plainly see I'm at least holding my own.

You know I don't like to write home about rumors because usually they don't turn out, and everyone at home is either disappointed or relieved. And in either case it involves worrying on your part, and I really don't want my little girl to worry about me.

After all, there's really no sense in it because it's not going to help me in the least. So don't worry your pretty little head about me. If I go to Korea, I go, and if I go home, I run.

General Eaton came down today for the raising of the United Nation's flag. It's the first time it's flown here at Camp Younghans, and they really had quite a shindig about it. They turned out the honor guard and the drill teams for a parade, and the artillery even fired a twenty-one gun salute.

I was lucky and managed to beg out of the festivities and therefore was able to take pictures of the event. I think I got some pretty good shots. Too bad I didn't have colored film, but black and white will have to do.

You know I was thinking the other day, and I think I'm getting gypped on talking to you. The only reason in the world I call is because of you, and so consequently, you're the one I want to jabber with. True I've got to let my folks in on the act, but let's not let them have too much. O.K.?

Tomorrow we go back out in the field for a Battalion attack. No use going into all that explaining about the mail again. By this time you know I'll write if I get the chance.

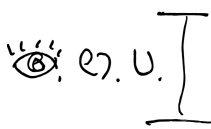
Tell me, how would you like to go to Germany?. The Captain has been after me to go to O.C.S. again. Only four more months and I'll be eligible.

He says that if I go he will see to it that I'm sent to Fort Benning and that I'll get a 60 day delay in route when I reach the States. The only catch is I've got to re-enlist for another three years. But on this re-enlistment program, officers will be sent to the Theater they request. One of the years is over-seas duty, and in the German zone officers can bring along their wives.

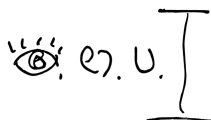
But I gave him the same "no soap" answer. I wonder if he's trying to get rid of me?

Well, my dearest, that's the news except I'm sending another little gift to you. As far as Johnny or anyone else goes, you do what you think best. I trust you.

Keep care, and give your folks my love and my best to the gang.

 Remember

Your-ever-loving,
Boob
XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Darling, do you mind if I make this short? I just got home and it is after one, and work tomorrow and all that. Where have I been? Well, we all went over to Blake's house to a swimming party. By "we" I mean the Y club. We had a short meeting, went swimming and danced. Darling, I wish you were home. They all picked on me. No kidding, they almost drowned me. I have big scratches on my back, and my feet are all skinned up. Clark gave me a big bump on my head. When he was dunking me he bashed it against the side. Then they hit me in the face with a big rubber thing, and pushed me in the pool. They all were going to throw me in with all my clothes on, they would have but Mr. Todd stopped them just as they were getting my feet in the water. All in all, they gave me a pretty bad time, but I guess I lived through it. However you had better get home quick, I don't know how much longer I can stand it.

Guess who was there? Goose Gossiland (Ronnie). The one I said

went to Korea. Well, he was to go but got ill and had to have an operation. So the lucky guy stayed in the good old U.S.A. On top of that he has a 20 days sick leave.

Well, Darling, that will have to be all for now. I love you just as always. I miss you something awful and much more.

*All my love always,
Betty*

July 12, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

This may turn out to be another one of those shorties because I'm trying to squeeze it in before we fall out for the Battalion problem. I'm pretty sure that we're all set. Of course, as soon as we get going, I'll remember several things that I should have done. But that's the way it goes, just like in civilian life.

If every thing goes well, we'll be back tomorrow afternoon. It looks like it's going to be a little better weather than last time. The rain came down like cats and dogs last night, and so maybe Japan has got the rain out of her system for a while.

We played another softball game yesterday against A Company and managed to edge them out 10 to 8. The boys were rusty and we committed quite a few errors. They moved me from 2nd to Catcher and sister, that catching is a job! Kinda looks like I lost my big stick 'cause I went hitless for three trips. The fourth time up was a sacrifice to score Nunamken from Third.

Honey, I'm going to run out of time and I don't want to close without telling you how much I love you. I know that sometimes it must be hard for you to realize, with me being so far away, but honestly, my Darling, I do.

I just think that without you, this life wouldn't be worth living. I'm really stuck, and I want you to remember that it will be you and I always. Nobody else will do as far as I'm concerned.

Keep care, be good, give my love to your folks and my best to the gang.

I'll write tomorrow and until then, I remain

Your-ever-loving,

Boob

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Dear Bob,

Hello, Honey. I just got home from your house. I helped your mother and Sister bake some stuff for you. I am so full, it is a wonder there is any

left to send to you. I would rather eat a cookie raw than baked cookies.

Darling, I don't think you are very fair. You said in the letter I got today "I'll promise not to forget I love you if you promise not to get sick any more." Well, Honey, do you think I enjoy getting sick? I hardly ever do, and when I do it is only for a day or two before I am all well. But I ask you how can I promise you I won't get sick? That's why I don't think you're fair. You can help it if you forget you love me even for a minute, but I can't help it if I get sick, so I have another deal; I'll promise not to forget I love you, if you promise not to forget you love me, O.K.?

While we are on the subject, I told you I went to the Doctor yesterday. Anyway, I went in and Dr. Lobel said as soon as I got there that she didn't think anything was the matter with me but she would check out anyway. I didn't tell her anything, just that I was tired and nervous, and she said that maybe I was worried about something. Anyway, she checked me over and did a blood test, etc., and today Mother went in to see her, and the Doctor said that nothing was physically wrong with me but that it was emotional. Now see what you do to me—I know I go and do too much—but I have to because if I don't keep busy I'd go crazy; I just can't stand to be by myself anymore; but enough of my minor troubles.

As for calling your Sister or your mother when I am sick and no one is around, what could they do? After about an hour I called the lady next door, and she came over and gave me some pills, so don't worry, all my neighbors would do anything for me if I needed it. There isn't one of them that I couldn't call on for help at any time—and, by the way, I like the way you order me around with "please."

Don't count on what I have in the bank. After the wedding I don't plan to have a cent left, and you know that you won't have much either. Even if you save \$100 every month until you get out, at the most, it will only be a little over \$1,000—which in times like these won't go very far. But let us not worry over such things as money. It will all work out in the end.

As always, it is late and I am tired, etc.

Love, Betty

I want you to do just that— love Betty the way I love Bob for always, that's the deal!

July 13, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, I'm dead! So, if this letter sounds grouchy and dull, just remember that today is Friday the 13th, and that it really has played the dickens with me.

Honestly, I thought our other problems were rough! But this one beat all the rest put together.

We started out from Younghans at 7 in the morning and finally reached our assembly area at 12:30 p.m. I don't know exactly how far we walked, but we usually manage to cover four miles an hour, which would make it just about 22 miles.

They assigned us squad areas, and we started digging in. You know the 'ol 2X4X6 routine. About an hour later we eat chow, and then went back to digging.

After we had finished our foxholes, we camouflaged our positions both from the ground and the air and then set out mines and trip flares, cut fields of fire, and did the other odds and ends that needed doing. We ate dinner somewhere in between, and by the time all this was finished it was 9:00 p.m.

Half the squad had to be awake at all times to prevent the enemy from infiltrated our lines. So we took turns standing watch for two hours and then sleeping for two hours.

At about nine o'clock it started to rain. And brother, you haven't seen rain until you've visited this country. It comes down in buckets.

Of course the mosquitoes, which are about the size of a B26 Attack Bomber, always add to a restful night.

We slept late, until three in the morning, then packed up and scampered to chow. It was still raining, and by this time, we were soaked.

After we ate, they issued us sack lunches and ammunition. Then we started out for this hill that we were to attack. You should have seen the roads. Remember the newsreels of all the mud in Germany and Korea? Well, they've got the same gooey stuff here.

I found out later that we marched 16 miles before we even got to the hill. And we still had to go up it, then down it, and then up another hill.

The first side wasn't too bad. Of course, we had our troubles hacking our way through the bush and getting footholds in the mud. The other side was a lot steeper, and I'll wager that the Company spent more time sliding along on their butts than they did standing up.

But the last hill was the stinker. The thing went up at a 170-degree angle. At least that's what it looked like it. It took us two hours and twenty minutes to work our way to the top, during which someone was shooting, bombing and shelling us. I'll say we crawled about 75% of the way up. You should see my hands and knees.

But we took the mountain and repelled four counter attacks. And Sister, I mean we repelled 'em! By this time my boys were so mad (the Army has a term for it that can't be repeated in good company) that they just wouldn't budge.

One aggressor force really took a beating. When they hit Remero's Second Squad, he was ready for them and he let loose with rocks and sticks and mud, and when they kept coming, he charged, and they actually ran the enemy back to their own lines. Boy did we hear about that!

But all in all we did a good job, and after all it's for a good cause.

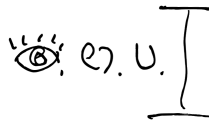
Be sure, my dearest, to keep care. Give my love to your folks and my best to the gang, and remember that I love you with all my heart and always will.

Your-ever-loving,

Boob

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P.S. Good night



Dear Bob,

I got the pictures today of Claudia and myself. I sure like them. The one of me doesn't look too much like me, I don't think, but just the same I like it. No kidding, Darling, I really think it is nice. Your sis came over about 4:30 and got hers. I am sure glad you sent them here. I like your sister's, too. I think it is real good.

Well, tonight Chet came home for the weekend. He took Carol and I to the dance, we stayed about 15 min and didn't like it, so we

sneaked out the back door. My folks were someplace. Anyway we met them at home and we all went down to the new Bob's and had something to eat.

I gave Chet the tie; he seemed to like it. I will try to get him to write you sometime this weekend.

You know, Honey, there isn't much to say. I didn't get a letter today, none yesterday either, so I figure I ought to get several tomorrow.

Chet was just in here, I let him read the letter that you wrote mostly about him. The one about green Lt., etc. All he said was hump! I'll have to write and tell him what they teach us. So maybe you'll get a letter after all. Don't count on it, however.

Thanks again for the picture, Honey. I have it in a frame and it is sitting in the front room now.

Honey, guess what I just did? I pulled half the whiskers off the little pink rabbit. Maybe I can fix it tomorrow. He looks kind of funny with only half his whiskers.

Oh, I almost forgot. I caught a shoplifter today. Rather, George did. I saw this old lady take some things, so I got George, and he caught her when she left the store. At least it was something different. We had a riot in the storeroom; we were throwing things all over, etc. You know, Honey, I sure have an easy way to make money. It isn't much, but I have fun while I am doing it.

It's late, and as always I am tired, so I'll just say I love you and send

*All my love always,
Betty*

July 14, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I just got your letter about your going out with Johnny, and I just thought I'd set any worries that you might have at rest, by reminding you that I trust you.

But I must say the Marines (my 14 letters) couldn't have arrived at a better time. You see I've even got the postal service working for me. You just can't beat a machine like that!

I really do hope for his sake, when I get home, that he acted like a gentleman. If he didn't, just put the finger on him and I'll have my mob do a little rubbing out. (Don't mind me; I just saw a Humphrey Bogart picture).

As usual, we didn't do much today. As you probably already know by now, Saturday is a half-day and usually we have an inspection. Today was no exception. We had our usual scrubbing up to do plus a lot of rust removing due to yesterday's adventure. The only think that my squad got gigged for was Yorch's hair. He's over at the barbershop getting it cut now.

For some odd reason I'm having a rough time scribbling this out. I guess it's because I'm thinking of you, and whenever I do that my mind goes blank. Don't know why. Guess it's because I'm stuck.

Do you know what I'd do if I could get home for about a week? Well, among other things, I'd get myself a wife. Do you realize that you're costing me \$70 a month? Income tax is \$10 and your allotment would be \$60. Well, it's **your fault**. If you had asked me, I would have said "yes"!

Well, anyway, I still love you, but I'm also tired, so I'll just say bye for now. Keep care, be good, give my love to your folks, my best to the gang, and a great big kiss to yourself. Also remember I'll love you always.

Your-ever-loving,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Do you mind if this is short? It is now 2 o'clock and we have to get up at 4. Our Y club is going deep sea fishing tomorrow, or should I say today. Tonight I went out with one of Chets' friends from Santa Barbara. We went to a "flattie" bar-b-q. Vicki went with another of Chets' friends, and Mary Ann went with Chet. We had a real good time. Afterwards we sneaked in the drive-in show the wrong way. That is getting to be a habit; I wonder what they would do to us if we got caught. Oh Well, maybe someday we will find out. We saw "Inside Folsom Prison" and half of an English picture "Nightmare." I didn't want to go out in the first place because I was so tired. Now it is 2:30, just an hour and a half before I have to get up. Vickie wants me to turn out the light, so I'll just say a few more things.

I fixed another window at work today. George said it was good. I felt pretty good about it because George seldom comments on your work. Of course, he tells you when it isn't so good.

I guess this will have to be all for today, Darling. Take good care of yourself and remember I love you very much and lots more.

All my love always,
Betty

July 15, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, whether you realize it or not, today is a very important day. It marks the day that I'm halfway done with my service. Only ten and a half months to go. If I'm lucky, maybe it'll be even shorter. I guess the above sentence answers the question regarding the 24 months. So far it's only 21. By the way, if this writing isn't too hot it's because I'm writing it with my fingers crossed.

Lady, do you put me on the spot. Your Aunt Inez's letter arrived tonight and boy, dose she write a letter! I don't mean in length, I mean in quality. Honey, it's going to take a lot of brainwork on my part to even come close to properly answering her. But I'll get on it tomorrow and have it in the mail Tuesday morning. If she should ask you what I thought of her letter, you can tell her that I was greatly impressed 'cause Honey, I sure was. I really think I'm going to like her.

Tell you what, as soon as I get her letter answered, I'll stick it in an envelope and send it to you.

As far as my spelling goes, look whose talking. But one of my teachers always made me write every misspelled word 10 times. Does, Does, Does, Does, Does, Does, Does, Does, Does, Does, Does. How dose that suit you?

And another thing, you're wrong about that can opener. It was my last one. But don't worry, I'll get a new one.

The reason we were not allowed to write on the ship was for security reasons. Some day when I have nothing more to do, I'll explain it to you. It's really quite complicated, and you'd be surprised at how much information can be obtained from these letters.

As far as doing anything to me, they could have done anything from restricting me to shooting me at sunrise. But maybe I'd be lucky and get off with life.

The film question is very simple. The work over here is cheap, but the quality isn't as good as it is in the States.

Different fellows get my mail for me. It all depends on whose there. But Yorch is usual on the ball.

As far as that \$20 a week goes, that's pretty good. As it's working out

now, I'm only \$5 ahead on you. Maybe they'll get around to promoting me one of these days and then I can make a little more. But like I said in yesterday's letter, you're costing me \$75 a month as it is. So if I'm not a millionaire when I get home, it's your fault.

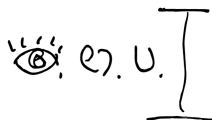
If you say it's going to be a boy, O.K., but you wouldn't like to bet on it would you? Guess we'll just have to wait and see. But here's a good point for my side. I don't want any son of mine, introducing my daughter, to a joker like me. Let's hear your argument on that!

Well, Honey, it's late and I've got to crawl into the sack now. Keep care, be good, give your folks my love and the gang my best and don't worry about yours truly. Remember I love you with all my heart and always will.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

I am lying on my bed trying to keep my eyes open long enough to write you this letter, and I am beginning to feel my red tan. I sure hope that I didn't get too much sun and that my skin peels again. I don't think I did—famous last words!

We really had a terrific time. I got up at 4:00, and yes, Vicki and I made it although I only got an hour and a half sleep last night. Anyway, we left the "Y" at 5:00 and got to San Pedro about 6:30. The boat belongs to Nancy Ford's father, and he took us out for what it cost him to run the boat. It was a live bait boat and we went about 20 minutes out. At first I was scared to death of the little fish, but all the other girls were baiting their own hooks, even Vicki, so I finally got real brave, and at the end I was baiting mine as well. However I am afraid that the bait was the only fish I caught, but altogether about 25 fish were caught. I didn't get seasick but one of the girls did, as did Ronnie ("Goose").

On the way back we fed the seagulls the left over bait; there were hundreds of gulls following the boat. The guys would throw the bait up in the air and the seagulls would catch them. More fun! All in all,

we really had a swell time. However I don't see how people can be so crazy about deep-sea fishing—I think it gets rather boring. For me, the boat ride was the best thing about the trip.

I had better get to sleep, Darling, as I really need to get some rest. I really do miss you all the time, Darling—today or any day I find myself wishing you were there, and if you were, what would you do and say? Someday soon you will be here—but until then I send

All my love always,

Betty

July 16, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, I got that letter off to you, and I sure hope that I did a good job on it. I really wanted to make a good impression on her, and doing it through a letter is a lot harder than in person. But I did my best, and my best is the best I can do.

It's about time that you got your birthday present. I can't understand what happened. I mailed Leona's and your present along with the letters that you sent to me on the same day, and look how they arrived. Remind me when I get out of the service to give the Postmaster General a piece of my mind—that is, if you think I can spare it. But honestly, Honey, I'm sorry it was late. I thought there was plenty of time for it to arrive before your birthday, but live and learn.

At any rate, I'm sure glad that you liked it, and you know you're very welcome. As far as the blue goes, I'm psychic.

While I think of it, thanks for the pictures. They were swell, but how about those negatives? Let's get on the ball.

Now about this History course. I think it's swell of you to offer to do the work, but right now it wouldn't work out too well because I haven't got the time to study for it. It takes every spare minute I have to study my Civics course.

Johnson helps out a lot with the written work, but I'm the one who has to pass the test, so I need to know the information. After all, it's the test that counts. So you see, Honey, with Johnson doing the Civics, and you doing the History, and me trying to study both courses as well as doing my job, I'd probably be hurting more than helping my education long.

Darling, if this letter sound strange, it's because everybody is running around asking me questions. Just wait until we have our kids, then you'll see what I mean.

As far as college goes, I'm not sure either. The big question is when I'm going to get out, and then to when you and I are going to tie the knot.

Now I realize that a lot of fellows have done it before, but the fact still remains to spend four years in school after my enlistment, with a wife and maybe a kid or two isn't the easiest thing to do. And remember, they

had the G.I. Bill to help them along, and so far they haven't passed a law to extend the bill to me.

Anyway, I'd kind of like to go into some business of my own, or maybe continue with journalism.

Don't get me wrong, I want to go to Graceland, but after that I don't know. But I'm thinking about it all the time, and whenever I get a different thought about it, you'll be the first to know. If you've got any ideas, let's have them. After all, we're going to be together for a long, long time and we might as well get used to each other's ideas now.

We won our first league game last night as we bounced E Company to the tune of 18 to 9. I'm getting better. I got two hits with one of them being a double.

While I think about it, are they reviving "Always" back in the states? I'm hearing it all the time over here. Funny it should work out that way. Maybe it's some sort of a sign.

Well, baby, tomorrow your lonesome Sergeant heads for the field again so it's the same old story about the mail. If it can be done, I'll doodle it.

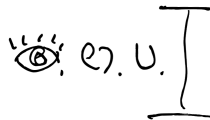
Guess it's time to close for now. I'll mail your Aunt's answer letter to you in a separate envelope.

Be sure and keep care of yourself, be good, give my love to your folks, my best to the gang, and remember that I love you with all my heart.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXX

A hand-drawn doodle consisting of a stylized eye with a central pupil and radiating lines, followed by the text 'E. U.' and a vertical line with a horizontal bar at the top and bottom, resembling a bracket or a simple drawing of a vertical object.

Dear Bob,

Nothing much happened today. It was quite warm here, then my sun burn, or should I say tan, also was a little more warm. Then to top it all off, I had to work in the window. So I cooked all day. But I lived.

Ross brought me over two lessons, and I got one in the mail from Russ. Mother took me over to your house so I could give the lessons to your mother tonight. At least they are coming in more frequently now. There are about seven more to go, I guess. While we are on the subject, I got your letter today where you explained about the GED

tests, etc. I took the letter over to your mother and let her read it so she'll know what's going on.

As far as proof goes about that crack about me being a "kid." Well, first of all, take a look at some of the pictures I sent you. Then ask just anyone that happens along if they think that I am a "kid." If that does not prove it, come home and I will offer further proof. Another thing, if you thought of me as a "kid," you would not have felt I was ready to get married, and you yourself asked me to marry you. Of this I have written proof. I guess I have proof enough. Are you satisfied? As far as me knowing whether or not you were referring to a goat, you happened to mention my name. I have definite proof that I am not a goat. Just ask anyone, they will tell you that if you have any doubts. I think it would be pretty funny for you to be in love with a goat, and want it to be the Mother of your children!

While we are on the subject, what have you got to back up your statement? As long as we carried it out this far, I want you to write to my Sister as well as me and take it back. That is, unless you have different proof to the contrary.

As far as that postcard worrying me, I am afraid you are wrong. In fact I never worry about you not loving me. That would be a waste of time. What could I do about if you didn't? Of course you do, so why worry?

I also got your map. Now I know how to get Navy fire if I should ever happen to need it. Of course I understand it! What do you think I am, dumb? Maybe you had better not answer that one.

It is past my bedtime as usual. Sometimes I wonder just what time it is.

I'll just say the usual "I love you" even if you do call me names. However, you had just better be careful. Don't I sound mean?

Be good and don't do anything I wouldn't want you to. You know that you have

All my love always,
Betty

July 17, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

No mail came tonight, so naturally my morale is at a low. Of course, the fact that SFC Walsh has been yelling at me all day long hasn't helped the situation any.

Seems that he went up before the examining board yesterday for Master Sergeant and couldn't remember how many pounds of pressure was in the chamber of an M1. Anyway, to make a long story short, he flunked and started taking it out on the boys. Well, 'ol "fair play Anderson" couldn't let that happen, so he jumped to their defence. It worked! He forgot all about them and concentrated on yours truly. When am I going to learn to keep my big mouth shut?

We were suppose to go in the field today, but something happened and we don't go until tomorrow. At any rate, when we do go, it will be same the scoop on the mail.

Had four hours on Mines and one hour of Radio Procedure today. They're getting us ready for this big problem that's coming up. It's suppose to be a real stinker, and they want a good grade on it so bad that we're having night non-com classes. Of course, this cuts my time to write in half, but it'll be over in a couple of weeks.

Keep care, be good, give my love to your folks, my best to the gang and remember I love you very, very much.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX

P.S. I'm really sorry for this kind of a letter.

⊙: e. u. |

Dear Bob,

It was another hot day today. You know I sure will be glad when George Ann comes back from her vacation next week. I am afraid this window trimming business is not for me; especially when you

have 2 bosses. Trying to please George and Mr. Champion is not easy. They expect me to do miracles. It won't be so bad tomorrow. Today George said that the window I put up was the hardest kind to do. Tomorrow I have to make one on dresses and one on stationary, which shouldn't prove to be too hard. Anyway, next week I can go back to doing what I want to. I hope. No telling what George will be having me do next.

I got my letters back today. They are so funny, I think. I read a couple, and you sure can tell what kind of a mood I was in when I wrote them. Some of the silly things I said—and didn't say. Honey, how do you stand it? You know what I should do? Throw them away. You don't want them anyway, do you? At least I think I should throw the ones I don't like away. What do you think—or do you?

Jeanette was over for awhile tonight. We just talked about the weather and such things. You should know, Honey, that in a week and a half, if everything works out the way it should, I will have my wedding paid for. That is, I'll have enough for my end of it; with my folks adding some, of course. After that, I'll have to save and spend the rest on clothes. You know I am a very expensive character. Just ask my Dad, he will tell you. You might even have to pay federal tax on me—Luxury, you know. Well, I must get my beauty sleep. Not that I need it, but it helps.

I am not kidding when I say I love you. Don't ask me why? I have always been crazy. I know why, it is because you have money. That's the only reason, plus a million others. How could I help but love you, I would be crazy if I didn't love the most wonderful guy in the world, now wouldn't I? Anyway, you have —

*All my love forever,
Betty*

P.S. At least forever is different than always.

July 18, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Here we are again with one of those hit and run letters. You know the kind that might end at any minute because someone blows a whistle. I know you won't believe this, but the last letter of this kind that I wrote to you ended in a photo finish. I had just finished putting on the XXX's when the First Sergeant started blowing his brains out.

I don't remember whether I told you or not in last night's letter, but I'm missing one boy today. The other day he got to wrestling around and now he's in the hospital with a bummed up elbow. They haven't gotten the X-ray back yet, and so I don't know how bad it is. Probably only a bump.

I found out something today. Until September, this is the Japanese raining season. It's supposed to rain at least once a day until then. And a funny thing about it is that it doesn't always cloud up before it pours. It can be a beautiful day, sun shining just as pretty as can be and wham, it pours. No warning, no nothing, just rain.

Honey, I'm willing to lay \$10.00 on a bet that we're moving soon. September, I think. But the big question is, Where? If the Korean Peace Talks come through, MAYBE it's home. It's hard to tell. MAYBE it's Korea, or MAYBE it's around the block. Just keep your fingers crossed, and MAYBE.

Boy, that word "maybe" is sure a big word, isn't it? But now don't get your hopes up. Like I said I'll bet on the move, but not as to where. So if I don't get home, don't be disappointed. But I've been awful lucky so far and MAYBE, there's that word again, my luck will hold out.

Well, baby, I figure I'd better close 'cause the First Joe is going to blow soon.

Tell your folk's hello for me and give the usual to the gang.

And remember to keep good care of yourself, and that I love you with all my heart. In fact, I even like you. Tell Harvey to give you a big kiss for me.

All my love always,
Bob

XXXXXXXX

⊙: e.g. U. |

Dear Bob,

This may end suddenly, but I will finish it when I get home. Where am I going? To the show, I guess. I am double dating with Jeanette, Don and Don's cousin. He is from New York.

I got the scarf today. You know, Darling, you are spoiling me. But I like it! No kidding, Honey, I think the scarf is beautiful. I like what's on it. The "sweetheart" part, that is. I could do without the Japan part.

Well, I just got home. We went to the show and saw "Frogmen." It wasn't too good. Cut out the swimming part and they wouldn't have anything. But then maybe you have seen it.

Really isn't much to say. So I'll just close for today. I know this isn't much of a letter, but you know how very much I love you, or at least you should by this time. I miss you something awful, but I know it won't be long. Just remember that I love you and think about you every minute of the day. Take care of yourself for me.

*All my love always,
Betty*

July 19, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, I must say that you picked a bad day for me to receive your letter about that rough swimming party.

Last night was really a rough one, today was especially hot, and the hike back to camp didn't add to my good spirits. And so what's the first thing I do when I get in? Read all about how Clark raised a bump on your noggin. And believe me, I was burning mad. You know, just a collection of things.

Well, anyway, poor ol' Spohn made the error of getting near me, and I yelled at him so loud that I almost knocked him over. Poor ol' Spohn! Right now he's sitting over on his bed staring at me. He's probably thinking to himself "The guy's crazy! Why did I ever get a squad leader like this bird?" Oh Well, I guess I'll have to make it up to him somehow. Poor guy!

And the next time you see Clark, tell him for me that he doesn't know how lucky he is that I couldn't get my hands on him at that burning instant. And tell him for me that nothing like that had better happen again. Tell him, from now on nobody beats you up—but me. And tell him that I've got an instructor's certificate in Judo to back me up. Gerr!!!

Another thing, Honey, I want you to keep good care of yourself. If the Doc says you need rest—then get it! There are lots of things that you can do while resting to keep your mind occupied. But please, Honey, keep care, 'cause lover boy worries when his Honey is under the weather. And while worry doesn't do you any good, it could kill me—me, along with eight others.

As for your deals, they are all O.K. And as for Gosselen, more power to him. Maybe he carries a horseshoe.

Well, baby, it has been rough. Forty-eight hours and I'm dead tired, so I'm going to quit while I'm ahead. Keep care, be good, give my love to your folks, and my best to the gang.

Also remember I love you very, very much and always will.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXX

⊙ 07. U.]

Dear Bob,

I just got home from a beach party. That dumb pen, it is late and I don't have time to fool with it. We went to Zuma in the "Y" truck. The party was a little dead, but fun. Two clubs went. The Hi Lights invited us to go with them.

Yes, I like to hear rumors. As to what kind, well, all kinds. I like all kinds of rumors. I read in the paper when the 40th was going to Korea in the near future. I hope it is not too near.

It is O.K. with me about talking to you longer. Only it is easier said than done. You don't know how hard it is. I am lucky to even get to say hello. The only reason I got to talk to you so long on my birthday is that I figured it was my birthday, and I just didn't let anyone take it away from me. Leona was sitting there about to have fits. She is usually the only one who says anything. However no matter how much I feel at home at your house and with your folks, and I really do, I am still an outsider and I know it. I know your folks don't mean it, but they also let me know it. With your Sister crabbing because she never gets to talk, etc. etc. I think you know the rest. There is really nothing I can do about it. However all you have to say is "let me talk to Betty." Another thing, if you call tomorrow and I am not told that you're going to, then there's going to be one mad girl. I tried to get your mother all day and the line was either busy or no one was home. I tried to get information out of them all week, but no one seemed to know anything. All I can say is if you call without me knowing about it, this gal is going to be plenty mad.

As for that deal about going to Germany, whatever you want to do. I'll go anyplace just as long as that is what you want—and you're there of course.

I know you will like Aunt Inez. You have one thing in common; she worked on the newspaper in school. She also writes very good poems. I am glad to hear you got a letter from her at last. It isn't that she doesn't try, it is just she doesn't have much time to write.

I resent that crack you made and I quote "I don't want any son of

mine introducing any daughter of mine to a joker like me." I think it would be a very good idea.

I had better end this. It will be a wonder if you can even read it, I wrote it so fast, plus the pencil isn't very good. Take care of yourself, my Darling, and you know I love you with all my heart.

*All my love always,
Betty*

P.S. I wore the scarf you sent me tonight. I sure like it, and thank you, Darling, for being so wonderful to me. It really isn't necessary.

July 20, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today, my Dearest, as you undoubtedly know, is my Mother and Father's birthday as well as their anniversary. So if this is a little short you'll understand that it's because I'm writing each of them a special letter.

I'm kinda hoping for a radio message sometime this weekend. I know Mom was going to try and get through to me on the 20th, and I sure hope she makes it. Not so much that I want to talk to them, but mostly to you. Funny thing, but when that bug hit me, it really hit hard, and believe it or not, I'm still "love sick" from it. I wonder if the Army has a shot for it.

The package arrived today with all the goodies, and needless to say they're almost gone now. From the way these guys hang around when a fella gets a package, you'd think that they were never fed.

Mom sent some socks along with the goodies and packed them on top. You should have seen their faces when I opened the box. But their frowns soon turned to smiles after I peeled the socks off and disclosed the goodies and cake. However, I did hold them off from the cake. Tomorrow is the 20th back home, and so it's tomorrow that we'll celebrate by eating the cake. Needless to say, you all have "The Everlasting Gratitude of the Infantry." The goodies were sure good.

I received your letter saying that you had received and liked your painting. Honey, I'm sorry that it was such a poor job, but what could I do? Next time I'll pick it up myself, and if I don't like it, I'll make them redo it. At any rate, I'm glad you said you liked it. Even though it wasn't so hot, at least you know I'm continually thinking about you.

Well, baby, this short letter has turned out to be longer than expected, and it's getting longer all the time. So I guess the best thing to do is to quit.

Keep good care of yourself, be good, watch whose whiskers you're pulling, give your folks my love, the gang my best, and remember I love you very, very much and always will.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXX

U. S. E. I.

Dear Bob,

Well, where have I “just got home from” tonight. Tonight I want to the show after work with Carol. Every week I say I am going to stay home at night and try to catch up on some sleep. Well, let's see, I did stay home Tuesday night—or did I? Tonight I saw something about I can't stop running or something. I only saw half of it—the other one about Convict Lake.

I am writing this in pencil again. I didn't even try the dumb old pen. Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't, but tonight I didn't want to try it.

Honey, do I have to ask you to marry me? Isn't it a little late to think that I should ask you? After all, I think that you already beat me to it. Of course, you could always take it back. That is, if you wanted to break my heart.

Do you know, Darling, about the time you get this; it will have been 4 months since you held me in your arms! It seems like forever. I don't know why I miss you so much. Do you think that maybe it could be that I love you? That is the only reason I can think of. However there may be others. I can't think of any others right at the present. I can think of one thing, I would like to go to sleep—and dream of you of course. So until tomorrow I'll sent the usual—

All my love always,
Betty

July 21, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I knew it all the time. You're being untrue to me. But tell me, just what has that baldheaded slum bag brother-in-law of mine got that I haven't? Must be money!

But if I get one more picture like that, I'm going to go out and get all "Saked up" and find myself a cute little Japanese girl. Of course, I'll hate myself in the morning.

But just to show you how broad-minded I am, I'll forgive you this time but this is your last chance—understand!

Speaking of Stan and thinking of Chet, I went to the show tonight and saw "The Thing." If you've seen it you know what I mean. Sure hope I don't have nightmares tonight.

Bright and early Monday we leave for our Battalion problem. We'll be gone for five days, and as things now stand will be able to write, but won't receive any mail. Sure wish they'd cut out these "no mail" trips. We don't know too much about the problem yet, but we understand it's a stinker. At any rate, I'll let you know the details as we go along.

I'm sending a cartoon along with this letter expressing the way I feel.


Well, baby, it is late and I'm behind on my shuteye, so I'll close this masterpiece for now. Keep care, be good, give my love to your folks and my best to the gang.

And whatever you do, remember I love you very, very much and always will.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXX

 e.g. U.]

Dear Bob,

You know, Honey, I really am going to stay home tomorrow (ha, ha). Tonight I went bowling with your mother and Leona. Yes, Honey,

I just got home. I am getting worse. Every time I go bowling I get a little lower score. Pretty soon I'll be getting scores like Leona's 8.

You know, Darling, I think George (my boss) sits up nights trying to think of things for me to do. Every time there is any job that is a little bit different or something else, he sends for me. At least I don't get bored doing one thing all the time. Today he had me cleaning out under-stock. You ought to have seen some of the things I found. All the way from Easter eggs to glasses of water.

Honey, I was talking to your mother about Officers Training School, and she thinks you should go. It may not be such a bad deal at that. If they give it to you like they say. Like your mother says, it will only be 3 more years. You will get some school. Best of all, you will get to come home soon. Also, get that leave. We could get married or something. At any rate, we could be together if there wasn't a war. If there was a war we wouldn't be together anyway, and you would still be in the Army. A commission does mean something. You're still young and would have time for school afterwards.

However you know more about it than I do, and you do as you think best. I don't ever want you to do anything you don't want to do. That is, if you have a choice in the matter. I know that you are doing something now that doesn't quite appeal to you. You will find that I don't do anything I don't feel like doing if there is any possible way to get out of it. Maybe that isn't a good habit, but what is life anyway?

anyway, there is one thing that I am sure of—and that is that I love you. Anything you want, that is what I want, too. You can't get home too soon as far as I am concerned. In fact, there isn't anything in the world I would rather have than if you walked in this minute. Even if my hair does need washing. Sleep time for me now, so I will just end with the usual

*All my love always,
Betty*

July 22, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

They say that no news is good news, and so tonight I've got tons of "good news."

But keeping true to my foreign policy of publishing "Betty's Daily," day in and day out without fail, the following is attempted.

We played another ballgame today and really hit H Company to the tune of 12-2. Marble chucked a three hitter and yours truly collected one for two, by singling, walking and popping out.

Tomorrow is going to be a big day because it's tomorrow that the Battalion problem starts at 4 a.m. Oh my aching back. It's going to be a tough five days, and if I should miss a day writing, it wasn't because I didn't try.

Of course, you realize, my dearest, that I wish I could be home with you instead of over here, spending the night with rain and various species of bugs. But it seems that right now that's wishful thinking. So we'll just have to bide our time and wait for this rotten mess to straighten itself out.

I don't mean to get your hopes up, but I'm pretty sure we're moving in September. Fifty percent of the rumors have us going to Korea, the other 50% say home. At this rate we'll probably end up in Iran. But cross your fingers and MAYBE. There's that word again.

Did I tell you that the cookies and cake arrived in perfect condition? Really, my stuff always arrives in better shape than it does for the rest of these guys. It's always sweeter, too. But I contribute that to the person who makes my goodies. Thanks again, Honey, and let's keep up the good work.

Well, at the start of this thing I said I had no news, and I've stretched it to four pages now. So I guess I'd better quit while I'm ahead.

Give your folks my love, the gang my best, and remember, my dearest, I love you very, very much.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXX

Eye. U. }

Dear Bob,

Didn't do much today. I didn't get up until 12:00. Then I spent all afternoon writing letters that I owed to them. Then I went over to Grandmother's and also went across the street to Aunt Flora's. They just got back from Alaska. Aunt Floria and Uncle Hans, that is.

I was talking to my parents at dinner today about OCS. They both think you should go. In fact, my Dad said if I didn't write and tell you to, he would. So I thought I had better tell you they thought you should go. No telling what my Father would say, so consider yourself told. However I still feel the same way which is—whatever you want to do is O.K. with me. Tell me, Darling, just where is Fort Benning? You can have a wife and go to OCS can't you?

Have you gotten the sand dollar Mary sent you? I don't know what good it will do you, but she sent you one anyway.

Do you realize that I haven't even talked to Jeanette since Fri. and that I haven't talked to Vicki since Thursday? Oh Well, worse things have happened to me. But I do miss them. Not like I miss you, however.

Your mother was telling me that this lady, who was working at the bowling alley, lost her husband in the last war. Her husband died saving her brother. Now, Honey, if anything like that ever comes up, you just remember that I would rather have a husband than a brother. I am going to tell Chet, too. If anyone goes, it will be him. However if you can make it please let's have you both back, in the same condition as when you left. Don't get me wrong; I love my brother, but I love you a lot more, in a different way.

Somehow I just can't see spending the rest of my life with Chet; not that he would have me. Maybe that's where he is smarter than you are. However on the other hand maybe he doesn't know what he is missing! Just to be in your arms again is all I want. If I never get anything else, it will be all right with me. Here it has been almost 4 long months and I still miss you as much as ever. When I think about it, which is often, I can still feel your arms around me and the

nearness of your body. This only makes me long for you more and make me lonelier. But I wouldn't give up this memory for anything. Don't forget I love you, Darling, I won't. Don't forget you love me because I won't forget that either. But then just don't think I will let you forget. With that thought I leave you. That is, until tomorrow. I leave you as far as this letter goes, but I will never leave you as far as my mind goes. Of course, my mind doesn't go very far. Now I am getting off the subject. At any rate, you have the usual

*All my love always,
Betty*

July 23, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, my dearest, this is another one of those “never know when it’s going to stop” letters.

As usual, the envelope is already stamped and addressed, and all that remains is the folding of the paper and the sealing of the envelope. The Barracks Orderly will drop it in the box for me sometime this afternoon.

There’s not much I can write about because in last night’s letter I gave you all the news, and so far it’s too early for much to have happened.

I’m pretty much disgusted with my Assistant Squad Leader. He went into town last night, got plastered and ended up with a D.R. (Delinquency Report). And this morning his head isn’t in any shape to be of much use to me. Boy, what an idiot!

Also heard at breakfast that one of our Corporals got pinched last night on some narcotics charge. If it’s true, I hope they throw the key away. Nothing is worse in the Army than a dope fiend. And he sure and heck should have had sense enough to keep away from the stuff.

You know, it may sound as though I’m in a grouchy mood today, but the exact opposite is the truth. I’m really quite pleased with the way my boys are working today. It really looks like they’re going to put out on this problem. I’m sure glad because it makes things a lot easier on me, and also I kinda want a good score for the Battalion. But then it sort of looks like everyone else does, too.

However I’m going to be a little short handed. Yorch is still in the hospital. Seems he tore some muscles. And Vernola is on Quarters with a bum foot. But if the spirit that the gang has now keeps up, we’ll hold our own.

Well, baby, that’s all there is for now. Keep care, be good, give your folks my love and the gang my best, and most important of all, remember I love you with all my heart, and that love has never or ever will go to anyone else, and you have it for always and always.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXX

U.S.O. |

Dear Bob,

Hello Darling. Tonight I am home all by myself. My folks went out and my Sister should be home any time now. You know, it is not so bad to stay home and just fool around.

I got the letter Aunt Inez wrote to you today. I also got 3 wonderful letters from you.

As you see, I also enclosed some negatives. Now does that make you happy? Anyway, you can stop yelling.

You know, Honey, this is a hard letter to write because there isn't anything to say since nothing has happened.

Honey, don't you have any softball pitchers in that Army of yours? If you do, the score of your ball games sure don't prove it. 18 to 7 sounds more like a track meet than a baseball game.

As far as the questions about "Always," I hardly ever hear it over here.

Tell me, Darling, would you approve of me being a Jr. Hostess at the U.S.O.? You know, go to the different camps with a group of girls from the U.S.O.? Mrs. Harcus, one of the Y sponsors, is in charge of it. You have to be 17 and graduated from high school. I am 17 but the other I am not, however she may make an exception for me. Nothing definite about this, just an idea.

Honey, I have been wondering, where are we going on our Honeymoon? Anyplace but Japan is all right with me. Of course, we have to get married first, but I was just wondering if you had any bright ideas on the subject. I got the letter where you said something about school. Darling, maybe you would just as soon not have a wife and go to school at the same time. You know we could always wait.

I love you same as always and miss you more each day, if that's possible. Want you like anything, but love you enough to wait for you, until then —

All my love always,
Betty

July 24, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling, here I am out on this endless bivouac again. Right now we're in what is called a Rear Assembly Point, and we're living like Kings. We even put our tents up. At noon we move to take over a defensive area, and this part of the problem will last until the following morning. Then we go into the attack phase, and it will go on until noon Friday. Then we go back to Younghans.

The country around here is a lot different than at Younghans. At present we're in a large valley which reminds me the movie "The Green Grass." The mountains surrounding us are low and rolling, not the tall, sharp mountains that Japan is noted for.

They tell me that the bugs around here are awful and that mosquitoes are the size of B29's. However they didn't seem to bother me much last night. But that's probably due to our nets. Tonight and tomorrow night we won't have them and so I'll probably find out the answer first hand.

So far it's been a hot day, but it looks like we might have some rain tonight. In a way I wish it would come, just to cool things off. But if it did rain, the chances are it would be a warm one. Mother Nature just doesn't seem to agree with the Infantry.

The Lieutenant made a crack today that I didn't necessarily like. One of the boys asked why we weren't being issued "C" rations, and the Lieutenant answered by saying: "Don't worry; you'll be eating a lot of them soon."

Now it's killing me trying to figure out if he knows anything or if he's guessing like the rest of us; never can tell. But I've still got my fingers crossed that we're coming home.

