

No. 51.

11342 S. Church St.
Chicago, Illinois
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My little Blonde,

It feels good to be home and to be able to get my fingers on the keys of my typewriter again. I don't know why, but I sure do enjoy typing. Maybe its because I don't care too much for penning a letter by hand. And it feels good to close a day by talking with my Darling.

Just as I was about to leave school this noon a big new car drove up and starting tooting. At first I didn't pay any attention to it. But then a fellow ran up to me and said there is a fellow in a new Mercury who wants to see me. So, I walked back to the Mercury. To my surprise there was a fellow that I knew in the service. He was passing through Chicago and so came out to Wheaton to see me. His name is Warren Lobdell or "Dusty." Dusty and I went through boot camp together and then through infantry training. Then we both were transfered to the engineers battalion and studied there together. From the engineers we both went over seas and saw combat on Okinawa. Near the close of the fighting there Dusty was wounded by a Jap grenage (he killed the Jap tho'). In fact I carried him off the battle front. He was then shipped to the Marine hospital on Guam where we later met again. On Guam he had to undergo several operations and between each operation he and I would go on liberty together. It was his greatest ambition to someday be able to go to China. But because of his wounds, he was sent back to the States. Dusty, with his wife and two children, now, live in Ohio. He was on his way West to visit his parents. On his way back through Chicago

