

Dear Doris

A lifetime of love

Dad was born in Keokuk, Iowa April 28, 1927. He attended Garfield Grade School, Keokuk Junior High and Keokuk Senior High School. He lived with his family in the house his father built on Fulton street.

Upon graduation he was discharged from the U.S. Maritime Service to serve with the Merchant Marine Corps. He served in the Atlantic and Pacific war zones from 1945-1946 (see Our World War II Ancestor).

After Merchant Marine service Dad joined the Iowa National Guard in 1947, Company "C", 68th Infantry Regiment as a private.

He enrolled at Culver Stockton College in Canton Missouri in 1947 where he majored in Science. He lived in a home off campus at 704 White Street.

During his college days Dad played in "jobber bands," the college marching and swing bands, and the Keokuk Municipal Band. Dad met Mother at an American Legion Club dance.

Mother was still in High school and living with her

mother in an apartment in Keokuk, at 327 1/2 Concert Street. Both worked at Graham Hospital in Keokuk; her mother was an LPN and Mother worked at the hospital part-time while going to school.

They married on September 11, 1949, in Keokuk, before graduating from college in 1951.

Theirs was a lifetime of love. Mother passed on November 13th 2012; Dad passed on May 21st, 2016.

Dear Doris

In clearing the family home for sale. I found a stack of envelopes addressed to Mother from Dad covering a period from February 1949 to April 1949 from his college address, a series of letters from Fort Leonard Wood, MO in August 1949 while he was at National Guard camp, and another set of letters to Mother again from Guard camp after they were married and my sister Sharen was born. The return address notes that Dad was a Sergeant so it had to have been a summer before 1953.

His letters to her are reproduced here in their entirety





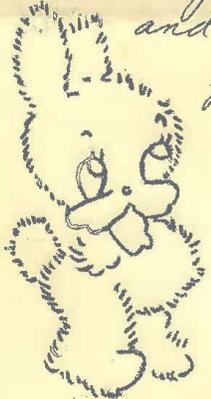
February 3, 1949

Dear Doris,

Since I promised that I would write to you this week I guess I'd better make an attempt at least. — Here goes!

Your letter arrived this A.M. and needless to say I was very glad to get it. Makes me wish it were the end of the week instead of only Wed. though. Oh yes! Is it O.K. if I pick you up when you get out of school Fri. instead of meeting you downtown? I should be able to get there by the time you get out. O.K.? Well, it looks as though my pictures are taking up the rest of the room so I'll sign off for now.

See you Friday "Trouble",
Love, Pete



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See you Friday "Trouble",
Love, Pete

Letters from Culver Stockton College

Feb. 15, 1949
11:45 P.M.

Dear Doris,

I doubt if you'll be able to read this since I'm about nine-tenths asleep. I just closed my last book about five minutes ago and I started in at 6:45 this A.M. so you can imagine how my "usual" day goes. To top it all off, five hours this afternoon were spent just watching the pointer on a chemical balance swing back and forth. I can still see that blessed thing.

Your two letters arrived today and although I was really glad to get them I was sorry to hear your side is giving you trouble again. Take care of your-self "Trouble" - it's no fun to be sick. Here's hoping that you'll feel O.K. by the time this week-end rolls around.

As far as I know now I won't be playing. I'm sure I won't be on Saturday night but I haven't heard anything from Bud Kaiser about Friday as yet.

Good "Trouble", I don't know just how to tell you this - but I feel that I really should.

February 15, 1949
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Look "Trouble", I don't know just how to tell you this—but I feel that I really should.

-2-

I want to always be on the level with you — and I hope you will be with me. As you know — or at least you should — I think an awful lot of you. Please though Honey if you are beginning to "fall" — think things over real good first. I'm not trying to get rid of you — anything but that — I just don't ever want you to get hurt. You know how things stand with me, I can't afford to get really serious with so much school ahead of me. I've got a long hard grind ahead of me that's got to be traveled alone — for many reasons.

It would be a lonesome wait for you! If though, you think things over and still want to take a chance, at least for awhile, I'll be awfully happy.

This is your chance to "back-out" if you've got any misgivings about going with me. It's all up to you "Trouble" — if you want to try, I'll be waiting.

So much for all of that! If it's all right with you I'll pick you up Friday afternoon after school and you can tell me which "road" you've decided upon. Then we can plan or unplan things from there.

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So much for all of that! If it's all right with you I'll pick you up Friday afternoon after school and you can tell me which "road" you've decided upon. Then we can plan or unplan things from there.

-3-

Well Doris, its way after midnight now and since 6:45 isn't too far away I think I'd better call this to a screeching halt and get some sleep.