I don't know. Maybe we will end up in Korea, but I've just got a hunch. Of course, one of my hunches was that I wasn't going overseas, and look where I'm at; maybe it's not a hunch but wishful thinking.

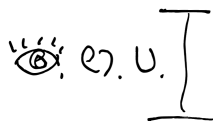
Well, baby, as much as I'd like to, I can't spend the whole day writing to the most wonderful girl in the world, and so I'd better close. Be sure and keep care, be good, give your folks my love and the gang my best, and

remember I love you with all my heart and always will.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXX



Dear Bob,

This makes two nights in a row I have stayed home. I think maybe that is some kind of a record. I did go for a drive out to Little Aunt Flora's. We say Little because there are two Floras in the family, and that way we know who we are talking about.

I didn't do much of anything today. Just fooled around at work. They are painting the store. I didn't even get a letter today, so you can see I am in a bad way. I did get two lessons (7 and 15) from Russ. That just leaves one more for Russ to do and 3 ½ more for Ross.

Just what does a girl write about when nothing happens? I could always tell you how much I love you, but then you already know that. I could tell you that I miss you very much, but I have already told you that at least a hundred times. I could tell you to take care of yourself and not to do anything foolish, but I give you credit for some sense and expect you to do that. I could say that I want you, but I believe you realize that by the way you yourself feel. So as I said before, I am in a bad way. I kind of think that I should end this masterpiece, the reason being there is nothing to say. This is one of my very rare moments—where I am speechless.

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. I love you—

July 25, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, the first phase of the test is over (the defense part) and I really must admit, I'm all in. It was extra hot yesterday, and we started out on the approach march just a little too fast, and it was hard on the troops. We lost our Lieutenant and four out of ten non-coms, and ended up with only seventeen men completing the march. Seventeen out of forty isn't too good of a record. In fact, forty-seven men were taken to the Sendai Hospital. So you can see it was both hot and rough. Of course, I had to be a hero and finish the march. SFC Walsh, Sgt. Sanford and Cpl. Remero were the other three non-coms that made it.

But what took the cake was digging the holes. Three, all together (Primary, Alternant and Supplement), all of which had to be 2X4X6. Of course, not all of them were completed.

We had dinner around 8:00 p.m. and at 8:30 moved from the mountain to a river line; leaving our beautiful foxholes behind. After awhile we withdrew back to the base of the mountain where we had previously dug in. Around midnight, I took a patrol of three men out to locate the 3rd Platoon that had gotten lost in the shuffle. We found them around 2:00 a.m. and got them back through the minefield by 4:00 a.m.

Well, I had gotten about an hour's sleep when the Aggressor's attack came. It lasted for about an hour, and then we headed back to our Rear Assembly Area. That's where I am now. Needless to say, I'm really tired.

You know, the trouble with this stuff is that nobody is going to believe me. You'll never believe me when I get home and tell the tales I have to tell. But I guess that's the way it goes.

We have the rest of the day off and won't start the second phase of the Problem until noon tomorrow. This should give us a chance to recuperate.

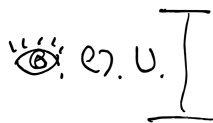
Honey, don't pay too much attention to me. I'm not bitter, just a little sore at the world. It's hard work and it's hard on my nerves.

Well, Baby, I need some shuteye so I'm going to close. Keep care, be good, and give my love to your folks and my best to the gang. And remember no matter how hard the going gets, I love you very, very much

and always will. That's the big thing that'll keep me going.

All my love always,

Bob



Dear Bob,

Hello Darling—I just got home from the show. I saw “Strangers on a Train” and “Take Care of My Little Girl.” They were pretty good. Now I am sitting here eating ice cream and writing to you. What a combination! Ice cream and love letters and Banana ice cream, at that—with nuts.

Speaking of nuts, Honey, how have you been feeling lately? I know that wasn't very funny. Well, to tell you the truth, I don't feel like being funny. I guess I am too young to understand big problems like why the world is in such a big mess and why the man I love has to be half a world away from me. They say it is a sign of intelligence when a child or person asks questions. Well, what happens when they ask a question no one can answer? That is, really answer; sure, there are a lot of answers like when a teacher asks a question on a test she may get a lot of different answers, some of which might be right and others that won't be. I guess no one but God can answer this one.

Hey Honey, you never sent me that deal for my annual; Darling, you didn't forget, did you? After all, I don't want a blank page there, so please try to think of something to write.

Well, this has been another one of those letters. You must be getting use to them by now; you know—the “nothing happened, nothing to say,” etc. type of letter.

It is not true when I say I have nothing to say because I have lots to say to you, but I guess it will just have to wait until you come home. Until then, like always, you have —

All my love always,

Betty

July 26, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, another day, another dollar, and today should prove to be another one of those days that I really earn that \$5.50.

We shoved off on our attack phase at noon today and will finish up the entire problem at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. Then we have a critique and head back to Younghans.

They brought some mail in yesterday, and I got two letters from my favorite little girl. Maybe I should cross out little. You had a pretty good argument.

Mom and Sis wrote that it was really hot back in California. Boy did I split a gut on that one. There I was, the sweat pouring out of me, trying to keep cool, and I open a letter from my Sis and read, "it's so hot, I'm sweating just sitting here writing to you." Oh Well, I guess that's the way it goes.

We did get a good break last night though. It really poured, and the rain cooled things off, which contributed to a great night's sleep.

Honey, I don't mean to write about all of my troubles, but there really isn't any news and a guy has to fill up the pages with something.

It's going to be another stinker today, but I doubt if we'll have another hike like we had the other day. We just lost too many men.

However the attack is always harder than the defense, so I guess we'll get more than our share of work.

Well, baby, there really isn't anything to write about, so I'd better close.

Keep care, be good, give your folks my love and the gang my best, and remember I love you very, very much and always will.

All my love always,

Bob

⊙. U. }
⊙. U. }

Dear Bob,

Nothing happened again. You know, I believe that my life is getting a little dull. Nothing exciting has happened lately. It is giving me a chance to catch up on my sleep. All I did tonight was make over a skirt. It belonged to my Aunt, and I had to make it smaller so it would fit me. I also bought a new skirt today. Now all I need is a couple more. I don't want you to worry, Honey, but there is another problem. Just think of all the money I am going to spend. Just ask my Father, he will tell you.

Darling, why were you mad about Clark bumping my head on the side of the swimming pool? It hurt me, but it didn't make me mad, so why should you be mad? It was all in fun, and he didn't mean to do it. While we are on the subject of me, don't ever worry about me, Honey. After all, what good does it do me? Of course, I realize that it is easier said than done. However, Darling, just think how much it would hurt me if something happened to you. So you just be careful, not for yourself, but for me.

As for this short wave deal. You know, Darling, if it isn't all prearranged, that is, if there isn't a definite time set about a week or so beforehand, you won't even get to say hello to me because I won't even know about it. So if you ever get the chance to call home, please tell them to let your folks know at least a half-hour or hour in advance so they can get ahold of me.

Well, Honey, it is time for me to get to sleep, so I'll just say I love you and good night, Darling. Someday soon I'll be able to say it instead of write it, and, by the way, add something more. Until then—

All my love always,
Betty

July 27, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Baby, I don't like to make excuses about this letter writing, but this last week has been an awful rough one and I'm dead tired. So if this should be a little shorter than usual, please bear in mind that even a super human like me has to sleep sometime.

We got back to Younghans around 6:00 p.m. and I've been cleaning ever since. The Battalion did all right on our problems, as we earned a satisfactory grade. I was especially pleased with my squad. The boys put out, and for our part, we went through it without a hitch. A fella can't ask for any more.

As far as this Korea deal goes you probably have more news about it than I do. I'll keep you up on all the details from this end. But here's a hunch. If we go, I bet we go as RGT'S, Regimental Combat Teams, and not as a Division.

But don't worry about it. If I have to go, I have to go, and your worrying your pretty little head about it isn't going to help matters along. And remember I'll be all right.

Well, baby, I said this was going to be a shortie, and a shortie it's going to be.

Keep care, be good, give my love to your folk's and my best to the gang, and remember you're the only one and always will be.

All my love always,

Bob

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⊙. U.]

Dear Bob,

Well, I just got home from a party. It was real nice.

Didn't do much today but work. I guess the loafing is over at work. The big boss was out, and I guess he really raised hell! We got a little pep talk, and it seems we work from now on. Of course with me, just

so I look busy. But I really would much rather be doing something than standing around. They were thinking about putting me on the candy counter as well as run change. But I give George more credit than that. I don't think we will have much candy left if they put me there.

Thanks for giving me another chance about that picture deal with Stan. I must say you are a sport. However, I really don't think you would have much fun if you found a cute little Japanese girl. Beside you can't worry me. You know, Darling, maybe I have you all wrong. But that's all right, don't tell me. I am happy this way.

Honey, good news, I saw Ross tonight. He just has one more lesson to do. Russ has all of his lessons finished. He said he would bring them all over Monday. Isn't that fine—just think, all finished! Of course, I'll have to see it to believe it. But I think he was telling the truth.

Didn't I tell you it said in the paper you were going to Korea in September? I guess that sort of settles the rumors. I guess you never know.

Well, Darling, I want to finish a story and here it is 2 o'clock in the morning; work tomorrow and all that. So, I'll just send the usual—

*All my love always,
Betty*

P.S. I love you.

July 28, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, I don't like to disregard your advice but I'm afraid O.C.S. is out. I know that this is probably pretty hard for you, my folks and your folks to understand, but if you want the scoop, ask Stan. He turned O.C.S. down in WWII.

First of all, the Army always needs officers. One of the big reasons is that so many of them get killed. It seems that when we get a new combat officer he has just arrived in the combat zone or he received a Battlefield Commission, and most of the time in order for him to get a BC, some other officer had to get killed.

Then, too, when my time is up, I come home with no strings attached. Anyone can be an Infantry Sergeant, so why call me up again? But the Army is always calling up officers. And if I should be called up again, I can choose O.C.S. then. I have until I'm 35.

Now remember this, I'm not in Korea yet. And until my name comes down on the shipment orders I've still got a chance of staying out of the fighting. Maybe this cease-fire will go through. There's always a chance. I feel pretty certain that we're not going anywhere until this cease-fire is settled. Why antagonize them?

Now here's the most stupid reason of all. You might as well know it now. When we're married, you're stuck with a flag-waving husband. My squad looks to me for leadership. When they go, it's my duty to go with them. If I ran off and hid behind a gold bar, I'd lose my self-respect. I'm just not the type to let my men down. Nor are they the type to let their 'ol Sarge down.

There's a rumor that they may send the RA's and US's to Korea as replacements and send the NG's home. SFC Reese swears he has the straight scoop. Maybe he has. If that's the case, us NG's are not backing out, we just got a good break.

Honey, I try to think of myself as a man. A man has got to stand on his own two feet and holler for what he thinks is right. I'm for the U.N. and I'm for this Korean move. It's the only way we'll stop war. Maybe the world can learn a lesson from Korea. Maybe our kids won't have to fight the 5th World War.

My Darling, I love my country. I love my God. And I love you. If I quit, I'd be letting the things I love down. So get this. I'm not volunteering for anything, but I'm not asking for favors either. I'll just take the breaks as they come.

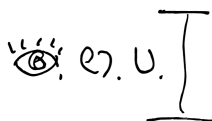
Of course, the hardest part of the deal is not coming home to you. But it's just a delay, and perhaps with God's help, this delay will mean the beginning of an everlasting world peace.

Well, baby, I guess I'd better bring this book to a close. Give my love to your folks, my best to the gang and please remember to take care of yourself and that I love you with all my heart.

All my love always,

Bob

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Dear Bob,

Hello Darling, I just got home from going bowling with your mother. At least we did better this time. I bowled 108, 104 and 132. I won't tell your mother's first 2 games but she bowled 119 the last game. You would think by this time I ought to be getting much better scores. Afterwards we went to the new Bob's on Van Nuys Blvd. and had something to eat. It really isn't very new now.

Nothing much of anything happened today. I did get another lesson from Russ. It is number 16, and I gave it to your mother tonight.

From what I have heard, you will be getting a 10-day leave soon. Tell me, Darling, just what do you plan on doing with it? As long as you are over there you might as well see the county. We hope this will be the only time you are there, so you might as well make the most of it.

There really isn't anything to say, Darling. I should go to sleep because I want to get up in time for church. I haven't been in over a month and a half, so I figure it is about time, don't you?

I'll just say the usual. I love you—more than you know. Be good. I know it is hard, but please try.

All my love always,

Betty

July 29, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today, my dearest, was Sunday, and believe it or not, I just did what I wanted to do all day long. I almost felt like a civilian again.

I got up at 7:00 a.m., ate and then went back to bed until 10:00 a.m. Then I went to church, had lunch, went to the tailor shop, played basketball, showered, had dinner and went to the show. Boy, what a life!

There was only one disappointment today; no mail came in tonight. But then a guy can't have his cake and eat it, too.

Don Byers called me from Tokyo today to let me know that he's got his transfer back to the Company and should be here in the next few days. Boy, can that guy work the angles. But it will be good to see the 'ol boy again.

You know this is turning out to be a toughie to write. No news and no letter to answer sure makes it a lot harder to come up with things to write about.

Of course, I could tell you how much I love you and what you mean to me, but garsh, Honey, you should know that already. Lady, just let me get back to the States for one day and see how long we go on losing that \$70.00.

You know I still feel that we were right in not getting married before I left, but dad-rat-it sometimes I sure feel like kicking myself for having good sense.

I'll tell you right now that I'd trade all the silk and cherry trees in Japan for just one look at that cute little nose of yours. And that goes for anything else that this country has to offer.

There hasn't been any word about Korea or anything else as yet, but as it comes in I'll send it on to you.

Well, Honey, its beddy-bed time and so, to beddy-bed I'll go.

Keep care, be good, give my love to your folks, my best to the gang and remember I love you very, very much.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXX

⊙. U. }
⊙. U. }

Dear Bob,

Here I am home, all by myself again. I don't know where my folks are. They left at 5:30 according to the note they left me, and here it is almost 10:30. Way past my Father's bed time. It sure was hot today; in fact it is still on the warm side.

This morning I went to church like a good girl for once. The sermon was good, but it always is.

This afternoon I went to the show with Jeanette and saw the "Great Carruso" and the "Hollywood Story." They were both average pictures, I thought. You ought to see the "El Portal." You know the theater in North Hollywood. They did it all over, and it really looks fine. Someday soon you will be able to see it. (I hope).

My dear Brother called tonight. Since I only have one brother you can take it for granted it was Chet. He seems to be fine. Has he ever gotten around to writing you? He just wanted to say he was going to the International Flattie Races the middle of August. Maybe I'll go up and see him sometime next week. It is too hot here.

I have been talking on the telephone all night. I talked to Doris Gilbert for about two hours. You know Chuck Johnson? Well, anyway, she has been going with him for about 1-½ years, and she is always having troubles. Good thing you're perfect. Well, almost. But then maybe after I have gone with you a 1 ½ years I'll also think I have problems with you—but I don't think so.

Gee, I love you, Honey. You know, I am a very lucky girl to have such a wonderful guy love her. I always laugh to myself when the other girls tell me all their problems. Then they ask, "Well, doesn't Bob do such and such once in a while?" And I can always say no, and that the only problem we have is that we can't be together enough because Uncle Sam thinks he needs him someplace else. On the other hand maybe if you were around we would have problems.

Who knows? Why don't we try it sometime and see.

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. I love you

July 30, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I thought I'd give you a break today and write on some different stationary. Tell me, are you thrilled?

And by the way, I'm very pleased with you. You are a good girl, and it's about time. In case you're wondering what I'm talking about, your letter with the negatives arrived. I'll run over to the studio tomorrow and get the work done on them.

As far as the Jr. Hostess, goes I see no great harm in it, but you've got to promise me to be careful and not to take any chances. Remember, Darling, the Army is made up of all kinds of people, and they are not all clean-cut American youth like the movies make them out to be.

Just for an example, take my Assistant Squad Leader. Honey, he's nothing but a sex fiend, and he's continually in trouble because of it. All he talks about is sex and he thinks it's a big joke to have intercourse in various ways. You should see the way he "demonstrates" his methods here in the barracks. (Editors note: Better that you didn't see his demonstrations).

He goes to town just about every night, usually gets plastered, has his fun and comes rolling in around one or two in the morning. I know because he sleeps right above me and he usually wakes me up.

For awhile he was on the L.A. Police Force but was fired because he used his badge in the wrong way at some well-known prostitution house. Then he got an Undesirable Discharge from the Marine Corps. He's married but right now is writing to a girl in San Francisco, and to hear him tell it, he and this S.F. broad are pretty thick.

But he's paying for it. He was a Sergeant and was assigned as my Assistant Squad Leader. In this Platoon we have three Corporals as Squad Leaders, but because of, shall we say, his sickness, the Captain felt he wasn't fit to lead a squad. In fact, today the Captain busted him to Corporal because of some trouble he got into last week. He also got kicked out of the M.P.'s for the same reason he got the boot from the LAPD.

But on the other hand there are guys like Nelson, and Bolt and Marble

and Bell. All good, clean-cut GI's that do their job in an honorable way.

Now don't get me wrong Darling. If you want to be a hostess, that's fine. The "Y" and the Army should take good care of you, so long as you don't put yourself on the spot. Dance and be nice to them, but no address and no dates. I know that you never have trouble getting dates, and it's not your duty to entertain the Armed Forces, except under the proper supervision.

I love you more than you'll ever realize, my dearest, and I write these things to warn you, not to frighten you. I'm sure you realize that if anything ever happened to my girl, it would just about finish me. And don't say, "It couldn't happen to me." Because it COULD and it DOES everyday.

As far as those "track meet" ball games we play, how does a 6-3 score sound to you? That's what we beat E Company by today. And as for our pitchers, we've got two pretty good ones. Marble chucked a 3 hitter today and sent at least a dozen batters down swinging. He has now won 3 and lost 0. Reyes, our other chucker, has a 1-1 record. And what's the difference what the score is, as long as we have the highest number and are having fun.

As for where we're going on our Honeymoon, we'll decide that when I get back home. But you think about it and look into things, check the details and then we'll decide.

As for not wanting a wife while I'm going to school, nothing doing! In less, of course, you've changed your mind and are looking for an out. But I doubt that. But anytime you want to change things, say so. No sense fooling around if you've changed your mind.

Of course, the above statement can be taken two ways. One is a breakup and the other comes in the form of a ring that you wear on your left hand. Anytime you want either, just say so.

Well, baby, it's late and I've already written a book, so I'd better close.

Be sure and keep care of yourself, give your folks my love and the gang my best and be good. If ever in doubt, say to yourself, "What would Bob want me to do?"

And remember that I love you with all my heart and that my only thought is your happiness.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXXXX

⊙. U. }
⊙. U. }

Dear Bob,

I am lying here roasting. It sure has been warm today. It was 100 degrees in our back yard.

Today I got myself a new job. Working at Sears. You know the new one. They are getting their stock in order for the opening in September. It really is a pretty good deal. I'll tell you more about it tomorrow when I know more. I just wonder what George (my other boss) is going to say. He gave me this week off. He decided to try to get along without any extra girls for this week. So I decided to try something new. If I don't like it I can always go back. So I don't have anything to lose.

Ross brought over the last four lessons today. All finished now, isn't that fine? I know, "it's about time." Your mother was over about 5:30 to get them, so you should be getting them soon.

All I did this afternoon was make a wool skirt. In weather like this, sometimes I think I am crazy.

This hasn't been much of a letter, but what is there to say when nothing of any importance happened?

One sure thing is that I love you. Don't ask me why. I said before I was crazy. All I can say is it is a good thing we are crazy if that's the case. At any rate, I love you anyway.

*All my love always,
Betty*

July 31, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Whether you realize it or not, today marks another milestone in our lives.

First of all, it means I haven't been near you for four months. And my Darling, I love you just as much now, if not more, than anytime in my life. To me, that proves a lot. If our love can hold together through this war, it will last through anything.

Secondly, I got paid, and so we're another hundred bucks richer. That makes \$400.00. But to tell you the truth, I'm willing to quit saving right now and come home.

Thirdly, I'm one month closer to that Discharge and coming home to you.

So although the last month was a tough one, the toughest part, being away from you, it wasn't wasted. I've learned and you've learned. I've saved and you've saved. And we marked another month off of the books. And so, although we're 4,500 miles apart, we've worked towards our marriage, towards our lives, and towards our future.

Honey, I've got a hunch that when I get home we're going to have a wonderful life together. Doesn't that word together, sound wonderful?

Like always, nothing much happened today. We had a two hour class on Demolitions, and the rest of the afternoon I played basketball. Don't get excited. This life will last for about a week, and then BANG!—We go back in the field for five straight weeks. From there who knows, but everyone keeps hoping. Also took in a show tonight. A picture called "Good Bye My Fancy" was playing. The picture wasn't so hot but I liked the idea behind it.

Well, my dearest, you know I love you, and so I'll just say KC,ABG. GMLTYF AMBTTG, ARILYV,VM, (Keep care and be good. Give my love to your folks and my best to the gang, and remember I love you very, very much.)

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXX

P.S. Honest, for always and always.

Ⓢ. U. }
Ⓢ. U. }

Dear Bob,

Someday maybe I'll get some stationary. Until then this will have to do.

I worked all day today; it is only fine. All we do is sit and talk all day. No kidding, Darling, is it ever fun. We get a break every 2 hours, which usually runs into about 20 minutes or so. We work from 8-5 with an hour for lunch. Just imagine getting paid for talking. Of course, we do some marking. That's what we are there for. I met a real terrific girl from San Fernando. We work more or less in pairs, and we worked together all day. While I think about it, I talked to Jean Cartier at work today. Darling, is there something you would like to tell me about Jean? Anyway, think about it.

I got 4 letters from you today. They told me all about the BN problem, the letters that is.

You talk, or write, about you writing short letters sometimes. I must say all my letters are short ones. In fact, some are quite short. At least you know that I am thinking about you. What I am thinking is something else. But at least I am thinking. You know sometimes it isn't good to think too much, you can get things a little mixed up. That's me right now. I have been thinking, and I am a little mixed up. I hope you can give me the answer. Before I say anymore, I had better end this.

I love you, I think.

Love,
Betty

August 1, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, I'm going to try to be very serious in this letter because I've got a lot of things to say. My dearest, I'm afraid that come the 5th of September, the Fighting 40th will sail for Korea. What the situation will be over there, only God knows, but whether this cease-fire goes through or not, I want you to try not to worry.

God is with us. I can feel him close by, and I know that unless it's not His will, I'll be untouched. So have faith, my Darling, and if by chance something should happen and I don't return, remember that He works in strange ways and that it was His will.

If anything should happen, don't let it shake your faith, but let it strengthen it. Remember that my faith is one of the things that I'm fighting for; and if I should die, dying for.

Remember that if it does happen, He was with me and that my faith was stronger than it ever was before, and that I won't be really dying, but just boarding a train and going home. And remember that no man could die in any better fashion than to die for what he believes is right.

So if anything should happen, don't let it get you down, but go ahead and do with someone else who is worthy of you, the things that we planned to do together.

But all this is silly talk because nothing is going to happen to me. If we go to Korea I'll come home to you without a scratch, and maybe, we won't even go.

But just remember that I love you and that I couldn't be any truer to you than I have been. You're the one thing that is really important to me, and I'll be home sometime soon to claim you as my own. Remember that I'm yours and that you're mine and we'll always be each others.

KCBEGMLTYFAMBTTGARILYVVM.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXX

Eye. U. I

Dear Bob,

Hello Darling, how is my favorite problem today? Here's something to prove that I think about you all the time. How do you like the tickets I made at my new job? Nothing else to do, so I just made a few.

Carol and Doris came to work today. They have to work upstairs, and from what I have heard it isn't anything like what I do. It is harder. Anyway, you have to work harder, that's what they say. It was real funny this afternoon. Carol and I went down to quit our other job. We walked in the store, and the first thing that was said is George asking, "how's Sears"? It seems they called him to ask about us. We were going to surprise him.

You know, Darling; I am getting back to normal. This is in rest. This going to bed early (10:30-11:00) every night is getting to be a habit.

You know, Darling, sometimes for no reason at all I say things that I don't mean. But here is one that I really mean: I love you. No matter what I may say or do, always try to remember that I love you. I know it may be hard to believe sometimes, but just the same it is true. You know, Darling; I can't even figure myself out at times. So I could hardly blame you if you don't understand me or some of the things I do. However you will never go wrong if you just believe that I love you no matter what. All that, and I miss you, too. I kind of think the two of them go together. That is, you miss a person that you love very much when her or she is away from you.

After that last statement I think I had better quit. But no kidding, Darling, I love you, I know! I also know that it always will be that way—you see you have—

All my love always,

Eye. U. I

Betty

And more

August 2, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Got a little good news back from USAFI today concerning my GED test. I passed and got:

Tests	1	2	3	4	5
Student Score	41	58	65	60	56
U.S. Percentile	18	79	93	84	73

1. Correctness and effectiveness of expression
2. Interpretation of Reading Materials in the Social Studies
3. Interpretation of Reading Materials in the Natural Sciences
4. Interpretation of Literary Materials
5. General Mathematical Ability

Kinda looks like I didn't do so hot on number one. All the rest are pretty high considering the fact that I'm no brain but just an average guy who's trying to get along. But the important thing is that I passed, and so at least I'm on my way towards that diploma. Maybe one of these days I'll get it.

As usual, lots of nothing happened today. We had three hours on the Atom Bomb this morning, consisting mostly of movies. It showed what the bomb did to Nagasaki and Hiroshima and also dealt with defense against the thing. We're going back tomorrow to learn a little more about it.

I also did something very unusual today. I went to sick call. I got a little bit of Athletics Foot that I've had for years, but it kinda looks like it was spreading, so I decided to do something about it. They put some purple stuff on it and gave me a box of foot powder, told me to wash my feet before I went to bed and to put powder on my feet in the morning, afternoon and at bedtime. I'm also to change my socks at noon. Besides

the purple stuff and changing my socks at noon, I'm doing all of the above. It's a pain, but I guess they know what they're doing, and I've got everything to gain and nothing to lose from following their instructions.

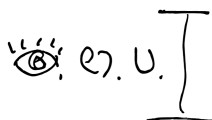
Well, my dearest, it's late and I've got my feet to wash, so I'll sign off for now.

Remember to KC,BG,GYFMLATGMBARILYVVM. I really do love you, you know.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

A handwritten signature consisting of a stylized eye symbol with radiating lines, followed by the letters 'E. U.' and a vertical line that has a horizontal bar at the top and bottom, resembling a stylized 'I' or a signature flourish.

Dear Bob,

What I am going to write about today, I don't know. Nothing happened. Right now I am listening to "Drag Net" about a "bad cop." He got caught, as they always do.

I don't know what was wrong with me today. I was sleepy all day.

My parents are going away this weekend and will leave me all alone again. Mary is going to stay with Nancy. Mother and Dad are going up to Lake Arrowhead. Then, of course, good old Chet is up in Santa Barbara. Maybe I'll get one of my girlfriends to spend the weekend with me. I can't stand my own company for some reason. Gives me too much time to think. I just miss you more than, and I don't figure it is good for me.

I put all of our letters in order today. I should say tonight. They have gotten kind of messed up because I go through them and don't fix them. I have a whole drawer full now. Honey, do you realize that we have written each other every day for over 120 days (just a guess). I think that is pretty wonderful. It must prove something. anyway, one thing it proves is that we have used a lot of paper. Really, Darling, we must like each other a little bit to keep it up this long. Just a little bit, Honey.

You know I dreamed last night that someone killed me. Maybe it is some kind of a sign. Here I was dead, but I could hear everything everyone was saying. The only thing was that I couldn't talk. Hey,

*Darling, maybe you would like that. But then I suppose if you love me, you love my endless chatter, too. I kind of like to hear you talk. In fact I would give most anything to hear you talk now. But if I just think about it, I can. You think real hard and see if you can't hear me saying to you—I love you, Darling, more than anything else in the whole world. I miss you, Honey, but I love you enough to wait for you until you come home, no matter how long. You know you have All my love always,
Betty*

August 3, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

The Chaplin came over today and gave us a pep talk about writing letters home. He said that the fellows who didn't write home didn't know what they're missing and that we should all do it more often.

According to him, a letter should be just like a conversation with someone. So bearing in mind what he said, I'm going to write this letter the way I would talk to you if I were home.

The first thing I would do is roar up in my hotrod and screech to a stop in front of your house. Then I'd hop out, skip to the door, and ring the bell. Of course, you'd answer the door. You're always ready and waiting, and when the door opened there you would stand, as beautiful as ever.

Right then and there I'd reach over and take hold of you, and, pulling you close, I'd raise your chin and then I'd kiss you. Your arms would be tight around my neck and you'd hold tight, and each of us would enjoy each other's nearness and our love for one another.

Then while you got your coat, I'd pay my respects to your mother and Father and pat your kid sister on the head and annoy her by calling her "Red." Then you'd come dancing out of your room, with that big smile of yours that raises those dimples of yours.

Out the door and down the walk we'd go, with your mother's voice following us saying, "Now don't be too late." I'd open your door, being the perfect gentleman that I am, and would probably slam it on your hand, and then I'd hop in on the other side and we'd be off.

Then I'd put my arm around you, and you'd snuggle up, and I'd kiss you again and ask you where you wanted to go. Of course you'd say, "Anyplace you want is O.K. with me." And so we'd be right back where we started. Of course, I'd have to coax it out of you because if we went where I wanted to go, you'd just sit and pout the rest of the evening.

But I'd coax you, and you would pick some stinker of a picture to see. Well, we'd go and after we got in and got settled, I'd put my arm around you and you'd snuggle up once again and I'd be happy, lousy movie and all, because I was with you.

After the show we'd stop off at Bob's or some other place and grab a

midnight snack, and afterwards maybe we'd drive to our spot and stop for a while.

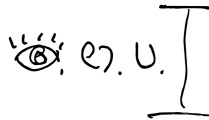
Then I'd take you home. I'd walk you to the door and take you in my arms and tell you how very much I love you and how much you mean to me.

Then I'd kiss you and you'd kiss me, and I'd kiss you and you'd kiss me, and I'd tell you how much I love you and you'd tell me how much you love me, and then we'd kiss goodnight, and I'd say "I'll see you tomorrow."

You'd go in, and I'd stroll out to the car and head for home, and I'd say to myself "Betty's a wonderful girl, and you're a lucky fellow..."

Bob

XXXXX



Dear Bob,

We are having a gab session. I told you my folks are away for the weekend. So Carol and Doris are spending the night with me.

Now it is the next day. Lunch time to be exact. Dumb Carol and Doris kept me up all night, so I didn't get a chance to finish this. If you can read this you'll be doing good. There is no place to write. We are over at the park. I always eat over here with about 10 girls. Ros, the girl I always work with, is sitting over there trying to sing. It is real strange—everyone says Ros and I look just alike. In fact, sometime people call me Ros and Ros, Betty. We have a swell time all day, talking and singing.

Your mother called this morning before I went to work. She was worried because she hadn't heard from you. But I assured her you were still living. We are going bowling again on Sunday and out to dinner.

You know, Darling, this is a hard letter to write. Everyone is talking to me. Doris keeps asking me questions. There are so many conversations going on around here.

I had better tell you I love you and end this. Every one is starting back now.

I love you and all that, but it's true. Remember you have

All my love always,

Betty

August 4, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Seems like I'm writing my letters all over the place now days. Tonight's letter is being written in the theater, the occasion being that one of those "blue moon" stage shows came today. It starts at 8:30 PM, and beforehand they show the feature. "Lullaby to Broadway," (I think we saw it at the Warner's) is playing, and seeing as how I had a ticket from last night I thought I'd pull a fast one and see the picture again and have a super seat for the show. Got a pretty good seat, too. I'm in the sixth row, fourth seat center. Maybe I'll be able to hear this one.

Tomorrow marks the beginning of an awful five weeks. Bright and early tomorrow morning we board trucks and head back to Ojojaharra to run some Regimental problems. There is a strong rumor that it won't last five weeks. I sure hope so. It's too dog-gone hot down there. You remember how many we lost last week.

Did I tell you about Spohn? If I didn't, he fell in a hole during a night problem and hurt his back. He must have really banged it up because I haven't seen him since they carried him away on a stretcher. Can't feel too sorry for the guy though, because he's in the Sendai Hospital, and it's really nice down there.

Read in the paper tonight that there's a bill before congress to pass a G.I. Bill for schooling. It's a month for a month, and so if they let me out tomorrow, I'd have 11 free months coming. That is, if they pass it and it applies to me. It may be only for men who fought in Korea, but our First Sergeant believes that it will cover everyone. At any rate, if it works out it's a good deal. And it would sure help out, wouldn't it?

Right now there's a riot going on in here. One of the girls from the show just walked in and asked if there's an extra seat in the house? You should have heard the guys yell. But me, I'm writing to you. Ha. Ha.

As usual lots of nothing happened. Went out and played a little ball this afternoon, and worked on my USAFI for the rest of the day. Then too, I've managed to squeeze in some letter writing.

You know I'm beginning to believe that the Government is against me. Every time something comes up about going home, it doesn't affect

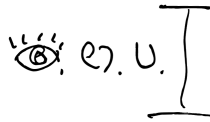
me in the least. First they come out with all N.G. with 3 years Guard time, plus 1 year of Federal time will be let out. My time is up January 24, 1953. Then all Veterans will be released after 17 months. I'm not a vet. And now they have a rotation plan. You need 24 points, and I've got somewhere around 7. As it looks now, it's going to be a long, cold winter. But I've got a HUNCH; I'll be home for Christmas.

KC,BG,GYFML,ATGMB and remember I love you with all my heart and always will. At least I will forever.

All my love always,
(and I really mean it)

Bob

XXXXXXXX



(for August 4)

Dear Bob,

This is for last night. You know how it is when you get to talking and forget the time. Anyway, I figure that no harm is done if I write you 2 letters today. I can't find that dumb pen of mine. It is never around when I want it.

I didn't do anything yesterday but work.

My Sister is going to kill me. She will never believe me. You'll tell her I told the truth, won't you, Honey? Anyway, I came home from work and there were four letters in the mailbox all from you. I just took it for granted they were for me. I don't know why I didn't notice who they were addressed to. I looked at the postmarks. anyway, I didn't discover it was for Mary until I opened it. I get so mad when she reads my letters. I can just see her now. Of course, I really don't blame her. But then after all—whose boyfriend are you, any way?

Doris is playing the piano. You know, Darling, she never has had a lesson and she can play real good, just anything.

Honey, about O.C.S.; anything you want is fine with me. I told you that. I really didn't like the idea, to tell the truth. But everyone thought it would be best. As long as you have made up your mind, Darling, and it is what you want. Don't let anyone talk you into it.

Then I guess I don't need to tell you that. You know more about it than we do, and I feel anything you say is all right with me, and that it will be the best for both of us.

Darling, don't ever think I am looking for an out about us. In the first place, I don't feel that I need an out if I change my mind, which will never happen, so why bother to talk about it.

You know, Darling, I started this letter at 10:00 this morning and here it is 3:00 in the afternoon. So I think it is about time to stop. I couldn't end any letter without telling you how much I love you. Darling, I really do. I sure think I am lucky to have such a wonderful man in love with me.

*All my love always,
Betty*

August 5, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, baby here I am out in the field again, and since this is the first day out and I've got a lot of work to do, this is going to be a shortie.

Now listen, Honey, I may miss once or twice in the next couple of weeks, and if I do please keep in mind that I'm going to be a mighty busy lad for a little while.

The show turned out to be pretty good last night. It had a lot of laughs in it and really helped to lift the strain of things.

Spohn came back today. They say he's O.K. and all set for everything. Says he's been getting heat treatments and rubdowns. Guess it was a torn ligament or something.

I'm sending your letter on a little early this time, and the rest of your letters will be returned along with my letters because it's pretty hard to keep care of them out here.

You'll also find in the package some photos of the boys and a picture of you. One of the boys in my squad took it off of that picture you gave me before I left. It isn't good, but I thought you might like to see it. Put the signed picture in the scrapbook and give the others to Mom and Sis.

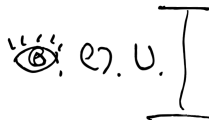
Well, Honey, it hasn't been much, but duty calls.

BG, KC, GYFML and TGMB and remember I love you with all my heart and always will.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

A hand-drawn signature that appears to be "Bob" with a stylized eye-like symbol above the first letter and a vertical line extending downwards from the end.

Dear Bob,

Honey, do you still have the cold that you had when you were home? I either have a cold or hay fever. Probably hay fever because of the dust down where I work.

Tonight I went, shall we say bowling, with your mother. Every time

I think I get worse, and I just didn't feel much like bowling anyway. Then we went and had a Spanish dinner, and afterwards we went to your house and baked you some cookies. I ate about half of the saltwater taffy your mother had bought for you. But just look at it this way, it made the candy so much sweeter. So I figure you wouldn't mind.

As you can see, I found my pen. That is, Carol did. It was on the floor right next to my bed.

That sure was a surprise about Hannah getting, or should I say going to get, married. I didn't even know she went out with boys. I hear it is going to be a small wedding. You know, Darling, that sometimes I wish I didn't want a big wedding; it would be so much easier. But I do, so that's that. Of course, after all this talking about a big wedding you will probably come home on a pass or something and want to get married, and we wouldn't have the time to plan a big wedding. I guess we will just have to wait and see.

You know about opening the letter you wrote to Mary. She wasn't even mad. I think the girl is sick. But then she spent the weekend with Nancy. Maybe she was too tired to know any better. Talking about tired, that's me. So I guess I had better end this for now.

From what your mother says, you are going camping for five weeks. Well, Honey, have a good time playing all those games. Remember I love you very much and you know, or should know by this time, you have

*All my love always,
Betty*

August 6, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

So you went out and got yourself a new job. One thing I can say for it, it's a good company to work for.

We use to have a fellow in the outfit by the name of Lacy. He was a pretty good boy, too. Volunteered for Korea and all that. At any rate, he swears by Sears, says there never was or never will be a company that treats its help so well. So judging from what he said and from things I've heard from other sources, it's a good deal.

At least it's a good deal as long as you're happy. To me, that's what matters.

Lots of nothing happened today. Just laid around and wrote letters and studied USAFI.

We, the Squad Leaders, did have a meeting today. The Colonel was there, and the 1st and 3rd Battalion commanders who just got back from Korea talked to us about what's going on. Turned out to be pretty interesting. Some day when I come home I'll tell you all about it.

Word also came in today that the Reds had assured the U.N. that armed troops wouldn't enter the talk area again. Guess maybe they'll start the talks again.

Well, baby, that's all the news except that I love you very, very much and always will. In fact, I think it would be a lot easier on me if I had never met you.

But those four short months we had together is well worth all this I'm going through now. But I'm still kicking myself for not wakening up sooner. Oh Well, they say love is blind. BG, KC, GYFML and TGMB.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

⊙ e. u. |

Dear Bob,

Look, Darling, Mother got me some different stationery. Don't mind this letter if it sounds a little nuts. I still don't know whether I know what I am doing or not. I know Doris thinks I am nuts. I was real tired, so after dinner I went to sleep. I heard the phone ring, and somehow I thought it was tomorrow morning. It was Doris. I bawled her out for calling so early. Why it wasn't even light outdoors! I finally had to go look at the clock to see what time it was. After saying a few more dumb things she gave up and let me go back to sleep. Then Mother woke me up and I took a bath, and Mother put up my hair. But I still am not sure if I am awake.

I am so mad at myself. This dumb hay fever. It is the dust down where I work. I am going to have to quit if this keeps up. They gave us our days off today. I was lucky and got Saturday off.

I don't just "got a hunch," I know we are going to have a wonderful life together.

I think it proves a lot that we still love each other as much, although we are far apart, as we did before. Being apart is the hardest test you can put your love to. I know the old saying "absence makes the heart grow fonder," but that is not all of it. They so often forget to add the ending "for somebody else." But not this girl. I'll still love you as much a year from now if I have to wait that long. Which I hope and pray that I won't. Really, Darling, I am tired and should end this. You know how much I love you. Be good and don't get into any unnecessary trouble. What ever you do, be careful and don't go and get yourself hurt or anything.

You have—

All my love always,
Betty

August 7, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

You know, you little boob, sometimes you get me worried. Now what's all this nonsense about Jean Cartier and who is she?

I gather from your letter (that by the way, didn't give me any idea of what you were referring to) that this Cartier character said something that bothered you so much that now you're not sure if you love me.

I'm sending your letter back with this one, so you can check it out and try to understand what I pictured when I read it.

And remember this. A marriage can't exist without happiness, and happiness can't be obtained without trust.

So until you write me and tell me what this is all about—believe in me! After all, a man is innocent until proved guilty.

And another thing, I didn't like the way you finished your letter.

Betty, I'm a guy that goes all out in everything I do. I try to be just as good and play just as square as I can. And it hurts when you say you're not sure you love me anymore just because of the remarks of a single person.

And I'm not any too sure, that if your love for me isn't any stronger than that, that we're a good match. I need a gal who will stick by me. I think that you're that kind! But ask yourself—what kind are you?

Now don't get me wrong. If a question arises, let's have it. But don't throw me aside before I get a chance to explain. Give me the details and I'll answer the best I can. If it's true, I'll tell you so, but what ever it is, it can't be bad enough for you to doubt my love for you, unless she told you a whopper. I'm not that kind, and my question to you is "what kind of a person do you believe me to be?" How about giving me the benefit of doubt and sticking up for me. After all we're on the same side, aren't we?

Well, Honey, it's lunch time and so I've got to run. BGKCGYFMLATGMB and remember I love you very, very much.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

Eye. E. U. |

Dear Bob,

Darling, I got the letter today where you said you were going to Korea the 5th of September. I can't say I was surprised. I guess I expected it ever since I heard you were going to Japan. I know you are not there yet and maybe you won't even go.

Darling I can't say I won't worry. I wouldn't love you if I didn't, and I do love you. I won't tell you to be careful, I know you will. What you are fighting for is right, it is something that must be done. I pray for you and I know at least a dozen others that also do, that is all that I can do. With God's help I know you will come back to me in body just as you left. I couldn't ask that you come back in mind the same as when you left. We all change, we learn new things, etc. If you should happen not to come back, I would never forget you, and the only reason I would go on is because I know that is what you would want me to do. I don't even want to think about it, but we all have to face facts. However I know that nothing will happen to you and that you will be home in a short while. Let's not even mention the worst again Darling, because I believe that what we believe will happen has a lot to do with what happens. I pray that you won't have to go through the awful mess that war is, and that the Truce does go through and you won't have to face combat. This horrible war has to end sometime.

