

(1)

APD 660  
0705 PM Francisco Calif

10:30 AM Monday  
7 Harvest 14 57  
Albion Tracy Train

Dear Fitz:-

Train just pulled into Ft Wayne Station for brief halt. We passed thru Albion yesterday about 2100 hrs. I must have been sleeping when we cleared Pittsburgh. I was so tired. It was the first sleep since Saturday morning.

At 1130 Sunday, I walked around the area near the commissary looking for you and the family and your mother + Dad whom I had not bid good bye. Before I could complete the search the troops arrived and I had to be off to the train again. But before leaving I told Sgt Gordon who was not accompanying us on this trip, to drive thru the area to locate + bring you all up to the train. ~~The~~ The train moved down to the loading platform where the troops came aboard. The band played - attracting attention of passing motorists who pulled over to the side of the street and got out and came up to watch the activity. Children from somewhere about shined up - attracted by music. Their parents followed a while later, doubtlessly looking for their

1)

APO 660

10:30 AM

Monday

c/o P/M

7 August

1951

San Francisco Calif

Aboard

Troop Train

Dear Elz:-

Train just pulled into Ft Wayne Station for brief halt. We passed thru Altoona yesterday about 2100 hrs. I must have been sleeping when we cleared Pittsburgh. I was so tired. It is the first sleep since Saturday morning.

At 11:30 Sunday, I walked around the area near the commissary looking for you and the family and your Mother + Dad whom I had not bid goodbye. Before I could complete the search the troops arrived and I had to be off to the train again. But before leaving I told Sgt Gordon who was not accompanying us on this trip, to drive thru the area to locate + bring you all up to the train. ~~The~~ The train moved down to the loading platform where the troops came aboard. The band played – attracting attention of passing autoiste who pulled over to the side of the street and got out and came up to watch the activity. Children from somewhere about showed up – attracted by music. Their parents followed a while later, doubtlessly looking for their

(2)

wandering offspring. They also lingered. About thirty staff officers showed up when General Devine put in his appearance. They swarmed all over. Meanwhile the band continued from one number to another. (The train just resumed its journey so this writing will be done between shifts-jokes and general inattentiveness) I looked and looked for you. My eyes searched every narrow vehicle in the area. I finally saw Sgt Gordon drive up in his green Nash. I called to him. He came over and stated that he drove up and down the streets in and around the Commissary. He said he went all the way back to the guest house but did not see my car which he knows very well. Throughout his report the base drum continued ~~to be a part of the~~ (damn this train) its ominous boom-boom in cadence with the music.

The general left the train. The train engineer got his signal. Wheels began to turn and we eased on out of Ft Drip as I for practically scanned the now crowds of

2)

wandering offspring. They also lingered. About thirty staff officers showed up when General Devine put in his appearance. They swarmed all over. Meanwhile the band continued from one number to another. (The train just resumed its [joining?: faint writing] so this writing will be done between shifts, jerks and general unsteadiness) I looked and looked for you. My eyes searched every maroon vehicle in the area. I finally saw Sgt Gordon drive up in his green Nash. I called to him. He came over and stated that he drove up and down the streets in and around the commissary. He said he went all the way back to the guest house but did not see my car which he knows very well. Thruout his report the base drum continued ~~it its its (shut~~ (darn this train) its ominous boom-boom in cadence with the music.

The general left the train. The train engineer got his signal. Wheels began to turn and we eased on out of Ft Dix as I ~~fr~~ frantically scanned the now crowds of

(3)

faces and hands of my Autos for a last chance sight of you. Train left at 12:45, <sup>1/2 hour</sup> behind schedule. I later returned to my drawing room compartment to reflect. I concluded that you got there by 11:00 hrs and not seeing anybody on the train believed we had gone ahead of schedule and so you departed... much to my regret.

I wanted so badly to see you and the kids. I wanted to tell Marilyn that that was the train on which I was going to take that long trip I had told her about. I wanted to bounce Hotel high in the air and tell her to be a good girl and to grow up while I'm gone. I wanted to hold you tightly in my arms, kiss you and say nothing — knowing that you fully understood all without me saying it. I wanted to embrace Juddy Stanton and kiss Mother Stanton on the cheek. So tremendous was the ~~the~~ emotional impact of my failure to ~~do~~ anticipate last minute disruption and do all these things before hand that big tears flooded my vision and my chest ~~vibrated~~ vibrated uncontrollably as the whole of me surrendered ~~and~~ and my tense feelings were channelized into ~~awkward~~ hushed sobbing. This must have lasted not less than

3)

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(4)

seven to 10 minutes before a rattling  
of the door handle to my room signalled  
that other duties called.

Now that its all over, perhaps  
its well that we parted that way,  
otherwise it would have been  
quite embarrassing for me to shed  
tears in front of all our mess and  
these people. I'm afraid I would  
have done just that.

Now as you know I'm not given  
to emoting, but only on one  
other occasion can I remember  
crying. That was in grief over the  
death of my mother.

When you get to G.H. please call  
my folks & explain why I ~~to~~ could  
not visit them but that I wanted  
to. This train <sup>houring</sup> is making this  
letter almost uncomprehensible.

All of my love to you  
and children  
Hubby

Cheryl Scott

4)

seven to 10-minutes before a rattling of the door handle to my room signalled that other duties called.

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Now as you know I'm not given to emoting, but only on one other occasion can I remember crying. That was in grief over the death of my Mother.

When you go to Pgh please call my folks + explain why I ~~de~~ could not visit them but that I wanted to. This train bouncing is making this letter almost incomprehensible.

All my love to you  
and children  
Hubby  
Ivorey Cobb