Take care of yourself "Trouble"

As always
Pete

-3-

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Take care of yourself "Trouble"

As always
Pete



704 1/2 White Street
Canton, Mo.



Miss Doris Cress
1 Pleasant St.

Feb. 23, 1949

Dear Doris,

Since I promised you I'd write this week I guess I'd better do it now while I've got a spare minute. Here it is only Wednesday evening and it seems as though I've been gone a week already. It gets awful lonesome down here now that I've got interests elsewhere. See all the "trouble" you cause—I love it though.

Look "Trouble", I feel that I owe you an apology for Sunday nite. I'm not sorry for anything that I said, I meant it all, but I am sorry for the way I treated you. It wasn't because of any disrespect for you, believe me, it was just that I think so much of you and that nite it was a little hard to keep myself in check. I'm sorry Honey—forgive me please?

February 23, 1949

Dear Doris,

Since I promised you I'd write this week I guess I'd better do it now while I've got a spare minute. Here it is only Wednesday evening and it seems as though I've been gone a week already. It gets awful lonesome down here now that I've got interests elsewhere. See all the "trouble" you cause—I love it though.

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Oh yes, you know I told you my
back was sore—well I've got three
of the prettiest black and blue marks
you've ever seen. Carl has it all
figured out that either you were
fighting me off or else your
Mother ran me down the back
steps with a shotgun in my back
to get me to go home. Well—
I don't remember having your
mother run me off so—
well, it must have been. How
about it???

By the way—no letters have
arrived from Keokuk yet. Don't
write anymore?

See you Friday "Trouble"

As always,
Pete

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told you my back was
sore—well I've got three
of the prettiest black
and blue marks you've
ever seen. Earl has it
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As always
Pete

704 White St.
Canton, Mo.

CANTON
MAR 2
5 PM
1949
MO



Miss Doris Croom
604 1/2 Concord St.
Canton, Mo.

March 1, 1949

Dear Doris,

It's getting awfully late and I'm getting awfully tired so if this is pretty short and doesn't make much sense, you'll know I'm thinking about you anyway.

I wish I could be with you again tonight, and every nite—I miss you a lot. Even to see you for just a little while, like on Mondays, really means a lot.

Just a lot of "trouble" that's all—but what sweet trouble. I'd like to have trouble like that for the rest of my life.

What are we going to do next week-end Honey?—and don't say "I don't care, it's up to you"! I told Earl we'd be over Sunday so don't make too many plans for that afternoon—O.K.? He'll be in Hamilton with his relation so we'll pick him up there and go over together. We'll be sure

March 1, 1949

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of finding the place then anyway.

Oh yes — I've got a question you can ask Pat. Ask her where cousins come from — Where? — from Aunt holes of course!

I know that was totally uncalled for, but I thought it was funny just the same. I'm getting too sleepy to think straight so I guess I'd better sign off.

Be good Sweetheart and don't let your "friends" give you any trouble when you go out this week.

After all — you might meet down one of these times — and I'm an awfully jealous guy — or didn't you know.

I am anyway — so just be careful!

Of course I love you so much you could get away with murder but don't "Trouble" — please (?)

See you later Honey.

As always,
Pete

Of finding the place then anyway.

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See you later Honey.

As always,
Pete

Tues. nite
11:30 P.M.

Dear Doris,

Well Honey, since I promised you I'd be in bed by midnight every nite this week this is going to have to be rather short. I only hope you keep your promise to me as faithfully! You looked so much better Monday nite after you had gotten some sleep—you just weren't like yourself that afternoon. You'll never know how much I hated to leave you and go home that nite Sweetheart—like you said "it just isn't fair—we aren't getting half a chance" Seems as though everything is stacked against us sometimes doesn't it? It can't be that way forever though Honey—we're bound to get a lucky break sooner or later. Guess hoping it's sooner, huh? One thing for sure—there won't be any five or six more years of school. I'm dropping my Chemistry course and changing my major this week. Haven't decided just what I'll change to yet but it won't make any difference as far as the rest of this year is concerned. Who can tell, maybe in two more years I'll be through—I hope. I'm sick

Tuesday nite
11:30 P.M.

Dear Doris,

Well honey, since I promised you I'd be in bed by midnight every night this week this is going to have to be rather short. I only hope you keep your promise to me as faithfully! You looked so much better Monday nite after you had gotten some sleep—you just weren't like yourself that afternoon. You'll never know how much I hated to leave you and go home that nite Sweetheart—like you said "it just isn't fair - we aren't getting half a chance" Seems as though everything is stacked against us sometimes doesn't it? It can't be that way forever though Honey—we're bound to get a lucky break sooner or later. Here's hoping it's sooner, huh? One thing for sure—there won't be any five or six more years of school. I'm dropping my Chemistry course and changing my major this week. Haven't decided just what I'll change to yet but it won't make any difference as far as the rest of this year is concerned. Who can tell, maybe in two more years I'll be through—I hope. I'm sick

and tired of these "institutions of higher learning". You're only young once and I plan on enjoying some of it. Think you could wait two years - it's an awful long time?