In ending, I just want you to remember that there is a girl back home—your girl—and she love you and wants you more than anything else. Also remember no matter how you come home that I love and want you to marry me and want us to live the rest of our lives together. I want your joys to be mine and your troubles to be my troubles. It will never be any other way. Just remember that —and believe it as I do

All my love always,
Betty

August 8, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Got to get this one off quick because daylight is fading fast. At 4:00 AM tomorrow we start the attack. That means we'll be up by 2:00 AM, and it will still be too dark at that time to write the letter.

We've been on the move since noon. We got on trucks and rode until 4:00 PM, and then we hoofed it up here. It's now 20 minutes after 8:00 PM; it's been quite a little jaunt.

There's never much news after a hike because it's all walking and thinking.

You never see anything new. It's all the same; rice paddies, mud houses and dusty roads. Of course, I forgot about the hot sun and no water. Boy what a country.

I'm still worried about this Jean Carter business. I asked Charlie Bell and Tom Arrietta if they knew her. Tom didn't, but the name struck a bell with Charlie. I can't see now, and I switched to pencil because I wasn't sure if I had ink.

At any rate, Honey, I'd better close for now. Before I write something I can't see. Ha Ha.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG and remember I love you very, very much.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

⊙. U.]

Dear Bob,

See if you can find me in the picture. They took it the other day at work. Darling guess who works down there with me. I was just supposed to say "remember Darlene and Janet "Willy." They said you would know who I mean without last names. But just in case you don't, here is some more information. You use to go with Darlene three years ago. Janet is real small, only weighs about 85lbs. They

were both in the DAP's and went to North Hollywood High School. Now you should know. I think they are both real terrific. I think Darlene is real cute.

It was real awful. Ros stepped on a nail today at work. I think it made me sicker than it did her. She had to go to the Doctors and get all these shots.

Darling I thought that letter you wrote about a date with me was real nice except I resent the sentence when we were trying to decide where to go and your wrote "if we went where I wanted to go you'd just sit and pout the rest of the evening." I think that is very unfair to say. I never once sat and pouted, so there! You must admit that most of the time you decided where to go. Of course I wanted to go there too. Someday I will write you a letter on how I looked at our dates.

Sorry to hear about your feet Honey. I hope the purple stuff made them better.

Honey do you want to know something? I love you. Sounds familiar doesn't it. At least it should by now. After all I bet I have told you that for the last, Well, it be eight months tomorrow? I bet I have told you I love you thousands and thousands of times, and thought it millions of other times. Darling you know I think about you every minute of the day. You might say I eat, work, play, talk, think, and sleep Bob. No kidding Honey, sometimes I wonder what I would think about if I didn't love you. Oh Well, it doesn't worry me because I love you too much and guess I always will—

All my love always,
Betty

August 9, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Still out in the field, and boy what a night last night was.

We moved into the woods about 7:00 last night and set up a perimeter defense. Then around 8:30 some body decided we needed a listening post to the front. Guess who they picked? That's right! Well, anyway, I got my squad together and we started up the hill. Poor old Panzer was laying the wire for our phone and I was breaking the trail (mostly with my face).

We came to a ditch about half way up, and I stopped the squad. Then I had Yorch hang on to me, and with one foot on the bank I tried to find the other side with my other foot. But before I could find it, the ground under my anchor foot gave way and down I went. It was only about three or four feet deep but was filled with mud and water.

At any rate, I found a place to go up on the other side and started up the hill. The only trouble was that I only had two of my squad members with me. Bear in mind that the bush was thick and way over our heads. About half way up the hill I stopped and took a compass reading and it was here that I missed the rest of the boys. Spohn, a new replacement, was the last man, and he didn't tell me the others had dropped out. "Didn't think it was important," he said.

Well, the only thing left to do was to go find them. So I told Yorch not to move, and I took off. I found them back at the ditch. You should have seen those big babies climbing down and out of that ditch. They acted like they had never seen a ditch in their lives. If I didn't know better, I'd have sworn that they thought they were crossing the Grand Canyon.

Boy I sure blew my top. Then I took them by the hand and one by one got them going. We found Yorch, and yep you guessed it, he'd moved. But I didn't know it at the time. So we started out, and instead of going up the hill, we were moving along the side. Dumbbell me didn't notice it, but Bolt, my BAR (Browning Automatic Rifle) man, came to the rescue. I checked the reading and we were quite a bit off, so we cut up at an angle.

Now here is the one that takes the cake. Alliga had stopped to take a number two and no one knew it. They tell me they could hear me scream all the way down to the Assembly Area.

However we got together and finally made the top of the hill. Then we set up in two-men teams and took turns working an hour on and an hour off. Nothing much happened except a patrol from George Company came wandering through the area, and a lot of flares were shot off by the Aggressors. Then at 4:30, down the hill we came with no trouble whatsoever, and hit our lines at 5:00 AM.

Well, baby, that is an example of a typical night. Of course, the bushes and mosquito bites were left out, not to mention the kink in my back that was caused by sleeping on a branch all night.

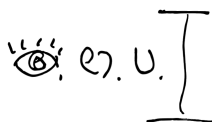
But I'm helping our Uncle Sam and I'm helping to protect you by going through all this. But next time, I'm joining the Navy.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG and remember I love you very, very much and always will.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX



E. U.

Dear Bob,

Hello Darling. Your mother just called and said that Claudia had gotten a letter from you dated the 3rd of August where you said you weren't going to Korea. Darling, I think that is wonderful. Maybe you will get to come home, who knows. I know it made your mother feel so much better. We went bowling tonight. Your dad is teaching me how to be a better bowler. Tonight was the first lesson. I wasn't use to the new way so I didn't do so well. I have to have some excuse. But no kidding, I think it will be better when I get on to it. I am going to Santa Barbara tomorrow for the weekend, so I won't go bowling with your mother again until Monday.

Darling, it was only funny today at noon. This man sold Doris and Carol this silverware. He came over to the park where we were eating. He said that if he ever ran into a bunch of girls like us again he would resign. He sat on a banana peel. We told him all this stuff. I told him I was married. And do you know what he said? He said, "Lady, I feel sorry for your poor husband. Or for any of you girls' boyfriends." But I told him that you never let me talk. That is why I

talked so much. The poor man, I think he was about crazy when he left.

I feel real good about your not having to go to Korea. I love you so much, Darling, and just the thought of you getting just a scratch— Well, anyway, it isn't good. I'd give anything if you could just come home. I guess you would kind of like it, too. I should have gone to bed an hour ago. You know I have to get up early. I love you, Honey, more than you think.

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. I can't even address a letter right side up, so you can see it was good that I quit when I did—

August 10, 1951

(First Letter)

My Dearest Betty,

Now you're sounding like my Betty again. For a while you had me a little worried, and believe it or not, it bothered me for those two days between letters. And Honey, what a two days they were.

You got the full report on the first day, and it was pretty rough, but the second day took the cake.

We started out right after lunch and scaled a mountain for about a mile until we reached the LD (Line of Departure). It took us about two hours, and so at three o'clock we jumped off. From here on out, it was over mountains, down mountains and up and over again.

It was a stinker of a hot day, and if it hadn't been for a couple of streams and Halazone tablets, very few of us would have made it.

Anyhoo, we kept going over hill and dale until light this morning. We even missed out on dinner. Boy, you should have heard the boys scream. And to tell the truth I wasn't any too happy about it either. But in general it worked out pretty well.

Now here's some news. Tomorrow at 9 AM I leave from here and go to Sendai to the 40th Replacement Company. I'll be there until Sunday, and then I catch a train for Fugi Yama and the 224th Infantry Regiment.

I'm going to be an umpire on their Battalion problem. An umpire is a fella with a white armband who runs around and controls the problem with a couple of flags and a radio.

It's hard work, but it can't be any worse than what we've been going through up here. In addition, it will be a change, and I should get a couple of passes to Tokyo. I'll be back somewhere around the 23rd. I'll get more information tomorrow and I'll let you know.

Gotta go now, Honey, and so until tomorrow, I'll sign off KCBGGMLTYFAMBTG and remind you that I love you very very much and always will.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXX

P.S. Let's have the details on Cartier

August 10, 1951 (Second Letter)

My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling, today I started my adventure to Mt. Fuji, and so far it's been very nice.

We started from Ojoja Harria around 10:00 this morning and arrived at Camp Schemmelfenning around 1:00 PM. The camp is just outside Sendai. Right now I'm being quartered at the 40th Replacement Company, and so far I've been treated very nicely. No one has asked me to do a thing.

I also met an old school chum of Chet's and mine. His name is Byers, and he was the one that got me to join the ROTC. You see you have a lot to thank him for because, if I hadn't joined the ROTC, I probably wouldn't have met your brother and then you.

I met Don in the Guard. When he got out of High School in June of '50 he joined the Army. At the time he was a Sergeant in the Guard and now, with eight months of fighting time in Korea, he's a P.F.C. It's not that he isn't good, it's just that in a Regular Army unit (he's in the Second Division) it's harder to make rank.

At any rate, he got hurt over there and was in Japan when we came over. So to make a long story short, he asked for a transfer to my outfit, Fox Company, and got it. Guess he'll be coming down after Ojo.

He's a 20-year man, and although he has more than enough points to go home, he's staying. Says he likes Japan. Brother, he can have it.

I'm not sure when we'll leave for Fuji. If we go tomorrow, we'll spend Sunday in Tokyo. If not, we go directly to Camp Drake.

The food is good here. Best I've eaten in a long while. Of course, I'm talking one meal. Things could get worse. But I sure hope I'm treated this well from now on. Maybe I'll be lucky. Always have been. Got a girl like you, haven't I?

Well, baby that's enough for tonight. I'll get you another one tomorrow. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG and remember that I love you with all my heart and always will.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXX

P.S. No Change of Address

⊙. U.]

Dear Bob,

Well, here I am up in Santa Barbara. I took the bus up; the folks are coming up tomorrow afternoon. Right now we are listening to the baseball game.

Do you know what my dumb brother did the other day? Anyway, you know my Grandparent's old Ford. Now it belongs to Chester. He was down at the breakwater and the gears locked. The only way the car would go was backwards. So he drove the car all the way from the breakwater to my Grandparents in reverse. I always knew Chet was crazy, but things like that are just too much. Heaven only knows what he is doing now.

I didn't do anything today except work. Oh yes, I did buy a new pair of slacks and a skirt. I haven't gotten a letter for 3 days, so you can see there isn't anything to say.

Vickie went back east today. I told her I would write her every day, and she laughed and said I wouldn't, so I am just going to show her. I would write more if I had more to say but I don't, so I think it would be a good idea if I quit for the day. Of course, I couldn't end this without saying I love you. So I'll say it—I love you, Darling and send you—

All my love always,
Betty

August 11, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

It's still early and there's no news, but I thought I'd better get your daily started before something happens that would press me for time.

About the only newsworthy item is that Don and I went to the show last night and then played a little Bingo at the Service Club.

The show was fair; Humphrey Bogart was in it and your old dad was mighty lucky at Bingo. Won twice, I did. The prize was three packages of cigarettes, and you know I don't smoke. Why can't I ever win a prize I can use?

The camp up here, Shimellfinning, is real nice. Their theater is twice as large as ours, as is their snack bar.

The Service Club is three times larger and they have a roller rink. I haven't seen anything else, but this camp is real nice.

But Younghans isn't bad and we could sure do a lot worse, so who's complaining. I wonder what Drake is like?

You know I sure hope that Riddle is on the ball and hurries my mail up to me. I miss your letter already. But I should get a bushel full on Monday or Tuesday. Half a bushel from you, I hope.

Well, Honey, there's no news and it's nearing lunchtime, so I guess I'll wind things up for now.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG and remember I love you with all my heart and always will.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXX

⊙. U.]

Dear Bob,

I am still up in Santa Barbara. The weather was terrible so I didn't even go down to the beach. Chet and one of his friends are out working on the boat. I was out helping them, helping get me; I was

sitting on the boat. Anyway, the part began to get rough, if you know what I mean, so I came in. Right now my Grandfather is insulting me, Honey. Because I insulted him by saying that a lot of carpenters were bums. Being that he is a carpenter, I am afraid he didn't like it very well.

Aunt Inez just came in. She took the bus up from Bakersfield. Everyone is saying hello, etc. I am dying to find out what you wrote and told her. I can just imagine.

Mother brought up the mail. I got an invitation to Hannah's wedding August 18. I am sure glad I have Saturday off so I can go. I also got a letter from you.

Darling, if your Captain said you weren't going to Korea why the @#%#@&*# —Well, anyway, why didn't you write and tell me? Fine thing you write and tell your Sister, I suppose you think she cares more. I won't say anymore because maybe Claudia just told your mother that. I sure hope not. But then I don't figure Claudia would do that, then maybe I am wrong.

Darling, I am going to end this so I can go down and mail it. I haven't mailed yesterday's letter yet so Aunt Inez is going to take me down.

I love you, Darling, more than you think. I hope that hunch of yours is right and that you are home for Christmas.

All my love always,
Betty

August 12, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Yum! Yum! Were those cookies good! In fact, I've changed my mind about having children. If we have them, I'll have to share your cookies with them. So, no kids.

Speaking of kids, do you remember that I said that our first one was going to be a girl and you said a boy? Well, sorry kiddo, you've nothing to say about it. Just read the enclosed article.

I went out with the boys and did the town yesterday. Byers and Bob Smith and two other fellows from Van Nuys got together and had an Alumni meeting. We went into Sendai and clattered up and down the streets in Rickshaws. Saw a lot of interesting sights, and I really found a treasure. It's a Regimental Crest, and they're as hard to find as gold. I've been looking for one for a long time so that I could give it to you—and now the time has arrived. Be proud of it because it's the crest of a crack outfit (all of us are all a little cracked).

The crown on top stands for the royal town of Pasadena, which is where our Regimental Headquarters is located. The white seven is for the seven cities that make up the Regiment, the sun is for the 40th and the bear is for California. Siempre Adelante means "always forward" and is the Regimental motto, and blue and gold are the colors of the infantry. Now if anyone asks you, you can tell them all about it. There are those, however, who think we should change our motto to Siempre Bivouac, add red for the blood of our comrades, and have the white stand for purity (we have the highest V.D. rate in the Division).

Byers is a handy guy to have around because he knows the language. He says that his Japanese girlfriend taught it to him. I wonder how much it would cost for a couple of lessons. Anyway, after riding around town we went to the Club National and had dinner. Then we scampered for home.

Well, Honey, tonight we leave for Camp Drake, and I've got some packing to do. I won't answer Mary's letter because she is in Canada now, but I'll answer her next one. Explain that to her, will you?

Thanks again for the cookies, but most of all thanks for falling for a guy like me.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG and remember I love you with all my heart and
always will.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

August 13, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, they went to work and changed my orders, and so instead of going to Camp Drake to umpire the 224th I'm headed for Camp McNair to ump the 160th. The only difference is a layover in Tokyo, and that's where I am now, Tokyo.

They put us up with GHQ, and believe me, we're really living. At 1:15 p.m. we're off for a sightseeing trip, and since we leave for McNair at 9:15 tomorrow morning we're planning to make the best of the coming hours.

Not much has happened in the past 24 hours except the train trip from Sendai to here, and that was during the night and I slept all the way. We even had sleepers.

We got in around 6:00 a.m. and saw some of the city and had breakfast. Speaking of breakfast, I sure like the prices around here. I had two hotcakes, a slice of Spam, cereal, sliced oranges, tomato juice and coffee for a dime. Of course the government pays for the balance.

I also picked up some post cards for our scrapbook and of course I'm sending them to the most wonderful girl in the world.

Well, baby, I know this is short but that tour is waiting and if I don't hurry I'll miss it. Maybe I'll write again tonight.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG and remember I love you very, very much and always will.

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
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I love you. I wouldn't say that to anyone but you, so I figured I could be different for once and leave off the heading. You want to know something else too, Darling? Well, you are going to read it anyway—I miss you something terrible—much worse, much worse.

Nothing much happened today, I just did the usual, you ought to know what this is by now. In case you don't, I'll tell you again — think of you, and dream of the past as well as the future. I don't even have a letter to answer, so you can see I am really hard up for something to say. I could write you a mussy love letter, but some people may think all my letters are that way. So even that wouldn't be anything different.

How is your little camping trip? And all those nice games? Or maybe you aren't camping now.

I was going bowling tonight with your mother, but she was a little tired and so we are going tomorrow night.

I don't think I told you I went sailing yesterday. I got a big bruise on my shin. The wind was blowing real hard, and I bumped it on the center board getting to the other side when Chet "came about." It was lots of fun. I love it when it is real windy. Chet is going to sail in the International this week. Cliff Horn is going to crew for him.

Well, Darling, I took up a lot of space and didn't really say anything but that which you already knew. Although you know it I'll just say I love you once again and goodbye until tomorrow night—

*All my love always,
Betty*

August 14, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

This Camp McNair is for the birds. All it consists of are tents and a few huts here and there which act as mess halls, shower rooms and headquarters.

I've been put in the 3rd Battalion Headquarters Company, and in case you come up to see me it's the third tent down from the supply room, But I really can't complain because it's actually in a pretty good location. The mess hall is right across the street and the shower room is right in back of it.

I'm also pretty close to the men's room, which is a hole in the ground with a tent around it. It's in a field about 200 yards from my tent. If I wake up suddenly at night, I'm ruined.

But the guys to feel sorry for are the ones who call this place home. They haven't even got a service club up here. However, they've only been here for two weeks, and come September the Division is going somewhere. No one really knows where, but everyone fears it's Korea but hopes that it's home. I sure hope that star I keep wishing on comes through.

Even though the camp is in bad shape, the country is beautiful. It's built right at the base of Mt. Fuji, and the dog-gone-thing towers over everything around here. Tomorrow we're going out and getting acquainted with the terrain, and so I'll let you know more about it later.

Our stay in Tokyo was very nice. We went on that sight seeing trip, and afterwards went down to the Ernie Pyle Theater and saw that new "Francis" picture—you know the one about the talking mule.

Then we went to a Japanese beer hall, and Don and Cliff had a couple while I polished off a cider. The cider over here is pretty good and tastes something like our 7up. After that we ate at the G.H.O. snack bar and headed for home. The next morning we caught the train, transferred a couple of times, and here we are.

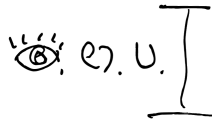
Honey, I'm feeling pretty lousy, so please excuse this bad letter. I'll try to do better tomorrow. Just bear in mind that I love you with all my

heart and that I always will. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

First thing I am going to say is I'm sorry, Darling. Sometimes you have a pretty dumb girlfriend. I am trying to get over it but when I'm hurt I try to hurt someone back. I know two wrongs don't make a right and I don't need a lecture on it. I know it is not right, and as I said before I am trying to get over it.

I guess that maybe I had better start from the beginning. It, as you have probably guessed by now, is about this Jean Cartier deal. It all started when we were eating lunch. Some of the girls were looking at the pictures in my wallet. Of course yours was in there. I told them I was going with you, etc. Jean said she knew you and didn't especially care for you. I asked her why. She said she went out with you once. I asked, "Oh, when was this?" She admitted that you just took her home from a dance, just after you broke up with Freddy. She said you didn't act much like a gentleman and if it weren't for her a lot would have happened.

She also said that she promised you that she wouldn't tell anyone. About then, it was time to go back to work. I didn't even ask her what you did. I mentioned it to Ros and she said to forget it and whatever I did, not to say anything to Jean. A few minutes later Jean came over to where we were working and brought it up again. Every time I opened my mouth to say something Ros kicked me. So after about 10 minutes, Jean kept saying she couldn't tell me, because she had promised not to. I know she was just trying to get me to ask her. I know she would have told me if I had, so I just didn't say anything but sat there and marked. Finally, after Jean said again that she couldn't tell me, Ros said "We didn't bring it up; in fact neither of us is interested." She didn't come right out and say anything but hinted at the worse. Finally after about a half hour she said Skip, that's the

guy she goes with, was so mad when she told him that he said he was he was going to beat you up. That did it, this time Ros didn't even kick me. I didn't show her I was mad. I just said in the first place Jean, 10 Skip's couldn't beat up Bob, and in the second place I don't believe a word you said. I know Bob, and I don't believe you. She said, "You don't have to. I was just trying to tell you." I said that she didn't need to tell me anything else because I didn't believe her anyway.

I have never spoken to her about it again. Honest, Darling, I didn't believe her. I just got home and got to thinking about it. It hurt me that she would say something like that. I don't know why it should because she is known for stunts like that. I was sorry after I wrote the letter and wasn't going to mail it. But when Mother sees a letter addressed to you she just takes it for granted that it is to be mailed so she goes ahead and does it.

Chet took her home from a dance one night, too, and he just can't stand her. If she ever brings it up again, believe me she will be sorry she did. I am not going to give her the satisfaction of knowing it even made me mad, much less made trouble for us. Because that is probably what she wanted to do! Please don't worry about it, Darling. Even if she did say anything, no one would believe her. I think she is off her beam anyway.

Darling, as always I sure do I loved you. I have never doubted that. I just got to thinking and I have a big imagination. She is the kind of girl that a guy could get anything from and Well, —it doesn't matter. What foolish thoughts I had. I didn't really believe any of them, but, it's hard with you so far away.

You have questioned me before. Even after I swore that nothing had happened between me and Johnny you still questioned me, so I figured; I don't believe it but why not ask him. I know I didn't do it in a very nice way, but as I said before I get that way sometimes. Good thing that I wrote all that time to Johnny or you probably would be getting letters like that all the time. Johnny did, but he still loved me. I guess I just have to get out of the habit of doing things like that.

Don't get me wrong, I am not mad about your letter. I deserved

everything you said. I know when I am wrong. As to what kind of girl I am, I am afraid I don't know. I am just a girl that loves you very much, and if you can't love me the way I am, then I'm afraid you had better find someone else. But please don't, Darling, because I really do love you and I didn't doubt you or doubt my love for you.

All I can say is I am sorry that I hurt you, really I am, Darling. It made me feel real bad because I can imagine how I would feel if I received the kind of letter I wrote to you. Please don't worry about it, Darling, I don't doubt you and never really did. I trust you more than I do myself. I don't need any explanation because I really feel that there isn't one—because there is nothing to explain. I hope you understand, Darling; it is hard to write about something like this, and as you see, it has taken a whole book already. Try to understand, Darling. I am not making any excuses for myself, but how would you feel if someone came up and said that to you. You may not believe it; but I know you would ask me about it. If I was really grown up about it I would have forgotten it, but I didn't and I'll say again I am sorry. I hope you aren't mad at me because I do love you, Darling. If I should lose you, I don't know what I would do,

Always try to remember I love you no matter what. If you think back I think you will remember me warning you about the possibility of my writing these kinds of letters to you. Maybe you don't know me so well after all. You know it still isn't too late. You can change your mind. Just don't worry about me changing mine. I mean it when I say—

*All my love always,
Betty*

August 14, 1951 (Second)

Dear Bob,

Ran out of stationary again, Honey. Honey, sometimes I think you are crazy, other times I know it. I got a telegram today. Tell me, Darling, just what were your thoughts behind sending it? Don't get me wrong, Darling, I love getting telegrams from you, really. I got 5 other letters from you today also.

Didn't do anything today but work. Ros and I can't work together

anymore. It seems we talk too much. It makes us mad; we don't talk more than anyone else. It is just that we are always together, the others more or less rotate. Oh Well, it isn't so bad. The others are nice; they also played music part of the time. It is really going to be a nice store when it is finished. One of the ladies down there knows how to read handwriting. She is going to read mine for me. She will probably have it done tomorrow. I'll write and tell you what she says. I didn't know you had to go to school to be able to do that sort of thing. She went to college and took it there. It has some fancy long name.

You know, Darling, I decided to turn over a new leaf. I guess I haven't been a very good girlfriend, but don't worry, I will. Don't get worried. I haven't done anything wrong. I just think I could do better. I love you so much, Darling. You said it would be easier if you had never met me. How do you think I feel? I wouldn't give up those four wonderful months with you for anything. Also these past four months, it is wonderful to be in love and have a person love you in return. Just think, Darling, now I have two families. I have two Mothers, for your mother is just like a Mother to me. I have another Sister, heaven forbid, but at least she is an older Sister. I have another Brother in Stan and something new, a sweet little Niece in Leona and another Father, in your father. He is quiet, but I can tell he thinks as much of me as I do of him. So you see, Darling, I may have lost these last four months in my life (I don't think I have) but look at all I have gained. I love you Darling—

*All my love always,
Betty*

August 15, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Did I ever tell you that I love you? Well, in case I didn't, I'm telling you now. I love you more and more every day, and it's getting so that the only thing I think about, or live for, is you. Kinda looks like I'm in a rut, doesn't it? But one thing you can say for it, once I get home it's going to be an awful happy rut.

You know, just because I write home and crab and complain a lot doesn't mean that I'm unhappy. Because you see, I'm really a lucky guy, and I know it.

It must be because I live right, but this war hasn't hurt me near as much as it has thousands of others. After all, if it hadn't been for my being called to active duty, I might not have started up with you. So every time I start feeling sorry for myself, I just smile and remember that it could be a lot worse. Then I thank my lucky stars for you. Yes sir, I'm really a pretty lucky fellow.

In fact, when I stop to think about it, you're the kid that's getting the raw deal. I know it's not easy for you to sit back home all by your lonesome, but the reason I'm over here is to "insure" our life together.

You know as well as I do that my one great desire is to be with you. To do the things we use to do and put to work some of the things that we planned together. To go places, and to love each other, and to be together like we dreamed of. But our plans have really not changed; they've just delayed a little. And perhaps it's a good thing. At least this way we'll prove our love. If it holds up under the weight of this war, the chances are that our relationship is built on a strong foundation. A foundation that will stand through thick and thin, the kind of foundation, or team, that wins.

And the reward for the winners is happiness. Everlasting happiness together!

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXX

U. S. E.]

Dear Bob,

I am at a loss for words. Too bad you aren't here; this is one thing that is very rare. I am waiting for your mother. We are going bowling. Nothing much happened today except they moved Ros upstairs. Now there is no chance of us talking.

Just got home from your house. I made you some more cookies. Tell me, Darling, what kind do you like besides chocolate chip? You must get tired of the same kind all the time. We also went bowling. Sometimes I wonder about myself. If I bowled every day I don't think I would get any better.

This is my Mother's tablet I am writing on. I don't think I have a piece of paper to my name. You know I used up all the paper and have a million envelopes left. It sure was nice of you to send Hannah a telegram. Tell me, Darling, is there anything you don't think of? You know I sure am lucky to be in love with a man like you. At least I won't have to worry about you forgetting my birthday or something. You know if it wasn't that we always have a Christmas tree, I don't think that Dad would know that it was anywhere near that time of year. Now don't you go and change when we get married. You know, Darling, there are so many reasons that I love you. I sometimes wonder what you see in me, other than I am a girl. Oh well, I guess you are just nuts. It is just a good thing you are.

It is late, Honey. You know, work and all that. I sure do love you—

*All my love always,
Betty*

August 16, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

At last they've gotten around to telling us just what we're going to do. We had a meeting this morning, and all the information was passed along.

I'm going to umpire the 3rd platoon of I Company, and the problem starts at 1300 (1:00 PM) Sunday and ends at 0600 (6:00 PM) Thursday morning. Then the next afternoon we hop a train and head back to Ojoja Harria to ref the 233rd tests. The upshot of the whole thing is that I'm going to spend most of my time in the field rushing from one point to another.

The boys and I were hoping for a layover in Tokyo on the way back, but the way things look now it ain't going to be. But we'll keep our fingers crossed and go along with that old Army saying, "Expect the worst and hope for the best." So far we've been lucky. Maybe it'll stick with us a little longer.

Any way, like I said before, they told us all about the problem. It really looks like a fine setup, and if everything goes off right it should prove to be a darn good one.

One thing for sure, they're going to a lot of trouble to make it realistic. They even have surrender leaflets printed, one of which was picked up by my sticky fingers for the scrapbook. Also, I figured you might be interested in seeing it. I try to send all the stuff I can home because I feel it makes the letters more interesting, and it also provides some good souvenirs.

This afternoon we went out and reconed the area by foot. It took us six hours, but we did get a good picture of the situation. I think it will pay off in the long run.

Well, baby, that's all the news, and your greatest admirer is kind of sleepy right now, so if you don't mind, I'll quit and hit the sack.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG and remember I love you very, very much. Cross my heart and hope to die, I do.

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
XXXXXXX

U. S. E. I

Dear Bob,

What a mess next week is going to be. Mother and Dad are going camping. So I am staying home, but not by myself. Carol, Doris and Ros are going to keep me company off and on all week. The only thing I don't know is who is coming when. Oh Well. I know it will all work out. It should prove to be quite interesting, to say the least.

I got 3 letters from you today. Sounds like you are going to have fun with the 224th Inf Regt. At least it ought to prove to be different. How come you went?

Honey, I have been thinking. Don't get excited—I do think sometimes. Anyway, can you get China dishes over there real cheap? I think that as long as you are over there you might as well look and see. It would be nice to have them after we are married and have a home of our own. We might not be able to use them for several years, but they are quite expensive over here. Look into it and see how much they are, what it would cost to send them over here, etc. Then write and let me know the details.

Honey, just in case you don't know anything about dishes, I will tell you this much. They come in service for 4, 6, 8, 12, etc. Be sure to find out and write and tell me how many it serves as well as the price. I don't know what they have over there but you could look into it. Maybe you don't think it would be such a good idea. But as I said before, it would be something that would be nice to have later. The best kind of China, by the way, is bone China.

I didn't do much today except work. I did buy a new hat. You know, Darling, if I buy a lot of clothes now, I won't have to buy so many after we are married. That will save us money. Well, anyway, I tried. I have to have some excuse.

I said I was going to bed early tonight and it is already late, so I had better end this. Remember I love you, Darling. I miss you something terrible. I know it won't be long now before you come home to me. But to me it will seem like years and years. Be good now,

Darling, and don't get into any unnecessary trouble.

All my love always,

Betty

August 17, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, my dearest, today was just another one of those lazy old days that are so rarely seen in the Army.

It seems that we're all set to go. All the recons and briefings have been taken care of and our equipment has been distributed, and the only thing that remains is the packing and the actual running of the test.

In fact, things were so quiet around here today that the only times I've stirred from my cot is to eat and find a can of white paint to paint a one-inch band around my helmet liner. I really must say that it's a good paint job; best in the outfit, I'd say. One thing about me; I'm modest. I'll have to snap a picture of it to show it off.

Say, Honey, I haven't gotten any mail for the last five days due to movement, and I'm wondering if anything more has come up on this Jean Cartier business. You be sure to let me in on the details now, because whatever it is, I want to clear it up. I don't want my little girl to have any doubts about me. At least not those kinds of doubts.

I know you've been square with me and I want you to know I've been the same with you. Doubt isn't a good way to start a marriage. When we go down the aisle together, we're going to be sure of one another. That's the way it should be. Don't you agree?

Well, baby, "no news is good news," and so at least I've written "a good newsy letter."

You be sure and keep good care of yourself and remember I not only love you more than anything in the world, but I'm also proud to call you my girl and consider myself to be the luckiest guy around because you're mine.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

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Dear Bob,

This will have to be short because I am tired. I went shopping tonight. I always go into Newberry's to say hello to everyone. Anyway, they were 10 girls short. So when George saw me walk in the store, he came running out of the office and asked me to help them out. So I did. It was lots of fun working in the old store. I worked 2 hours and they paid me for 3. So I guess I didn't lose anything.

I am sending you my handwriting analysis. I don't think mine is much like me, but I think yours is. (Send them back).

I got my letters back today along with the pictures you sent. Darling, what do you have on your face? Or is that tan? I think I like the Japanese picture of me a little better than the other one. I don't think this one looks much like me. At least I hope not.

I think maybe I will go with my folks on the camping trip next week. I am going to call Sears tomorrow and see if they will let me off because I would really like to go.

I guess I had better say I love you and close for today.

*All my love always,
Betty*

August 18, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Gash, I sure wish that I had some exciting news to write to you about, but I'll be darn if I have.

Today, being the day before we run the problem, nobody did anything. We just all lazed around taking life easy and resting up for the coming four days.

It just started to rain and your old dad got wet fastening down the flaps of this canvas cover that someone calls a tent.

You know this is just how things always work out. We've been here for five beautiful days. Not too hot, or not too cold and no rain what so ever. But tomorrow we go to work and so for the next four days it'll rain, hail and snow like the dickens. You just can't beat the luck of the 40th Division: especially since I've been in it.

Really I just can't understand why the government was so foolish to send a California Division to a land that has so much rain. Why we're just not use to it. Everyone knows it never rains in Sunny California. But I'm told that it's a big mean world out there, so I guess I'll just have to make the best of it.

Heard a good piece of news today. At least maybe it's good. An order came down to pack up just like we did when we came over. The trucks are to be stripped down and painted with acid paint. This paint protects the vehicles from saltwater. The Supply Sergeant also has ordered waterproof crates.

At any rate it looks as though we'll be taking a boat ride in the near future. Of course the \$64.00 question is where will these boats take us. The general opinion is that they wouldn't go to all the trouble of this packing for a 36-hour trip to Korea. On the other hand why would the government send us home and we only have another year, so why would they send us to Europe?

Of course we'll probably end up in someplace that no one ever heard of, but the Army just wouldn't be the Army without these "when" and "where" questions. But one good thing about it, if you wait long enough you usually find out.

We also heard over the radio today that Governor Warren is coming over to pay us a visit. I sure hope he's bringing good news with him. At least one thing is certain. If we do go home, it's the biggest political stunt since the ousting of General Mac. But we shall seem what we shall see.

Honey I really consider it unnecessary to tell you that I love you very, very much, but since I like to hear you say it to me, I figure you like to hear it too. So I'll say I love you very, very much once again.

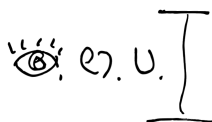
KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

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P.S. If it's Germany and I get a furlough while passing through the States, I'm going to give you a good chance to become Mrs. Robert L. Anderson. Think of the 70 bucks.



Dear Bob,

Honey, I hate to say this but I am tired again tonight. It all started this morning when I went shopping. I bought two new purses, a pair of shoes, a belt and a few other things. You can't say I never told you. I have these buying moods every once in a while.

Then just when I get home my Mother says since I always do the buying for the camping trip, even if I'm not going, I had to do it. So I went down with her and bought all the food for them next week. Then I came home and fried some chickens. By that time it was time to get ready for Hannah's wedding. The wedding was very nice. It was small and informal. Maybe our wedding will be the next one in your family. Lee, the boy Hannah married, seemed very nice. Then your mother took your Grandmother and me out to dinner, and afterwards your father took your mother and me to the show. We saw "Captain Hornblower." Your mother didn't like it, but I thought it was pretty good. Then we went to Bob's and ate some more. So I just got home.

Now that you have the full day's report, I will say that I love you and quit. I hope you don't mind, Darling, but as I said before I am

sleepy. I really do love you, Darling; it won't be long now before I can go to my own wedding. Of course, you'll have to be there to. Somehow the wedding just wouldn't be right unless you were there. After all, it would be much of a wedding without the bridegroom.

All my love always,

Betty

August 19, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, today is the day we've been waiting for, and so in about an hour and a half we'll be busy little bees buzzing around here and there.

In one way today is like yesterday; no news. But in general it's different. The sun has come out accompanied by a cool gentle breeze. By the time we move out, the weathers should be perfect.

We went to our last umpire meeting today and we're issued all of our equipment. They gave us two flags. A red one that means a unit is pinned down by fire and can't move, and the other is a red flag with a white square in the center that signifies that artillery is falling in the area. They also gave us two red smoke grenades, a couple dozen M1 firecrackers, and four cards to tag the wounded personal with. With these in hand, we will now go out and carry on a full-scale war.

Like I've said before, this problem is well set up, and from talking to the personnel around here, I gather that this I Company is the best that the Requirement has to offer. It seems that I got a good break, but only time will tell.

Honey, this letter may sound a little funny but I've been interrupted several times while I've been writing it, and I'm rushing it off so that I'll have your daily mailed before we move out.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG and remember I love you very, very much.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

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⊙ E. U.]

Dear Bob,

Hello Darling. Well, my folks are gone. They left this morning about 10. I am home all by myself. Doris couldn't make it over tonight.

I just got finished talking to my Grandparents in Santa Barbara. I guess Chet put in the call before he left and I wasn't home until

about a half hour ago. Guess what? Chet took first in his class at the International Flattie Races. Grandmother said he got a nice trophy for it. Isn't that wonderful! He was in class B. Class A was for more experienced sailors. Just the same it is quite an accomplishment. I wish he would come over tonight before they leave and show it to me.

This afternoon your folks took your Grandparents and me for a ride. Then your mother and I went bowling. Afterwards, we went to the Far East and had a Chinese dinner. I am so full now, just overflowing. The whole day was real nice; I just had to stay home by myself all day. I love staying here without my folks.

You know Darling I think that if we didn't get married it would disappoint your family. It just seems like I am one of the family. I am so glad we get along so well. I don't even have to try. They have their faults, we all do, but I think they are all just wonderful. Of course you are my favorite one. I kind of love you most of all. In fact I love you more than anything else in the world including myself. You know I can't stand my own company because of you. I miss you so much. If I'm alone very long I go crazy. If I am doing something and the radio is on it isn't so bad. I guess I have told you enough of my problems. I know you have enough of your own. But after all I wouldn't love you if I didn't feel that way, now would I?

Be good now Honey, just remember that there is a girl back home that loves you and will still love you if it takes 10 years for you to get back. Now just don't take advantage of that. I know that you will take the first chance you can to get home. I sure hope it is soon.

All my love always

Betty

August 20, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

This letter may sound a little funny because I'm writing it while we stop here and there. Right now we're stopped on a road that leads to the problem's front. The 3rd Battalion, that's me, has been assigned as the reserve Battalion and I happen to know that we won't be committed until sometime tomorrow afternoon. So all we're doing now is following up behind the 1st and 2nd Battalions.

This trip is turning out to be pretty interesting. The First Sergeant of this outfit use to run Camp Valcrest, the Deputy Auxiliary Police Camp, before he was called up for active duty and the two of us have really enjoyed talking about people we know back home.

The Platoon Sergeant of the platoon that I'm umpiring is also an ex Los Angeles Cop. He worked the Gangster Squad (can't understand why I haven't met him before).

So all in all we've had a good bull session.

I was right about the weather. It was nice coming out, but after we got out here it started to rain like the dickens. These fellows aren't use to this wet weather and most of them spent a pretty rough night, but old commando Anderson slept like a baby.

Another interesting thing about Platoon Sergeant Steel is that he served with the 40th in the last war. We were talking about it this morning and he told me quite a few things I hadn't known. I think I'll get him started on some of his adventures on the LAPD tonight. You usual hear a lot of tall stories, but it's interesting and helps to pass the time.

One thing about this umpire deal is you meet a lot of people and hear some interesting stories. It's a change from the old grind and I feel that I'm really going to enjoy myself.

Well, baby, I'd better close for now. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG and remember I love you very, very much and always will.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

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U. S. E. I

Dear Bob,

Darling, I have to make this quick. You see I have to address about 200 envelopes. I was suppose to get them this afternoon after work, but there was a mix up, and the man is going to bring them over to me tonight.

I work in a different place now, upstairs in the supply room. It is only fine. All I do all day is order things and check memos in. I have a desk and everything. Bob is my new boss's name, and he is swell. Don't worry now, Darling, he is married. You know what, Honey; there is hardly any work now, so they laid off 6 girls today. They are going to call them back in September. Doris is now putting up my hair; it ought to be lovely tomorrow.

Honey, if you have to take language lessons, please find some cute little Japanese boy to teach you. It isn't that I don't trust you; it is just that I don't want to take any chances.

I got that article today where you said it was up to you whether it was a boy or girl first. Well, Honey, I guess in that case I had better find someone who will give me a boy first. No kidding, Honey. If it's half yours, I don't care what it is. I'll even have a girl first if it is yours. Besides, if we are truthful about this, it isn't up to either of us to decide which comes first. Of course, you know this isn't going to happen for a few years yet.

Honey, I really have to get those things addressed, so I'll just say I love you and goodbye, my Darling, until tomorrow night.

All my love always,
Betty

P.S. I still say it should be a boy first.

August 21, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I've got a hunch that this is going to be a quickie. They've been keeping us on the move, and the forward units must be moving at a pretty good pace because we've been moving fairly often.

It was pretty cold last night. In fact your lover boy froze his tail off. Somebody fowled up, and the sleeping bags did not arrive, not to mention my C Rations. Unless I can bum a can from the company that I'm with, there is going to be one hungry umpire this noon.

This is probably another one of those funny letters. But believe me, it hard to write with everything that is going on.

Over on our left flank, a platoon of friendly tanks are moving up while up above we have enemy planes dropping flower sacks. The orders just came in for the men to start digging in. It could be that the aggressors are starting their penetration move a little early. Or it might be that the 2nd Battalion is being pushed back and we're setting up an MLR (Main Line of Resistance) so that they can fall back behind us. It wasn't planned that way, but we're due to have something go wrong. I'll let you know in tomorrow's letter.

So far no mail has caught up to me. That makes it 8 days since I had a letter from you. I'm pretty sure that Riddle didn't send your letter on to me. Either that or they got fowled up in the shuffle.

At any rate, I'm sure glad this doesn't happen often. A fellow just doesn't miss his mail until he doesn't get any. At least I'm consoled in the fact that when I get back to the home station, I'll have gobs and gobs of mail waiting to be read.

Well, Honey, these are my last sheets, so I have to close. Needless to say, I love you, you know that I do cause I said I do, more than once, and in more than one-way. And if this Army gives me half the chance, I'd do it the same way all over again. Tell me, will you still like that?
KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
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Dear Bob,

People that aren't on time make me mad. Here I just about choked on my dinner and rushed around so I wouldn't be late, and now here I sit waiting for Jeanette. That girl. She is never on time. I should have known better. It wouldn't be so bad, but I have so much to do, and you can't start anything because they might come any minute. Oh Well, I guess I'll live.

Well, I went to a Y club meeting. Some meeting! At least I got all the things addressed.

It was only funny. After I got home, Carol was here. Anyway, Chet left his car here, a 1934 Ford, and he gave me the keys. So Carol and I were hungry. Neither one of us has a license, but that's all right. We got the car out of the driveway and stalled it right in the middle of the street, across the street. We couldn't find the lights. After finally getting it going again, we went down to Ludlows and ate. We picked up Doris on the way down. We got home safely, by the way.

