

[21 August 1944]

Dear Mrs. Davis,

I feel very ashamed of myself for not writing sooner, but I'll tell you why and won't make a lot of excuses like most people do. I haven't hardly written anyone for awhile. Funny thing I can't write unless I'm in the mood so as to speak. Another thing the mail system out this way isn't too good. Jimmy and I are just fine and feeling like a million dollars. We've been working together lately and have some jolly times together.

It must really be hard on you mother's to have your boys away in the service, but you must keep that little chin up. Truly Mrs. Davis we don't like the idea our selves, but I figure it this way. Suppose you and your family were living a wonderful and happy life, free to do as you wish and then a great menace came up that threatened to crush you're happy little world and throw you and your family into slavery and misery for the rest of your life. What would you do if you were a man? Good girl. That's exactly what we're doing. Fighting, given sweat, muscle, energy, and even blood if need be to keep that evil force from destroying our life of happiness. Well I know I'm speaking for all of us when I say we'll sacrifice everything before we let those little yellow-bellies have their way. It's plenty tough on us to have

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to go away from our loved ones; but we know its the only thing to do. We've changed the courses of our lives so that you and the future americans can live in the kind of world we know; and never have to be afraid of anything. When I get home and get married I never want my children to know what fear, war, or anything evil means, for them there shall be nothing but happiness and content to live their lives as they wish and to have love for everything in the world. Keep your spirit up and don't feel blue about anything. Jimmy and all of the rest of the service men; and myself included, would have it know other way than to be right where we are doing what were doing.

Well I hope I have eased your mind a little and just a little hint for you. Write Jimmy cheerful letters from now on and tell him to keep his spirit high and keep him as least home-sick as possible. I must close and write your daughter a few lines, for she gets mad at me for not writing. I know girls pretty well and they love a lot of attention; so do I and I don't know of anyone who doesn't. Well goodnight "Aunt Ava" and sweet dreams.

Your Close Friend,
Robert