Well "Trouble", according to "the boss" it's bed time so I guess I'd better sign off and keep her happy. That's all I ever want - to keep her happy. See you Friday Honey!

As always,
Pete

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As always
Pete

704 White St.
Canton, Mo.

Miss Doris J. Crane
c/o 327 1/2 Concord St.
Hendrick, Va.



704 White St.
Canton, Mo.



Miss Doris Crum
Canaan St.
March 15, 1949

Dear Doris,

Well, I'll be seeing you long before you get this letter but I wanted to write anyway.

You know Honey, you really surprised me last nite when I came out of meeting and found you in the car. I still don't quite know what to make of it. Like I said though - I'm glad you were there, except that you shouldn't have been - you'd catch your death of cold yet. You know I love you Sweetheart - you mean more to me than anything or anyone else in the world. Look though "Trouble" - we can't go on like this. Everytime we are together its harder for me to let you go. We're going to get into trouble if it keeps up. I can't help it Honey - I just can't resist you. I want you for my very own - all of you - but it just can't be that way for awhile. There are going to be a lot of weeks that I won't be able to get away from school no matter how much I want to. Please don't beg me to Sweetheart - cause you know I'll do whatever you ask

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of me. I don't know what to say
or do Darling. I want to be with
you all of the time. I don't want
you to get hurt though and I'm afraid
these weeks apart are liable to gradually
hurt you — and this hurt will turn
against your feelings toward me. I
couldn't take that Doris — I really
couldn't.

I guess I'm just in a low mood
tonite Honey. Guess I'd better stop
for now — I've said more than
enough now — I probably should
tear this up but somehow I feel that
you will know the feeling behind the
writing of it all. I don't want to
break-up — that's the last thing on earth
I'd ever ask for — It's just that I'm
all confused. Maybe one of these days
we can get everything all straightened
out. Be good "Trouble" — for me?

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As always,
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704 White St.
Mo.

Doris Queen
Concord St.
Mo.



Tues. 10:30

Dear Doris,

This is going to have to be pretty short Honey—but I wanted you to know that I'm thinking about you anyway—thinking about you all the time in fact. I'll sure be glad when summer comes so we have every nite to look forward to instead of just week-ends. There are so many things we could do if we were only together more. Just to be with you is pleasure enough for me. I love you so much Darling.

What are we going to do next week-end? I'll let you do the deciding—after all you're "boss". As long as you are happy and having fun—I am too—so it's up to you what we do.

See you Friday afternoon Honey, be good for me?

As always
Pete

Tuesday, 10:30

Dear Doris,

This is going to have to be pretty short Honey—but I wanted you to know that I'm thinking about you anyway—thinking about you all the time in fact. I'll sure be glad when summer comes so we have every nite to look forward to instead of just week-ends. There are so many things we could do if we were only together more. Just to be with you is pleasure enough for me. I love you so much Darling.

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See you Friday afternoon Honey, be good—
for me?

As always
Pete

April 6, 1949

Dear Jinki,

I've got a few extra minutes this A.M. so I thought I'd drop you a line — hope you don't mind!

It looks as though it's going to be another beautiful day out. Too darn nice to be sitting in school so far away from you. I'll really be happy when school is out and summer is here. There are so many things we can do — so much fun we can have together. That is of course if Don doesn't work me to death. Oh well — better men than he have tried and failed.

I imagine you're pretty tired today aren't you Honey — and then going to work again tonight. You ought to be spanked — you just need somebody to take care

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if you — think I could qualify?
The radio is playing "Sleepy Baby"
now — probably your theme song
of the day — huh?

Well Sweetheart it's time for me
to start up the hill to class. As far
as I know now I'll see you some-
time tomorrow night. Take care
of yourself Jinki — for me.
See you later Honey.