I only like my new job. Honey, all I do all day is just more or less what I want. All these big bosses come to get supplies, and I get to know them real well. Something like that helps. If I get tired of one thing, I can quit and do another. I am sorry I have to quit in September. Poor Carol and Doris have to work real hard. Oh Well, I guess I am just lucky. I have you, don't I? Honey, sometimes I wonder how that ever happened. Oh Well, I am just glad it did. Look at all we would have missed. Gee, I love you, Bob. To think that just next week it will have been 5 months since you took me in your arms and told me how much you loved me. It seems like a lifetime. Just wait till you get home so we can make up for the lost time. Until then you have—

All my love always,
Betty

August 22, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

They have a sign that hangs over the entrance to this camp that reads:

Welcome to Camp McNair

Hic est Gehenna

Now for your information, *Hic est Gehenna* is Latin and translated into English means, "This is Hell." And believe me, after three days out here in the field, where it rained like Gehenna, I believe it.

But one thing I'll say for it: it's not as hard as the problems that the 223rd runs. All in all, I'm faring pretty well.

I got a big kick last night when it started to rain and I watched the 160th outfit trying to rig up shelters and get some sleep. Kinda looks like they haven't had much work when it's wet outside. I told them what to do, but very few believed me, and so I gave up and rolled up in my poncho, flopped under a bush and didn't wake up until six the next morning. The whole secret is "don't give a good darn, you're going to get wet anyway." We'll see if these boys wise up before the problem is over.

Well, Honey, I have a problem to umpire, so I'd better get on the ball. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTG and remember I love you very, very much and always will.

All my love always,

Bob

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⊙: 07. U. |

Dear Bob,

I am all depressed; the news is all bad tonight. That is, the news on the radio. The truce has broken down; the deal in Iran blew up. Just every thing is going wrong.

Darling, if you get a chance to come home without having to sign up for more time, come home. I am not asking you, I am telling you.

Please, Darling, if you can, come home for me. If you don't, maybe we will never get married.

Guess what Carol and I did tonight? First Carol ran into the hedge backing out of the garage. It was only funny. We went down and visited Pat. Then I took over and we went to Bob's to eat. Then we went out to visit Mabel. Then home.

Carol fell down the stairs. The phone was ringing while I was up taking a bath, and Carol was up talking to me when the phone rang. So Carol ran downstairs and slipped and fell. It was your mother. Just calling to see if I was alive. Carol said she will see you when you come home about her twisted ankle; there may be a doctor's bill (ha, ha). Just kidding, she didn't hurt herself.

Well, Darling, it is late, I am tired, same old line but it's true.

You know I love you very, very, very much and more. Really I do, Honey. I miss you something terrible. I wish you were spending the night with me instead of Carol. Then I wouldn't have to sleep in the bed by myself. Carol is insulted now because I prefer you to her. See how much trouble you cause. Oh Well, I love you anyway.

*All my love always,
Just me*

August 23, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

At last, my dearest, I'm dry. The problem is all over, and I've showered, shaved, changed clothes and almost feel human again. Almost, I said.

I have to hurry with this letter because we're leaving in an hour and a half, and I have some packing to do and lunch to eat.

The problem went fairly well, with the exception of a withdrawal that took place last night. When the Company Commander went back to Battalion Headquarters to receive the withdrawal orders, the Aggressors almost nabbed him. The upshot of this was that the company had to make the withdrawal under the command of the Executive Officer while the Captain played hide-and-seek with the enemy. And since the Ex didn't know where he was suppose to withdraw to, it was rather messed up. But the Battalion Commander used his old head, sent a guide, and saved the day.

Of course it rained all night. And it rained hard. Cats and dogs all night long, and after four days out in the field, it was a mighty nice feeling to climb out of those wet fatigues and into a warm shower.

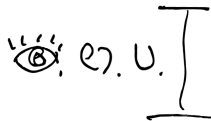
Well, baby, I'm sorry this isn't longer, but I'm really pressed for time.

You know I love you even though the length of my letters doesn't prove it. Boy, I'm sure looking forward to getting back to Ojo and opening all of your letters.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob



Dear Bob,

I am spending the night with Doris. That is why I am using this paper. I didn't have time to get anything but the mail.

Honey, sometimes I wonder why you love me? All I do is make you worry. When you need me the most I am never there. Take now,

you're overseas and I should cheer you up and not make you worry. So what happens, something very little comes up, I don't even believe, it but it hurts my pride so I take it out on you. By now you have the explanation about the Cartier deal. I know you understand, but that isn't enough. In your letter today you asked again about it. Here you have worried all this time over nothing, really, and it is all my fault. Darling, I just don't know what to say. I know what I am doing at the time and know I shouldn't, but still I go ahead and do it. I hate myself afterwards, but that is just me. You say you love me, but you just can't love my good points, you have to love my faults as well. I just say again, Honey; I never had any doubts about you. Let's just forget it. Darling, I know it is easy for me to say, but truly, I'll try to make it up to you.

Nothing happened today, except I went to work, of course. Bob (my boss) took me all over the store and showed me what happens to the orders I make out. The paper work, that is. I sure like what I am doing. All the big bosses know me by name; I don't know half their names. It sure would be a good opportunity if I didn't have to go back to school.

Well, it's time for your girl to go to bed now, Darling. Be good and whatever you do be sure to take good care of the most wonderful guy in the world for me, a girl who loves him very much, although she doesn't always show it.

*Love—kisses to my one and only Darling forever and ever,
Betty*

August 24, 1951

Dear Bob,

Here I am at work. They are checking some lists off on my book. They had me running all over the store to find a piece of paper; which I never found after looking at millions of papers and calling hundreds of people. Finally, the Assistant Supervisor (his name is also Bob) got this guy on the phone that wouldn't tell me anything. To make a long story short, he got the information we wanted. Now I am suppose to be looking busy until I get my book back and this is how I'm doing it.

This job is really a racket. I took an hour and half for lunch, plus two twenty-five minutes breaks. Then all I did the rest of the time was to sit at a desk, answer the telephone, order things, and keep the books.

Well, Darling, here I am home. Guess what I did? Went shopping again tonight. Honey, I think they are going to have to lock me up or something. Everything I see I seem to want. I bought the most beautiful red sweater and some other things.

I am spending the night by myself because tomorrow is my day off, and lazy me didn't want to get up at 6:30. Honey, you ought to see the house. There is ant powder all over the bathroom, back porch and kitchen. When I came home I had visitors, which were not welcome. Now I'll have to clean the place up tomorrow.

I love you, Honey, and all that. Be good and keep good care of yourself. It has been five long months. We can make it up later, Darling. I just know we will be happy together.

All my love always,
Betty

August 25, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I can't say much for this Japanese stationary, but it's all that was to be had, so I settled for it.

Of course, you have no idea of knowing this, but right now I'm sitting in the telephone office waiting for my call to go through to the States.

I'm hoping that Mom got enough warning to get a hold of you, or by some miracle that you're there when the call goes through, but I'm afraid that this is just wishful thinking.

To be truthful, you're the one I want to talk to, but this call is business, and Mom is the only one who can handle it. I'd tell you what the business is, but I'm afraid that if I did, and it fell through, that you'd be disappointed. So I'm keeping my mouth shut. In fact I've probably said too much already. Don't let it worry you, if it works I'll tell you all about it. If it doesn't, then what this call was about isn't important.

You and your China! Do you know what happened to me today? I went into a Japanese restaurant and while I was waiting for my lunch I notice this piece of China on the table. So remembering what you said, I looked it over and the bottom of the plate was stamped "Made in Brooklyn U.S.A." Just how do you explain that one?

Now, Honey, I don't know much about China, but I'll get a hold of somebody who does and together we'll go shopping. You know it's not the actual cost of things over here, but how hard it is to ship home. But if you think we should get it, get it we will. I guess I can always insure it.

My Darling, I can't tell you how much I love you. I guess I've really got it bad.

Did I tell you that Governor Warren met us umpires at the train? Well, he did. The old boy shook all of our hands and told us what a great job we were doing. I don't know, maybe it was a political trip, or maybe it wasn't, but I still think he's a good Governor. He said that he's bucking for all of the GI rights for us Californians. If he comes through, that's a darn good break. All that free schooling, not to mention the housing bill, will really help out.

Anyway, I'll vote for anyone who will run against Roosevelt. Maybe

even Truman. By the way are you pro or anti Roosevelt? If you're pro you're dumber than I thought you were; and if your anti, it shows that you were brought up right.

But the biggest question in my mind is, are you pro or anti Bob Anderson. And as long as the answer is what I think it is, I'm a mighty happy guy. Just don't go and change your mind. Not that it would do you any good. You see, I've got the whole Anderson family on my side, and all of them have told me that you and I are just going to be. They all love me and they know when I'm well off. Even Dad Homer says you grow on people. I love you.

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
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⊙: 07. U. |

Dear Bob,

Hello, Darling. After that last statement the phone rang. It was Carol. I talked to her for 2 hours. I am here by myself again tonight. I could have spent the night with several of my girlfriends but I would rather stay here. I cleaned house today. I even swept. You know, Darling, maybe I can get use to this dust. I only sneezed for about two hours afterwards. I think that working down with all the dust has helped some. Because the first week I almost had to quit because it bothered me so much. Now it doesn't bother me hardly at all.

I am having your folks, Claudia, Stan and Leona, over for dinner tomorrow. I never did get a dinner for you did I? Oh Well, you will probably have to eat my cooking for the rest of your life. Now watch, just because it is your folks I will probably burn the steak, etc. I never have yet, but there is always a first time. Then they will all feel sorry for you. I'm really not worried because that is one thing I can do and like to do.

You know I fell off a stool when I was trying to kill some ants Friday and my back still hurts. If it keeps hurting I am going to the Doctor. I wish my uncle was home, he could x-ray it. Now I shouldn't have told you because you will worry. But I would want you to tell me. So how can I expect you to be honest with me if I'm not with

you? I know that is one thing we both have been, honest with each other. If you even get a scratch on your little finger I want you to tell me, understand!

Did I ever tell you that I love you? Now that is what I call a silly question because I know darn well that I have. But, Honey, I never meant anything more in my life. I do so wish things were different and that we could live a normal life. Nothing is certain anymore. I guess really it never was. I love you so much Darling, lots more than you think.

All my love always,
Betty

August 26, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, before I really get going on this letter, I want you to promise me something. This September Graceland is playing Compton on the coast, and I want you to promise me to go and see the game. I don't know anything about it except that it's coming off. So tell my folks that I said for them to take you to the game. Now I'll probably forget to write them about it. I've got a lot of things on my mind. So if you want to, show them this letter, and go and see the game if you have to lose a day's work.

I needn't tell you how much I wish I could be home to take you to the game. In fact, if I were home I might even be playing in it. This would have been my first year at Graceland. Of course, I have no idea if I could have made the team, but you know I would have tried.

Whether I'll ever play any ball again remains to be seen. This will be my second year away, and going into college ball with only two years of experience under my belt won't be easy. I never was very good.

But there's a big thrill about playing the game. It's hard work, and you work for a long time, and with each practice block and bruised leg you swear that it will be your last season. But come the night of the game, the practice sessions are forgotten and the only thing that remains is the fun of playing. It's just something that no one can tell you about but that everyone who has played feels.

So please, Honey, when the day comes go and see the game. Compton is always a powerhouse. They are the farm team for USC. And ol' Graceland will need every rooter that it can get, so you yell for both of us.

There's not much news. We're just sitting around resting up for tomorrow. Judging from the 160th RCT's problem, ours should be a stinker. And it kinda looks as though the 2nd Battalion will be on line all through the exercise. The boys tell me we've been in reserve for the last two problems.

I sent some of your letters back today, and in the package you'll find a ring and another ribbon. The ring didn't cost anything, except for the engraving, and that was only 90 Yen. I thought you might like it, even though it's too big for your finger. But as I recall you girls sometimes

solve that kind of problem by placing the ring on a chain. The ribbon is the U.N. Ribbon and like the ring it was just something to send home. Be sure and let me know if you don't want this kind of junk. No use cluttering up the mail if you don't want these kinds of things.

Another thing, I hope you took yesterday's letter in the right vein. I wasn't denouncing your thoughts on the matter, just commenting. Like I said, we'll have a good talk when I get home.

Your new job sound like a good deal. But does homework come often? You know homework is one thing I never liked about school, not that I ever had any.

And let's not worry about being a better girl. You're tops in my book. Very few of the fellows have wives that care for them as much as you've shown that you care for me. A letter every day, and cookies now and then, and "thoughtful" presents like you sent me for my birthday, and the way that you fit into things with my folks makes a guy not only very proud, but also very sure of himself.

You mentioned in your last letter that you thought my folks wouldn't like it if things didn't work out between us. Well, I know you're right. They've said so quite a few times. And even if they didn't like you, I'd sure like to see anyone try to wreck this marriage.

And another thing for you to remember is that the ring in the envelope can be traded in for a diamond any time you give the word.

I can't express myself enough to really let you know how much I love you and how desperately I want and need you. You're the only one—not for just a day, not for just a month, not for just a year, but for always. And there has never been anyone else.

All my love forever and always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX

P.S. In the envelope you'll find some church papers. I'm not trying to convert you yet. It's against the law to send materials like the ring and ribbon out of the country without declaring it. No slips were to be had, so I slipped in the Heralds to make the package bunker and to cover up the ring and ribbon.

Savvy

Gash, I love you

Bob

P.S.—P.S. If you're supposed to have twins we'll make it a boy and a girl,

the boy first. If it happens my mother will have a fit. Just think, TWO grandchildren she could spoil.

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Ⓜ. U. }

Dear Bob,

I am over to your house. I guess I'll spend the night because Mr. Garman, the radioman, said that maybe he could get a hold of you so we could talk to you tonight. So me, not wanting to miss a chance, decided to spend the night.

We went house hunting this afternoon, your mother and I. I even drove the car.

Well, at least I didn't burn the dinner. Right now I am sitting here making myself sick eating nuts and watching television. You know this is hard writing to you and watching a Dr. Cristian movie or television. Every ten minutes I write a line. It is now over.

Darling, I am going to make this short. I'll make it up later. Really I will, Honey. But right now I am going to stop. I love you and sure hope I can talk to you tonight. Of course, I am not counting on it.

*All my love always,
Betty*

August 27, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Funny thing, but today being the start of the RCT (Regimental Combat Team) test, I'm feeling pretty good. Usually I'm a little tense, wondering what's going to happen, what plans and action I will take, etc. But today I'm relaxed. I guess I own this to the umpiring I did with the 160th. Makes me feel surer of myself, I guess.

At any rate, I have a hunch that I'm going to do all right on this problem. It sure would do me some good if I could stand out for a change. I might even get a promotion. I'm sure due. I've been in grade for just about two years now. But the old man is funny; he just doesn't seem to like the idea of making SFC's. I think maybe one scared him when he was young.

No kidding, he's only made three since last September and we're allowed 27. Of course, it really doesn't matter if I get it, but the money would sure be nice.

Remember Don Byers? I wrote you about him a couple of weeks ago. Well, he's back with us and has taken over the fourth squad of the third platoon. I'll make you a bet that he's a sergeant within six months. Wanta bet? Of course, most of our combat veterans are, and I guess they really deserve it. But Byers is a sharp cookie, and if he runs his squad well, he's a cinch.

I guess this letter is more or less lots of nothing. But it's still Tuesday AM and there's no news, and if I waited until the day was newsy, I'd probably be too busy to write. So it may be a dull letter, but it's a letter.

It's silly of me to keep telling you how much I love you, but it seems to be getting to be a habit with me. I just can't get the thought out of my head, and baby, I'm sure glad that you've got a hard, thick head like mine.

Now be sure and KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTC

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

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⊙. U. }

Dear Bob,

How is my Honey today? Vicki is back so she is spending the night with me. We only had a fine time. You know, Darling, if it wasn't so expensive to keep up I would buy a little car. Pat came over and took us down to eat. Then we came home and I got Chet's car and we went over to Pats to see her new clothes. Then we drove over to your house, but you Mother wasn't there. So we went over to Todd's. Chet writes on the end of one of Mother's cards, "If you use the car, put oil in it," so I did. I can just see my Mother. I drive better than a lot of people on the road. I am not going to work tomorrow morning because I am going to the Doctor because my back still hurts. Your dad got up this morning and took me to work.

I sure do love you, Honey. I don't think I know myself how much. It will be so wonderful if you can come home. I don't want another thing but to be with you. If it is Germany, Darling, I don't think we will be losing that \$70 any longer. As soon as you get off that boat I want my ring; that is, if you still want to give it to me at that time. I know I will still want it. Your mother was wondering where you were going to sleep if you come home and she didn't have a house. I told her that Mary could sleep in with me and you could have Mary's room. Of course, I would rather have it the other way around. But I don't think your mother went for the idea. But then maybe we would be married and you wouldn't be home anyway.

Oh Well, I guess that can all be decided later. The most important thing right now is to get you home. Just to be in your arms is enough for me.

*All my love always,
Betty*

August 28, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

You know you're a dope, but you are a very, very sweet one.

Just get this through that beautiful little head of yours, your guy over here is just as much in love with you now, and every part, every good point, and every fault, as he was when he sailed five long months ago. There's no two ways about it. I'm yours and you're mine and we're each other's forever and ever.

But while we're on the subject of faults, remember that a guy who's in the field all of the time and who's tired and worn out sometimes writes some foolish things himself.

They work us pretty hard out here and very often the weather is bad, and they can't get chow to us, so like everyone else I start to grumble and get just a little peeved at the world. But your old dad, like the rest of the outfit, isn't as bitter as he sounds. It's just that he's sick and tired of being away from his loved ones for so long and living under such lousy conditions.

These letters in the field don't always follow a smooth form, but try to remember that when I write I have to write fast and I'm usual interrupted several times before I'm finished. But like the "true lover" I am, I try for that letter a day and try to make them as interesting as possible

I love you Betty. I don't think you'll ever realize how much.

Just be patient and keep your chin up and remember that I'll be home just as soon as I can to claim my girl for my very own.
KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always

Bob

XXXXXXXX

August 29, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Hey Dope, let me ask you a question: Do you think I like it over here? And what's all this nonsense, "maybe we will never get married."

Honey, don't you think that if I could get home that I'd be there? You know this Army life isn't easy. Take yesterday for an example.

We left the bivouac area at 3 PM and were on the road until 10 PM. Then we loaded on trucks and were driven about 25 or 30 miles, and then they drove us back to where we started, getting in about 12 AM. From there we walked another hour and by 2 AM we were dug in on the ridge of this hill.

We had been hurting for water for quite awhile. Thankfully, we had a Lieutenant with a little foresight, so we had 2 five-gallon cans of water, 1 five-gallon can of coffee and 2 cans of tomato juice waiting for us when we came in. It was two cans of tomato juice for each squad. The water and the coffee were the rations for the platoon. We had also eaten a "C" ration dinner.

By 3:30 AM half the men were bedded down while the other half stood guard for two hours, until they awoke the others and then hit the sack themselves. To top it off we died of the heat all day long and at night it rained.

Well, at any rate I got a good spot and didn't get too wet, but could I get to sleep? No! Do you know why? Because all sorts of questions raced through my head. "Just what did Betty mean?" was the primary one. I didn't think she's fallen for someone else; she would have told me. And she knows I'm coming back. So what did she mean?

Well, dope, I must say you gave me a start and have me a little worried, so let's be a good girl and tell me what you meant. And next time, explain yourself.

You know I'm nuts about you and little things like that upset me, cause, Honey, I sure don't want to lose you. But remember our promise to each other that "If either of us changes our mind, we'll let the other know right away."

And you know if I get any chance at all to get home, I'll be there. That's

a promise!

All my love always,

Bob

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eye. U. I

Dear Bob,

Honey, sometimes I wonder about you. When you tried to call I about died of curiosity. Then I get a letter and you won't even tell me. I would find out sooner or later, so why make me wonder? Darling, please tell me everything, even if you think it might fall through and make me disappointed. You see life is built a lot on hope. Hoping is half the fun. How can I hope if you don't tell me what to hope for? Of course, there are lots of things I hope for, but as I said before, I am curious and it hurts me when you don't tell me. You know Darling, if you marry me you can't run to your mother for help. No husband of mine is going to have to call his Mother for advice. Now Darling, don't take that the wrong way.

This is the last to be said about this Carteir deal. Honey, I don't need to ask anyone about you. I believe in you and trust you. Why should I question? I explained it all.

As for that Japanese's stationary, I don't know why you wouldn't like it. It is almost just like any you would get here.

My folks came home today. They seemed to have a good time, but Dad was glad to be back. I told them about my driving the car. They said I shouldn't have, of course, but they didn't seem to mind. At least they didn't say anything.

We are having the funniest weather. It rained all day today. Rain in sunny California in the middle of the summer. It's unbelievable!

It is getting close to the bottom of the page. It is also late, and your girl is sleepy, so I had better close for now. I love you, Darling, even if you do make me curious. In fact, I love you more than anything else in this whole big world.

All my love always,

Betty

August 30, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Kinda looks like things have quieted down for a while, and so I'd better get this off while the getting is good.

Before I forget, I want you to know that I didn't get that phone call through. Seems like my Mother wasn't home. So whatever you do, don't feel cheated, because you weren't.

We've been sitting on top of this hill since two o'clock yesterday afternoon. I just looked at my watch and that makes it twenty-four hours that we've been here.

The Aggressors are on the hill directly to our front. So far, he's thrown three counter attacks against us and he's harassed us with small arms fire and a few motor rounds here and there.

So far I've lost two men. Vernola was the first when the umpired ruled him out with a chest wound from a machine gun. Then Yourch was lost to an actual injury. It looks as though he might have ruptured himself.

I got myself banged up last night. I took my squad down to get the dinner meal, and on the way back a branch struck me in my right eye. Funny thing about it, as soon as it happened I started to pray, thanking God that it was low and to the right. Another $\frac{1}{2}$ inch and I might have got myself a discharge. It was a remarkable experience, but no sooner had it happened, than I had this comfortable feeling that God was there, watching over me. I don't think that I'll ever forget that feeling. Usually when something like this happens, I let out a cussword and grab for my eye, but last night a feeling of humbleness came over me. Honey, it sure is a good feeling. It helped to assure me that He's with me and that He's watching over me. If you'll remember, it says that He will be in my blessing.

The letters that I've been writing for the past three days won't be mailed until tomorrow afternoon. There is just no way to get them out. We're really out in the sticks. The closest that a jeep can get to us is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the rear. All of the food and what have you has to be carried in. Why they don't run a tank up here is beyond me, but then I'm only a squad leader, and I guess that the brass has reasons that I don't know

about.

If my guess is right, we'll pull off this hill tonight, and by this time tomorrow I'll be back at Camp Younghans. Man is it going to feel good to get out of the field and into camp for awhile. I've almost forgot what being in camp feels like.

Well, Honey, I'd better get to work or the taxpayers back home will start complaining that I'm not earning my money.

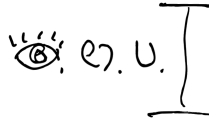
Keep care of yourself and please remember that I love you with all my heart and that the only thing I live for is you.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

I don't have anything to write about. No letter and no news. Mother and Dad went to the Fair. Jeanette was over for about an hour to help me address about 100 postcards for the "Y."

By the time you get this you will probably know where you are going. I hope it is home but to be truthful I doubt it. Because that would be too good to be true. It would be so wonderful if you could come home. Just think of all the things we could do. But then all we can do is wait and see.

Mary stayed up in Santa Barbara.

Pat Hawthorne is going to start work tomorrow. The whole gang will be down there if this keeps up. She is going to stop and get me tomorrow morning. I know this hasn't been much of a letter, but I will try to do better. I love you, Darling, more than anything. Your know your have

All my love always,

Betty

August 31, 1951

Dear Bob,

I just got home from the show. I went with your mother. We saw "A Place in the Sun" with Liz Taylor, Montgomery Cliff and Shelly Winters. Other than the ending it was a good picture.

Then we went to Bob's and ate.

Darling, can't we forget about Jean Carteir? How many times do I have to say that I never doubted you? I always believe in you, Honey. I just get that way sometimes. We don't have to clear it up. I made a mistake; I admit it. I said I was sorry, now why can't you let me forget it. Don't get me wrong, Honey, I am not mad. I love you, Darling.

I agree with you about that (one or more pages seem to be missing)

Your poor little girl is tired. I love you so much, Darling, so very, very much. There aren't words to say how much, but it's

Forever and ever,

Betty

September 1, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, Honey, everyday someone is celebrating some kind of an anniversary and today just happens to be one of mine. Today marks one completed year in this man's Army. Only one more to go and I'll be a free man again. Of course I'm hoping that I'll be out before then, but as things now stand, that's the day that I'll get out.

Honey I've got to hurry this along because this is my first day back in camp and I have lots of work to do. But tomorrow is Sunday and I'll see what I can do in regards to a long, newsy letter.

No mail came in tonight and all the activities of the day were confined to travel. We left Ojo around 12 noon and rolled in here just a little before 5:00 PM. That's darn good time for these roads. It's over 60 miles.

I'm looking into the China. I think my best bet will be with the P.X. At least I won't get gypped, and knowing what I know about China I sure wouldn't go out on my own. So I'll look into it and see what the deal is.

I'm going to try for a radio call this week so until then, I send you all my love always

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always

Bob

XXXXXXX

⑤: 07. U.]

Dear Bob,

I am over at Vickie's; her folks went away for the weekend. Vicki just made some fudge and I cracked the nuts for her. This reminded me that I hadn't written to you today.

We have just been fooling around all evening watching television and etc.

Today I slept until noon then I went down and had my hair done. I had a cold wave. They didn't cut it, just trim the edges but it looks

real short. Then I went downtown with Mother and she bought a new dress. After that I went to bed, got up and ate dinner, and came over to the Vicki's.

Now you have the report of my day's actions. But when it comes to thoughts, they were the same old dreams, the same old memories—all about you of course. I love you so much Darling. I miss you more each day. If you don't come home pretty soon I'm afraid it's going to drive me crazy. I know what you're thinking. I might have been crazy when you left, but this is different.

I guess I had better end this now because Richard just call and maybe he, Blake and Jack will come over for awhile. They're nice guys and it helps to pass the time. That's all I am doing until you come home—finding something to do, trying to make the hours drag by a little faster.

I love you and always will.

*All my love always,
Betty*

September 2, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

The folks write and tell me that I'm a very lucky man to find a beautiful, personality plus gal who will marry me, but who is also a wonderful cook. All I can say is that after one year and ? in the Army, I'm certainly going to appreciate you. In more than one way, I might add.

It was certainly a fine thing for you to do. The folks got a big bang out of it and my Sister will never forget it.

You know my family has always been a close one. We've always lived close to one another, and it has always been a "one for all, all for one" mentality. Everyone is always doing something for someone else, and in return they were doing something for him or her. What I mean to say is that our family has never been selfish. Even when Leona was little she'd either have two ice creams or Uncle Bob would get a 50-50 cut of hers. And that little party you gave cinched your "Hooper Rating" with the Anderson's for good.

And Honey, I want you to know that I'm really proud to call you my girl and to refer to you as the future Mrs. A. Your party was a lovely and considerate thing to do, and not many girls in your place would have thought of it.

You're a wonderful girl, Betty, and I wouldn't trade you for any or every girl in the world. It just seems that we're two of a kind, and I know that I need you as my wife to make my happiness complete.

Just remember that it's you and I together for always and that there isn't any thing that can ever come between us.

And for-crying-out loud, take care of yourself. And be sure to let me know how your back comes along.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

Eye. U. }

Dear Bob,

Hello Darling. I just got home from going bowling. You couldn't guess who with. Your mother took Vicki and me. Your poor Mother, we had to get some things at the store for tomorrow. Well, the first place we stopped didn't have everything we wanted, so we had to go way over to where you live. Then we decided we should stop and feed the dog at Vicki's house, and then I just had to mail your letter. Then we were hungry so we went to Bob's to eat. I think your mother thought we saved all of our errands to do tonight.

I didn't do much else today. We got up around 10:30 and came over to my house. My uncle was over for dinner. When I say my uncle I mean him, his wife and three boys. Then Vicki and I took a nap.

My other aunt, uncle and their three kids woke us up about five. Then we went bowling, and do you know what else? I love you. I can't imagine why but I do. I also miss you—Gee, Honey, do I miss you. They are playing "A Slow Boat to China" on the radio—I would rather take a fast boat to Japan.

Well, Honey, as usual it is late. I'm going to work tomorrow. I don't have to but I am going to. So I will just say good night, I wish you were here with me, and all I would have to do is reach over and kiss you good night. Someday soon it will be that way. I just know it will.

All my love always,

Betty

September 3, 1951

My Dearest, Darling Betty,

Golly Honey, when you first wrote and told me about your accident I figured that you got a bad bump and a little bruise, but this bruised bone business hurts.

I'm sorry, Honey. I really wish there was something more I could do than say a little prayer for you, but even if I were home there's not much more that I could do.

Please, Honey, try and keep better care of yourself. Bruised bones can really cause a lot of trouble.

I remembered back in my first year of High School I bruised my pelvis bone during the Jordan game. Man, I couldn't walk on it for three days. It really banged me up. So for gash sakes keep care of yourself, and if you have to fall, land on your head. That way it won't hurt you.

I'm still waiting for Lieutenant Hamilton to call me about the short-wave. He said he would get in touch with me as soon as he got it set up. I guess I'm just a little impatient. After all, I only talked with him last Sunday.

By the way, I got some good news. I'm getting a refund on my GI Insurance. It should come to around \$60.00 The First Joe says they're refunding Fifty Cents per \$1000.00 per month. I've got \$10,000.00 in insurance, which rounds out to an even \$5.00 per month. Figuring on 12 months, my length of service, it adds up to \$60.00.

This GI Insurance is really the thing. So far this year I've paid out \$78.00. Now I'm getting \$60.00 back, which means that I'm getting \$10,000.00 worth of insurance for \$1.50 a month. You can't beat that. And there is a good conversion policy I can convert to when I leave the service. In other words, after I'm discharged I can still carry the same insurance for the same price and also collect the yearly dividend. Me? I'm going to stick with it.

I'm still looking into the China. I've found a good buy at the PX, but I'm going to have to wait awhile until they get some more in. It's a 96-piece set and runs around \$65.00. The salesgirl at the PX says it's the best China made and she has nothing to gain on the sale. Also Lieutenant

Clements told me it's a good buy and would cost three to four times that amount in the States. I don't know where he gets his information, but these officers have sources of information that we GI's never dreamed about. It's a white set and is trimmed in gold. It's not very fancy, but it looks nice.

At any rate, send me your thoughts on it, and if I buy it and you don't like it, I don't want any nagging. After all, it'll be your job to do that kind of stuff when we're married. I'm not up on it. In fact when it comes to buying China, I feel like the bull in the China shop you hear so much about.

But if it'll make you happy, I'll send the Emperor's Palace home.

I got a letter from you today, and a very nice letter it was.

You know I agree with everything you said, and whatever you decide we'll do. I hope I'm not over here too much longer. There are rumors pro and con, and anyone's guess is good as another. I just hope the pros have it and we're on our way home soon. Keep your fingers crossed. There's always a chance.

I love you, Betty, and when I get home we'll make up for these past months.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXX

September 4, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Sorry Honey, but this is going to be a quickie as I just got in; it's late and I'm dead tired.

The occasion for the late hours was the return of the payroll and the conversion of Script to Yen. All in all, we had just about \$10,000, and lover boy was the guard.

Some guard. Here I am in a Weapon's Carrier (that's a small truck; a little larger than a jeep) riding through mountains, over dark roads, all the way to Sendai with an unloaded 45. I sure would have felt stupid if we would have been stuck up. But then they haven't had an Army payroll job for twenty years now. But then there's always that time.

However just like every other time it went without a hitch, and here I am back at Younghans safe and sound.

As you can probably guess, there wasn't much news being made while I was riding over those dusty roads.

Of course I'm dusty (change that to filthily), bruised (I won't say where) from bouncing around in that truck all day, and just a little tired seeing as how it's after midnight. I'm a ten o'clock boy, you know.

But all the dirt, bruises and sleepiness in the world couldn't stop me from telling you how very much I love you and how desperately I want and need you. There's an awful big three-letter word in my life, YOU, that means everything to me. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXX

Ⓢ: 07. U.]

Dear Bob,

Tonight I am at my house. Your mother called and said Mr. Garman called and said there was little chance of getting a hold of you. He said the only way we could talk to you is if you dropped in

at the radio station and asked to get in touch with us. Knowing this was very unlikely, I stayed home.

About this football game; I like football games, so I'll go. Your mother is going to find out about it. I don't get the reason why you are so set on me going, but if your mother finds out about it, I'll go.

About sending things to me, like the ring, ribbon, etc., which I haven't received yet, how can you say it might be wrong, and that I might not like to receive it? Honey, are you crazy? I love getting everything and anything you send me. It gives me a little something of you; I love it even more because you gave it to me. So don't get the crazy idea that I don't like it, because I do.

At first I didn't get what you meant about homework when you referred to my new job. Honey, I don't do any homework; I never bring anything home to do. Those postcards I had to address were for the Y, not for my work.

We have company tonight. Grandmother and Granddad came down from Santa Barbara and then a whole lot of other people stopped in, so we have a house full.

Of course, you know I love you. In fact, I am crazy about you. I mean it when I say I love you, more than anything or anyone else in the whole world. You know, it's funny; here you have been gone over five months. You would think I would have been used to you being away by this time. But it isn't that way. I miss you more each day. I just can't tell you how much I miss you, but I think you know. In fact, I know you know, because you love me every bit as much as I love you, so you must feel the same way. You know you have —

*All my love always,
Betty*

September 5, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Funny thing about this Army. One day you can't find enough time to fill a fountain pen, and the next day the place is like a morgue.

Today was one of those dead days. On a day like this there's nothing to write about. On active days there's not enough time to write.

So you can plainly see what us poor GI's are up against. Or maybe I should say what you're up against. After all, it's you guys back home that have to read this.

Let me give you a little tip. You people back home know more about the 40th than we do. Nobody tells us anything, and when this outfit is finally alerted to go home, I'll wager the first news we get will be a letter from home. All we get over here are rumors. And so far the rumors have had us going every place except Timbuktu.

Another little bit of fatherly advice is when this outfit does come home, it's almost a cinch we'll be stationed at Camp Cooke. Keep in touch with your cousin. Working up there, he might be in the know and can pass on the word.

Walter Winchell, the rumors have it, has something to say about the 40th this coming September 15th. Listen in; maybe he'll have something to say.

But above all remember this. Right now the Army says I have until September 1, 1952 to serve. There's nothing I can do about it, except bide my time and hope.

I know the waiting is hard on you, but it's hard on me too. And one thing is for certain; this separation has proven our love for each other. Nobody can argue the merits of our marriage now, and the only ones who can harm us is ourselves. It's our life, and we'll live it. Live it together.

You know I love you more than anything. Keep care and let me know how that back comes along. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

Bob

XXXXXXXX

Eye. U. }

Dear Bob,

I am waiting for Pat to pick me up. We are having a Dance Committee meeting tonight.

I talked to your mother this afternoon, and she said you called last night but that the reception wasn't good and she couldn't hear you but for a few words. Even if we couldn't hear you, the thought of missing your call just about kills me. If you call again tonight and I am not there, I don't know what I will do.

I am in a bad way. I don't even know where my mail is. That is, even if I got any. My folks are gone again, and I don't know if they got a neighbor to take in the mail or not. The only thing I know is that there was nothing in the mailbox. Mother doesn't like to leave it on the porch all day. I don't know how long my folks will be gone this time, probably until Tuesday. Leaves poor little me alone again. Why don't you hurry up and come home and take care of your girl? Pat and Carol are going to spend the night, so at least I will have company.

Only three more working days left for me. It sure will be good to have a vacation for once. I really like work, so don't get the wrong idea. I am just a little tired of it.

Honey, just got home. I have to end this now. You know how much I love you. Sometimes I wish I didn't love you so much, but don't worry I sure am glad I do.

Bye for now, Darling. Always remember I love you.

All my love always,

Betty

September 6, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I think I'm going to go down and punch the jerk that runs the post office in the nose. That ring I'm trying to send you was sent back to me today. And why was it sent back? Because I filled out both sides of the declaration slip. They keep changing things around here, and somewhere along the line they forgot to tell me you weren't suppose to fill out both sides. The last package I sent home we were supposed to fill out both sides, and I can't see what the problem is if one side of the form is not left blank. After all, the instructions on the form stated that both sides were to be completed; so that's what I did.

These slips are as hard to get as gold, and trying to catch an Officer to sign it is like getting Jack Benny's John Hancock on a check. But these characters at the post office are very important and everything has to be just so; maybe things will improve at Schimmelfenning. At any rate, it'll be a couple of days before I can get a new slip filled out and get the ring on its way. I don't think it's worth all this trouble.

Well, today is the day before moving day, and everyone is as busy as a bee packing up. As usual I'm way ahead of the rest of the troops, so I'm writing letters. My only problem is where I'm going to mail them. But I'll figure out something.

Strangely enough, I got everything into my duffle bag. How I did it, I'll never know, but I did. I tell you, I got everything in there except the kitchen sink, and we don't have a kitchen.

I'm sorry that this letter is the stinker it is, but I just can't get in the mood. Too many interruptions going on. But whether it's a good letter or not, remember that I love you very, very much and will forever and ever. You're my gal and I'm your guy. Here are some formulas to remember:

Betty + Bob + Time in States = Marriage

Time + Betty and Bob = # 1, #2, # 3

(Boy or Girl?)

Betty + Bob = Happiness

Betty + Bob + # 1 = Twice as much happiness

Betty + Bob + # 1 + # 2 = Three times as much happiness

Betty + Bob + # 1 + # 2 + # 3 = Everlasting happiness

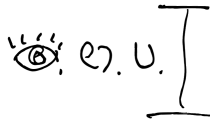
This is a bunch on nonsense, but when I think of you I can't think straight.

All My Love Always,

Bob

XXXXX

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG



Dear Bob,

Just got home from a meeting of the kids that are going to Balboa. It was fun. Vicki, Jane and I are going to assign the kids to KP and all the rest of the work. Also to the rooms. Leave it to us to get a job like that. Vicki is spending the night.

No letters from you again today. But this time there were some other things in the mailbox, so I guess none of the neighbors are picking up the mail.

It is hard to write this letter because Vicki is laying over there talking to me. On top of that, nothing happened so there's nothing to say. Of course, I could always say I love you. But then you know that. You know, Honey, I also miss you. Now can you believe that? All I can say is that if you don't believe it by now, I give up.

Honey, I know this isn't much of a letter, but Darling, it is late, and I do have to get up early. You know how very much I love you.

All my love always,

Betty

September 7, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Just for the record, Honey, I wasn't harping on the Jean Carteir thing. Remember it takes just about a week for your letters to reach me, and that means I can do a lot of writing on any one subject over a length of time like that.

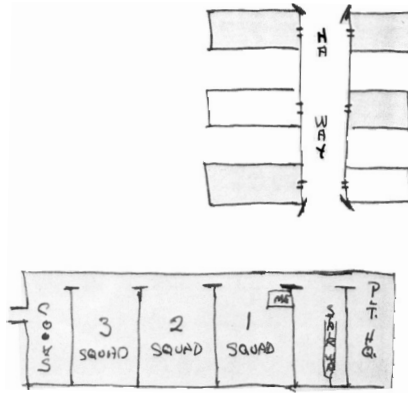
And another thing, you didn't make a mistake in writing me about it. The only problem was the way your letter was composed. To be truthful, it wasn't very tactful. But you were right in asking about it.

Whenever anything like this comes up, let's have it. It's far better to bring thing out in the open than to let them build up to be big things in our minds.

But as far as I'm concerned you made no mistake except for being a little bit jealous, and that's good. It shows you really care. So from here on out the Jean Carteir story is "Gone With the Wind."

As you know, today was the day we moved from Younghans to Schemmelfenning. Schemmelfenning is spelled correctly, but anyone with a name like that deserves to have it misspelled.

We got a pretty good break on the Billets. The whole Company is housed in three large buildings that are all connected. Everything is in this unit: the Mess Hall, the Supply Room, the Orderly Room, etc. The building we have is between the other two and is above the mess hall. Our part of the building is on the top floor and is divided into sections. There are three large rooms and two smaller ones at each end. Each squad has one of the large rooms with the 4th squad split up between the 2nd and 3rd squad. In one of the small rooms the cooks sleep, and the other is Platoon Headquarters. I've got eleven in my section of the building. They put two messengers and an extra Corporal, who is waiting for discharge, in with us. Right now Yorch is in the hospital, so I don't have to worry about him for a while. Here is what the buildings look like.



Now you know why I'm not an Architect. But maybe you can get a general idea from the sketches.

I'll snap some pictures one of these clear days and hustle them on to you.

(Remaining page or pages are missing)

⊙. U. }

Dear Bob,

Honey, sometimes you take what I say the wrong way. You worry about nothing. When I asked you to come home if you could, and if you didn't "maybe we would never get married," I just said that to make an impression on you. Your mother was afraid that maybe you wouldn't come home if you had the chance because you would feel it was your duty to stay with your men. I don't think that way, but I decided to make sure, so that's how I happened to say it. It wasn't that I didn't love you just as much as before, because I do, just as much and more. I didn't think you would worry, Darling. I am sorry, I guess you've heard that before—but I mean it each time.

Now after I have explained it, it's your turn. Just what do you mean only one more year and you'll be out. I thought it was next May. If it isn't, you had better have a good explanation of why I was not told before. Please don't say you forgot to tell me. Something like this is too important to forget.

I guess I should say I am sorry again. It's just that I love you so much. It isn't that I wouldn't wait; you know I'd wait forever for you,

Darling. I just kind of like to know how long, Darling, that's all. If it's another year, it will just have to be, and I'll still be here waiting for you. I hate waiting as you know, but if you must, I love you, Darling, so I'll wait. I should think how much harder it is for you being away from everything you love.

Honey, how is your eye? You be careful, Darling. You just shouldn't go around letting things happen to you. I am glad it wasn't bad, but you look after it and make it get well fast for me, now won't you?

You needn't bother with the question about me falling for someone else—do you know why? Because you are just wasting your time. Believe me if anyone knows about that I do. You know you have —

*All my love always,
Betty*

September 8, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I certainly hope that you appreciate the sacrifices that I go through in order to write "Betty's Daily."

Here I was in the growing metropolis of Sendai, eating my daily calories, when one of the boys pops with the bright idea of taking in the local burlesque. I'm told that tonight was Sergeant's night and I could have gotten in for half price.

But seeing as how I'm an Eagle Scout and I had this letter to write before I hit the rack, I made like a homing pigeon.

Now aren't you glad that I'm the good boy that gives my all in the interest of your morale. Well I am. I've never hit one yet and I really didn't see why I should have started tonight, half price or no half price.

Actually today has been a very constructive one. I arranged all my gear, did quite a bit of shopping, took in a show, and polished off a giant tenderloin steak.

In the way of shopping, I managed to pick up some picture frames, some hangers and some Sergeant stripes, all of which were sorely needed. Also I dropped into the telephone office and booked a call for a week from this Sunday. That's September 16th, and the call will be coming through, your time, around 2:00 AM. Now I've had enough of this nonsense about your not being there, so coming eight days from now I want you camped in the Anderson household. After all, contrary to popular belief that everyone thinks I'm calling them, it's really you I want to speak to.

It's a funny thing but I'm just as much in love with you now as I was when I left. In fact, a whole lot more—if that's possible.

To me you represent the one big thing that's going to make my life a happy one, and it makes me happy to talk to you, and I want to be happy on the 16th. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX

⊙. U.]

Dear Bob,

Am I ever tired! I went into LA to do some shopping. As usual, I came home with an armful of clothes.

Mother and Dad came home today. You might know they would come home early. I sort of expected them today, but I left the house in a mess and went shopping.

I'm going to make this short because I am so tired I can hardly keep my eyes open to write it. Besides, I haven't anything to say.

You know that I love you. It is funny, every time I write it I think, "My goodness won't he get tired of reading that same old line." But then I think, "Just what would I think if Bob forgot to say it in one of his letters?" Then I decide it is a good idea.

Goodnight, my Darling. I miss you and want you but most of all love you.

All my love always,

Betty

I love you—

September 9, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Darling, a time comes in every man's life that he has to face facts, throw his pride away and make a confession. The time has come and so the following is my "hidden secret." I'm nuts about you!

Now isn't that a bunch of nonsense? But what's a fella going to write about when nothing has happened.

I could write about the weather. But it so happens that today such a subject would be rather dreary. It's raining cats and dogs.

Then I could write about church this morning, but if I did you might get sore because a Lutheran Chaplin spoke, and I didn't like his sermon.

So about the only thing that's left is my favorite subject—you.

Or maybe I should say "us." Because if it wasn't "us," I don't think I could really be happy.

You know every once in a while I'll pull something that'll hit you all wrong. I guess it's just the great big clumsy man in me. But despite all my faults, I've got one good quality that not every girl has in a guy. I'm nuts about you! And when I say nuts, I mean capital "NUTS!!!"

Some fellows meet a girl and they get married, but as far as they are concerned that's it. They still flirt with other women and some treat their wives pretty rotten.

But with me it's different. Since I met, or should I say got to know you, I've been strictly a one-woman man.

Now when I was a little younger, I usually played the field, dating this one and that one, and giving all the females a break.

Then came Freddy. Well, you know all about that. As it turned out, a pretty lucky thing happened and I went into the Army. After that it didn't last long, and to be honest I felt like the world had come to an end.

But then it really happened. I still don't know what it was that hit me, but I hadn't felt that way since Hustling Hugh McElhenny ran over me in the Milk Bowl.

I've heard a lot about this love-at-first-sight business, but I can't say I believed it. But I guess I have to now because it sure happened. I just couldn't get you out of my head and you've been there ever since.

So whatever you do, you beautiful little doll, don't change your mind. I may not be perfect but I'll die trying to make you happy. And the reason I will is because I

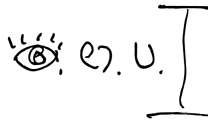
love you so very, very much. That's the way it started way back on December 9th, 1950, and that's the way it will end when the end comes. My love for you just isn't for a day, or a month, but it's for always. Always and Always and Always and Always and Always.

All My Love Always,
"Your" Bob

XXXXXX

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

P.S. That's forever, too.



Dear Bob,

I am over at your house. The reason I am here is because maybe I can talk to you tomorrow morning.

Tonight I went over to Vicki's house to a party. Then Blake brought me over here. I left early because I was tired and have to get up and go to work tomorrow. Right now I am watching a good movie on television for once.

I worked today. Imagine working on a holiday. I only have one more week to work this year. It will be nice not to have to go to work, but I think I am going to miss it.

Honey, I know this hasn't been much of a letter, but it is late and if I am real lucky I will get to talk to you tomorrow. I love you, Darling, and miss you something terrible.

*All my love always,
Betty*

(second letter)

Dear Bob,

Hello Darling. I just got back from visiting Grandmother. I drove all over the mountains, etc. I went to church today like a good girl for once. That is all the time I am going to take for my daily activities.

You know what today is, Darling? Today marks nine months that we have been going together—nine wonderful months! The last five have been hard months because we have been apart. Several times these past five months I know we have both wished we had never fallen in love. That is, until you come home. But then we really both know it couldn't have been any other way.

It is true that we love each other very much. This, of course, is the important thing. But a marriage can't last a lifetime on just love. That is where we are miles ahead of the average young people in love like we are.

We have understanding. Perhaps you have more understanding than I.

We have much the same interests. We both realize that marriage is give-and-take and is a 50–50 deal.

We both have complete trust and faith in each other.

We may have a little difference in religion, but the most important thing is we both believe in Jesus and the Bible, and we both look to God Almighty as our strength and guide.

We both know he is with us at all times and will help us out of any trouble our humanness may get us into.

We know our love is right. I believe it will last through anything. It has been put to a great task—the hardness of being apart. So far it has come through with flying colors. In fact, I think I love you more now than I did before. I would marry you the minute you got off the boat, and I know it would last. Even if we only had one day together. If I had been out of school I would have married you before you left. But as it was, our age was against us. I think we are both grown up beyond our years, especially you.

Now that we are on the subject of you, I want you to stay there until I end. I could write a book just about my Darling. I really don't realize just how lucky I am to have such a wonderful guy return my love. You are more than I ever hope to find in a husband; much more than I deserve.

I think my friends had made me appreciate you more. They tell me about their boyfriends, their fights. Then I know how lucky I am to have a man like you for my very own; someone who loves

me as much or more than I love him and who is kind and good and understands me. Who won't always let me have my own way, but still knows when to give in. Someone who I think of more than myself; whose happiness I think of before my own. Sometimes I don't show it—but I do.

I get along with your folks. I know that I am like a daughter to them, and I feel they are like my second parents. Your Sister and Stan are both wonderful to me, and I think the whole world of them.

All in all, I am not only lucky, but also happy, loved and wanted. All because of one person—and that person is you. True, you are away and it is hard. I am lonely. I long for you in more ways than one. I need you here, but Darling, I wouldn't trade you for anyone. No matter how long I have to wait, it is worth every tear, every minute of loneliness and longing, every night I can't sleep because of worry and fear. All the unhappiness I have had these last five months—it is worth all that—you're worth all that!

The thought of all the happiness we will have. In place of every tear there will be hours of laughter; in place of every lonely moment there will be days of contentment; in place of all the times of longing there will be fulfillment, and in place of all the restless nights there will be peace. Why? Because of you, that's why—Because of you and our love.

It all started nine months ago, but if I have my way it will go on forever. Apart, we are nothing, but together I feel we can face anything. Yes, Darling, it takes more than love, and I believe we have all it takes and more.

It may be many months before you're home. Don't worry, Darling. I will be here. Don't feel as if I am being slighted or that you are. Look what we have to look forward to. I have the most wonderful man in the world in love with me. He will be coming home to me—I know he will. He will give me, as I will give him, all the love that we both possess. Then, because of our love there will be others to share our love and to add to the world and God's kingdom.

I love you, Bob. For many reasons I love you. We will both have many times to prove that fact, and I know we won't let each other down.

*I could go on forever and still not say what's really in my heart.
So I'll end saying again I love you—you go on from there. I love you,
Darling.*

Your Betty

P.S. For always and always.

September 10, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling, tomorrow is the day I go to the gas chamber.

But don't worry. They are going to give me a gasmask. In fact, they've already given it to me. You should have seen me this afternoon teaching my squad all about it. The only time I ever had any instruction on gasmasks was way back in the DAP (Deputy Auxiliary Police) basis training in 1944.

However, after we got in this evening I looked it up in the manual, and there had only been a few minor changes. I really don't think we'll lose anyone tomorrow.

Today was the same old, same old as any other training day. We started off with an hour of PT and followed it with sessions on hand and arm signals, squad formations and being the point on an approach march. It was all review and it looks as though we're going to spend quite a bit of time on these subjects.

After lunch we had the classes on gasmasks, then two hours of drill, and we ended the day with a Troop Information Period (TIP).

They came out with a new deal on our lockers, and so we spent a good portion of the night getting those squared away.

This moving into a new post is OK, but it's a lot of work. The change is nice, and after you get settled it's not bad at all. Especially when you get a better post out of the transfer, which we did.

One of the boys, Bill Smith, is on his way home tonight. I gave him yours and Mom's numbers and asked him to give you a ring when he gets home. You can ask him all about us and get the straight scoop from him. Boy, I sure wish that I was going with him.

But I guess my turn will come one of these days. And when it does you'd better watch out cause you know what's going to happen when I get home. I'm going to tie a big rope around you and I'm never going to roam no more. I love you. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTGG

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

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⊙. U.]

Dear Bob,

I ran out of stationary again today. I've used all of Mothers now and I'm starting on Mary's.

Today was my last day of work. I think I could sleep for two weeks. Of course I could let myself do that. While we're on the subject of me—about my back, Honey, I didn't think you would take it so seriously.

I told you it wasn't serious. Half the time I don't think you read what I write. I have never done anything about it. It hurts once in a while but not bad. I don't think there is anything to worry about and I certainly don't want you worry.

You still haven't told me what you wanted when you tried to call home. Honey, I hate it when you ignore my questions. I still am doing a slow burn about the one you ignored about three months ago. Don't worry about it—you'll be hearing about it when you get home.

Darling, I know this hasn't been much of a letter. But you understand that I am tired. It may be an old excuse but it's true. You know I love you, and that you have—

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. I'll write you an extra-long one tomorrow (if there is anything to say).

September 11, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

My, my, you should have seen "Fox" Company of the Fighting 40th around 10:00 o'clock this morning. They were crying like a bunch of babies.

Of course, the teargas from the gas chamber might have had something to do with it. All in all, we ran through it three times. The first time was easy. We just put our masks on outside and walked in and out the other side. It got a little harder the next time when halfway through we had to remove our masks and state our name, rank and serial number before we could leave the chamber. That time we were really hurting. Then the last time we entered the chamber our masks were in their cases, and on the signal we had to remove the masks from their cases and put them on.

It wasn't the most exciting thing I've done in my life, but it was different. And we all got a good laugh at one another.

Whether you know it or not, California is 101 years old this Saturday. And like good citizens of the Golden State, we're going to celebrate. They say that orange juice is going to flow like water and that even the sun is going to shine. In fact, it's going to be such a big day that we're going to naturalize these Texans and New Yorkers as honorary citizens. If nothing else, this should prove interesting and give us a few good laughs.

You know it's a funny thing, but I had an awful funny feeling last Sunday. It was about 4:00 AM Saturday your time, and I just couldn't get you out of my mind. I started a letter to my Mom by writing "My Dearest Betty." And I kept looking at your picture all the time. Try and remember; you weren't thinking about me any harder than usual, were you? You know the old saying.

Well, Baby, you know I love you more than anything and want you almost as much. Be sure to keep care of yourself and GMLTYFAMBTTG.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

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⑥. U. }

Dear Bob,

I forgot to buy some stationery again. I got my letters back today but there was no ring or ribbon.

I will probably have to finish this letter later. I thought I had plenty of time but the telephone keeps ringing and you know how I am. Tonight your Mother is taking Mary and me to the skating show that Leona is in.

Now about the china. Darling, is there any way you can send just one piece home for me to see? I went down to the china shop in Van Nuys today. The lady down there said if I brought her in a piece of it she would tell me how much it would cost in the States. If not, draw me a picture so I can get an idea, okay Honey? The lady said most of the Japanese china ran about \$100 and up. Try and get it down some, will you Honey?

I got my driver's license today. I wasn't going to get it until the end of the week, but we were down near there so I took it in.

Just got home from the roller-skating show. It was very nice and Leona looked real cute.

Did I tell you I went down to see about my sewing lessons? You know, the ones I got with my machine? I'm going to take them on Saturday afternoons. That was the only time they had open just months. It made me mad because it breaks up my weekend.

You know what else happened today? Well, I thought about you every minute as I always do. Do you know why? It's because I love you so very much, that's why. And what's more, I always will because you know you have—

All my love always,
Betty

September 12, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

You know those dull, stuffy letters that I get off every so often? Well get set because here comes another one.

I don't know why it is, but every time there are no newsworthy items to write about, the mail fails to come through, and I'm stuck with no material to write about.

FLASH! News just came in. Or maybe I should say a Japanese girl. She was selling flowers, and she caused quite a bit of excitement for a few minutes. I was sitting here in my undershirt writing this, and I made a grab for my shirt with one hand, and my translation book with the other, and got her out of here as fast as I could. Everything happens to me. But then I guess that's what I'm paid for, and it did give me something to write home about.

Tonight I'm going into town to pick up my laundry and some rubber stamps and hangers. So I'm going to knock off for now and start getting ready.

I may not say it all the time, but you know I'm thinking it every single second of the day, and that's that I love you so very, very much.

All My Love Always,
"Your" Bob
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ey. U.]

Dear Bob,

Just got home from the show. Mom and Dad let me have the car tonight so Vicki and I went to the Canoga and saw "Show Boat." It was real good, and then we went to Bob's and got something to eat. Vicki is sitting over on the other bed making out a chart for Mar Casa (Balboa). So don't mind this letter if it sounds a little off.

Oh Darling, I just got the ring today. I went right down and got a chain and I'm wearing it now. I also got the ribbon. Thank you,

Honey. It means so much to me to have things around that you gave me. You just don't know how much my bunny rabbits have meant to me. Harvey still sits at the end of my bed day and night, and the little pink Bunny sleeps right next to me every night. So you see, Darling, you aren't wasting your time. I love you, Darling, so anything I have that has anything to do with you I love also.

Honey, when you take pictures over there why don't you take more of yourself? Out of about 50 pictures there are about four of you every time. Darling, we would much rather see you. Sure, I like to look at pictures of Japan, but I love you. Look at it this way. Which would you rather have: a picture of the house down the street, or a picture of me? Maybe I'm taking a lot for granted. But I think I am safe.

Darling, we are getting a new post man. I haven't seen him yet. Maybe he isn't married. The other one was real terrific and I hate to see him leave, but he is going back to school.

I'd better end this because I mustn't miss too much of my beauty sleep. You know I love you and that you have—

*All my love always,
Betty*

September 13, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well today has been a gloomy one as someone called to mind that today marks our five-month anniversary in Japan.

All I can say is that it's been an awful long five months, and I sure hope that the Army doesn't decide on a repeat performance.

Believe it or not, it's been pretty lonely over here, and I've missed you something awful. All I can say is that when I get home I'm going to try my dandiest to stay there. I've had all the roaming around that I want. When this tour is up, all I'm going to do is to spend the rest of my life with you.

Man, I can hardly wait until that ship docks. And all I've got to say is that there had better not be anyone between the door and me when they give me that Discharge.

They're taking some more fellows out for Korea this week. I'm pretty sure that I won't be picked, though. Being a Sergeant and having an NG in front of my Serial Number helps a lot. So unless they need some Sergeants as replacements, which is unlikely, I'll be all right. And then, there are always a few scatterbrains with more courage than sense who will volunteer to fill the quota. So don't worry, there's not a chance of me going.

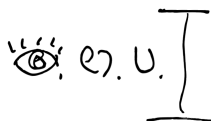
Well, Honey, it's time for me to get a haircut, so I'll knock off for now.

Just remember, Honey, that I love you with all my heart and that I always will.

All My Love Always,

"Your" Bob

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E. U.

Dear Bob,

Well, Darling, I'm afraid this isn't going to be much of a letter. No letters and nothing happened. All I did all day was fool around.

Tomorrow we are going to Balboa. It is really fine down there. The only thing is that when I go someplace that is real nice and there are lots of things to do and everyone is having a terrific time—that is when I miss you the most. I always think how much more fun it would be if you were there. Someday soon I know you will be home. Then we can do all the things I know we both dream of. I only wish I knew how long I had to wait—change that to how long we have to wait, because after all you do as much or more waiting than I do.

No matter how long we have to wait, I know we both agree that it is more than worth it. I love you, Darling, more than anything else in the world.

Be careful and keep good care of yourself. I don't want anything to happen to my Honey. Most of all, always remember you have—

All my love always,

Betty

September 14, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

If you had any worries in that pretty little head of yours about me being on that Korean list, you can stop worrying. The list is out and not a single Sergeant or National Guardsmen is on it.

As for me worrying about the things you say in your letters, you're darn tootin' right I do. After all, it's the only way that I have to "be" with you, and when you pop off with "come home or maybe we won't be married," or something to that effect, it certainly makes an impression. I almost fell through the floor. But you can forget all that sorry stuff. I'm happy to just clear the situation up and be sure of my ground again.

Now I'm surprised that you hadn't heard about the three-month extension that the government tagged on us. It was in all the papers and over the radio, and it's funny you guys missed it. And remember I write about three letters a night and there's a lot of news bits that I scribble off to one person and think that I mentioned in each letter. And what do you mean I didn't tell you? If I didn't, how did you find out about it?

Just bear this in mind. I'm not over here asking for more time to put in, or for a fast trip to Korea. Believe it or not, I want to get home just as fast as I can, and I'll give you one guess why. But things don't look good. They are calling up some more Guard units now, and sending fillers from the 40th to Korea. That means they need more manpower, and since we're over here, why not move us? But then you never can tell. Maybe I'll hitch onto another lucky star like the one I had in my hip pocket on the first night I took you out.

Needless to say, I'm crazy about you, and one of these days I'm coming home. And then we'll start our life together.

The eye is fine now. In fact, it was better a couple of days after it happened. I'm sorry if you worried about it, but it really wasn't anything. I should have written you that it was OK, but being the big, inconsiderate boob that I am, it slipped my mind.

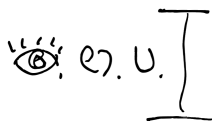
Well it's all over for tonight. Just bear in mind that there is a fella 4,500 miles away who loves you more than anyone has or ever will, and

that he wants and needs you even more. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG.

All My Love Always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Hello, Darling. Here I am at Mar Casa Balboa. It is beautiful here. I just love it. We got the best room of course—look who assigned them. It overlooks the main channel. If you have ever been to Balboa, you know what I mean.

I'm laying here on my bed looking out over the bay; the lights on the water are so pretty. There's a full moon that is just beautiful. About 40 of us kids came (about 20 girls and 20 guys) and of course our sponsors. Leave it to Vicki and me. I went for a walk with a couple of guys. We forgot all about the meeting. We came back just as it was to be over. Who would they call on first, well me of course. It was just my luck. So I was last in student first.

Then your Mother called me and said that you were going to call tomorrow night, and if I wanted to come home she would come after me. If I want! Darling, I would leave Heaven if I could talk to you just for even a second. But then it wouldn't be Heaven if you weren't there. I hate to have your folk's drive all that way, but I am selfish when it comes to talking to you.

I was so mad at that dumb postman. I almost missed coming down here waiting for him. We have a new postman, and he didn't get there so I'll just have to wait; but not so long this time. Since your folks are going to pick me up I'll get home a day early and won't have to wait that extra day. Well, Darling, lights off in a few minutes. You know I love you—

All my love always,

Betty

September 15, 1951

(First Letter)

My Dearest Betty,

Don't let this mail thing bother you. Just remember that the Army handles it, and it's bound to get messed up somewhere along the line. Yesterday I got a letter dated the 7th. Then today I got the 5th, 6th and 8th. Now there's no reason for that kind of service except that the Army has to handle an awful lot of mail.

So whenever you look in the mailbox and there's not a little note of love from your best fella, just remember that in a day or so there'll be two or three waiting for you. I haven't missed yet, and unless something happens to gum up the works, I won't.

I think I said in yesterday's letter that this was my only way of being with you, and I meant that. The way I figure it, these letters are a part of our courtship. It's my way of telling you the things I would if I were home.

Of course these letters don't keep me warm on cold nights, but there will be plenty of time for that after I get home. We'll see to that.

My point is that I love you, and since I do, I like to be with you. But for now, the only way I have of being with you is through a pen and with sheets of paper, so consequently I enjoy every word and every line I read and write.

But "MAYBE," and that's a "BIG MAYBE," we won't have to depend on these letters too much longer. Starting on Monday all the non-coms posts are going to be taken over by RA's (Regular Army) and US's (Draftees). So since most of our non-coms are National Guardsmen, we figure that the NG's might be going home soon. But we don't know. We never know anything, but this along with all the rumors "figures" to be a good sign.

But the best way to "figure" in the Army is to expect the worst and hope for the best. So don't get excited and start figuring because this will probably end up like everything else.

Walter Winchell is supposed to say something about the 40th tomorrow. I think I mentioned this before, but if he does, maybe he'll pop something. Never can tell.

All I can say, young lady, is that you had better be at my house tomorrow when I call. I've been beating around the bush trying to talk to you for long enough, and I figure it's about time I caught you. Man, I sure wish that you could kiss over the phone. I'd give six month's pay just to hold you close to me, feeling your nearness and your soft moist lips against mine. Honey, if I don't get home soon, I swear I'm going to go nuts.

The parade went off well this morning and some Ordnance outfit won the drill competition. We weren't entered but "E" Company next door was, and they sure got robbed out of first place. But that's life I guess.

Well, I need to wind this up for now. Just try to remember that you're in my heart every minute and that you always will be.

Take good care of yourself and GMBTYFAMRTTG.

All My Love Always,
"Your" Bob
XXXXXXXXXX

(Second Letter)

My Dearest Betty,

This is my second letter to you today and the reason for it is that I've got a problem. The problem is Jeanne Maxfield. Mom wrote to me the other day and said that I had better stop writing to her because there was a possibility that my letters to her were bothering you.

I wrote back and told Mom that your happiness was my only concern and I would stop writing. Then I received a letter from her, and when I sat down to tell her that I would no longer be writing, I found out it was easier said than done.

Now Honey, there isn't anything between Jean and I. It's just that I've known her for so long and that she's such a sweet kid that I just didn't have the heart to write that letter with the possibility that I might hurt her feelings.

Now you know all about her and me. You know that we met in Junior High and were very good friends, but the only way we were ever real friendly was maybe a couple dozen kisses that we exchanged over a five-year period.

When I got to North Hollywood High School, I transferred, and when she and I bumped into each other at Van Nuys, we were moving in different circles.

Now that I'm in the Army, she writes to me about twice a month. My replies consist of two or three pages and are like those that I write to Chet. I like Jean, not as a girlfriend, but as a buddy who happens to be a girl.

But remember, you're the girl I love and your happiness is all that counts. I haven't even looked at another woman since you came along. When it comes to the Post Dances, I stay home because I don't want anything to do with anyone but you. I may not be the best citizen in the world, but no one could be truer to his future wife than I've been.

So I'm asking right now if it's all right if I keep writing to her. I'll answer this letter that I just got from her, and after that, there won't be any more if you say that my writing her bothers you.

Needless to say, you are in the Number One Priority Spot when it comes to my letter writing. Whenever I sit down to write, your letter comes first, then Mom's followed by my Sister's. Any others are usually done on the weekends.

While I'm at it, there are four other girls that write to me. Lula and Luella Vollmer, all of who are church girls who I have never met. They got my address from the Zion's Leaguer. The other girl is Dot Morrisey. She's also a church girl who keeps me in touch with Zion's League activities. Now, remember that you're the boss, and if you want me to stop writing to any, or all, of these girls, just say the word.

All My Love Always,
"Your" Bob
XXXXXXXX

Ⓢ: 07. U.]

Dear Bob,

Well, Honey, here I am over at your house. I went in and went to bed, but with the television going in this little house and then remembering that I hadn't written to you today, I decided to get up. So here I am watching television and writing you.

We really had fun this afternoon. We all went speedboat riding all around the islands. Of course it wasn't very exciting because the boat didn't go very fast. Then we went to the Penny Arcade and on the Merry-Go-Round and Ferris Wheel. Then Vicki and I had our

pictures taken so you can see how I look after spending the day at the foggy beach while riding on the top of a motor boat. Vicki was smart. She wore her hair up. Anyway, we had lots of fun playing all the Pin Ball Machines, etc.

About six o'clock your folks came after me, and here I am. Poor Laddie can't get to sleep because Leona won't let him. Chet, Cliff and Mother are going to the Los Angeles Fair tomorrow. If you call before seven, I will go with them, that is, if I don't drop dead from pure lack of sleep. Oh, I didn't tell you about the smugglers did I? We spent half the night watching these two people out on our private pier. It makes a good story at breakfast, but you know, Darling, no one believes us. Can you beat that? For once we tell them the truth, and no one believes us. Oh well, so life goes.

But then I always tell you the truth, and you of course know that. Especially when I say I love you. I wouldn't be here if I didn't, so that proves it. That is, if I have to prove it. Well, Darling, I think I will go in and try to sleep again. Tonight maybe I'll get to say I love you instead of just writing it.

*All my love always,
Betty*

September 16, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling, I must say that today I got a very wonderful letter from you. It was 14 pages long and it dealt with my favorite subject, "us."

Now I really do wish that I could sit down and scribble off 14 pages because I've already said that writing to you is my biggest enjoyment of the day. But it seems that your old dad just doesn't have the time or the news to accomplish this feat. So I'll just struggle along trying to fill my letters with my love for you and interesting bits and pieces to let you know about my activities and ideas.

The activities of today have been slight. I got up around 7:15 AM and ate breakfast. Then I cleaned up, made the bed, swept and mopped the floor, shined my boots and low quarters, polished my brass and headed to church.

Chaplain Nelson was the speaker, and his sermon was "Effectual Fervent Prayer." All in all, it was a nice service and this Nelson really is a good speaker.

After church I came back to the barracks, read the 14-page letter, another one from Sis along with the Sunday funnies that she sends me, and the Stars and Stripes.

Lunch followed and we had chicken, mashed potatoes, peas, salad, orange juice and ice cream.

Right now I'm writing this letter, and at 2:00 PM I've got a theater date with Charlie Bell. After the show I've got to hightail it to Sendai in order to talk to you guys.

I'm a little worried about getting through to you. It's raining, which might cause trouble on the line.

The last radio call I made home I couldn't understand a word Mom was saying. But I guess I was lucky just to get it through, and if I hadn't called Lieutenant Hamalition when I did, I probably wouldn't have. It just so happened that when I phoned him to check on my call he was talking to Sunland, so he told me to hightail it over and talk while the talking was good. Two days later we moved out of Younghans and now we have

no radio. Maybe I can locate one around here. But if not, it was a good break to be able to use the radio the few times that I did.

Tomorrow I start Air Transportation School. All I know about it is that I've got to get up at 4:15 AM and catch a truck at 5:00 AM.

Basketball tryouts are also tomorrow night, and if I get back early enough I think I'll try out. I don't think I have much of a chance to make the team, but it will be fun to try.

We heard over the radio the other day that they are going to call up the 44th and 37th National Guard units. One of them is going to Cooke and the other to Polk.

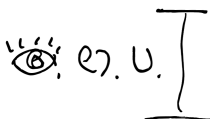
Now it just might be that these are the outfits that are going to relive us. They're supposed to be called up around January. Giving them six months training and shipping them over here would have them arriving in July or August. We would then sail home and be processed out by September.

Now that might happen that way, or maybe not. We might go home tomorrow. No one knows, so don't get your hopes up. Just be thankful that I'm in Japan and not in Korea and that we have each other. Those are the two big things that matter right now. I love you, my Darling.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

I am home in bed, where I have been since noon. I got sick when I was over at your house, but I feel almost 100% better now. You ought to have seen my Dad. Chet, Mother and Cliff went to the fair so Dad and Mary were the only ones here. He came in and out about every 2 minutes the first hour I was home asking if there wasn't something I needed and he would always list a whole lot of different kinds of food he could get. It was funny. Now don't you worry about me getting sick because there is nothing to worry about. By the time you get this letter I will be better than good. In fact, I feel well enough now. With school tomorrow I wouldn't think of missing the first day.

Well nothing else happened today. You know of course that you

didn't get the call through or couldn't or something. Oh well, maybe some other time.

Darling, in your case, if you don't see any fighting, how long does it take to come home on rotation?

I guess there isn't anything else to tell you except that I love you. I guess that's the whole objective of all these letters. Well, Darling, school's tomorrow and your girl has to get up early because I have to be a Big Sister to some new girls.

I love you—

All my love always,

Betty

September 17, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, I'm dead tired. I've been going since 4:15 AM and it's now 9:45 PM, so if this is a little short, try to understand.

I started that Air Transportability School today, and they took us up to Camp Matsushima. It's about 30 miles from here and we went up by train. I'll write and tell you more about it tomorrow.

Some dirty crook really walked off with a lot of loot last night. While we were all sleeping, someone went through our pockets and walked off with a little over \$200.00. I got taken for \$10.00 and boy, it sure hurt. It wasn't the amount so much, but it was all I had and that doesn't leave me a cent until Mom gets a Money Order to me. I asked Lieutenant Hamilton to send her an SOS via short wave. I'll check today to see if he got through all right.

I think they may have a chance of catching him. The other day, I bought five theater tickets. I used one and sold the other to Panzer. When he raided my wallet, he took the three remaining tickets. Now Panzer hasn't used his ticket yet, so we got the number off it. Anyone that passes tickets four numbers either way will be suspected. Then, too, they might get some fingerprints off one of the wallets.

You never can tell, but I sure hope they get him. That kind of stuff, especially in the Army, doesn't go.

By now you know that Sunday's phone call fell through. It couldn't be helped. The lines were down.

Now, Honey, I don't mean to ignore your questions. But I can't see any reason to tell you what the one before last was for. I'll let you know one of these days. As long as we're at it, what's the other one about? You might burn out before I get home?

It hasn't been much, Honey, and if something hit you wrong, bear in mind I'm really tired and just a little peeved at losing that money, but most of all remember you have

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXX

⊙. U.]

Dear Bob,

Well school started today. I got everything I asked for as always. I was going to have a free first period, but I was in the gym and it is so much fun in there. So I asked Miss. Bailey if they were going to have a second period. She said one, so I went in and asked Mrs. Hill, and now I have Gym Office first period. I was Mrs. Hill's secretary before, and it was lots of fun. In fact, the whole Gym Department says I am the best secretary they ever had. So here is my program the way it is now:

- I Gym Office
- II Advanced Composition - Williamson
- III Business Machines – Shipley
- IV Bookkeeping I – Rankel
- V U.S. Government – Smyth
- VI Physical Education

I'm going to change Advanced Composition to Drama. What a cinch. At least it looks like a cinch. Maybe I will get a surprise. I didn't do anything today; no one does on the first day. I just showed about five girls where all their classes were, etc.

You said something in your letter that I got today that you got "an awful funny feeling last Sunday," which would have been September 9. You thought maybe I was thinking more about you than usual. Well, Darling, I am always thinking about you all the time, but Honey, at 4:00 AM I was most likely asleep. I do dream about you quite often. I did last night; I can't say it was a very good dream. I don't think it will ever come true. At least I hope not.

Chet said to say hello—so hello from Chet. Maybe someday I will get him cornered long enough for him to write you.

You know of course that I love you. It sure doesn't look like you will get home for at least another six months, does it? You never did write and tell me when they extended your time until September. That sure

made me mad. It's just like starting all over again. Here I thought almost half the year was over and I find out it will be another whole year. Don't get me wrong, Darling. I will still wait. As I said before, it just makes me mad.

Gee, I love you, Darling, and I hate being so far apart. Oh well, someday soon we will make up for it.

*All my love always,
Betty*

September 18, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today your lover boy has problems. He's broke and has exactly one six-cent stamp left. So this letter may be the last one for awhile.

Everyone was hit around here, and seeing as it's the 17th of the month, just about everyone is broke or pretty short themselves. But maybe I'll be able to dig up some stamps. If not, I'll write the letters and hold them until the cash arrives and then shoot them on to you. They may be late, but I won't miss a day. By the way, I'm going to write Mom a letter and send it in your envelope. So be a good girl and give her a ring about it.

In yesterday's masterpiece I told you I'd give you the details on the Air Transportability Training. There's really not much to it. We left here around 4:30 AM and arrived at Camp Matsushima a little after 7:00 AM. Our first class was an Introduction and was followed by a Flight Safety class. Then we had classes on Familiarization with Aircraft, Theory and Computation of Lashings, Ropes and Knots and Loading and Lashing. That finished up the first day, and we headed for home.

Then this morning we had Theory of Computation of Loads and two hours of Computation on Loads. Then, in the afternoon, we had a class in Loading and Lashing Heavy Equipment and Miscellaneous Loads.

What the whole thing boils down to is figuring out what a plane can carry, how to put it into the plane without causing it to be unbalanced, and how to tie the cargo down to keep it from moving. It sounds pretty simple, and it is, once you catch on to it, but it takes a little brainwork to figure out how to put the stuff in. This Army is getting more complicated every day.

By the way, today I got my picture taken by some Army photographers. I doubt that they'll ever print it, but you never can tell. You might keep an eye open back home for it. They might send a release to one of the local sheets.

We played our first practice basketball game against E Company today and rolled over them to the tune of 64-28. Now I'm not one to brag, but I was sure hot today. I got 28 points, including two free throws. Usually I'm not much of a scorer. If I get four points, I'm lucky, but things were

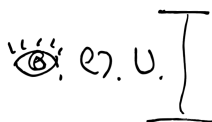
different today. It was just one of those days that no matter what I did, it was right. I wonder how long it will be before I have another day like that; a week, a month, a year or ever.

Needless to say, my little Darling, I'm just as crazy about you now as I ever was. It seems that with every passing day I grow to appreciate you just a little more.

It's hard for me to write a letter, that is, a love letter. I guess I'm just not the mushy type. But bear in mind that although I'm simple, not as bright as some people are, and not as successful as I'd like to be, I love you more than anything in this world.

One of these days I'll prove it. Until then, please keep care of yourself and KYFMLATGMB.

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Well, Darling, don't mind me tonight. It has been hot all day, and I am roasting. I haven't been feeling so good. Nothing serious, just down in the dumps. You know how you get—no ambition or anything.

I had my program change today. The periods are all switched, but the only subject change is Advanced Composition to Drama.

Nothing happened today. Oh yes, I did go to a club meeting. What a mess. No one knows what they are doing. I was quite disgusted. In fact, I felt like quitting the whole thing. But it's probably just my mood. That's the way I have felt all day.

You know. Honey, some people are crazy. Did you know Jimmy Misamore—a real short guy? Well anyway, his sister is married to this jerk. This is why he is a jerk: He is over in Japan. He has been overseas for a year in Korea most of the time. He had a chance to come home. The plane was all set—all he had to do was get on it. But now he wants to stay another couple of months. It seems that they may call for another invasion over there, and he wants to be in on it with his outfit.

I think he is crazy or that he sure must not love his wife very much. Maybe it is just me and that when you are over there it is different. But I don't think I could ever forgive him if I were Maryland. What if he gets killed? Oh well, I am not going to worry about. I don't have to worry about something like that happening because we have already gone over that.

I love you, Darling. Maybe my letters don't always sound like it, but I do. I love you more than anything or anyone in the whole world. I miss you something terrible. I just can't think of anything or anyone else. I don't care about anything or anyone else. In fact, it is getting so I just don't care about anything. I don't want to do anything. All that I know is that I love you and I want you to come home. Until then you have

*All my love always,
Betty*

September 19, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, if I ever catch the dirty so-and-so that ransacked my wallet, so help me I'll beat him to a pulp.

He not only took my last \$10.00 but he also stole six of your pictures. He got the one of you leaning against the tree, one of the first ones you gave me where you're wearing a sweater and your legs are folded behind you; one where you're wearing an off shoulder blouse; and three pictures of you in your bathing suit.

One of these days I'm going to catch that guy; I've just got a feeling. And brother, when I do there's going to be trouble. I very seldom get mad but I'm really boiling this time.

Last night the Supply Room got hit, and they got away with close to \$500.00 worth of stuff. They think it might be some Japanese gang. But for the life of me I can't figure what Japanese would want with the theater tickets or your pictures. But then I can't figure why anyone would want to steal your pictures in the first place. I can't see how they are of any value to anyone but me. But I guess it takes all kinds of people to make up the world.

At any rate, tonight they're going to post some guards. Reminds me of the old saying about the barn and the horses. But you can never tell. They might try a third time.

Well today was my third and last day at the Air Transportability School. I passed with flying colors since there was a smart fella sitting next to me during the examination. The instructor did get a little mad at me. One of the questions on the test was: "When is the only time an air transportation operation is used?" I answered "When you have airplanes." It seems that the correct answer is "when there is air superiority over the enemy."

But all kidding aside, the test was a cinch and I only dropped one point. Seems I can't add correctly. Seven and five is twelve, not eleven.

Speaking of facts and figures, how about sending me the facts on your figure? I don't know if it's proper for a husband to be in the know about such things but I can't see any harm in it. So in your next letter, sit

yourself to work with a tape measure and dash off the measurements of your hips, waist, bust, etc., along with your height and weight and all the miscellaneous figures that should be included.

And as long as we're on the subject, did I ever tell you that you're the most beautiful girl in the world and that I love you with all my heart?

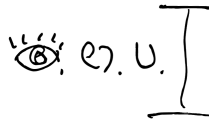
What I wouldn't give if I could be home sleeping with you. That would be worth more to me than all the rest of the sex in the world.

You know, it's funny but never have I kissed a girl and felt the way I do when I kiss you. There is just a warm feeling there that I've never experienced before.

With all the thoughts and memories I have about you, it's the kisses that I remember the most. I guess it's just that I'm so-dog-gone in love with you that everything you do is just as I want it.

What I mean is I love you so much that you're the girl I've picked to spend the rest of my life with. I love you, Betty, far more than you'll ever know.

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Here I am in Mrs. Smyth's room. It is fifth period, and I don't have anything to do. In fact, I didn't have anything that requires brainpower to do all day. At least that is the way it has been working out. It is another hot day. It always happens this way. It is almost cold the last half of the summer and then school starts and we have a heat wave.

Now I am home and it is time for me to get my night sleep. That is, after I finish this. Now that school has started nothing happens, not that it ever did. I did get a letter from you today, which at least brightened the afternoon up quite a bit. You said you miss me; well, believe it or not, I kind of miss you too. Kind of! That's all I think about, much less care about. In fact I was going to Clear Creek with the Lettergirls this weekend but now I am not because maybe you will call and I wouldn't take the chance of missing you for anything.

Darling, why don't you take your Mother's suggestion and try to get just me on shortwave? Maybe it is being selfish, but I can't talk to you with all your relatives sitting around looking at me. But then I guess you want to talk to them, too. But I do think it would be nice to talk to you—just the two of us. I could tell your Mother any messages, etc.

At least let us know in advance when you're calling so I can arrange the things I have planned. It is kind of hard to believe when you write and tell me that it is really me you want to talk to, etc., and then you call with no warning so I couldn't possibly be there. I know you haven't gotten through most of the time, but that hasn't been your fault. If you want to talk to me so bad, why don't you tell us so we can plan for it? Well I guess that is enough lectures for tonight.

I love you, Darling, and I miss you ever so much just as you miss me. They're playing "Always" on the radio and that is what it is—you and me together always.

I love you, Darling, with all my heart, and for that matter I always will.

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. Would you like me to send you the school paper? I could just send you mine after I've read it.

I love you—

September 20, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Seems as though I'm going to have to sue the Postal Service. Your old dad hasn't received a letter from his one and only for four days now. But I'm not worried because I know your letters are on the way.

Funny thing about the mail, nothing for three days and then all at once, one letter from Mom and three from Sis. What probably happened was that the mail got held up along the way for some reason. Then when it all arrived at the post office, it was too much for them to handle all at once, so yours is probably sitting down there right now, waiting to be dropped into F Company's bag for delivery.

This letter probably sounds a little dopey, and why shouldn't it? Look who's doing the writing. I've been computing loads all day long, and my head is still whirling from all of those numbers. Sort of like the same feeling you get after taking three or four final exams, in say, six hours. I guess I'm not used to this indoor life and it's getting me down.

Whether you realize it or not, you've got an informer in your midst. However, I wouldn't worry about it if I were you because this person seems to have been won over by your charms. It seems that this person is pretty well sold on you and in the reports this person has sent me, nothing except the very best was recorded and under recommendations was written (or should I say written between the lines), "If you don't grab this girl you're a drip."

Now I hope your curiosity has been aroused. This was my plan since I don't have anything to write about and I have to fill up these pages with something.

The trouble with my plan is that you'll pester, pester, and pester me until I tell you who my secret informer is. So I'm going to save you the trouble and make a clean break of the whole thing.

The person you're looking for is... BANG! BANG! I'm dead! (Just like Dick Tracy).

But all kidding aside, the guilty one is no other than my, or should I say our, Sis. She really does keep me well informed about you. And the one big thing I like about it is that she puts in those little human interest news

bits that one forgets to mention about themselves but which contributes so greatly to their makeup.

Her latest little item was written on the 12th of September, and it went like this: "Betty and Mary came with Mom, and one of the girls in the show knew Betty. So during intermission we were talking, and Betty said, 'Why, Claudia is my sister.' So you can see where we stand. And for the first time she kissed me goodnight. I'm awfully glad she did because I feel we're gradually growing closer, and I want to be an A+ with your wife always."

So you can plainly see that you're in good standing with the folks on my side of the fence. And, needless to say, it pleases me pink to have it that way. You're not any relation to Jesse James, are you? First you stole my heart and now my folks. Why first thing you know, I won't be able to beat you without Leona kicking me in the shins!

But I really am glad to see that I was right all along and everyone likes and loves everyone else so much. That's one of our hurdles. Now if I can do half as well with your side, we'll be rounding Third and heading for Home.

However, let's not carry these things too far. Save some of those kisses for me. After all I expect at least 100 every day for a lifetime. That's 100 X (X) = 100X. That's a lot of kisses. KCBGGYFMBATGMB

All my love always,

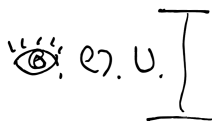
"Your" Bob

XXXXXX

P.S. One of the boys, a Corporal St. John, is headed home, and he said if he got a chance he'd drop in and see you and the folks.

To tell you the truth, I really don't like him very well but it was nice of him to offer to say hello for me.

Keep care of yourself, Honey, and try to comprehend how very, very much I love you.



Dear Bob,

Darling, I am surprised at you; what kind of girl do you think you are in love with? You sure must not know me very well. If I have said it once I have said it a dozen times— I like to have you write to people. I believe girls are people, so that includes them. I want you to

have friends. I don't want someone for my husband who doesn't get along with people and has a lot of friends, both boys and girls, male and female. So I guess that includes Jean.