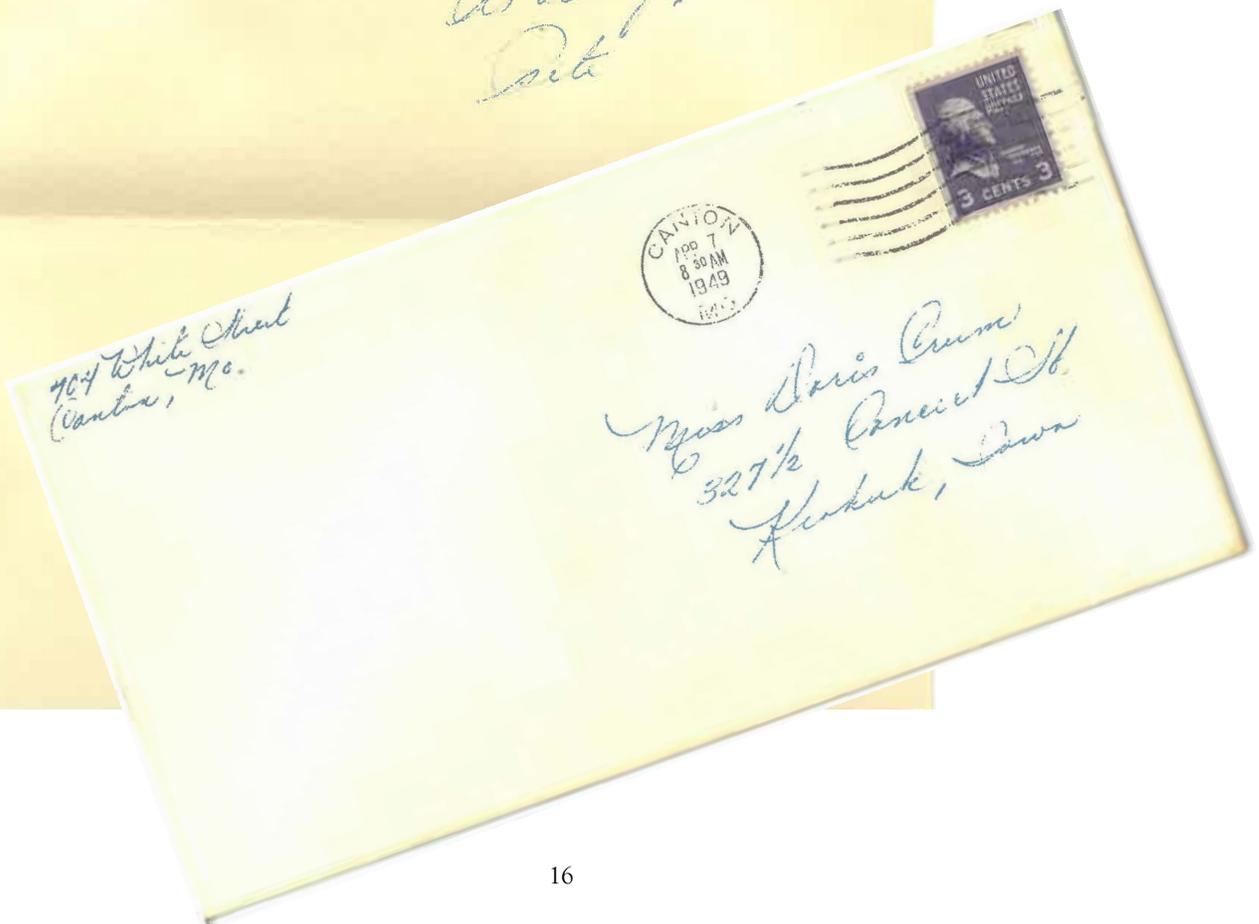
As always,
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Well Sweetheart it's
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row night. Take care of
yourself Jinki—for me.

See you later Honey.

As always,
Pete





Mrs. Jean Cunn
704 White St.
Canton, Mo.

April 26, 1949
704 White Street
Canton, Mo.

Dear Jinki,

Hello Honey — how are you?

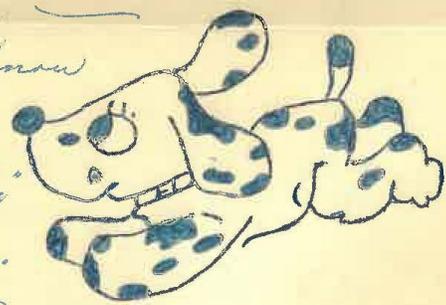
Here it is Tuesday nite —

I was just with you
last nite — and I'm
so homesick for you

I don't know what to
do. You are just too won-

derful — I'm lost without you. I
never knew that any one person
could mean so much to me as you
do. Looks as though I must be
in love with you —

think so? I know
so! Just my
little "Trouble-bug"
that's what you are.



Gee Honey, I wish you were
here with me tonite. If I could
just sit with my arm around you

April 26, 1949
704 White Street
Canton, Mo.