Darling, I know that you are in love with me just as I am in love with you. Honey, if I told you that you couldn't write it to any girls, it would be just as silly if you wrote me and told me I couldn't speak to any boys anymore. Honey, you know this works two ways. Honey, I don't want you to sit around over there by yourself. Why don't you go to some post dances? I go to dances; in fact, I am going to one tomorrow night. I have to since I am on the Dance Committee and all of us have to go.

For heaven sakes, Darling, I don't have anything to worry about. You see I am pretty sure of myself. Darling, let's get something straight right now—you are the man I am going to marry. I love you and trust you. I would do anything for you. I know I'm the only one for you as you are the only one for me. It is silly to think I would mind your writing to Jean. In fact, I want you to. I think it is good for you. I'm going to call your mother and explain it to her. I may still be a little girl in many ways, but at least I am grown up enough to know that objecting to such a thing is childish, selfish and foolish. When we get married I don't expect to sit at home by myself or ourselves. We have to have friends both male and female.

I think I have explained my point of view enough. I hope you understand just how I feel, and I don't want any such silly questions again. I will be insulted.

Well tonight I went to a "Good Bye" dance committee dinner at the pump room for "Doc." She is taking a year's leave of absence. It was real nice. Everyone was in a silly mood. It was quite an evening to say the least.

Well, Honey, it is late. School and all that. You know I love you. Be good and keep good care of yourself for me—

*All my love always,
Betty*

September 21, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well the big money hump is over now, thanks to Sergeant Pillows who played the part of the Lone Ranger and galloped to my rescue with a ten-dollar bill last night.

It seems that he received a check from the government, and being as he and I are pals, he slipped me the ten under the dinner table last night. Boy it sure didn't happen any too soon. I was down to my last razorblade.

Honey, I'm afraid that this is going to be a little shorter than usual. We're having a Company party tonight, and although I really don't care about going, it's more or less a must for a Sergeant to support the Company's projects.

I got two letters from you today. One was dated the 12th and the other the 15th, so you can see that this mail is in a pretty bad way. Boy, I sure hate to think what the Christmas mail will be like.

As far the ring and ribbon are concerned, you know you're welcome. I try to keep my eyes open for little knickknacks that might interest you.

Mama wrote me that you gave up a vacation just to get my call. Honey, I really feel bad about that, but I just couldn't get through. I waited and waited, and at 11:30 I had to run for Camp because of the 12-midnight curfew law. They don't have an overseas telephone office here on the post like they did at Younghans, so in order to make a call you have to go into Sendai.

As for these pictures, I'll take some more of me in the next batch and send them on to you if you promise to do the same. You know this marriage life is give and take.

Well, my Dearest, I said this was going to be a short one. One thing about me, I'm a man of my word.

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

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
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Dear Bob,

Well, Darling, tonight I went to a dance at the high school. Donna Yard got the car and she, Barbara Flanagan and I went. There were loads of people there. We went to Bob's to eat afterwards. It was fun. At least, it passed the time and was something to do.

Gee, Honey, I love you. We are going to be a fine pair. You said that if you didn't get home pretty soon you would go crazy—well no kidding, Darling, it's driving me crazy, too. I just can't help it. I try to have a good time. I really do, but this is getting worse instead of better. I know there is nothing either one of us can do about it.

In your letter today you had it worked out so you would be home next August; by then I know I will be nuts. Get me! I know you can't help it and want to get home as soon as you can, but gosh, Honey, I have to blow off sometimes. But I'll stop for today.

It was another rather warm day, roasting as usual. Nothing of any interest happened today.

Darling, it is late. I know you understand. I love you, Honey, more each day—if it is possible to love you anymore than I do right now.

*All my love always,
Betty*

September 22, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well the wheels are finally grinding on this Air Transportability instruction. I'm a driver on one of the demonstration teams. There's not much to it; all I do is drive the vehicles up the ramp and into the mock aircraft. Then I pull up on a couple of reverse bowline knots, and that's it. One thing is for sure; I've got the softest job of the whole bunch. How I worked it I don't know, but leave it to me to get the laziest job around. The only drawback of the whole deal is that you've got to be "extra" sharp every day. That means more pressing, shining and polishing.

Today is Saturday and the 16th Corps was playing some Tank Outfit in a football game. I didn't have much to do, so I moseyed over to see what was cookin'. I won't say those outfits stunk, but the Junior High team that I played for could have run either of them off the field. The game finally ended in a 0-0 tie, and I ended in a fit of disgust. I think I'll get up a Company team and go down and play them this coming Saturday.

Boy, it was sure a blow when the General decided not to let the 40th play ball this season. But as far as I'm concerned it doesn't matter too much because we've got a lot of pros in this outfit.

I got another letter from you today. It was dated the 11th. That leaves only the 12th and 13th to go. I got the 14th yesterday. You know one of these days I'm going to get all of my mail in sequence, and the shock is going to be too much for me.

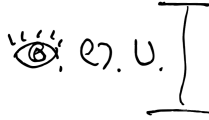
The reason the ribbon and the ring didn't come with your letters was because they sent the envelope back to me. So I had to take them out of your letter and declare them. With the exception that they got to you later, it really didn't matter since we had declaration forms on hand.

As for the China, there's not a chance of me sending a piece home. I'll just keep shopping around and get the best deal I can. You know it's funny, but all of the expensive stuff has lousy designs. The only attractive ones I've seen have been the less expensive sets.

Well, since I'm running out of things to say, I'll devote the rest of this page to telling you how much I love you. It's hard to write how much I do. But if you can picture what all the love I can possibly muster together

looks like, you'll have it. Just try and remember that you're the only girl for me and that one of these days we'll sign a "never to be broken" contract. Keep care of yourself. KCBGGYFMBATGMB

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
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Dear Bob,

Hello, Honey. Well tonight I went to the show. Mother let me have the car, and Vicki and I saw "Samson and Delilah" and "Harvey." They were real good. After the show we went over to your house to see if by any chance they might have heard something about your calling. But they hadn't, so here we are at home. As usual, Vicki is reading a magazine over on the other bed.

Did I tell you about my sewing lessons? Well, when Grandmother gave me the sewing machine, a set of eight lessons came with it that was good for a year. I kept putting it off, but now the year is almost up and Grandmother insists I have them. So anyway, I go every Saturday afternoon for two whole hours to take a sewing lesson. Today, which was the first of my series, I must admit wasn't bad.

Well, needless to say it is late, I'm tired, etc. But if it makes you feel any better, I love you. In fact, I love you more than anything else in this whole world. Be good now, Darling, and don't do anything that I wouldn't want you to. Above all, always remember I love you no matter what.

*All my love always,
Betty*

September 23, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

This is going to be one of those bad “no news” letters. But what can a guy write about on a Sunday? Every Sunday is the same, just as every day in the army is purely routine. I slept in late, got up and went to church, and in the afternoon took in a show. Now you go and dig out my old letters and see if I’m not in a rut. Next week I think I’ll do something daring, like not going to the show. But perhaps tomorrow will bring something of interest. At least it’s got a better than average chance since we start teaching Air Transportability.

Oh by the way, one thing out of the usual did happen tonight. SFC Wilber broke out his projector, so for an hour we sat around watching “home movies.” Only this home was Japan. But it was interesting and fun to see on film all the places that we’ve been.

One of these days when I get home, we’ll have to go over and visit just so you can see what this place looks like. On second thought, it would be a waste of gas.

I sent another roll of film home today. I have no idea how many shots it has of yours truly, but I’ll go all out on the next roll just so you can all look at my ugly mug. What a sweet, good lookin’ girl like you sees in a guy like me I’ll never know. But I’m sure glad you see something.

I’ve always been lucky; but when I stole your heart, my horseshoe and both of Harvey’s feet must have been working overtime. Believe me, the 9th of December means a lot to me. It means that there’s only 16 more shopping days left before Christmas and you’re the best Christmas or birthday present that a guy could ever ask for. Honey, I’m awfully proud to call you mine, and I love you far more than you’ll ever know.
KCBGGYFMBATGMB

All my love always,

“Your” Bob
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U. S. E. I

Dear Bob,

Do you want to hear something different, something I haven't said since yesterday? I love you—now wasn't that different?

I must say I was a good girl. I went to church this morning and to League tonight. In fact, that is all I did today except clean out the closet and a cupboard. Then of course, think about you every minute. Oh, I forgot about calling all those people this afternoon to tell them about the Council meeting. Now you have the daily report on my activities.

Honey, did you forget about that paper I sent to you to write something on so I could put it in my annual? Seems to me you have had long enough to think about it.

And, Darling, about this football game between Graceland and Compton. I learned by reading those letters you sent me that it was Thursday the 27th. Well, Darling, I am afraid I can't go unless your Mother calls and asks me. You see, I was talking to my Mother about it because I thought maybe your Mother didn't know when it was. But my Mother said that I couldn't remind your Mother because she has taken me so many places—so unless your Mother calls me, I can't go. In a way, I think she is right. Because we talked about it once and that should be enough. Besides, Darling, I don't see what good it would do. The only reason I would go is because you ask me to. We will have plenty of time to see Graceland play football together. Or maybe you will play, who knows.

Darling, what did you ever do about those lessons I sent you? If you haven't taken the test I think you should. You were in such a hurry to get it done. You have been good about answering my questions but just a reminder not to forget. I wouldn't ask a question if I didn't want the answer.

I miss you, Darling, something awful. I love you, Honey, a lot more than you think. You know you have—

All my love always,

Betty

September 24, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Mama wrote me all about your getting sick, and since I know it's just one of those things I won't worry. I guess I can't bawl you out for not keeping care of yourself in this case.

As for rotation, I just hope I'm not over here long enough to come home on rotation points. Right now it's supposed to take 24 points, but I'm told they won't even talk to you about it unless you have over 35 points.

They give me one point every month I'm here in Japan. That gives me almost 6 points. Now, the married boys get 1½ points a month and the troops who are fighting in Korea get 4 points a month.

Now, I don't mean to scare you away, but I think that you should know the facts. Just hope that I get out before the 3rd World War breaks out with Russia. If I don't, these months are liable to run into years. In the last war they called up the Guard on March 3, 1941, and let them out about six months after the war ended.

But on the other hand, if I get out, I've got a fair chance of staying out. I'll be a Vet with x number of months overseas, and if you come through with those twins, I'll have three dependencies. Then my only problem will be feeding all of them. But then I guess you can't have everything.

However, don't worry about it. Everything will work out for the best. In about nine months I'll be home, and then you and I can start having those "Army keeper outers." Of course I'm only kidding about having kids just to keep out of the service. You know how I am about kids—no resistance whatsoever.

But let me tell you, if we do have them in pairs, we're going to have trouble. Just think of the fuss my Mom made over Leona. She'll go wild at the sight of two; not to mention what your side will do. To tell you the truth I can hardly wait to spoil them myself. I'll even be satisfied with one at a time.

Well, our instruction went off without a hitch today. If tomorrow goes as well, we'll be in business. Then tonight we had a basketball practice, and tomorrow we play G Company. Man, you should see the knot I have on my noggin. Seems that one of the other fellows and I got our heads

together sometime during the scrimmage.

And what's this about your having bad dreams about me? That isn't good for your moral, so I suggest you stop dreaming bad ones and stick to the better things of life. However, I am disappointed that my "special thought wave" didn't jive with yours. Just my imagination working overtime, I guess.

Your classes sound just a little on the easy side to me. Tell me, just why are you bothering to go to school? But I should talk. I'd probably have an easier schedule than that if I were home.

Tell me, have you ever had Mrs. Smyth before? A lot of the kids don't seem to care for her, but somehow I was always different. She's got a lot of GOOD AMERICAN ideals, and if there's one thing that our country needs today, it's more people like her. Pay close attention to her. Civics really ought to be her meat, and you can probably pick up a lot more from her than any other teacher. At any rate, give her my regards.

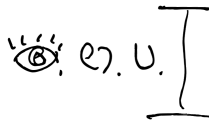
So long for tonight, Honey. Be good and remember I love you.

KCBGGYFMBATGMB

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

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Dear Bob,

Tonight I went to a Council meeting. What a mess. Me and my big mouth. I get myself in more deals. Our club is in charge of the dinner next time. That means just the Officers. That leaves Vicki and me to get dinner for about 40 people for 50 cents each because the boys can't cook. That isn't what bothers me. It's that I have bowling every Monday and won't get home until about 6:15, and the dinner will be at 6:30. Then I got to thinking. It is a big job, especially with everything else I do. But me, I'm stubborn and I insisted it would work, and now I will show them if I have to cook the whole dinner myself. Anyway, the whole meeting was a mess.

I took the letters over to your Mother today. I took Leona's over, too, because I figured she will see her.

I love you more than anything else in the world. Pat Kirkman

asked me tonight how I could be involved in and do so many things. I told her it was simple, that my "Honey" was overseas, and if I didn't keep busy every minute of the day and half the night I would go crazy. Honey, I love you for everything you are, and that includes physically. I love you for the wonderful way you made me feel. I just feel right with you. In anything and everything we do.

Seems to me I have done enough explaining. If you want further explanations or don't understand something, write and ask me, won't you, Darling? You know you have

*All my love always,
Betty*

(Second Letter)

Dear Bob,

Well today, Honey, is your lucky day. This is my second letter. It is late so I will try to make the short.

I read your letters over, and I see there are some things I forgot. Honey, it is too bad that you had all that money taken. I think it is funny that they took my pictures. Did they take any of the other fellow's pictures? It is funny they would take pictures. What could they ever do with them?

By the sound of your letter of the 18th, you made the basketball team. That will be nice for you. You know I love to play basketball, too. At least it gives you something that's lots of fun to do. It gets your mind off things, and that's what we both need. It makes it a whole lot easier, if you know what I mean.

Now, Darling, you are being far too modest. I think you write a wonderful love letter. That of course is the part I always like best, sort of the icing on the cake, or the dessert after the dinner.

Now about my figure. Darling, I don't know whether I should give you that information without knowing what for. But since it takes so long and I belong to you anyway, you might as well know what you have. However, you must promise to write and tell me why you wanted them. If you don't, needless to say, this girl is going to be mad. Here are my measurements—

<i>Height</i>	<i>5 feet, 5 1/2 inches</i>
<i>Weight</i>	<i>128</i>
<i>Bust</i>	<i>35</i>
<i>Waste</i>	<i>25</i>
<i>Hips</i>	<i>35</i>

Now, Darling, don't forget to tell me what the above was for.

Darling, there is something I am curious about. You know those pictures; did he take all of the ones that were in your wallet? In other words, did he take all the pictures or did he leave some for you to keep? I will have to take some more for you. While we are on that subject, Darling, why don't you get on the ball and send me some more pictures of YOU, not the whole Japanese countryside. I love you, in case you are in doubt.

Really, Darling, it is late; I do have school and all that.

I love you, Darling, and miss you; I just can't tell you how much I miss you. I could write a book on it.

*All my love always,
Betty*

September 25, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

In today's letter you asked me why would Jimmy Misamore's sister's husband turned down rotation in favor of another push. It's hard to say. But whatever the reason, you can rest assured it was a sacrifice. Believe me, neither you nor I have the slightest idea of what war is like.

It's a whole lot more than just shooting and killing. In a war, it's pain, fatigue, worry, waiting and millions of other things rolled into one big ball.

What makes a fella go on is a good question. I guess it's the realization of two things. First of all, someone has to do the job, and secondly, you know the other fellow needs you, and you have a feeling of loyalty (we call it "Spirit of Corps" in the Army) towards the other fellow.

You know, a man thinks differently than a woman. He has and needs a certain pride in himself and without this pride, he is a failure.

Can you tell me why a boy plays football? Why in the world did I go out and work myself to death, getting banged up and going through all that I did for a seat on the bench on Friday night? Was it the glory? And if so, what glory? Ask anyone around if they remember what position I played. Do you know, or does Chet? I was never a "great" and I never expected to be. There wasn't such a thing as personal glory as far as I was concerned. That was for our stars, such as Withrow and Rigby.

The reason was that "Spirit of Corps." It was the little guys like myself that made the stars and won the games. Games are not won on Friday afternoon. You start winning or losing that game on Monday afternoon, and every ounce of sweat, every broken bone and bruised muscle, is a step toward that victory. And I'm the guy that keeps Rigby and Withrow stepping, that took the bumps and bruises in scrimmages, and consequently it was me who had a hand in winning the big game.

War is the same way. We have heroes. But it's the little guy whose sweat and lives are winning this war. It takes a combined effort on everyone's part to win this game. And remember it's not the battle of Seoul that wins the war but the battle of basic and advanced basic, and of mind and thought and deed. All the little things rolled into one ball are

what give us a winning team.

The only problem that faces us now is the question, "Is the game worth winning?" The answer is obvious. No sacrifice is too great for our way of life, for our families, for our loved ones. Such sacrifices are hard ones to make, but we've got to win. That's all there is to it.

And in order to win, we need the best team possible. Spirit helps to make a man a good member of that team. And don't forget the pride that a man has. A feeling that he helped to gain the win. Not a feeling of glory because there's little glory in war—just hell.

But don't worry about me. I'll take any chance I get to come home. I want to get home just as bad as the next guy does.

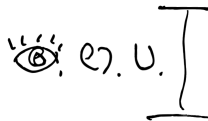
Well, Honey, I don't know if we settled anything. You've got to be a part of it to understand.

Just bear in mind that I love you with all my heart, and my only thought is your happiness. KCBGGYFMBATGMB

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX

A handwritten signature consisting of a stylized eye symbol with radiating lines, followed by the letters 'E. U.' and a vertical line that curves at the top and bottom.

Dear Bob,

I go from one extreme to the other. Last night I had so much to say it took two letters, and tonight I am at a loss. Oh well, maybe it won't be so bad seeing as how I love you—that being the only reason I write one of these every day. So that in itself should make you happy. I know it makes me happy to think you love me enough to write me every day.

Tonight we had a "Y" club meeting. For once it was a real good meeting. We're going to the Ice Follies on Saturday. I have never been, so I'm looking forward to it. Being Secretary is really a job. It took me all afternoon trying to get the books in order for the Hi-Steppers, and I still didn't get it all done. I have even a bigger mess to straighten out for the Council.

Nothing much happened in school today. Oh, I did have a test in Mrs. Smyth's room. I got a 100...See what a smart girlfriend you have. You know, Darling, I think we are going to have brilliant

kids. With your brains and mine, how can we miss? Gee, Darling, I love you. I just couldn't think of anyone else being the father of my children. As far as that goes I couldn't and wouldn't let anyone besides you even touch me. Honey, it has been six long months, and I hope and pray that it won't be six more long months. But if it is, I'll still love you as much or more than I do now. You see, I mean it when I say—

*All my love always,
Betty*

September 26, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today has been one of those days where you haven't done anything but still you're dead on your feet. I don't know what it is, but these Air Transportability classes are sure wearing me out. I guess it's just that I'm on my feet all day long and it's the same old stuff day in and day out that gets me.

But at least the first class is finished. Tomorrow we'll jump into the second class with eight hours of knot tying. Honey, if this keeps up, when I get home I'll probably be holding your hand, and before either of us realizes what has happened, I'll have it tied into a reverse bowline.

While I think of it, I would enjoy receiving the school newspaper as it would help me keep up on Valley affairs.

As for these radio calls, bear in mind that I've moved from Younghans, and I no longer have a radio at my beck and call. However, I see no reason why a telephone call couldn't be arranged between just the two of us.

Now that Mom suggested it, it's easier on me. Think how you would feel if I just called my Mom and not you. You know that works two ways. And I don't want to hurt my Mother's feelings any more than I do yours.

Whether you realize it or not, I'm on a spot over here. You only have one party to please, that party being me. But your old dad has three: the Ward's, the Anderson's and the Furlong's.

And along with trying to please everyone, I'm trying to save money, study, attend to my military duties and have a little fun for myself.

Remember, I'm in the Army, and my day doesn't stop at 5 PM. It's a full-time job, and believe it or not, it's a pretty hard job to do. Just remember, my Darling, that you come first. But I'm trying not to hurt anyone by having you in first place.

Needless to say, I love you with all my heart. Keep care of yourself, give your folks my love and the gang my best.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

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Ⓢ. U. }

Dear Bob,

I got all your letters to their right owners. In fact, I had a convention. Your Mother came over after hers, and then Claudia and Leona came in just as Mary Ann stopped in. So you can see all at once the house was full of people. Oh yes, and Leona had a friend with her. I talk to Stan on the phone, and I think he is so funny.

Honey, you said something in Leona's letter that your Sis said I should be insulted about, and after thinking about I was. You're saying that maybe Leona would be a famous skater, but then she would probably get married and be just a wife. The last part, Honey. I'll tell you what I am going to do. That is, of course, if you approve. I can't be a famous skater because I don't especially want or like to skate. But Darling, I could be a famous businesswoman. I do like that. Of course, marriage would be out; it might interfere with my career. But if you wait, after I am famous I might consider it.

Let's see just how long would that be. One year left of high school, at least four years of college, and then maybe two more years of business school. Being in business, you always have to start at the bottom, but after playing up to the boss' good-looking son, I may even have to marry him, but with luck maybe in say five years at least, I could have a fairly good job. But in business, it takes a while to earn a reputation, so give me two more years, and I would probably be famous. Then after I was famous, maybe I would marry you and be "just a wife." But then, why give up my career? So of course I could just continue my work, and that would mean no children. That means we can plan to be married about 1965 at the very soonest. Then just think, Darling. You would have a famous wife and not "just a wife."

Now, Darling, you know of course that I am just kidding. I wouldn't wait until 1965 even if you would let me. So I guess you will have to be satisfied with "just a wife." See how much I love you? I give up a great career of being a famous businesswoman just for you.

Sorry to hear the mail was held up. I know how you feel—it ruins the whole day if someone delays your daily letters. It particularly kills me if there is more than a day in between. Darling, please answer one question for me about all of these “boys” that are going to call or drop in to see me—are they married?

Honey, you know you are the only one for me. I love you, Darling; just wait, someday soon, I hope, I will prove it. Until then I send you and just you

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. I love you

September 27, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, your letter came today giving me the green light to write Jean. I'm glad you stamped your OK on it.

However, if you haven't mentioned it to Mom yet, I wish you wouldn't. Gotta bear in mind the old girl's feelings, you know. Things get all balled up when you try to explain things in a letter, so I just didn't mention it. You know the old saying, "What she doesn't know won't hurt her." But if the cats already out of the bag, I guess there's really no harm done.

Another thing, when I write that I'm not going to the post dances and etc., don't think I'm just sitting around twitting my thumbs. It's just that I'm giving these Japanese girls a wide berth. But there's always a show or a basketball game I can go to in their place. It's just that I have no interest in dancing with anyone but you.

With you, it's different. You're still going to school, and you've got to keep up your social contacts. So when the dances come up, it's proper for you to go, and I really want you to. But on the other hand I sure envy, not hate, the guy that's dancing with you. But then I guess we're even because he has to envy me. After all, all that he's gotten is a dance; I've got your love. And that's worth more to me than anything else in the world.

Today is the day that the Graceland game is being played. You know how much I wish I could be there, but I certainly hope that all you guys made it. Be sure to give me a detailed report about it, including what you thought about the Graceland team.

Well, Baby, it's time for lunch so I'll have to knock off for now.

I've got a basketball game to play at 3:00 PM. I'll make believe that I'm playing for the Graceland football team and that you're up there rooting for me. Let's see what I would have done.

Remember, my Darling, that I love you very, very much and that
U+I=HAPPYNESS.

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
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Compton Choice in J. C. Game

Compton's powerful Tartars run up against the second of their five intersectional football opponents when they tackle Graceland (Iowa) Junior College tonight at 8 p. m. on the Compton field.

Another topnotch jaysee attraction tonight matches Pasadena and Chaffey in the Rose Bowl.

Compton will be favored to defeat the Iowans who rolled unbeaten in seven games last fall.

TONIGHT'S GAMES

Chaffey vs. Pasadena CC, Rose Bowl, 8 p. m.
Graceland, Iowa, at Compton, 8 p. m.
Invokern Navy at Santa Ana, 8 p. m.

It's believed midwestern jaysee ball is inferior to that played in the Southland, and that the Yellow Jackets will not prove to be the tartar Olympic (Wash.) was last week.

KHJ-TV's telecasts of jaysee games will be focused on the East L. A.-Harbor clash tomorrow evening, the San Mateo-Long Beach contest on Saturday.

The East L. A.-Harbor game will mark the official dedication of the Huskies' beautiful, new 22,000-seat stadium, one of the world's most modern athletic plants.

Tonight's lineup at Compton:

GRACELAND, Wt.	Pos.	COMPTON, Wt.
Cochran, 160	LER	Mulrooney, 195
Mabi, 202	LTE	Yorle, 225
Ku, 200	LGR	Kaahue, 190
Hogue, 180	C	Hausink, 170
Thorson, 190	RGL	Shanahan, 170
Richards, 185	RTL	Rose, 214
Walden, 160	REL	Pahoa, 190
Hampton, 165	QB	Martin, 145
Adams, 180	LHR	Kubota, 138
Hubbard, 170	RHL	Hiram, 150
McKain, 169	F	Rose, 180

WEIGHT AVERAGES

GRACELAND	Line	COMPTON
193	Line	182
158	Backs	170
179	Team	178

Eye. U. }

Dear Bob,

Well, Darling, I couldn't get to the Compton – Graceland football game, so I'm doing the second best thing. I'm listening to it on the radio. I really wanted to go because you wanted me to, but your Mother has not been feeling well. I also had my Father talked into taking me, but we got out the map, and he decided it was too far. He has to teach night school two nights a week, so he is pretty tired. And on top of that he doesn't care much for football games, so I couldn't blame him for not taking me. Right now it is halftime. Compton leads 12-0 with all 12 points being scored in the first quarter.

Darling, did I hear right? Are there only 550 students at Graceland? That sure isn't very many. I know I heard him right when he said that the Graceland team had 33 or 38 players.

We start our games on October 5 by playing Belmont. I sure hope we have a good team. It would be great if we could win the championship my Senior year.

Nothing much happened today. We had the New Girl Assembly. Vicki sang and did a great job. She sure is getting better. By the time we have are wedding, she will be perfect. I told you of course that Vicki was going to sing at our wedding. She is going to sing "Always" and "Because," if that's all right with you, of course.

Compton just made another touchdown. Score now is 18-0. Tell you what; I don't have any more to say so I'll just add the final score at the bottom.

You know I love you. I just can't seem to tell you how very much I love you. Needless to say, I miss you very, very much. I mean it when I say or write you have—

All my love always,
Betty

Score	1 st	2 nd	3 rd	4 th	Total
Compton	12	0	12	6	30
Graceland	0	0	0	0	0

September 28, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, just to show you how the mail is going, I got two letters from you today. One is dated the 21st and the other the 13th.

So if and when my little notes of love come drifting in a little late, remember that in the Army there are two ways of doing things, "The right way and the Army way."

As always, the last day in the month is a big day in the lives of all GI's. It seems that tomorrow is the day we get highly insulted by being highly underpaid. But since there is nothing we can do about it, we accept what they give us and make it do.

The classes went pretty well today and as your old dad made known in yesterday's letter, he taught the C54. All went well, and so tomorrow we'll work a half-day and wind it up with our second group. Then on Monday we'll start with our third group.

I found out today the classes will last well into October and that a Course B is to be taught by us to Special Troops in November. Right now, we're teaching Course C.

The Basketball game was called off yesterday. I guess they heard I was coming. But there will be more games and other times to play for "Graceland." Just a big kid, aren't I?

The outcome of that Graceland game is killing me, so be sure to send me the dope on it.

Well, Baby, there wasn't much news to start with and I think I've done well to stretch this letter to four pages. Just remember that I love you very, very much and that one of these days I'll come home, and then we can both start living again.

KCBGGYFMBATGMB

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

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⊙. U. }

Dear Bob,

Nothing unusual happened today. We had a Song Assembly at school. This afternoon I just fooled around with a bunch of the girls. Tonight I went shopping.

There in a few sentences is the day's news. What I am going to say in the rest of this letter is beyond me.

Darling, about that China, maybe it would be better to save the money; we sure are going to need it later. On the other hand, if you found a good deal it would be foolish not to get it. So you might as well look, but don't think you have to buy it.

I must confess I am worried. I know it is silly and that nothing can be decided until you get home, but, Darling, if you get out September 1st, school starts two weeks later. Now in two weeks, how can we get married, have a honeymoon, register for school, etc.? Then if you want to play football, you have to be there a couple of weeks before school starts. The only way that I can figure it out so you can go to Graceland and play football is for us not to get married. Maybe you have some ideas on the subject. I hate it when everything is so uncertain; it seems the only thing I am certain about anymore is that I love you. While we're on the subject of futures, have you got any bright ideas of what you want to do?

Honey, what do you want Christmas? You know it isn't very far away.

I know this hasn't been much of a letter. Anyway, you know I am thinking about you—every minute in the day for that matter. I love you. Darling; I want you and need you. Be good now. Darling, and don't let anything happen to my Honey because it would break my heart.

All my love always,

Betty

September 29, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Like I said in yesterday's letter, today is a big day in the lives of all servicemen everywhere. And as always there was a hot time in the old town of Sendai.

The way this Army works is that everyone spends all their pay between the 1st and the 15th and then stays home for the rest of the month. We got paid a day early this month because the 30th, our regular payday, fell on a Sunday. And today being a Saturday, everyone made the splurge. When the boys start rolling in around 12:00 AM, this billet is going to be quite a lively place.

As for me, the day was just about the same. I taught my class for the first four hours and around 2:00 PM cut out for town to do a little shopping. I picked up a jacket for my Uncle and a scarf for my Sister (don't tell her), took my laundry to the cleaners and picked up my helmet that I had painted.

Then I came back to camp, ate dinner and Don and I took off for Camp Sendai to see a show. But when we got over there we found we had been doubled crossed and had seen the show. However, it turned out to be a good break because while I was over there I found out about this Master Sergeant Tidd who runs ham station JA80T at Camp Sendai.

I'll try to get ahold of him, but tell Mom to get with Jerry and see what you can work out from your end. Maybe I've found another source for talking with you guys.

Well, my Darling, I think I'll hold up on this letter for now. You know darn well that I love you more than anything. KCBGGYFMBATGMB

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

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Dear Bob,

Well, Honey, tonight was quite a night. Our "Y" club started out to the Ice Follies, but bonehead Blake didn't get the tickets and they were all sold out, so we went to the show and saw "Five." I liked it. It made you think. In case you don't know, it is about the last five people on earth. Then we went to Bob's and got something to eat. Then everyone decided they wanted to dance, so we stopped by my house and got the records then we went over to Ann's house and danced until 2:30. It was lots of fun; they are a swell bunch of kids.

You'll understand, Darling, if this is a little short, won't you?

You asked me why I was bothering to go to school. Well, Darling, to be truthful I am going to school to pass the time away. That is why I do anything anymore—just to pass the time away until you get home. Now I never have had Mrs. Smyth before. She is a little nutty it seems to me. I correct papers (tests) for her. I get paid for it. Not much, but I kind of like to correct papers.

I had my second sewing lesson today; you know they aren't half bad. In fact, I like them, sort of.

My sister hurt her ankle. She pulled some ligaments or something. Guess what doing? Playing football, no less.

Well, Darling, it is late as I told you before. You know all about how much I love you, etc, at least you should know by this time. Just think how much these three little words mean to you, to me, but most of all to us—I love you—now and always.

Betty

September 30, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Boy, this place sure is bare right after payday. I bet there haven't been more than a dozen men in the building at any one time since this morning. But come the 5th a few more men will be here, then on the 10th a dozen or so more until it reaches the 75% mark on the 15th.

Honey, I must say that I'm a little disappointed in you. Get this straight now. My Mother is no longer my Mother but is "our" Mother. Honestly, Betty, you've won her over lock, stock and barrel, and I really do believe that if something should happen and you should change your mind about us (don't you dare) that she would be just as disappointed as I would be.

Whether you realize it or not you've been a big help to her. Our family was always close, and I was, until Leona came along, the little one. And so when all at once her little boy was gone, the little boy that she had looked after for 18 long years, she found herself in a new world.

Believe me, the adjustment that she went through was a lot harder on her than it was on me. And it showed.

She sold the house and moved over to the Gothic house. This gave her less work to do but also more time on her hands.

While I was back in the States, she used to live from weekend to weekend waiting for me to come home on a pass. And when they sent me overseas, that took her last thread away. She no longer had her little boy; she had nothing but time, and worst of all she had no weekends to look forward to. Just long dreary months were ahead of her.

But there was one thing left. It was young, something she could fret over, and most important, they had something in common. The "It" was you and the "something" was me.

When I left I asked her to keep in touch with you. I figured it would be a good chance for you two to get together and to get to know one another.

But believe me, Honey, it went a lot farther than my wildest hopes. Mom just took to you like a fish takes to water, and from what I can gather, you fell for her the same.

She writes about you all the time and she favors you 100%. She's said so in her letters, and you know my old lady well enough now to know that

she doesn't pull punches. If she doesn't like someone she says so, and she has said the exact opposite about you. To coin an old phrase, "she's crazy about you." And the reason she's "crazy" about you is because she's got to know you by spending time with you.

So the next time when something like the Graceland game comes up, give her a ring and ask her. She appreciates that straightforward quality of yours.

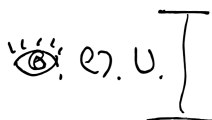
It's a good virtue, so don't lose it. And besides, she loves you now and you're considered a part of the family. Just remember that you're no longer a Ward but a Ward-Anderson, and the first chance I get I'm going to scratch that Ward out. Your family is as important as mine is. I just mean that I'm going to give you a new last name. Any objections?

As for that Annual page, I thought I had written and told you that I had lost it. Send me the measurements and I'll make good this time.

As for my Civics, I'm going to try to attend a school at Camp Sendai. The problem is getting from here to there in an hour. I get off at 5 PM and the class starts at 6 PM. Dinner is also a problem. Maybe I can skip it and eat later. But with some luck I'll be able to work it out.

Well, my Dearest, that amounts to the day's news. Guess I'll hit the sack a little early. I love you more and more every day. Cross my heart and hope to die, I do.

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
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Dear Bob,

I ran out of stationary again. I have to tell Mother to get me some more.

Today I got religious. I went to church in the morning, and then I went to hear Billy Graham at the Hollywood Bowl with the League. In case you don't know, he is a famous Evangelist. He certainly is a wonderful speaker. The Bowl was about three quarters full, and this has been going on every night for about three weeks. Then we went to the Spaghetti Kitchen in Hollywood. Isn't that the place you always wanted to take me but every time you suggested it, I didn't feel like

it? That's all I did today.

I turned another page on the calendar tonight. I just love to turn those pages because every page means one month closer until the time you come home.

Darling, I can't think of anything to say, so I'll just say I love you and close for tonight. I'll make it up to you in another letter. You know you have—

All my love always,

Betty

October 1, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

This isn't going to be much of a letter because I haven't got much time. I'm going to try and go to that Civics class tonight, and if I can make the time schedule, I'll be all right.

I've got to be there at 6 PM. I get off at 5 PM, and the only bus that I can take leaves at 5 PM. I'm hoping that I can talk the Lieutenant into letting me go at 4:30 PM. That will give me about ½ an hour to change clothes, sign out and catch the bus.

I'm writing this letter at noon. But time is running out. My Brass has got to be polished and my low quarters shined or they won't let me out the gate. So the job has got to be done this noon. I won't have any time to do it later.

The bus makes a five minute stop at the R.T.O. railroad station and I'm hoping I can grab a sandwich there to tide me over. My big problem is the five o'clock bus, but don't worry. I'll make it. Where there's a will, there's a way.

But remember if your letters aren't up to par for a month or so, it's because of this class. I'm really going to have to cut corners. But in the long run it's going to save me a lot of trouble.

My Darling, you know that I love you and that I miss and want you more every day. Just keep remembering these things, and that you're my girl and that anytime you want that ring, all you have to say is "yes."

Be good and keep care. KCBGGYFMBATGMB

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

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BETTY LOVES BOB ALWAYS

Dear Bob,

Well, Honey, I went to the Hollywood Bowl to see and hear Billy Graham again. He sure is a wonderful speaker. We also saw the movie "Mr. Texas" that they just finished making. You ought to have seen the Bowl! Darling, they had to tell us several times to move over to make room for more. Hundreds of people were standing—imagine in the Hollywood Bowl—not even room for everyone to be seated. They finally had to close the gates, and they said they turned hundreds away. It was said to be the biggest crowd in the history of the Bowl. What did all these people come for—to hear about God and Jesus! When you see something like that, you know there is hope. Just think of all He is doing. When you come home you will have to take me to hear him again.

I went with Jackie and Vicki. Coming home on the streetcar we had to meet a crackpot. At least I hope he is nuts. Why, do you know, Darling, that the Third World War will start December 4? There is absolutely no hope—soon after that the end will come and everyone will be lost. Only two more months left. This would be a fine world if everyone gave up hope—what a hectic two months it would be.

I know you understand that it is late. I have a Government test tomorrow. I love you, Darling. You're all I live for. I live on hope and faith that you will come back to me. Without that I couldn't go on. I love you.

Betty (Your Betty Always)

October 2, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, I guess I should go and get my head examined for writing stuff like I did to you a week or so ago. Or at least I should offer a good excuse. But I'm caught in a rather awkward position; I haven't a single one. I know better than that, and please believe me when I say that I'm sorry and that it won't happen again.

I guess that I'm just so much in love with you that I get carried away now and then. Just keep in mind that you have a very stupid fiancé, and try not to pay too much attention to all that he says except for the good stuff.

My Darling, I'm sorry for not answering your questions, but tonight I'm going to let you wonder about another. The question in mind is about your measurements. It had to do with your Christmas present, but I've changed my mind so I won't need them after all. However, I must admit that they were very revealing.

I got to wondering the other day. Just when did I ask you to marry me? That is, come right out and ask. Did I? Or did it just happen? At any rate, consider yourself asked! At least until I get home, when I'll be able to do things proper like.

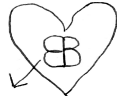
I met a fellow from my church today. He works in Sound Power for this Air Transportability School. I met him once before at a Church Reunion, but like the nitwit I am, I forgot where I'd met him. Luckily, he remembered me, so we got together for a while this afternoon.

Betty, this love letter writing is not for me. I try to put down my feelings, and it seems that I blunder every time. All I can say is that you're my every ambition. I love you more than life itself, and after I get home I'll try to make the best husband ever. So help me, I will! Just wait, Darling. You could do better, but you couldn't get a fella who will try to make you as happy as I will.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

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Dear Bob,

Still no stationary, maybe tomorrow—

I did mention that Jean deal to your Mother. You should have told me not to if you didn't want me to. I don't think it hurt her feelings or anything.

There were a whole lot of things I was going to tell you but now I can't think of any of them. Isn't that always the way?

You know, it's the funniest thing but I never have homework anymore. But tonight I had some in a subject no one ever has homework in—Gym Office. I had to make some graphs for the drill team.

I talked to your Mother today, and she said she got the films today and will take them down tomorrow, and then I can pick them up Thursday. I decided I might as well pick them up. That way I see them sooner. What a day of confusion this was. Ever since Third Period I have been in a state of confusion. I hope I can sleep it off.

There is one thing I am sure of—and for that matter always will be sure of—and that is that I love you more than anything in the world. I want you and need you, Darling. I can wait until you come home because there is no other way, but Honey, never leave me again. I don't want to ever be away from you any longer than is absolutely necessary. I want to love and be loved only by you, Darling, now and forever. You know you have—

All my love always,

Betty

October 3, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Now, Honey, let's not be too hasty about your career. To me it sounds like a wonderful idea. Just think how things will work out.

You figure that you can become successful in fourteen years, and fourteen years added to the three I've already got will give me seventeen years in the Army. Then there's only three more left to go, and I can retire at \$132.30 a month. That's the lowest I can get. Now, twenty years from now I'll only be 39, and with all the money a successful businesswoman makes, plus my \$132.30 a month I figure I can have a pretty easy life.

Actually, this Army life isn't too bad. You get everything you need, and since you're not going to be available for fourteen years, I'm really not in too big of a hurry to get home. But there's one thing that's bothering me. What are we going to do with the handsome boss's son that you're going to marry in order to get ahead?

And speaking of jobs, I've got just the one for you. It's not the easiest one in the world and the boss isn't the best, but it pays well and it's steady.

How does a hundred kisses a week, a life filled with happiness, and a lifetime contract sound to you? Well, it's not open right now, but I'm a personal friend of the guy who's offering it, and I'll see to it that you get the first crack at it if you're interested.

Let me know, and if you want, I'll send you half of your uniform now. It consists of a diamond ring—and the other half, a gold band, will be issued the day you start work.

In the meantime, keep good care of yourself and remember that I love you very, very much. KCBGGYFMBATGMB

All my love always,

"Your" Bob



Dear Bob,

Well, Darling, Mother got some paper for me, enough to last me quite some time. The news of the day is the same. Nothing happened out of the ordinary.

Miss McMillan gave us the play script today, and I got a real good part. In the play I am planning on getting married, but my friends try to discourage me by telling me about all the faults of their husbands. Tell me, Darling, do you have any faults? Like being late to dinner, mispronouncing French, or throwing your clothes around, etc.? Well, if you do, Darling, I will tell you what I am going to do—I'll just love you anyway.

Darling, you seem to forget that you have tried to get your Mother on the telephone without any possible way of my knowing it. True you didn't get through, but that wasn't your fault.

You said you were tired when you wrote your letter on September 26, so I try to understand that you probably didn't mean it the way it sounded. This is the second letter I have written you tonight, the first being in the wastepaper basket. Saying a lot of things I will regret later never helps. I don't need to hurt you just because I feel bad. I just want to say that I would rather not have you write at all if you feel you have to—because you don't have to.

As you see I enclosed the school paper. I suppose you won't know too many of the kids because most of the ones you knew are gone, but then on the other hand you will most likely remember quite a few.

I love you, Darling. I can't help it, but I just do. You will always be first—no matter what. Nothing or no one else matters to me. If it would make you a little bit happy—no matter what it is—I would do it. Sure, I love other people, but I mean it when I say I love you more than anything else in the world. It is more than just a sentence to me because you are my whole life—

All my love always,
Betty

October 4, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Your letter about the Graceland game arrived today, and my morale has dropped 90% - 30 to 0. Man, what a whitewash.

But in all honesty, I expected as much. Compton is always a powerhouse, being more or less a farm team for USC, and as you know Graceland is just a church school.

Honey, as far as the enrollment goes, I don't know. It's a small school, but then so is my church. But don't let the size bother you. Remember that good things come in small packages.

If your interest in the school is aroused, I can send you Margie Hilton's address and you can drop her a line. I don't know the girl myself, but she writes to me about twice a month. She got my address from the Zion's League and decided that she'd be patriotic and write. At any rate, she went last year but will not be going this year due to money issues.

I'm sure that she would be more than glad to answer any of your questions. Or if you want, you can write directly to the Graceland College, Lamoni, Iowa. I don't mean to push you, my Darling, but you know what the church means to me, and it wouldn't hurt anything to look into it.

While I'm on the subject, let me remind you not to worry about it. I feel that God is on our side and that with His help we'll work everything out. Religion is a big question in a happy family, and sooner or later we'll have to face it. But the question can wait until I get home. In the meantime, prayers and a little investigation on our part will help us to arrive at the correct and harmonious answer.

In the meantime, remember that I love you very, very much and that your happiness means everything to me.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

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Dear Bob,

I am writing this in the afternoon, well, anyway, just before dinner, instead of just before going to sleep.

This afternoon we had a GAA Rally. That is where all the girls' sign up for the sport they want to go out for. That is, all except bowling. I take their money tomorrow at noon.

In case you're wondering, the blank page is for my annual. You said you lost the other one so here is another. If you write it and send it right back, maybe you won't lose it.

I just read the end of that play I told you I was in yesterday. Darling, you will never guess what I have to do—I have to play a love scene. Darling, I don't want to kiss anyone or tell anyone else I love them even if it is just for fun. Darling, I love you and I sure am going to feel silly saying it to someone else. I guess I should look at it as something that is done in plays in order to make them interesting, etc. but just the same, even the thought of it embarrasses me. Of course I am your girl and if you don't want me to, just say so and I will tell Miss McMillan that my future husband won't let me, and it will be the end of it.

I have to go to a meeting tonight that is just the officers of our "Y" Club. These meetings are just a racket since we spend most of the time dancing or playing cards. But it gives me something to do.

You know, Darling, strange as it may be, I love you and it goes without saying how very much I miss you. Be good now and don't do anything I wouldn't want you to.

*All my love always,
Betty*

October 5, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

One of the boys came through with a couple of snapshots last night, and I'm sending them on to you. Why I don't know. Picture number one is pretty good, but number two looks as though I'm "lit." Honest, I never touch the stuff (note the coke bottles on the table). The last one is a little better, but it makes me look just a wee bit chubby. I may be overweight, but I'm not that far gone. And as you can see by my expression, I'm relaxed and in deep thought. They ought to let a guy know when they're about to snap that button.

This, together with the roll that I sent home the other day, should help to make you happy. I sure hope that the pictures on this roll of film turn out better than the ones I'm enclosing.

By the way, I dropped your Sister's birthday present in the mail today. You should get it just about the same time that this masterpiece arrives. I got her a charm bracelet. It didn't cost much, but we're pretty limited on what we can get over here.

They say that next month the PX is going to receive a bunch of new stock for Christmas. I sure hope they get going on it. The Christmas mails are going to be something.

As long as we're talking about Christmas, what would your folks, Chet and Mary like? And if you hear any clues from my gang, let me know that as well.

Well, my Darling, that just about sums things up. You know I love you more than anything and that I always will. KCBGGYFMBATGMB

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

I just got home from a real good football game. Honey, we should have a wonderful football team—either that or Belmont isn't very good. The score doesn't tell half the story, we won 8-6. We were down within 5 yards of a touchdown several times but we fumbled. Belmont is supposed to be one of the strongest in the city and was favored to win by a large score. We have a terrific offense. Jimmy Roberts is a wonderful fullback. I bet he is at least All Valley. Others I thought were real good (maybe you remember some) are Simpson, Bennett (Sid), Williams (Ike), and MacKeckmie (Dave). Bob Martin didn't play as good a game as usual. His concussion was what was wrong. You ought to see our field; it sure is nice. We always have to sit on the East side (new bleachers). It was so full; people were sitting on the steps. I think they ought to give us the bigger ones. The loudspeaker didn't work too well, and they didn't have the electric scoreboard up yet.

We had the "All Valley" Assembly today at school. During the first Assembly we had a fire drill. All the fire engines were there, but I never did find out if anything was burning, but it was exciting to even think there was a chance for it to burn just a little bit. No such luck. Yes, Darling, I know school is a great place. Great place for what?

Darling, it is time to say I love you and good night. Honey, I really do love you—just think, in about 9 or 10 more months you will be all mine forever (I hope). But until then I will just have to write I love you, Darling, I love you forever—

*All my love always,
Betty*

October 6, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

First of all let me relieve any worries that you might have about the Reds saying that the 40th and 45th will make an amphibious landing in North Korea in the near future.

In the first place, if the Chinese really thought they were going to send the 40th into Korea, they'd quit right now. They know that you just don't mess with us California boys.

Secondly, this island that we're sitting on is a pretty important place. "The Key to the Orient," it's called. It also happens to be Uncle Sam's main supply depot for Korea. In fact, without this hunk of coral, the boys in Korea would be in a pretty kettle of fish. You can't fight a war without supplies.

Then, too, there's the fact that we haven't any other bases around for our so-called air power.

So you can, see if they pulled us out, it would more or less leave the back door open.

Then there's the fact that they keep asking for volunteers and yanking replacements out of our units. If we were planning anything like amphibious landing, they'd be building us up, not tearing us down.

So I figure that the only three ways that the Division will be going are: 1) In case of an emergency; 2) As replacements for another Division such as the 40th and the 2nd Division trading places; and 3) as occupation forces after the conflict ends. Of course, individuals might go at any time as replacements.

But I'll tell you one thing. They're going to try for a knockout blow before this winter sits in. Wait and see. And if we really go all out, I think that we'll be able to pull it off. Especially if we use the atomic weapons that we're supposed to have. And why not? That's what we built them for. And if Russia comes in, it was going to happen anyway. So I figure let's try to get this thing over with and go home.

As for us, my Darling, let's get one thing straight. That two letter word "us" means more to me than all the football games and all the colleges in the world.

Let's face it; this war came along at a very inopportune time, and frankly, I feel gypped. Not gypped exactly, but more disappointed and sore. It cut right into my high school education and deprived me of all the fun that a kid has in his Senior year and, most important, it took me away from the things I love the most: my girl, my family and my home.

Believe me, I'd give my right arm if I could be home finishing my senior year with you. Believe it or not, I'd kind of like to be the guy that takes you to the ROTC Ball and the Senior Prom. Not to mention all the other things we'd do if I were home.

But on the other hand, if I hadn't entered the service, I'd have graduated by now. Probably, I would have got my brains knocked out in the Compton game, and maybe, it wouldn't be Betty. Perhaps Freddy would be my #1, and Johnny yours.

However, the Reds did start something, and it is Betty and Bob. And for that, I give thanks to my Heavenly Father. In you, my Darling, I've found everything that a man could want. You're a rare combination that I deeply appreciate, and above all, I know when I've found perfection. My only difficulty now that I've won you is to be deserving of the prize and to hold you.

You know that I'm just a punk that, because of the times, had to grow up a little faster than usual. I'm faced with a lot of problems. One being, are we going to get married as soon as I get out? To be honest, I don't know. I feel that college is a must because I want to give you and our kids the best that I can. Football isn't important, but I'd like to play it as a school activity. If I can manage it, fine. If I can't, it really doesn't matter. The only thing that really counts is "us." And remember that! I'm working for "us" now, you're working for "us" now, and we'll manage somehow, someday.

I've got a funny feeling about you. I guess that every young fella has it about his gal. But I feel that God just intended for us to be. It's just the way that events in my life worked up to us getting together; and the way things have worked out since then. Honey, this isn't a line. I really have a feeling that we are intended for one another. Or, at least, that He approves.

I guess we didn't settle anything in this letter. But I know that when I come home, I'll know what to do.

Probably (I said probably) I'll not even ask you. I'll just say, "You name the date" or "maybe we'd better wait." But I just don't see how we're going to wait. And, in spite of all our common sense, I honestly don't

think we will. I know if I could get home for a thirty-day furlough we'd get married. Or at least I'd want to.

Just keep in mind that nothing in this whole wide world is as important to me as you are and that I love you with all my heart.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Not much of anything happened today. I didn't get up until late as usual. Then I had my sewing lesson this afternoon.

I did pick up your pictures. Honey, this is the worst of any. There is only one picture of you, and that's at a distance. All I can say is the next batch you send home better have quite a few pictures of you or I will start sending you pictures of Los Angeles or the neighborhood hedge, etc.

In a little while I am going to pick up Vicki. She is going to spend the night with me.

Honey, you said in the letter I got today that you got to wondering when you first asked me to marry you or if you did, etc. Well, Darling, I can't remember just when it was. You did several times. Just making a guess, I would say it was about the first of March or the end of February. I really can't say for sure. Now about all this foolishness that I could do better than you; Darling, I couldn't do any better than you because there isn't any better. If you don't do anything more than love me, I will be happy. You know, Darling, with both of us trying so hard to make the other one happy we are going to have a wonderful marriage.

I have been listening to the Canoga Park-San Fernando game that is being played at our field. With four seconds to go the score is 27-6 Canoga, so I guess they will win. We play Canoga next Friday night. It sounds like we are going to be up against a good team.

You know I love you, so I will just say good night, Honey. Take good

care of yourself and come home to me soon—

All my love always,

Betty

(Second Letter)

Dear Bob,

Today being Sunday, I went to church. And this afternoon I went down to Pacific Palisades to some kind of a conference. Vicki had to sing, and the others put on a religious service.

Vicki and I talked until all hours last night, and at 2:30 we got up and fixed something to eat. Then we talked for a long time afterwards, so I am a little tired.

Artist, a girl in our church, is getting married Saturday. I can hardly wait to go. It is to be a formal wedding at my church. Maybe I can get some ideas for our wedding.

Bowling (GAA) starts tomorrow. I think it is going to be lots of fun.

You know, Honey, to tell you the truth I can't think of a thing to say except I love you. You can't fill a whole letter with three little words but it is funny that those three little words can fill a whole life with happiness. They are playing "Because of You" on the radio. Surely you must have heard it. I think it is so pretty. It is funny how a song will put into words how you feel. Well, Honey, your girl is tired, and by the time I write your address on the envelope I will be more than ready to go off to sleep.

I love you, Bob, more than anything else in this whole world —

All my love always,

Betty

October 7, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

It just seems that I'm in a rut when it comes to newsy letters. But you can't write about what doesn't happen.

Tom came through today, so that brings the total to four. I cleared through Lt. Clements, and if Battalion makes good on the official approval, we'll be on our way Thursday night.

It might just be that I'll miss a day on this letter writing, but you know that I'll try to get "Betty's Daily" off without any hitch.

We were expecting some General from Washington to visit our Air Transportability class this morning but he didn't show up. That's the way they do things. When you're expecting them they never come, but when you're off guard—there they are.

Like the other day when General Eaton paid us a visit. I was up on the C54 mockup supervising a class and was busy tying down a jeep and a trailer. One of the boys was having trouble tying the knot, so I was flat on my face talking him through it. Well, while I was down there, the General comes up and at the same time the rest of the loading crew brought up the trailer. Well, I saw the trailer come up, and I saw this pair of legs in the way, so I reached over and gave the pant leg a jerk and told him to get out of the way. Of course, it was the General's pant leg, and when I got from out under the jeep and saw who it was, I just about went through the floor. But it seems he took it in the right spirit because he didn't say anything. And as for me, I just let well enough alone.

Well, my Darling, it's time for me to go back to work. I love you, my Darling, and you're continually in my prayers and heart.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

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October 8, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Garsh, Honey, what I'm going to fill this letter with is beyond me.

About the only news is that Master Sergeant Bell (our ROTC Instructor at Van Nuys High School) is down near Yokohama, and Charlie Bell, Bob Smith and I are going to try to take off for a few days to pay him a visit.

He telephoned me last night, and it seems that he's the First Sergeant of "E" Company of the 34th Regiment that is stationed at Camp Zama.

Tom is out on pass right now, so he doesn't know about this development. He may be going along with us, if the four of us can all get a pass at the same time.

Tomorrow some big brass General from Washington is coming down to give us a visit. Man, what a lot of trouble these VIP's cause us. Instead of teaching our knot tying class in fatigues, we're going to get all dressed up in our woools. They'll never look the same.

Well that's about it. No letters came in today, so there's nothing to answer.

Just remember that I love you with all my heart and that the biggest word in the world is "us," and that the biggest sentence in the world is "I love you."

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Today was the first day of bowling. Boy am I tired; I'm just not used to it. Getting everything organized is a job.

I am writing this with a lot of people around, so don't mind if it sounds crazy; we are having a meeting here tonight, trying to organize a girls' basketball league between the coed "Y" clubs. Of course our club will win all the games. My mother is only mad at me—she says

I am into too many things which take me out almost every night in the week. I wonder what she would say if she knew that we wanted to start and enter the "Y" bowling tournament.

Jane Edson is playing the piano and she is very good. I knew she could play but I didn't know she could play so well.

I just got home from taking them all home. We got a lot done. We have six teams. It ought to be lots of fun since I love basketball.

It sure has been hot around this place. I wish it would cool down. All this warm weather makes me mad.

Honey, you know I love you. If you don't know it by now you're pretty dumb, I'd say. Here's something else you should have guessed by this time: that is that I miss you very, very much and more. Yes, Darling, believe it or not it is pretty lonely over here without you, I not only miss your kisses and loving terribly, but I miss just you twice as much. Maybe this is the hardest to believe but it is just as true, as all the rest—that is that you are my whole life. You mean everything to me. So you just remember all this and keep care of yourself so you can come home to me safe and soon.

*All my love always,
Betty*

October 9, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, I'm dog-tired tonight, and this letter is certainly not being written under the best of conditions. The troops went out to the firing range this morning, and that meant that we got up at 4:00 AM. That, by the way, is an hour and a half earlier than we usually get up. Then we played two basketball games, and yours truly played every minute in both games. After that came four hours of instruction. That in a nutshell explains why I'm tired.

The "not the best conditions" that I spoke of above is that I'm down in the Dayroom writing this letter. On my right is a pin pong game, and to my left, two of the boys are sparing.

Then, too, my mood isn't too good as I'm being transferred back to the First Platoon. Sergeant Hilts has been messing up lately, and they figure a change of scenery might help to straighten him out; so there're moving him to the Second Platoon. He's a Weapons Squad Leader, and since Shields volunteered for Korea we had an ideal opening for him. But there's a catch to it. He's a Sergeant, and the old man doesn't like to move rank around, as it created an unbalance of rank in the Company.

However, rather than bust him right off, they're going to work with him and try to salvage what they can. A good way of doing this is to move him to another outfit. So after they move him, they have to counter by moving another Sergeant to his old outfit, And since I've been in the First Platoon before, they figure that I'd be the best man to fit in. So over I go.

It's not that I mind the move. I like the personnel over there fine, but it's just that they've already moved me once because of Sergeant Smith, and I don't like the feeling of unsettledness that such moves bring about. But I guess I'll live through it.

The new part in the drama production sounds fine, but don't let them talk you into not getting married. Tell them that if that happens, I'll sue.

However, I do have faults. But one of them is not being late for dinner. Ask anyone. I'm always the first one in line come chow time. And I never mispronounced "French." The French language, yes; but never the word

“French.” And as for the clothes, I used to toss them when I was home, but believe me; I don’t get away with it anymore.

These phone calls are something. They’re supposed to contact you to tell you that I’m calling, but they keep fouling up. I can’t help that, Honey. All I can do is try. But I have set a date for December 9th. It’s way before Christmas, but that’s my best bet. I’m calling your house and I don’t want to talk with anyone but you.

I don’t remember what I said in my September 26th letter, but if it gave the idea that I didn’t like to write, I’m sorry. I’ve told you before that I enjoy writing to you. But you’re also wrong about it not being my duty to write you. My duty and my only thought is your happiness, and I sincerely hope that my letters add to your happiness.

Therefore it’s my duty—but it’s also my “privilege.” Just remember that letters can be easily misconstrued and that I never would write anything to you that I thought might hurt your feelings. When I write to you, I try to write from the heart, and my heart says “love” not “hurt.”

I love you, my Dearest, and always will, forever and ever.

All my love always,

“Your” Bob

XXXXXXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

I'll start your letter now but I'll probably have to finish it after the meeting tonight.

Tonight's bowling went a lot better than yesterday's. I did a little better, too; bowling a 127 and a 118. You know, your Dad helped me a lot this summer. So many kids went bowling that we are going to have another night on Wednesday. We sure have a lot of girls in GAA this semester. There are 250 out for basketball, 150 out for speedball, about 200 out for archery, and 150 out for bowling.

The club meeting is over and I just got home—and sometimes I wonder about that club.

Now about this church deal that both of us seem to be worried about and that you say needs to wait until you come home and that it can't be decided in one night. Darling, you are always saying “you

know what the church means to me"; and yes, I think I do, but let me ask you a question—do you know what my church means to me? Let's agree to not say any more about this until you come home because something like this can't be decided by letter, and let's also agree that we both will give this additional thought.

I have a book that your Mother gave me about your church, and I have been reading it and I am willing to learn. But, Darling, in order to teach me, you also need to know what I believe. Anyway, let's not write any more about this because things can be taken in so many different ways and could lead to hurt feelings. Is that okay with you?

Honey, do you know what day this is? Write and tell me, all right? In ending, I just want to say I love you, as always. It is late—as it always is, it seems. Good night, Darling. Be good and don't worry—everything will be all right, not that you're worried about anything, but in case you are remember what I said above—

*All my love always,
Betty*

October 10, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

You know this is disgusting. It really is. The way I keep using the Government's paper. But it's so far down to the PX that it's not worth the trip just to purchase stationary. And every time that I'm there for something else, I forget the stationary. Really, you're married to a rather stupid person. Now look at that, will you? All ready I've got you married. Do you mind?

Oh by the way, the paper you sent was enjoyed not only by me but also by all of the rest of the gang. They really made a big fuss over it. So you see, you're not only lifting my morale, but the morale of the entire outfit as well.

You know, it's a funny thing, but when I sit down to write to you I can never adequately express what I want to—I struggle to express my feelings and try to put my point across—but it's no use, I just can't put the right words together.

Or maybe it's better expressed by saying that I love you so very, very much that I could never capture that feeling with mere words.

Let's just say that you're for me and I'm for you, and that you're mine and that I'm yours, and that together we'll live, love and have everlasting happiness—forever and ever.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Today we had our Annual Pep Rally. It was real good as always. You ought to see our field now; it is only fine, but it was a little sad to think that this will be the last rally of this kind that I will attend as a student of Van Nuys High.

It was only funny tonight. My sister (sometimes I wonder about

that girl); anyway I was upstairs taking a bath, and when I came down, Mary said that she was making cookies for a choir party, but that they didn't look right and the dough tasted funny. Well, come to find out she couldn't find the brown sugar so she used white sugar. After I found and added the brown sugar, it still didn't taste right, so after giving her the third degree, I found out she put in one and a half cups of shortening instead of the half of cup that the recipe called for. We managed to save the cookies and they aren't half bad. In fact, they are good. Let's face it; Mary can't cook.

Honey, about the job you wrote and told me about. I may consider it with a few changes. In the first place, I don't think 100 kisses a week is enough, and I'm wondering just when this job might be open? But most importantly, Honey, since this is a life contract, you need to know that I just won't work for anyone and I will not accept this job unless I get to choose my boss.

I will tell you right now I won't settle for anything but the best. I don't want a personal friend of yours—even if he comes with high recommendations. Now, I am afraid you can't get rid of me that way because, you see, the only way I would take that job is if you would be my—no, we won't say “boss”—shall we say partner.

Besides, unless I am a full partner, it's no deal. Now if you agree to the changes I have outlined above, I am fairly sure that we could work out the other minor details later. So let me know how you feel about the subject.

Right now I will let you know how I feel about another subject. The subject being you—I love you!

Now if you have any complaints about the preceding, please let me know!

I miss you something terrible. No kidding, Darling, I sure do—you know you have

All my love always,

Betty

(second letter)

Dear Bob,

Honey, before you send this back to me, why don't you write what they are on the back. If you let it go too long maybe you will forget.

By the way, in case you have forgotten, I love you—in fact, I love you more than anything in this whole world.

Be good—

All my love always,

Betty

[Bob's note: I think the above is referring to writing names and descriptions on the backs of pictures.]

October 11, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, I took your advice and I sat down and wrote you something for your Annual page. But I wrecked the page that you sent me, so I borrowed two sheets of the same size from one of the boys. What I wanted to say took two pages. How you're going to get them into your Annual is your problem.

I had trouble thinking about what to write. I wanted it to be something special that came from my heart. What I decided on is a little unusual for an Annual, but it's from my heart, and I hope that you like it.

As for the love scene in the play, it's foolish to even think I'd mind. Just don't make a habit of it. And whatever you do—NO HOMEWORK! Ha Ha.

But I guess I don't have anything to worry about. After all, you and I are practically hitched and goodness knows I wouldn't be marrying you if I didn't know you were trustworthy.

Now you have even less to worry about. I was a Boy Scout, and you know what the first two Scout Laws are.

Tonight we head for Zama. Our train leaves at 9:45, but we've got to be down there a little earlier. I guess that we'll get to Zama sometime tomorrow afternoon.

I made the move over to the first platoon this morning. I didn't have to go to class since all of the men were in the theater this morning attending a theory class. Then in the afternoon they all have the knot tying class. Usually the class is divided into two groups, with one group going to the lecture class while the other ties knots. But this time we got a break. Guess it's a small class.

Well, Baby, I'm going to miss your letters for the next three days, but then there's always that bushel to return to.

Keep care, my Dearest, and remember that I love you from the bottom of my heart. BGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Every afternoon I tell Mother I will be home after school for a change, but something always seems to come up. Today my foot was killing me, so when I walked by my uncle's office, he waved to me. That was his mistake. I decided if he had time to wave at me he could look at my foot. On second thought, maybe it was my mistake. Come to find out it was infected. It was on the heel of my foot. It was a bump and real hard. Well, after 10 minutes of agony, he had it all dug out and now it is much better.

Well, Darling, I just got home from—well I guess you would call it a meeting. It started out as an executive meeting over at Blake's. Then we had to go down to the "Y" to tell a group of kids who want to start a club just what it's all about. After telling them, the meeting broke up. So we went out and started fooling around at basketball. So some of the boys came up and said they would play us. Jane, Vicki and I were on one team; and the three guys were on the other. We not only beat them; we stomped them 20-12. I made 14 points, Vicki 4 and Jane 2. Anyway, it was lots of fun.

I got my letters back from you today. You know, Honey, my dresser drawer is already full, but I can find some place for them, I am sure. Honey, I agree with one statement in your letter today: I am a "rare combination," but I am far from "perfection" as you will find out.

Phooey on all this talk about you being deserving or trying to be, or something. Honey, it's the other way around. I don't deserve you. But it looks like we are stuck with each other, so I guess we'll just have to bear it. I'm telling you right now I am not going to mind a bit. No kidding, Darling, we will know what to do when you get home. I know I will. Just one thing; I want my ring as soon as you get home. That is, if you still want to give me one. Now I shouldn't have said that last sentence because you want me just as much as I want you. In case you don't know how I happen to know; it is because you love me—you said so yourself. I love you also, every bit as much as you love me. Just remember that. Something else to remember is that you

have—

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. That shouldn't be hard to remember. Just four little words—All my love always. (I take it for granted that you know it's from me, Betty)

October 12, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well the trip came off without a hitch and we arrived at Zama around 10:30 PM. There's really no news to write about as yet. So far we've just got together and chewed the fat a little.

Right now I'm in the Service Club striving to keep the old letter writing record up. However, the words are coming a little hard since there are no letters to answer and all the news is travel news.

Sergeant Bell did assure me that you were just as pretty as ever and that all of your bones were in the right place when he left. I sure hope that you've kept them that way. He also said that he talked with Chet's P.M.S.T. while he attended Advanced ROTC Camp at Fort Lewis last summer, and he said that this Lieutenant Colonel really gave Chet three cheers. You might tell him about this, but don't let all this praise go to his head.

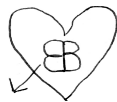
By the way, I'm going to send a Community Chest feather on to you. Why I don't know; just something to do. You might as well put it in the scrapbook. Never can tell when we'll need a red feather.

Tell me, you're not getting tired of waiting, are you? That's a silly question. I've been tired for seven months now, but there's not much that I can do about it. And goodness knows you're sure well worth the wait.

You know, I'm really a pretty lucky guy. And, Honey, believe me when I say that I'm sorry about the dirty end you're getting. All I can say is after I get home we'll make up for it. Tell me, why in the heck did a gal like you ever fall for a guy like me? Must be that I live right. Well, better go now. You know I love you and always will. GGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob



Dear Bob,

Honey, we did it! We beat Canoga Park. We beat them 13 to 6. The game was really exciting, especially the last quarter. We were on the 2 1/2 yard line, fourth down, one half to go for a first down and we lacked one-inch. This happened three times; finally we made our second touchdown with 2 minutes left to play. We won half the fight for the championship by winning that game. Now all we have to do is win about five more games.

Thank you for the pictures. True, a couple of them weren't good, but I like to have them anyway. Mary got the package a couple of days ago. I know she will like it. As to what everyone wants for Christmas, I really don't know—but I'll let you know if I think of something.

Nothing happened today. As you most likely guessed, I went to the football game tonight. Jackie was over all afternoon.

Darling, for some odd reason I love you. And because I love you, I miss you something awful. It's a good thing I can tell myself that in a matter of months you will be home to stay. Until then you know you have—

*All my love always,
Betty*

October 13, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, we came into Yokohama from Zama last night because Sergeant Bell had the usual Saturday morning inspection, and we figured we'd just get in the way. Then, too, Bob Smith wanted to look up Joe Cash. He used to be the ROTC instructor at North Hollywood a few years back, and right now he's a big wheel in the C.I.D (Criminal Investigation Division). At any rate, we got ourselves two hotel rooms. Tom and I shared one while Smith and Charlie teamed up. Then bright and early (9:30 AM) we got up, dressed, called a cab and headed for the C.I.D. building to meet Cash. Well, we met him all right, and he got out his staff car and took us on a tour. It really was nice. The first place we went was the PX restaurant where we had breakfast. Then we saw some of the city and the Dai-butso (card enclosed) and his home. This Dai-butso is really something. I'm sending you along a model. I'll have to wait until I can find a box, however. Also a pin is in this letter.

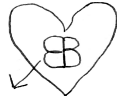
Honey, you should have seen his home. It's things like that that make you think (and I said THINK) about staying in twenty years. He's really got it soft.

After that he dropped us off at the J.L.C. headquarters because we wanted to look up Goose. He was working and won't be back until 4:00 PM. He's some sort of a mail clerk. After that the boys and I broke company. I went to the PX and ate and then hopped a bus to Zama. That's where I am now. The boys had some other ideas. They are also going to contact Goose, and then the four of them, if Goose can get off, are coming up here. All of us are taking in a football game tomorrow, after which we'll meet Cash and go to his club for dinner. Then I guess we'll kick around for a while and catch our train. We have to be back on Monday morning.

Well it seems that I've run out of news. I sure wish that you could have been here doing these things with me. Better still, I wish I could be with you wherever you were today. And as a "third" thought, it really wouldn't have mattered where we were as long as we were together. But you can't have everything. And to me you're just that—everything!

But I'm working on my 14th month now. After that there are only 10 more to go. And who knows, with luck and a settlement in Korea, I might even get off with less than 24 months. But that remains to be seen. Any who, until I get home remember that I love you more than anything and that I always will.

All my love always,
Your Bob
XXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Mother is having bridge club tonight. So there is much confusion in the other room. Vicki is spending the night with me.

First thing I did tonight was go to a wedding. It was beautiful. It was at my church. Then Vicki and I went to the show and saw "Jim Thorpe All American" and "Ace in the Hole." Jim Thorpe was real good.

Well, at last all the people are eating—here it is one o'clock.

I must say, when your folks start doing things they do them fast. Here your mother has a new house and Claudia has a new car. The house sounds like it is real cute.

Now for Christmas presents; Honey, just get my family a little something. There is hardly anything—in fact, there isn't anything they can get you—so they feel a little embarrassed about the prospect of exchanging gifts. Mary wants a pair of pajamas like mine with embroidery on them, etc. Anyway, she wants something Japanese with maybe a Dragon or Tiger on it. I know she will be happy with just the pajamas. Then you can send both my Mom and Dad the same thing (in other words just one) like a vase or bowl or something to put flowers in. I don't think it will be hard to find something like that. Then for Chet I think you know more about that than I do. He really doesn't live here, and I don't know what he would want.

Honey, you didn't ask me what I wanted. Do you mind if I tell you? Well, I want only one thing, Darling—that being you. Do you

think you can give me that? Now, Honey, tell your little girl what you want. You already have me, so come up with a good suggestion.

Darling, you know I love you, but I'll just say it again so you won't forget. I love you, Honey, more than anything else in the world.

*All my love always,
Betty*

October 14, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, my Darling, it is still Sunday morning and I figured I better get this off while I had a little spare time.

Church doesn't start until 11:00 and it's only a quarter of nine now. At 12:30 we hop the bus for the football game. I think it starts at 2:30.

Sergeant Bill and I just spent a quiet evening last night. We had dinner over at the snack bar and then we took in the post theater. But most of all we just had an old-fashioned gabfest. All in all, I've thoroughly enjoyed these three days. But, Honey, I sure have missed your letters.

The boys haven't showed up as yet. It started to rain last night and I guess they were afraid of getting their feet wet. Or maybe they were busy with other things. But at any rate they didn't show. I guess they'll pop up pretty soon, though.

I sure hope it isn't raining in Tokyo. A rain ruins any kind of the passing game, and that's 50% of football now days.

Of course I still don't know whether they got a hold of Goose or not. I think I told you he was some sort of a mailman. Leave it to that guy to get a cushy job like that.

Well, I'm running out of things to say not to mention paper, and so I'll close this last page to you. Needless to say I'm nuts—about you, that is. And come to think of it, just a wee bit in love with you, too. Just keep good care of yourself and remember we've only got 10 months and 16 days to go.

BGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Well, Honey, I spent most of the day and all of the evening with your folks. First we ate, then we went down to some church conference in Los Angeles. After that I was supposed to take care of some kids but Doc (some name) had a call, so I went over to your house instead and talked with your mother for a while; then we went bowling. You know, Honey, that will mean that I have gone bowling Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday; that is, unless something happens.

I forgot all about having to graft out an "F" for drill team, so, Darling, you will forgive me if this is a bit short.

I love you—

All my love always,

Betty

October 15, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I've just finished a prayer that I might write this letter in such a way, and that you might read it in such a way, that you'll understand and approve.

If you remember back when we first started going out, I told you all about my church and that someday I might be called.

You read my Blessing and we've talked on the subject before.

We decided that there would be time to talk about it when I came home. But it seems like He has decided for us.

Honey, I've been called. I received a letter from Mom dated October 7, 1951, where she had just come from a Sacrament Service, and it had been announced that I had been called to the office of Deacon. That's the first office of the church.

She said that it had already been approved by the Council and the congregation. I believe that Brother Clark made the announcement. Who received the call I don't know.

Mama said that Brother Clark said that Brother Tickemeyer told him that there were men over here that would contact and ordain me.

Betty, I have been praying that we might get together on the church. This may be an answer to that prayer.

It leaves me little choice. You know that I believe my church is the only true church. You know that I believe in prophecy. Therefore, you must realize that I believe that God himself has chosen me to be one of his officers.

I don't say that I deserve it. Goodness knows I've done more than my share of wrong. But His ways aren't ours. He called me for a reason, and of course I have to answer. It's my faith, it's my belief, and it's a strong faith and belief, therefore there is only one road to take.

The big question is us. This is what I've been worried about. Is it going to make a difference between us? The choice had to come and it's up to you.

And to be truthful, I know your answer. But I've got to give you the choice to make the decision. Remember, it will be your children as well as mine who will be raised in the church.

I'm not pushing, just facing facts. Giving you the score. Think on it. Also talk about it with anyone you choose, but most of all pray about it.

Please, Betty, don't disappoint me. This letter isn't the way to tell you, but it is the only way that I have. I love you more than anything. Try and understand. Clear this hurdle and we'll be on our way. Please say you'll be the Deacon's wife. (10 1/2 months to go). BGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Just got home from a party. Harrell used to be in the club before he got activated into the Air Force, so he is home on leave and his mother gave a party for him. Blake let me drive a lot of the kid's home in his little car—more fun! All in all it was a good party.

Darling, do you know what happened today? Here I was down at the bowling alley getting the teams set up for the league when Mary comes running in shouting, "Hurry, Bob is trying to call you!" Well I dropped everything and came right home. When at last I got a hold of the operator, she said she was just checking to see if I would be home November 8 at seven o'clock in the evening. I told her I would, of course. Then I read your letters that I got today. In one of them you said you were going to call December 9. Let me know, will you? Either way, is all right with me. If I don't hear either way I will still be here November 8. But I thought I would tell you in case there is some mix-up. It sure will be good to talk to you again, Honey. I sure have missed you. I just can't say how much I love you, Darling. I guess we just have to remember it won't be like this forever—someday soon you will be home. Then we can both start living again. Until then and forever you have—

All my love always,

Betty

P.S. I love you, Honey.

P.S.S. I forgot to tell you— I went back and bowled so it didn't take me away from anything. I bowled 147 in one game.

October 16, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today your letter of October 9 arrived. What do you think I am, a dope? (Don't answer that). Today, or October 9, was our 10th (month) anniversary.

But you're wrong about me not being worried. I am. Worried sick! Yesterday I wrote you a letter about being called. Today I received a letter from you concerning, or rather only a reply to my first letter on, religion.

It's a big question, and it frightens me. I feel that God will help. I pray He will. I am sure that everything will work out, but I'm still worried that it won't.

Read the above paragraph over again. It says "work everything out," but it implies "my way." I wrote it that way because that's the way I believe. I believe "my" way and church are right. But I know you believe that "your" way and church are right. Therefore, I worry.

I've been called. I believe that God called me. You, being Lutheran, undoubtedly are skeptical.

What can I do? What can I write? When a man believes something is right, in order to keep his self-respect, he must act on that belief. At least, that's the way I feel.

I can argue that all through the Bible it mentions that the man is to lead and is to make the decisions. But I realize that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the nation.

Honey, I'm in a spot. But according to my belief there's only one way I can go. What it boils down to is this: I'm asking you to do something that I feel I can't do. It's a blunt way of saying it. It's not fair. But it's only fair to let the other side know the score.

Put it this way. I want my cake and I want to eat it, too.

Honey, I'm kicking myself all over for saying these things. I know how you feel. It's a difficult situation, but a decision needs to be made. Made now.

A Deacon is in the Priesthood. It's the first office of the church.

I can't say I'm sorry it came up. I'm proud to have been called. It's a great honor. We should've settled this before I came overseas. I feel it would help if I could just talk with you.

Just remember I love you, Betty. I really do. More than anything.

I've only asked you to do two things for me so far. The first was to love me. The second to marry me. And now I'm asking for a third. May God influence your decision!

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Tonight our "Y" club went bowling. We went to the North Hollywood bowling alley for once. I won't say what my scores were.

I went down and got the last set of pictures you sent home. Well, Darling, I must say you're getting better since there are quite a few of you. Honey, I think you forgot to turn the camera. There are several with two or more pictures on them.

Today I got the Tuesday bowling organized. Just one more day to organize, and the worst is over.

Today was the first day of the Iowa Tests, and they seem harder this time.

You know, Darling, I can't think of anything except you. I had a whole lot of things I was going to tell you, but it seems every other word I write I go into a daze or something. I can't remember anything I was going to say. All I know is that I love you. I want you, Darling, and I miss you so much that I can hardly stand it.

Honey, if you ever go away and leave me again after you get home, I'll just die. I'll be happy the rest of my life if I am able to be near you. It's just so hard, Darling, to tell you all that is in my heart. I just didn't know it was possible to love one person so much that when they are gone nothing is right; there is no real laughter because there is always that ache way down in my heart. I love you, Bob. I love you so much. I don't think I could live without you. I know you will come home as soon as you can, but until then you'll never really know how much I have missed you. It goes without saying that you have—

All my love always,

Betty

October 17, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

This is just a reminder to remind you that I love you more than anything else on this earth.

I consider myself to be the luckiest man alive. I really do. I only wish that I could be with you for thirty minutes. I have so many things to tell you. So many things that I want to discuss and explain and to receive advice on.

It's awfully hard to carry on a courtship this way. 4,500 miles is a long ways, and seven months is such an awfully long time. It's been hard, hasn't it? I guess that us fellows over here are really the lucky ones. At least we're kept busy most of the time. You people back home, all you can do is wait.

Wait! That's a big word in everyone's life, isn't it? I'm surprised someone hasn't written a poem or something about it. But then maybe they have. It's very likely that I just passed over it. But it is a big word. It seems like we're always waiting for something or someone. I guess that sometimes we wait without even knowing it. Come to think of it, I guess we'll die waiting. If nothing else, we'll die waiting to die. It's a morbid thought, but still fascinating.

Sometimes it takes a lot of guts to wait. Waiting is just about the toughest thing there is, I guess. It's taking a lot for both of us to wait. True, it's well worthwhile, and neither of us would have it any other way. But wouldn't it be wonderful if we could throw away waiting and be together right now? You know I'm taking a beating right now. Not a physical beating but a "wait beating." I guess the big trouble about waiting is that you can't do anything about it—but wait. But I think I'm going to die just a little every day until I get your answer to my last two letters.

Actually, I'm pretty sure of myself. I keep giving myself the ol' pep talk that if she doesn't see it my way, it wouldn't have worked anyway. But that's just kidding myself. If a negative answer comes back, it's going to hurt. Even the slightest fear of a negative answer is showing on me. I do believe that before my life is over I'm going to be driven out of my mind.

Think of what I'll be like when you're having our kids. I'm beginning to think that you're more trouble than you're worth. It's a cinch. You are more worry.

I really think that you will come through for my side. That's selfish of me, isn't it? To be truthful, I'm all mixed up. I feel that if I could talk to you, we would reach a better understanding. I know I'm not getting my feelings over in this letter. I guess I'm really a flop as a journalist. It's just not coming. If I could only be a genius and put down on paper the way I feel—the way that the thoughts are piling up inside of me, and how desperately I'm striving to get my feelings across to you. But I'm beginning to realize that it's no use, that I'll never be able to do it.

But whatever you decide, Betty, remember that there's a G.I. over here that loves you more than life itself. And if I said anything that hit a tender cord and hurt—if ever I have, then please forgive me. I give you my word it wasn't meant that way. All I've ever had for you is love and the highest respect. It just couldn't have been any other way.

I can't help but tell you that if I ever lose you, I'll lose life itself. I know a good deal when I see one, and I've gotten bull's-eyes right smack dab on you. I am as proud of you, Betty, as a fellow can be. You're everything a guy could ask for, and what's more important than anything else, I need you. I need you desperately.

I'm not the best buy on the lot. I'm a far cry from it. But I'll try! I've got one good quality and that's that I'm loyal. I've been loyal to you all along; not the slightest variation. And given the chance I'll come through—if only for you!

I feel like the poor boy trying to win the rich girl. I'm asking you to give up your riches for me. It's a lot to ask, but it works out in the storybooks. I've written the book. It's up to you to write the ending. Is it a happy ending? Or is it sad? I pray that God will influence your decision.

Love me, Betty, and hang on. It's only 10 months and 13 days to go. Count on at least the last two months being spent in the states.

No more will be said on this subject until your answer or further developments.

I love you.

And it won't do you any good to say no. I'll just come home and keep trying until you give in or until I see I'm hurting you.

I'm a dope, Honey. Please forgive and love this dope. He such a dope

he's got to have somebody.

Your—ever—loven',

Dope or Boob

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

This is a little short because I am dead tired. I got Wednesday bowling organized today, and now I won't be getting home so late every afternoon (I hope). We had Iowa Tests all morning again. They wouldn't be so bad if we got out of Government Class, but after all that—we have to face Mrs. Smyth for an hour. She is not really so bad, but it is my only solid, and I don't see why I couldn't get out of it.

I think the prayer you wrote for my annual is beautiful. Thank you, Darling. I don't know how I ever deserve and won a love like yours or a man like you. Maybe I don't deserve you, but just wait, I'll make you happy. I know I will because that is my whole life. I love you, Honey. You be good now and take good care of yourself. You know you have—

All my love always,

Betty

October 18, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

For crying out loud, why don't you keep better care of yourself? They tell us in the Army that there's no excuse for an infection. The only thing that can cause it is carelessness. And for goodness sakes, let's be careful with what we're being careless with.

You know when I come home I want you just as you were the last time I saw you. Not minus a hand, arm or a leg, and infection can cause just that.

Do you have any idea what caused it? And, Honey, I'm sorry that it hurt so bad while your Uncle was working on it. But for goodness sakes, wise up. If for no other reason, keep care of yourself just for me. Goodness knows I'm doing the best I can for you. Why, only this afternoon I had another smallpox vaccination. In fact, I've had so many shots in the last year that I look like a pincushion.

Tell me, how are you going to like being married to "pincushion Andy"? Speaking of marriage reminds me of contracts. I got my lawyers working on a new one now. I raise the salary to 200 kisses a week plus special bonuses. As for when the job will be open, it's up to the government. I understand they are trying to work out some settlement now. It's also agreed that you'll be a full partner, but I reserve the right to turn you over my knee and paddle you good when you get out of hand. In return, you may throw dishes, pots, pans, (but nothing over 100 pounds or with sharp edges), or anything else you can lay your hands on as long as I'm not at point blank range and have a sporting chance to duck. You've also got to promise to kiss and make up before too long of a period. I'll have the contract in the mail sometime this week.

By the way, the boys said to tell you that if you promise to score 14 points a game, that we can use you. I think that was a crack meant for me. I went scoreless yesterday. But just between you and me, I'll take you just the way you are. Needless to say the ring is yours anytime you say. Just don't change your mind.

And while I think of it, I wrote on the back of the pictures as you requested. And don't get in such an uproar. Just develop the last ones I

sent home, and let's have some of you.

Well I guess it's time to close. But be sure and KEEP GOOD CARE of yourself. I love you. I'll always love you. Love you I. Love you I always. Remember 10 months and 12 days to go.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

I'm starting your letter now; I will probably finish it when I get home. Where am I going? Well, today is my Grandmother's birthday and we are going over to see her.

Nothing much of anything happen today. We just had Iowa Tests all morning. Today was the last day.

I just got home from Grandmothers. Tomorrow is Senior Activity Day. We get out of third and fourth periods. It should be good. The one last semester was the worst I have ever seen. It was terrible in comparison to the others I have seen.

I hope you have a good time when you visit Sergeant Bell. It is, or will be when you get this, too late to say "hello" to him for me, but next time you see him you can.