Dear Jinki,

Hello Honey—how are you? Here it is Tuesday nite—I was just with you last nite—and I'm so lonesome for you I don't know what to do. You are just too wonderful—I'm lost without you. I never knew that any one person could mean so much to me as you do. Looks as though I must be in love with you—think so? I know so! Just my little "Trouble-bug" that's what you are.

Gee Honey, I wish you were here with me tonite. If I could just sit with my arm around you

and talk to you — "Then I'd be
Happy."

I'll be so happy when
school is out Sweetheart.

Just think — every nite —
at least for a while — we
can be together. There is so much

that we can do — so much fun
we can have. I'm really looking

forward to it — I hope you
are too.

If only every nite could
just be as wonderful as
last nite was — I'd never
ask for anything more.

If only we we could always
be as happy and as close
as we were then — who could

ask for more. Something is bound

to happen for the good for us pretty
soon Honey — we can't have bad
breaks forever. Here's hoping
it's sooner than soon!

Well Trouble, I feel a
little better now — just a
little closer to you. Guess
I'll go to sleep and dream of
you. Bye Sweetheart. Pete



and talk to you — "Then I'd
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little better now — just a
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I'll go to sleep and dream
of you. By Sweetheart.

Pete

Letters from Fort Leonard Wood

Col. Peter E. Heineman 26789163
Co. C 168th Inf. Regt.
34th Inf. Division
Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.



Miss Doris Cumm

Sunday Aft.

Dear Jinki,

This is the first time I've had to sit down and write but as far as I know there is nowhere I can mail it so that you will get it by tomorrow anyway. Maybe they will collect the mail for the whole company and send it out tonight I hope so. I'm sorry Honey that I couldn't take longer to say goodbye last night but I'm afraid if I would have there would have been two of us crying. As soon as I got on the train I grabbed an upper berth and climbed in to read your letter. I don't know whether it made me feel better or worse — but I loved every word of it. From then on not much happened. Too much wishing and longing to do any sleeping and too dark to see anything out the window. We arrived in St. Louis about 4 A.M. and laid over for an hour and a half. The drunken poker players and crap shooters were starting to drift toward their berths about then and things were quieting down. Everyone was up

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by 6:30 to have breakfast (?) - 2 hard-boiled eggs - 2 oranges - 1 sandwich and ~~a~~ a can of fruit juice. Sounds real appetizing doesn't it? We pulled up at the station here about 9:30 and after an hours bus ride we found our new home (it says here). It is now almost 6 o'clock and we still haven't had anything to eat. No food - no beds - no nothing - They were really prepared for us. I volunteered to stand watch tonight so I won't get any sleep till tomorrow. It's an easy job though - just sit on your dead - and do nothing.

Well Sweetheart, I'll sign for now and try and find someplace I can mail this.

It's going to be awful lonesome tonight - our first night apart for an awful long time. I miss you a lot Honey and worry a lot too. Please take care of yourself for me - will you? - please.

Bye now "Trouble".

As always
Pete

by 6:30 to have breakfast (?) - 2 hard-boiled eggs - 2 oranges - 1 sandwich and a can of fruit juice. Sounds real appetizing doesn't it? We pulled up at the station here about 9:30 and after an hours bus ride we found our new home (it says here). It is now almost 6 o'clock and we still haven't had anything to eat. No food - no beds - no nothing - They were really prepared for us. I volunteered to stand watch tonight so I won't get any sleep till tomorrow. It's an easy job though - just sit on your dead - and do nothing.

Well Sweetheart, I'll sign for now and try and find someplace I can mail this.

It's going to be awful lonesome tonight - our first night apart for an awful long time. I miss you a lot Honey and worry a lot too. Please take care of yourself for me - will you? - please?

By now "Trouble".

As always
Pete

Monday Aft.

Dear Jinki,

Well since I had duty all nite long I have the whole day off to sleep or anything else I want to do. I slept most of the morning but I think that I'll just fool around this afternoon so I won't be all slept out by tonight.

They are really running things different this year. The only free time we have, except evenings, is Saturday afternoons and Sunday. Last year we had two or three afternoons a week for swimming, baseball, golf etc. I guess they are planning on making us earn our money.

We had 31 men on guard duty starting last night and ending tonight. It rained practically all morning long and there they were—trudging back and forth. Now do you see why I volunteered for the job that I did? I'm not as dumb as some people think.

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You know Honey I've really been thinking of you a lot & in fact I can't remember any time when I haven't been thinking of you. I hope your "stomach ache" is all right by now and that that is all it was. I still haven't been able to think how we'd manage if it were anything else.