I still love you, Honey, and I guess I always will. Funny you would think that after almost seven months I would be used to having you over there. But I'm not. I miss you as much or more than I did when you first left. I love you, Darling. You mean everything to me.

All my love always,

Betty

October 19, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today's masterpiece, my Darling, is not only going to be dull. It's also going to be short. First of all, there's very little news and secondly, tomorrow is inspection. And although I have little sprucing up to do, the outside has still got to look extra sharp. That means a good G.I.'en around my bed and a little spit and polish here and there.

I went to the medics this morning about this corn, and although it took a minor operation, the job was done and Sunday I'll know the outcome. They sure did a lot of work on it. The first thing they did was carved on it until they got near the core. Then they took some kind of wax, made a mole around the corn, and poured some mild acid in it. Then they took some more wax, filled up the hole, wrapped my foot up in a bandage, and told me to come back Sunday. So help me if I go back and haven't got a little toe, I'm going to be sore.

While I think of it, your life contract is all finished and is in the mail under separate cover. I've already signed it, and now all it needs is your John Hancock. You want to be sure and think twice before you sign because I got you right where I want you after you sign. Or do you have me right where you want me?

I also splurged and spent ¥1,000 for a ticket to the All-Star game this month. If we lose, I'm going to demand my money back.

Well, I told you it was going to be dull and short, and now you know I'm a man of my word.

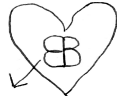
Be sure and keep care, and let's have some reports on that foot of yours. You know I love you cause I said I did, and I am a man of my word (refer to above paragraph).

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

I just got home from a football game. We beat Frankland 19-0. North Hollywood only beat them by six points. Everyone says North Hollywood is going to take the League—that is, everyone except us because we know we are. I didn't know that today was your Sister's birthday. I got home from school and your Dad was waiting for me. We went over to Claudia's and had dinner there.

Honey, you didn't have to get that bowling trophy for me. I guess you remembered the one time I bowled with you, and figured that the only way I would ever get one was if you gave it to me. No kidding, Darling, I liked it, it was sweet of you to think of it. I am sure no one but you would ever think of anything like that. Really, Darling, you give me too many things, but I love them all. While I am on the subject of things you have given me, what does it say on the pen you sent me?

I don't want you to take this the wrong way, but, Darling, you have one fault. A girl likes to feel as if there are some things her guy just says to her and no one else. I can't think of one thing that is that way between us. It ruins it when you say it to other people no matter who you say it to. I thought up until today, that was something you wrote just to me, but come to find out you end Leona's letters that way, too. Maybe I am funny, but believe it or not, most girls are this way. I didn't tell Leona because she pointed to it at the end of her letter and said "this is a code between Bob and me." I didn't have the heart to tell her you ended my letters that way also. I must say I was disappointed, and to tell you the truth that symbol will never mean very much to me anymore. It spoils anything when it is common. Maybe I shouldn't have said anything to you—but, Darling, every pet name you have ever called me, everything you have ever told me (excluding things concerning sex, etc.), I have heard or read that you have told it to others. I know you mean it when you say it to me. I know you don't hand me a line. But it spoils it, Darling. It may not spoil it for you, but it spoils it for me. How would you feel

if you thought I said the same thing to others as I say to you? How would you feel if you heard me repeat to someone else the very thing I had told you the night before when I was in your arms? Maybe you wouldn't mind, but I do. Anyway, think about it, enough said—probably too much.

I love you more than anything else in the world. I am selfish and I want you just for myself. I want you to love just me more than anything else in the world, just as I do you. I don't want a rival; I don't want to have any doubts creep into my mind that there is anyone you love even almost as much as me. There is no one that comes near you, Darling. The man I marry must feel that way about me. It may be selfish, but that's just the way it is. Now that you have read my lecture for the day, you must remember my bark is worse than my bite. Now don't get upset about this. I love you, Darling, more than anything. You know you have—

*All my love always,
Betty*

October 20, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Now I don't think you're going to like this, but I don't think that Van Nuys is going to win the

Crown this year. The reason I say this is because I have nothing else to write about.

It seems to me that North Hollywood will be the fair haired lads this year. And since ol' Van Nuys came through with a 13-6 victory over the Hunters, I'll place them at second with Canoga Park third. (Before I had Canoga tagged for the number two spot). San Fernando should be good for a fourth with Frankland and Verdugo Hills finishing up in that order.

California is my pick for the top national team. However there's SMU and Tennessee to consider.

Look for Ohio and Washington in the Rose Bowl this New Year's Day. It'll be close, but give the Huskies a six-point edge if Hendrix plays. If not, bet your money on Ohio. Now just for fun, let's wait and see how good your ol' dad comes out.

You want to be sure to give me the lowdown on what the new house looks like. Mom says it was a steal, but of course she figured that or she wouldn't have bought the house in the first place. I still think it was a dirty trick to buy a house on a street that's named Cantaloupe. Especially since I've got a sister whose kid brother used to kid her about living on Klump. Man, when I get home I'll be razzed for the rest of my life. But I guess I'll live.

Tell me. After seeing those company party pictures, do you still believe I didn't touch a drop? Well, it's a good thing I've got witnesses because even if you believe it, nobody else will.

As for the presents, I'll skip out and see what can be done the first of next month. I'm just debating whether or not I can send them home by boat. I'll check into it. Maybe the mail clerk knows something more about.

As for what I want, I'm a-no-gonna-say. I like it a lot more if it's a surprise. But whatever it is, don't spend too much money on it. Remember the mailing angle; it cost money to send stuff over here.

Now whether you know it or not, I'd love to get a big box, crawl inside, have one of the fellows tie a big blue ribbon around it, and send it to you

for your Christmas present. However, there's a law against stunts like that. In fact when they caught me, I could be shot. (Very narrow-minded, these Army courts).

So I guess we'll just have to settle for a card and present this year, and the consolation that we will have many more Christmases in which to keep each other company. You know da-gone-good and well that I love you with all my heart.

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

This is for last night, it is now Sunday morning. Last night I went to a party. We had a big ham dinner, and we were there most of the night. We had cake and hot chocolate about one o'clock. We got off to a good start, Blake ran out of gas on the way to the party. He runs out of gas on the average of twice a week. We had a real fine time. I decided—that is, Vicki and I decided—that we couldn't wait any longer to discuss a few things, so we left a note for Mother and we got to Vicki's house at 3:15.

Now here I am at my house. I didn't go to church but Vicki did. I didn't do anything else yesterday. I just went to my sewing lesson. Honey, I love you—from some of my letters I bet you wonder, but don't Darling—and believe it or not, you are the only reason I go out so much. I miss you so much. You never leave my thoughts, not even for a moment.

I didn't tell you the color of the Senior Sweaters, did I? Well they are green—bright green—and they are real pretty.

Honey, I have to get dressed because your folks are going to pick me up in about half an hour.

I love you, just you, Darling; no one else will ever do but you. You know you have—

*All my love always,
Betty*

October 21, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

As for this phone call, Honey, I'm calling on December 9, not November. As soon as I got your letter, I called the Sendai office just to make sure there wasn't a mistake, and they told me that the Tokyo operator had probably misunderstood. Now when I say the ninth, that means it's the eighth over there. The chances are they'll get hold of you again.

But one good thing about the mistake is that it probably helps you to realize what a guy is up against over here. So when these calls don't come off right, don't blame me. Just remember that it has to go through at least four different people in two different languages. That's a big job for anybody. And while I think of it, I'm glad you rang me in on the mix-up. Otherwise we might have hit a snag. That's what I like—a beautiful girl with a brain. And that's no crack. You'd be surprised at how many people wouldn't have thought to mention it.

By the way, it seems that your competition is narrowing. I picked up the Valley Times today, and lo and behold one of my old girl friends has gone and got herself hitched. I understand that she heard about you and me, and sensing she had lost me forever, married for money. Oh well, that's life. Poor girl!

Mom and Dad each wrote me a letter and said that the three of you had gone to the Stake Conference. I was wondering just what you thought of it. I'm not pushing, mind you, just wondering. Why not give me a rundown? You know I sure wish this problem about religion didn't exist between us. It would sure save me a lot of worry. But then I guess that all worthwhile things have problems and worries connected with them.

You know either you're practicing some sort of "witchcraft," or I'm cracking up. I have your picture hanging on the wall at the foot of my bed, and the other morning one of the KP's made some extra noise at 4:30, awakening me from a sound sleep. And when I open my eyes I saw you standing at the foot of my bed. It shocked me so much that I set right up in bed and of course you had vanished.

I think maybe I'd better move those pictures, but I really like them where they are. You know you're the last thing I see when I go to bed and

the first thing I see when I awake. Believe me, that really is the way I want it—only I want to exchange the pictures for the real thing. Do you mind?

As for the news of the day, things haven't changed much. I got rained out of a football game this afternoon, so I took in a show. Then this morning some of the boys from the church and I got together and held our own service. Afterwards we took in the Protestant service at 10 o'clock. All in all, it hasn't been a bad day.

I also went back to the medics about my corn today. He looked at it and now they've decided on a different treatment. With all the fuss they're making you think it was serious. Oh well.

I read a little piece today from James 1:17. It said that "every good gift and every perfect gift is from above," and believe it or not, when I read it I thought of you. Because to me that's what you represent, a perfect gift from above. You know it's hopeless for me to write how much I love you because I'll never be able to capture the words to express myself. I guess I'll just have to wait and show prove it to you. Until then just remember that you're everything I ever hoped for and that I love you with all my heart.

Keep good care of yourself, my Darling. Remember only 10 months and 10 days to go. KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

I just got home from going to a show with Leona and your Mother. We saw "People Will Talk" and I think the other one was "Happy Go Lovely." They were good. I made you some cookies this afternoon.

Just think, my Darling, this time next year you will be out of that old Army (I hope) and you will be home with me. Maybe we will even be married. I wish we were now and that you were here with me. But then that is nothing new. I have been wishing, hoping, dreaming, but most of all praying for the last seven months that we would be together soon. With luck maybe you will be home in seven

more months. Some people seem to think so.

I know this letter isn't very long, but it will have to be all for tonight. I love you, Darling, very much—

All my love always,

Betty

October 22, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I haven't got a thing to write about today, so bear with me while I stumble over verbs, adverbs and what have you during the course of the next two or three pages.

It would seem that your lover boy is "gold bricking." Yep, that's right. I went to the medic again. Only this time it was for another shot. Honest, I'm beginning to look more and more like a pincushion. But they tell me that it's easy to catch stuff over here so we get the needle every six months or so.

You know, something is bothering me. I picked up the Los Angeles Examiner today, and lo and behold there was an article about the latest California fads; one of which was that you girls are wearing lipstick with artificial flavoring. Tell me, what flavor are you wearing?

Not that it makes any difference because, Honey, as far as you're concerned, nothing could be sweeter than one of your kisses. Besides, I'm on a diet.

You know these kinds of things almost make a fellow afraid to come home. From the stories I hear, everything is changing back in the States. The cities are growing; people are getting married, people dying, styles changing, and friends moving away. Yes sir, it's enough to make a fellow re-up for another overseas tour.

But I guess that you won't change too much. And with you to hold my hand, I'm sure I'll get back into the groove without any trouble.

As a matter of fact, with you at my side I can do just about anything. Tell me, how would you like to be married to the President of the United States? (I'll speak to Harry, but what are we going to do about Mrs. T)?

I'm a little bit screwy, but I'm nuts about you and it's all the fault of this Air Transportability knot tying—It's driving me knotty! (That wasn't a drive. That was a short putt).

But honest I love you with all my heart.

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,
"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

I got your letter today about Deacon. I knew about it before but I didn't give it much thought. I ask your Mother what it was, and she asked me if we had Deacons in my church. I said yes, so she said they were the same thing. I didn't give it another thought because I figured that was fine. Then I got these three letters from you, and you seem to be quite upset about it. To be truthful, after reading them over I couldn't find anything to be upset about, but after thinking about it, I see several possibilities. I really don't know what decision you want me to make, but I will try to give you a rundown on several things that come to mind.

I called your Mother, thinking that she might be able to explain to me why it was so important and what kind of decisions, etc. needed to be considered. Anyway, she wasn't there so I called Claudia. She explained to me what a Deacon is and how they are chosen. Now if the question is, can you be a Deacon or is it all right with me, I know darn well you will be one even if I said no. But really, Darling, if that is what you feel you should do, then it is fine with me. I know it means a lot to you, and as far as I am concerned, you can be a minister if you want. One thing that your Sister said is that there were some things Deacons shouldn't do, one of them being dancing. Would you give up dancing altogether from this point on, even if you believed it was all right to dance? And would you, if you came home in time, not take me to my Senior Prom because you were Deacon? Maybe you had better write me a list of the things you wouldn't do any more.

Before I say this next thing, I want you to know I love you and if I had to give you up it would be the hardest thing I ever did or probably ever would do. But if it is best for our future and happiness for you and I to be alone, then we should do it. I am not going to fill this letter with a lot of words of love because I don't want them to influence your decision. Sure I could use some of my tricks to

influence your decision, but this is mental not emotional, and it is a decision that only you can make. It is up to you whether we will ever get married or not. Until I get an answer, my letters will be on the cool side because I don't want anything to interfere with your decision, so if I don't say I love you or something like that, it is for the above reasons.

Darling, is it one of the main qualifications of your being a Deacon that your wife becomes a member of your church? Is it at all important that she believes the same way about religion as you do? Would you let your wife attend another church—giving her freedom of religion? If not, or if it is of great importance to you, we should call “us” off because our marriage wouldn't have a chance! Let me explain—I am willing to try to believe your way, and I am willing to learn, and I want to—but I can't promise I will believe. Do you ever sign a paper without reading what you are committing yourself to? If you do, you shouldn't. Darling, how can I say or promise I will believe if I don't even know what it is that I am promising? God wouldn't want it that way. Religion is an important matter, and one can't change their beliefs overnight—and there is always the chance that I wouldn't believe and would want to return to the Lutheran Church. If having your wife go to your church is so important, it might and probably would ruin our marriage. It would be harder then to break away than it would be now. It is your decision. I wouldn't want to belong to a different church than my husband, but if need be I would. Of course, I am already reading some of your church materials, and I'm trying to do so with an open mind. And if it is as good as you say it is—how could I not believe it? It seems to be that we both need to exercise a little faith here!

Then there is another way. We could wait until I made up my mind as to whether I believed or not. This would probably take at least a year, and you might as well know that if I get tired of waiting—especially if we delay things after you get home—I may start looking for someone else. Maybe I wouldn't find him, but I would sure try, and that is the chance you would take. Then too, maybe you would find someone else as well.

Let me say in my defense that if you looked at the marriages in

your own family, you will find that most of them started out with only one of the couple being a member of your church. Look at your own parents; you think their marriage has worked out pretty well, and your Father was not a member or believer in the church until Claudia was baptized—which must have been for about nine years.

It is up to you; don't let your emotions interfere with your decision. The question is could you have a wife that didn't believe the same way that you do about religion, and could you live happily with her—even on Sunday? If not, we should just forget each other, and while it will be hard to do, it will be best for both of us in the long run. The first step would be to stop writing, and after that stopping our relationship altogether. But we can think about that after you make up your mind. Give it thought and don't be hasty, but please for my sake make it as soon as possible.

Betty

October 23, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

It's a little wet outside, and since Air Transportability can't be conducted in foul weather, we got the afternoon off.

So your ol' dad, always figuring the angles, headed for the service club. Otherwise they might have put me to work back at Company.

I got a letter from Mom today, and it she said that you got the news of my being called at the Stake Conference. She said that you didn't seem to mind. I sure hope not. In fact, I was hoping that you would be pleased about it. You know this is a pretty big honor. But it also forced the problem to a head before we were ready to handle it.

But I'll wait for your letter before I go into it any deeper. However, one thing is bothering me, and that's why you didn't mention it in your letter. But maybe that letter just hasn't reached me yet. I haven't got much mail for the last three days, so I should be hitting the jackpot any day now.

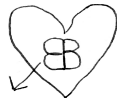
You know, maybe I've said this before, but I'm awfully proud of you. This overseas tour hasn't been pleasant but it sure has proved a lot of things.

I guess that you must really love me to have sacrificed and done all the things that you've done for me. It takes a lot of stuff for a girl still in high school to stick with her boyfriend who is 4,500 miles away. And I know that sometimes it's not always easy to find time to get that daily letter off. So when a girl does these things plus all the other things you've done for me, along with saving her money and trying to learn to be a better housewife, that proves a lot to a guy. But what really made a big hit with me is your studying the church books. To me, that means you're bending over backwards trying to make it work. That's good, Honey, and I love you all the more for.

And thanks for sticking up for me and the church when your Dad questioned it. You're a good girl, Betty, and I'm really not deserving of you, but if you're dumb enough to marry me, I'll try my hardest to be the kind of husband that you'll be proud of. Man, have you got me hooked!

KCBGGMLTYFAMBTTG

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Just got home from a "Y" club meeting. It was real fine. We met over at Blake's house. Mr. Todd (our sponsor) runs a film library. So he got a full length film with Larry Parks in color. It was real good. Then we had about 10 cartoons. Mr. Todd does some business for the Coca-Cola Company, so he gets a couple of cases of Coke a month. So we also had Cokes plus candy, cookies, cake, and ice cream while the film was on. It was lots of fun, of course.

Today we had our first Class Meeting during Fourth Period; then a Ladies Meeting during Fifth Period. I got out of a Government test because of that, so you can see I didn't go to much school today.

I got the proofs for my Senior Pictures—they sure are not very good. I guess I just don't take a good picture. Then this afternoon I was at the "Y" running off cards for the Council meeting.

No letter from you today so there isn't anything to answer, but don't you forget to answer my next question. I hear you saw Ronnie (Goose). What did he have to say about the States? Does he miss his girlfriend? But then maybe he has several. One I believe is Nancy Ford – did he say anything to you about her? If so, tell me what he said because I am curious—also tired, and it is late so I will end this now.

Love,
Betty

October 24, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

In I came from a hard morning's work, and lo and behold there on my bunk lay my number one morale booster—a letter from you!

Of course it was dated right in line, but it's been three days between letters, and what a long three days it was. But then the Army is the Army, and I guess those things are to be expected.

I guess you feel the same way about my letters. Something like a shot in the arm.

I'm glad you liked the prayer. It was simple to write. I say the same thing every night, and of course I know it by heart.

I was reading the Mirror, and I see where you're the Social Chairman of the Ladies. That's pretty good! But then that's my Betty. How come you don't let a fellow know about these things? You know I like to brag about you, and the fellows get tired of hearing about the same old stuff all of the time. You know that's two weeks running you had your name in the paper. That's pretty good, but what I want to see is Betty Ward S'52 announces her engagement to Bob Anderson (he's still working on it).

And let's knock off all that stuff about "deserving" and "winning." As for the deserving, it's the other way around and while you did hook and "win" me, you shouldn't get any credit for it. Man, that wasn't a "win"—d that was a pushover! You know to this day I'm still trying to figure out what hit me. Boy, I sank faster than the Titanic. But then you've got everything to work with—looks, brains and personality. Me, I'm just a poor dumb guy that forgot to put his left up. Result TKO. What a wonderful way to lose a fight.

The daily news isn't much. We dropped a 34-32 decision to Headquarters Company today. All of us were way off our game. As for me, just call me "useless." I sure turned in a poor showing. But then maybe we'll do better tomorrow.

Well, Sugar, I need to call it quits for the night. Tomorrow I've got to get up ahead of the birds.

Be sure and keep care and don't worry about me being good. I'm too proud of you to do anything I shouldn't. Also, I promised to keep good

just won't stand for it anymore. Now you be a good boy, Darling. Just love me and don't worry about any little problems until you get home. Honey, don't you believe our love is bigger than any earthly problem? I think it is. One of our biggest troubles is that we don't put enough faith in our love. Enough lecture for today, but I meant every word of it. If you don't believe me, just try me. You'll find I am a person of my word—Honey, I love you.

This afternoon I bowled 105 and 107. I never bowl as well on Wednesday as I do on Monday (129). I can't remember the other score on Monday. I could look at my records but I don't think it is that important. Today at noon we had a real good jazz band. It ran into Fifth Period.

I love you, Honey. Don't you ever worry about that! I may get mad and say things I don't mean, but, Darling, never would I give you up—even if you changed your mind, you would probably have a fight on your hands. Sorry, Honey. You just can't get rid of me.

Don't forget to write on the back of the enclosed pictures of what they are.

You and your predictions; California top team in the nation you say. USC beat them last Saturday. Looks to me like USC in the Rose Bowl. As for North Hollywood taking the crown—well, Darling, for the past six years I have picked Van Nuys to win every game in the season without a doubt. They have won about 85% or more. I must say that is a good average. We will wait and see, but you will never hear me admit that we have even the slightest chance of losing before a game—just ask any of my friends.

I love you, Honey. You be a good boy and do like your Honey says; just love me, miss me, want me and need me as I love, miss, want and need you, Darling. Remember no one else but you will ever do.

All my love always,

Betty

October 25, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, I'm sorry, but for some reason I'm dead on my feet and so this is going to be more or less a shorty.

I guess I'm just getting old. I can remember when I used to play three basketball games a day; one at 10 AM, one at 2 PM and the last one at 7 or 8 PM. But now days four quarters seem to be plenty. Of course, the real reason is that I'm not in shape. Been working on these mockups too long I guess, but give me a few weeks and I'll round out.

We played another basketball game this afternoon. But the story was a little different this time. We won. The final score was 46-39, and although I wasn't in good form I did improve.

It was really something. Our Company took every game today; football, volleyball and last but not least basketball.

To tell you the truth, we didn't dare lose. The Captain fell the entire company into formation this afternoon and marched us down to the gym. Man, if we had lost, our names would have been mud.

The All Stars also won their game 6-3 today. I had to play ball, so I sold my ticket and of course missed the game.

But I did see Joe DiMaggio. He was a guest star on the Sunburst Review. If you get a chance you might listen to the show sometime. I understand they're rebroadcasting back in Los Angeles.

Well, my Dearest, needless to say I love you with all my heart. Please take good care of yourself and GMLTYFAMBTTG. Remember only 10 months and six days to go.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

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Dear Bob,

Honey, just to prove you're all wrong about the old Chinese Proverb, "little girls who write letters in class often fail," I am writing you in bookkeeping, and we will see what I get come report card time. I have already proved you wrong once; remember all the letters I wrote you in my Spanish class last semester? Well what do you suppose I got in Spanish—an A!

This is the dumbest class I ever saw. How people can be so dense I'll never know. You might know it; we are having a thunderstorm, and me without a scarf or sweater. Notice, Darling, no misspelled words thus far. Lucy is sitting next to me doing English Literature, and every now and then she looks over and corrects my English. Maybe I ought to send her over when you write letters to me. On second thought, I will help you myself if anyone can come. I could always bring my dictionary.

I saw a real cute play during Third Period. I have Gym Office, but Shirley and I decided we wanted to see the play, so we told Mrs. Hill and she let us go. You know, Honey, sometimes I feel guilty about having such easy classes.

Well, Honey, for once I spent a nice quiet evening at home. So there's nothing to say. I enclosed a couple of pictures for you. I wrote on the back of them since I make you write on the back of the pictures you send me. I love you, Darling, now and always. Be good—

All my love always,

Betty

October 26, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Today your eye-love-you-deeply letter arrived, and I must admit that I am at a loss for words.

My only excuse, Honey, is that I'm a man and that we men just don't understand how women's minds works. You know good and well that I would never hurt or disappoint you. In fact, my only thought is your happiness.

I'll grant you that between us we have very little original sayings or special signs. In fact, I can only think of one, and that one is when we ask one another how much we love the other, and we spread our thumb and first finger slightly apart and say "Oh about this much." You know, it's funny what sticks with a guy.

True I am no poet, and the Army tells me I am a fighter and not a lover. In fact, the plain truth is I can't think of anything to say that I feel is near equal to you.

But I will say this. Actions are greater than words. And although we don't have those little sayings that a guy might say to his girl, we do have the actions. It is actions when he worries about his girl day in and day out. It's actions when he plans his life to meet the needs of the one he loves, and it's actions when he sacrifices and saves his money so they will have a shoestring to start on.

I'm told that it's actions when a fellow throws away good chances of advancement because of her, and it's been said that its action when his every thought and feeling is for her.

It's true that I once told another that I loved her. I thought that I did. But never have I ever felt about another the way I do about you. Never have I wanted anything as much, and never would I sacrifice as I have for you.

But all this is silly. There's one fact above everything else, and that is simply that I love you and that you love me. I just don't know how else to say it.

Never get the idea that I take you for granted or share with someone else what is special between us. Far from it; I consider you as a prize—A

prize God made for me and for me alone. I feel as though God made it so because only He could make anything as perfect as you.

It may seem hard to believe, but you're the only one I ever had anything to do with. You have my word on it—and my word to you is everything. Never have I lied to you, and never will I.

I'm sorry I haven't words to offer; only deeds! But rest assured of this: when I say "All my love always," I mean just that. "All," excluding other types of love such as for my Mother, Father, etc., is reserved just for you. There will never be anyone else as long as there is you.

Honest, Honey, I try. I know I fumble a lot. But then I haven't had any practice. So next time I drop the ball, just say to yourself that he's a dumb, sweet kid that means well, and try to forget it.

As for the trophy, it's a little late. I asked Dad to get it at the end of last season when you won the championship. But it seems there was a shortage of metals, and consequently the delay. And the reason for it is not because you'll never win one but because every Champ is entitled to at least one. And that is what you are—My Champ!

Don't let the birthday bother you; I'm her brother and I forgot it. However, luckily I sent her a scarf and remembered in the middle of the month that her birthday was in October. Come to find out it's on the 19th. Oh well.

I also got a letter from Brother Clark, my pastor, today. I'm going to send it on and ask that you find a place for it in our scrapbook.

Well, toot tweet it's about time to close. I'm sorry for the eye-love-you-deeply fiasco, and I'll never use it again. Please try not to hold it against me—and remember these two things; Actions are greater than words, and I love you very, very much and always will.

In addition, here is something original that I have never said to anyone else and never will

All my love always,

"Your" Bob

XXXXXXXX

P.S. I'm not a complete loss!



Dear Bob,

Just got home from going to a show with your Mother. They were

both on the average side.

This afternoon I went to what they called a football game. Never have I seen Van Nuys play such a terrible game. It was like seeing a grade school team. Thank goodness they were a little worse than we were. We won 12-6, and guess who we played? Eagle Rock. All I can say is that it is a good thing we played that way against a weak team. Heaven help us if we had played a team that knew a little something about the game.

Nothing else happened. We put on our play in drama and it went well.

Darling, I miss you—you know. Honey, I think I am a fanatic; all I think about is you. I want you so badly—I can remember like it was yesterday your arms around me. Believe me, it's worth waiting for. I remember last year about this time I said I wouldn't ever wait another seven months for any man. Isn't it strange how your ideas change? Now that I have found you, I would wait forever. However, I cannot say I would enjoy the wait. I love you; what's more you have—

All my love always,

Betty

October 27, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

I got shocking news for you. You'd better sit down and get a good grip on yourself because today I got a letter from Chet. It wasn't a big letter and it wasn't the newest one I have received, but since receiving it I feel as though someone owes me a medal or something.

We didn't have any classes today. Mrs. Rosenberg, the Assistant Secretary of Defense, was here and we all went to hear what she had to say. She didn't say much, but she did answer some questions.

She says we'll be coming home when our term is up. I'm due for discharge August 31, 1952. According to her, there is no chance we'll be coming home before May. Look for me in June or July, more likely July.

She also said our pay raise will go through in January and that she expected Congress to pass the G.I. Bill in early January.

I sure hope so. In the last war, married Vets were allowed \$110.00 a month. That would sure come in handy. Then, too, there is the state's bonus that California might pass. It seems California failed to pass it the first time around but might pass it the next time. How much that will bring in is hard to say. It might even fall through, just as the G.I. Bill might. So if we continue to save our money and these bonuses do come through, it will give us something to start on.

Mama wrote and told me about a rumor she heard that we were coming home in May. It could be, but it's more likely to be later than that, but my point is that when I get home, I'll have over 30 days of leave coming. If we don't get the 30 days, the Army pays me for them. However, if I get home early enough, I'll take the 30 day leave.

If you want, we could get married during that time. But perhaps you feel it would be better to wait. It could be that you feel an adjustment period is necessary. Maybe we should start school and see how things work out.

Don't get me wrong. I love you more today than I ever have before. If I could get home for an hour, I'd want to be married. I know when I'm well-off, but I thought that perhaps we should start considering a plan. Of course no matter what we plan, if the mind of one party changes

we promised to let the other know right away. Let's hear your ideas.
Remember you're the one to set the date.

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Just got home from a party. It was lots of fun. Vicki is spending the night with me. Her folks went to Redlands. Didn't do much today.

You said in the letter that I got today that my "competition is narrowing." Darling, I didn't think I had any competition. Honey, do you mean to tell me I have to watch out for my Darling? By the way, who is this old flame that got married?

About the Stake Conference, the truth is I founded it a little on the boring side. But then all long business meetings are that way. Parts of it were interesting, but, Darling, it wasn't anything but a lot of business.

Darling, I am not practicing witchcraft and you aren't cracking up. I often see you. In fact, I see you all time. Sometimes it is so real that I can almost feel your arms around me. My stomach even turns over and my heart jumps, but then I realize it is just my imagination. So you see it happens to the best of us.

Well, Darling, we are starting our eighth month apart. Honey, I think I love you more now than I ever did; at least I appreciate you a lot more. Hurry home, Darling, so I can show you some of that appreciation. I love you, Honey, more than I can say—

*All my love always,
Betty*

October 28, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Yum! Yum! Your cookies have arrived! Yum! Yum!

That's what I like—not only the most beautiful girl in the world but also the best cook. Yum! Yum!

Today is Sunday and not much has come off. I went to church, or rather I got together with some of the boys from my church this morning and we had a nice meeting. There were six of us all totaled, and we discussed the possibility of starting a study class.

I think that I'll take in a show this afternoon. It seems like that's all I do anymore, but it doesn't cost much and it's entertaining.

Last night I paid a visit to the gym and worked out a little. They've been working on the floor lately and it's been closed, but they're all finished with it now so I expect I'll be spending a lot more time down there. And it sure is about time. You probably noticed in the pictures I sent you that my "bay window" is coming back. It must be this easy Air Transportability life. It's a cinch. It's not the Army cooking—or maybe it's your cookies. Yum! Yum!

Speaking of pictures, I haven't received any recently. How about getting on the ball? I like to look at you, too. And also send mine back so I can see how they came out. That way maybe I can improve on the next ones.

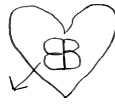
I got to wondering about that letter I wrote last night. I'm sure you realized that the part about marriage was put in there because I figured that maybe we better start doing a little more planning. I want to get your ideas, and I'm sure you want mine. It's not the best way to carry on a courtship, but it's the best I can offer for now.

You know sometimes I think you must feel that you're in love with a letter. But then I stop to think and realize that I am in love with the most wonderful girl in the world, and not her letters—as wonderful as they are—and that therefore she must love me the same way. If she didn't, she wouldn't put up with me.

Thanks for the cookies and for putting up with me.

KCBGGMLTOFAMBTTG.

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Well I started out the day by going to church. Then I went over to Vicki's house and watched television for a while. We are cooking that Council Dinner tomorrow, so Richard and Blake came by and we all went shopping. We had lots of fun. We are going to make about five dollars for the club on this dinner. Vicki and I made a big cake tonight for the dinner.

Mary said she heard a reporter say that it was rumored that the 40th starts home in January. But very often she gets things mixed up so I'm not getting any hopes up. It would be so wonderful if it did happen to be true. Just think to be together again. Honey, I love you so much, and I want and miss you something awful. Today it has been seven months since you held me tight and told me how much you love me and I told you how much I love you. Seven long, long months, but they've been worth it, Darling. There are no regrets for those seven months because you are worth that and more.

Someday soon we will be together again, until then I send you—

*All my love always,
Betty*

October 29, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Honey, there's been an awful mistake and I'm afraid I made it.

I got a letter from Sis today, and she said you called her when my letter concerning my calling arrived. She said that you were completely befuddled and that I had failed something awful in putting my point across and that my letter seemed to imply that if you didn't switch over to my church the wedding was off.

My Darling, however I implied such a thing is beyond me. Because there's nothing further from my heart. On my honor, I love you, Betty. You're the greatest thing that ever happened to me, and I thank God every night on my knees for you. Gladly would I lay down my life for you! It sounds corny, but it's true. No matter how long or how far I looked, I could never find your equal. And I know that, as sure as I know that the sun will rise tomorrow.

I don't know what I said in those letters, but if it implied that if you didn't come over to my church, the wedding was off, they were all wet. And please forgive me, Darling, because I realize it must have hurt you something awful because I know how I would feel if I ever received a letter like that from you.

The point of those letters was to zero you in on the score. It would seem that I fumbled the ball again. It seems like I've been doing that quite often these days so I sure hope to make a little yardage with this one.

My Darling, I do not expect nor do I want you to change over just to please me. It would be unfair to you, and to me and, what's more important, to our children.

You know I'm kind of funny but although the kids aren't even close to being on the way I think about them in all my plans.

I've already made up my mind that I'm going to be a good father. I'm going to be the kind of Dad that spends quality time with my kids, and we're going to be a close family.

Another funny thing about me—and this is far from the subject—but if it's at all possible I want my kids to be breast-fed. Now that's a funny thing for a man to think of, but I do. Maybe I'm not normal.

Someday I hope that you will be converted to my church. But you'll never find any high-pressure or threats on my part to force you. When and if you join you will do so of your own free will. To be truthful, I'm going to make it hard for you, if at some point you choose to unite with my church. In short, I'm going to have to be sure that you're sure. That's a promise.

My plan is this. We're going to go to Graceland. There you can get a good example to see the church at work. You can look it over, judge it, and decide for yourself. All I ask for is an open mind.

The whole point is this, I love my church but I love you, too. I want you more than anything but I know it's wrong to forget my church. I got problems. But they'll work out. I believe it's a trial. I refuse to worry about it because God is with us.

In the meantime, I'm asking you to love, wait, and marry me. I wish you would accept that ring right now. I'm offering it at any time. Just say "Yes," pick out the ring you want and let me know the price so I can get the money to you. Also know that when the time comes that you do say "Yes" that I'll be the proudest man in the world.

I'm glad you talked to Sis about this. Use her as my representative. She knows me like a book and she's 100% for us. I love you, Betty! Never, never forget that and remember the only way that wedding will be called off is for you to do the calling.

KCBGGMLTOFAMBTTG.

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
XXXXXXXX

P.S. My Darling, go and talk with my Sister. Or let it drop until I get home. Mom is all right, but she's one-sided. Talk deeply with Sis. I've got a feeling, a funny feeling, that you should. Promise me you will. She's good and understanding. Perhaps she can do a better job explaining things. I love you—only 10 months and two days to go.



Dear Bob,

Well, Darling, tonight was our big Council Dinner for 30 people that Vicki and I cooked for. You know, Honey, everyone said it would be a lot of work, but we really had fun doing it. It turned out real

good. The boys helped us, too. They did the dishes.

Which reminds me about that contract I got today. I may be in love with you, crazy about you and etc., but I haven't lost my mind as of yet. You really think I would sign that! Part of it I will agree to, but just parts. But as for the dishes, Honey (just as an example), I am not going to stay in the kitchen and do them by myself while you read the paper, and I am not going to make my kids do them. Dad does dishes every night. So that leaves just you, my dear. Now, let's not get all excited about this right now. We can discuss it when you get home. But the only part I agree to is the full Partners Clause and my being your wife for the rest of my life. But no deal to the rest—

Honey, from what I have heard about your idea of marriage, it is all one-sided—your side! Sure, you listed duties—all of my duties—what about yours? Then you got real big hearted on the second page and said “all rights and privileges enjoyed by the party of the second part mentioned in the preceding paragraph,” meaning I have them. Only one thing: there were no privileges or rights mentioned in the preceding paragraph, just things I had to do and you would be excluded from. Darling, I am insulted. You don't give me any credit for any brains—do you think you are marrying a dummy?

I'm going to keep the so-called Life Contract, but when you come home we will read it together, and if you want to we can work one out together.

Well, it is late, Darling I do love you, Honey. There is one contract I will sign and you will find it on the next page. It is short and to the point.

All my love always,
Betty

CONTRACT

I, Betty Ward, promise to love and be a faithful wife to Bob Anderson for the rest of my life. Any other contracts to come later—

Signed, Betty Ward

I, Bob Anderson, promise to love and be a faithful husband to Betty Ward for the rest of my life. Any other contract to come later—

Signed, Robert Anderson

Keep one copy send the other one to me

October 30, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

Well, the mail didn't come through again, but for a change I do have some news. Come to think of it, the news that I do have is news in itself. If you know what I mean.

The big news is simple and to the point. Gen. Collens, the Chief of Staff, paid us a visit today.

Now the brass isn't always happy to see V.I.P.'s and usually the troops aren't either. Because it means an extra scrubbing of billets and a little more polish than usual on those boots and the brass. And then, too, there's that required crease in your pants. In other words, a lot of eyewash.

But it seems that that General got me a day off today. Our classes had to march in the parade, and so there was no one to teach. Therefore the afternoon was ours.

So I proceeded to put my lucky vacation to good use. I buzzed down to the PX and picked up some Christmas Cards. Which reminds me; who and what are the addresses of the people that we know that I should send cards to. I've got Grandmother Cash's address, but that's it. Who else?

After the PX, I went down and watched the parade. It was the same ol' stuff. One man was awarded the Silver Star and five others Bronze Stars. The Bronze Stars were for deeds done during the last war, but the Silver Star was awarded to an Artillery Observation Pilot who flew into some airfield in Korea to evacuate wounded troops. He can have it; after all, it gets pretty cold over there.

Well, my Darling, that's about all, except that I love you very, very much. I know I pull all sorts of boners, but honest I didn't mean them. I'm just a big dumb lug, and this big dumb lug is sure in love with you. Of course I'd be a big dumb CRAZY lug if I wasn't. Tell me, just how many other guys are after you, and just why do you stick with me? You know it's funny, but just knowing that you're waiting for me makes this whole war worth fighting.

KCBGGMLTOFAMBTTG.

All my love always,

"Your" Bob
XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

Today I got the Buddha you sent me along with two letters. We had another class meeting today where we voted on a name and our class officers. Tad Divine is President; no one would run against him. He will make a wonderful president, I think.

I bowled this afternoon. We had the worst pin boy, but none of them are very good at that place. I bowled 119 and 144 today.

Your basketball team sounds pretty good. How many games have you won and lost? Where do you stand in the—what do you call them—league?

Chet is coming down this weekend for All California Day. Santa Barbara will play the first game and Cal and UCLA the second. Of course it is up to me to get him a date. He wanted Mary Ann to go, but there are a lot of complications about that. But I'll figure something out. Maybe I'll go. I'd kind of like to see the games.

Darling, you call yourself a "dumb guy" in one of the letters I got today. Now you listen to me, I will not have you or anyone else calling my Honey names, so you just be careful about what you say.

I love you, Honey. I really do more than you could possibly think. I miss you, want you, and need you, but most of all love you.

*All my love always,
Betty*

October 31, 1951

My Dearest Betty,

It would seem that from today's letter, I'm going to be one henpecked lad after we make the final leap. In fact, I think I'm a little henpecked as it is.

But I really don't mind. In fact, when Uncle Sam lets me come home I'm going to march right off that boat, flip a Baker Bowen in your apron strings and say "hang on, Betty! Don't you dare let me go!" Yes sir, I'm going to be one henpecked, apron tied lad.

As for this punishment, "forgetting to write for a week or so," there's not much I can do about it. But remember if such a notion should enter your head; in your last letter before you stop writing, please tell me about it. Because regardless of what I might say, I love you more than anything else, and no letters for a week would worry me sick. Just suppose I stopped writing you without giving you any advance notice. The chances are it would mean one of two things; I was sick or hurt, or in Korea. How many pounds would you lose until to you found out? Well, just remember that I can lose weight, too.

Your pictures arrived and so did the ones I took. I think my rangefinder is off. I guess I'll have to see what can be done about it. But I must admit your pictures were much nicer. The only trouble is there weren't enough of them. More, more and more—that's my motto.

Of course I guess that you're feeling pretty smart about my California predictions. But then can I help it if the Bears forgot to snap back? And another thing you must admit, it was an upset. And while we're on the subject, I hope I'm just as wet about Van Nuys. I'd like to see the Wolves take it, and I don't expect you to choose 'ol Van Nuys in any other place than first. They're off to a good start. Now if they can only keep pace, it's possible the Crimson and Gray could bring home the title.

Speaking of football, Dot Morrissey wrote in her letter the other day that Compton used an illegal player against Graceland. If I remember my rules right, that gives Graceland the win by the score of 1-0. It's kind of a sneaky way to win a game, but then it's not anyone's fault. Chances are it's just one of those misunderstandings. I sure wish I could get the

details on it.

Well, my Darling, it looks as though it's time to quit. Just remember that I love you very, very much, and if I ever lost you I would just wilt like a neglected flower. You are for me, I'm for you, and if you say yes, I will tie those apron strings awfully tight just as soon as possible after I get off of the boat.

KCBGGMLTOFAMBTG.

All my love always,
"Your" Bob
XXXXXXXX



Dear Bob,

So you finally got a letter from Chet? Well, all I can say is that it is about time!

About your coming home, it will be just our luck that you will come home about the first of July or right after my graduation. Nothing would make me madder. That is, unless they decided to keep you longer.

Now about when I think we should get married. It all depends on when you get home. It will take me about a month to plan our wedding. If you get home in July or before and took a 30 day leave in either July or August—let's say August—we could get married about the middle or the end of August. That is, if you still want me.

About waiting and starting school—that would depend on where you want to go to school. If you were here in California, it might work out; however, I am not going to let you go again. If you go back to Graceland like you want to and don't take me with you, I will be most unhappy. However, the best plan I can think of is if you come home in May or before, or even as late as July, then take your 30 day leave in August, we could get married during the middle of August and then go to Graceland together (if we have the money). Now all I have to do is keep you from changing your mind.

Tonight being Halloween I didn't say home, as if Halloween made any difference. First I went to a party, and then I felt like a show, so

on the way to the show we saw a Fire Engine and we chased it. Then we went to the show and saw "Rhubarb" and "Crosswind," which was real good. Then my watch gave the wrong time; anyway, to make a long story short, I finally got home.

Also, it is late. I love you, Darling. Now don't go changing your mind and deciding you don't want a wife tagging along everywhere you go. Just think of all the trouble you would miss—

*All my love always,
Betty*