What have you been doing with all your free time now that I'm not there to pester you? Do you miss me—maybe just a little bit? You know, if it wasn't for your picture to look at and dream about I'd probably go bats. It isn't easy to leave the most wonderful, the most beautiful, the sweetest, the most lovable, girl in the world, a long ways away for two weeks. It will sure be wonderful when I can snuggle up real, real, close to her again and tell her how much I love her. Of course I could never tell her how much cause that's impossible—but I'd like to try.

-2-

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Maybe if I was real nice to her
she would even tell me how much she
loved me — think so?

Well Sweetheart, the old thinker
is about wound down so I'll sign
off for now and take this down and
mail it. OK? — OK!

Be good Darling and take care of
yourself — for me — please?

As always,
Pete

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Cpl. Peter E. Heineman 26189163
Co. C, 168th Inf. Regt.
34th Inf. Division
Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.



Miss Doris Cunn
327 1/2 Concord St.
Keokuk, Iowa

Cpl. Peter E. Hergenrother #26989/163
168th Inf. Regt.
Inf. Division
Word, Mo.



Doris Jean Crum
Rt. 1
St. Louis, Mo.

August 9, 1949

August 9, 49

Dear Doris,

It's 9:30 at night now and this is the first free time I've had since we got up at 5:20 this morning. I'm so tired now that I can't even keep my eyes half way open. I got two letters from you today—the first two—and they made me feel so wonderful. The only part that hurt was where you were still worried about your stomach-ache.

It's getting so I can't think of anything else—seems as though I worry about it all the time. I can't help it Honey—I'm just plain worried.

We had classes from 7 to 12 and 1 to 4, then had a division parade from 4:30 to 6:45, then a marching drill from 7 to 8, and then cleaned and swabbed down the barracks till now. I'm not very tired—oh no!

Dear Doris

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I suppose that by now the mail has already been mailed but I'll drop this in the box anyway. I guess you'll just have to get two in one day. I'm awfully sorry Sweetheart but there was no way I could help it.

Just remember Darling that to me you will always be the most wonderful girl in the world. You will always be the sweetest, most beautiful and most lovable on earth. I love you so much Honey, so very, very much. You are everything in the world to me—you know that don't you Sweetheart?

I guess I'd better quit before I go to sleep and don't get this mailed at all. Stay sweet Darling and be good for me—please.

As always,
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As always
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August 10, 49

Dear Doris,

Well, so far today has just been the opposite of yesterday. All morning we had machine gun class but it was just practice firing and there really was nothing to it. This afternoon, after a poor excuse for a dinner, we were supposed to have more classes. There are only four of us in the machine gun squad so the four of us took off for class — we never did find I think. We hunted for about an hour — got disgusted — and went to the service club and played ping-pong and pool for about two hours. After that we came back to the barracks and I headed for a nice cool shower. The shower over, I am now trying (?) to write a letter.

Just went to chow and then to mail call. Guess what? Four - 4 - IV - letters from the sweetest little "trouble" in the world. I sure hope that your Mother is right Honey — hope and pray —

August 10, 1949

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Just went to chow and then to mail call. Guess what? Four—4—IV— letters from the sweetest little "trouble" in the world. I sure hope that your Mother is right Honey—hope and pray

but I still can't help worrying
nite and day. Then on top of that
I'm always afraid that somehow or
other you'll run into Ed or Bob
and I don't want that to happen
either. Mainly because I'm afraid
they'll hurt you but also because
I'm always afraid that somehow,
some way, I might lose you. I
love you so much Darling that
I just don't know what I'd
do without you. Please love me
always I without — please.

I love you more than anything
or anyone else in the world —
you know that don't you.

Oh yes, thought I'd tell you
that your "curls" are being well
taken care of — just for you. They've
been brushed for at least twenty
minutes each day since we arrived.
They still miss your washing and
brushing though — honest they
do — especially that one that always
hangs down in the middle of my face.

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honest they do—
especially that one that
always hangs down in
the middle of my face.

Well Honey - I think I'd better
get on the ball and wash some
of my clothes.

Thanks so much for the letters
Darling - they really help a lot.
Be good and stay sweet and
let's both keep our fingers crossed.
Bye now Sweetheart - sweet dreams,

As always,
Pete

Well Honey—I think I'd
better get on the ball and
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letters Darling—they real-
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Cpt. Peter E. Heineman 26489163
Co. C 16th Inf. Regt.
34th Infantry Division
Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.

Miss Doris Jean Crown
327 1/2 Concord St.
Kirkuk, Iowa



Cpl. Peter E. Heineman 26789163
Co. C 168th Inf. Regt.
34th Infantry Division
Leonard Wood, Mo.



Miss Doris Jean Cunn
P.O. Box 2
St. Louis, Mo.

Aug. 11, 49

Dear Doris,

I imagine this letter will be rather short since I'm really worn out tonight and can't seem to think straight—but that isn't unusual is it?

We started off the day by running squad tactics—nine men squads that run, fall, and crawl trying to take an enemy object. Everything was going fine until my knee started to act up and then I stepped in a hole and twisted it. That was about 10:30 and we kept going till noon. After chow we started out on a parade and after 3 1/2 hours of standing, marching etc—everything but sitting—we finally got back to the barracks. There were about 13,500 men in the parade so you can imagine how long it took to line it all up and then pass in review.

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stand it in the hopes that my knee
might limber up a bit but the
damn thing—and I do mean damn,
is still as stiff as a board. I
sure wish I had my private nurse
here to rub it for me—only
trouble is that I'm afraid I'd be
so busy telling her how much I
love her and kissing her, there
wouldn't be much rubbing done.
After all she's only the most lovable,
the most beautiful, and the sweetest
thing on earth.

Well Honey, I'm sorry but I've
just got to get some sack time.
Stay sweet and in love with me
please? Thanks Darling.

As always,
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Col. Peter E. Heineman 26789163
P. O. 168th Inf. Regt.
C. S. - 2nd Div. Mo.



It is Jean Ann
A. St.

Friday

Dear Doris,

Well, here it is Friday Honey—one week almost over with. The only trouble is that it seems more like a month than a week. In the letter you wrote Wednesday you said you still hadn't heard from me. I can't figure that out cause your letters get here in just one days time. Maybe they are using all the mail we write to start the kitchen fires in the morning.

I was planning on calling you Sunday Honey but I don't know for sure yet whether I'll be able to or not. They are taking some of us up to the Lake of the Ozarks for the weekend and I don't know just where I'll be or anything else. If I can get a chance to do so I will though. I'll call about 6:30 if I can and then if you want to go to the show with your mother or something you can. Don't count on it too much though Sweetheart cause I may not be able to get to a phone. OK? - OK!

So far today has been real cloudy— in fact it has only missed one day

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of raining at least a little since we've been here. I guess it's the start of their rainy season. The most part of the days have been real sunny though & but really not too hot. The nights are down-right cold.

Oh yes, thanks for the clipping about the beach and the news of the other happenings — I won't be too far behind then when I get back. Of course the best part of your letters is still, and always will be, where you tell me that you love me. That is something I could never get tired of hearing — guess I just love you too much!

Well Sweetheart I guess it's about time for me to get my tail in gear again. Remember Darling I love you very much — I always will. Take care of yourself "Trouble."

As always,
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As always,
Pete

Cpl. Peter E. Heineman 26999163
168th Inf. Regt.
Division 1 Mo.



A. Jean Quinn

Sat.

Sat.

Dear Jinki,

Well, here it is Saturday afternoon — one week over with. According to the present schedule we are supposed to arrive home at 5:15 next Saturday — that is if nothing changes and everything is on time.

There are not many of our outfit left here this weekend. Some went to the Lake of the Ozarks and some are going to the baseball game in St. Louis. I just didn't feel like going to the Lake. All I seem to want to do is think and dream about you. Must be that I'm in love — think so? I know so!

I received two more wonderful letters today and they really made me feel happy — as usual. That sure must have been quite

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a storm you had up there. I'm sure thankful that nothing happened to you. Next time though Honey but I hope there never is a next time—whenever you are alone and scared why don't you go over to the folks house. They would be glad to have you and I'd feel much better about the whole thing to.

Has anything happened yet Sweetheart? I never have been able to quit worrying about it. I sure hope and pray that we can be lucky for a change.

I miss you and want you so much Darling that I'm about to go nuts. I think I'll be the happiest person in the world when that train pulls into Keokuk again.

Last year I didn't mind being away at all. In fact when the rumor started that they were going to keep us there for a regular basic

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I think I'd give my right
arm just to be there for one
night during the two weeks that
we are gone. I know one thing
for certain though. This is the
last time — positively — that
I'm going away to summer camp.
If I left you again next summer
they would have to bring me back
in a straight-jacket — I'd be as
nutty as a fruit cake. I just
love you so much I don't know
what to do.

Well Sweetheart, I guess I'll
sign off for now. Be a good little
girl — just for me?

As always,
Pete

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As always,
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Cpl. Peter E. Henneman 26799163
Inf. Regt.
1st Mo.



Miss Jean Gunn
1st Street

Monday

Dear Doris,

Well, as I told you last night over the phone I'm on K.P. duty today. There are only four of us and two of them, Conner and Decker, are as lazy as they come — you know what that means. We only have about ten minutes off so I imagine that this letter will be rather short. It will at least let you know how much I love you and how much I think of you anyway.

I'm sorry I couldn't call you yesterday afternoon Honey but I was put on a detail. As soon as I got through — about 5:30 I went down to the service center and placed my call. I waited until about 8:00 and the operator called back and said she couldn't get through — the lines were all busy but that she would hold the call if I wanted to try later. At 9:15 I tried again and as you know it was almost eleven when I reached you. I'm sorry about it Honey but I did the best that I could.

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It really seemed good to hear
your voice again Darling—
only it made me miss you so
very, very much I really felt
like sitting down and crying.
In fact there was more than
one tear that fell after I went
to bed—and I'm not ashamed
to admit it. You are just so
wonderful, sweet, lovable and
beautiful I can hardly stand
to be without you. You are
my everything—everything
I've always wanted, want now,
or ever will want. I'm always
yours Darling to do with as
you please—only please Honey
don't ever stop loving me.

Well, once again its time to
sign off for awhile. Thanks
for being so wonderful sweetheart
and please—never change—
for me—please? Bye now Honey.

As always,
Pete

It really seemed good to hear your
voice again Darling—only it made me
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Cpt. Peter L. Homeman #6999163
Co. C 168th Inf. Regt.
34th Inf. Division
Hq. Leonard Wood, Mo.



Miss Doris Crum
P.O. 1/2, Concert St.
L. Groa

Tuesday

Tuesday

Dear Doris,

You'll have to excuse
the stationary but I ran
out and this was all that
I could find.

We started out this morning
in trucks to do tactical
problems in the field—
digging foxholes etc—but
my luck held out and
after we had only been there
for about an hour another
truck came out and brought
the machine gun men back
to a class. It was a class
we had already had but
I wasn't about ready to tell
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truck to where the rest of the
guys are camped and spend
the night, come back in
my truck tomorrow A.M. for
a full day of classes and
then meet the fellows back
at the barracks for chow.

What they are doing out
in the field amounts to
about the same thing as a
big game of croquet & Indians.

I'm not lazy—I can lay
right down beside it and
it doesn't scare me a bit.

Well Honey—gotta rush
now. Stay sweet and
love me—please; as
much as I love you.

As always,
Pete

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Sunday

Dear Doris,

Well, here it is finally — the day of rest. The only trouble is that it will seem just that much harder tomorrow. It's nice while it lasts though. I don't know how I'll spend the day yet — probably just laying around thinking of you and how much I miss you and want you.

Each day seems to get longer and longer. This next week will seem like a year waiting to be with you again. I'd give anything just to snuggle up close to you and be your big "baby". There is really nothing at all to write about today — haven't done anything and nothing of interest has happened. At the present time there is a big poker game going on on my bunk. That's about all the guys that are left here do — drink and play cards. All the guys but me — my only interest is in Keokuk.

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Well Darling, till tonight then — be good and stay sweet and in love with me. I love you very, very much Sweetheart — I always will.
Bye for now.

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Bye for now.

As always,
Pete

Letters from Fort Leonard Wood

Sometime after 1949 and before 1953

Sgt. P.E. Heineman
Co. C 168th Inf.
34th Division
Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.



Mrs. Doris Heineman
11 B. Hudson St.
Monday Nite

Dearest Jinkie,

Well, one day is over — only thirteen more to go. We arrived about 10:30 Sunday nite at Newburg but by the time we finally got to camp it was after twelve. Of course then we had to wait for our bags to get there so we'd have some cover and wouldn't freeze to death. It was almost 1:30 when we turned in for the night.

As per usual — at 5:15 the whistle blew and we started out today. It was cloudy when we left for classes and by the time the classes started it had begun to sprinkle. Ten minutes later it was raining like — you know what — and there we sat. We were soaked from the skin out.

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ten minutes to change clothes and get our raincoats — then we started for another class. By noon the sun was beaming and it was hot as the devil but we still carried our raincoats so we'd have something to sit on.

This afternoon was more of the same — hot weather. It's awfully nice this evening though, cool breeze and everything.

Well Honey, I've got a lot to do yet tonight before I go to bed — wash out my dirty stuff, clean up our room etc — so maybe I'd better quit for now. Give Sharen an extra kiss for me and tell everybody "hello". I love you Sweetheart and I miss you an awful lot. Bye now — see you soon.
Love, Pete

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Love,
Pete

Dear Jinkie,

This is really going to have to be a quick one since I'm so dead tired I can't hardly see. I couldn't write yesterday so I wanted to at least drop you a note tonight & tell you I still love you very, very much!

Yesterday morning we were awakened at 4 A.M. to start our training. I was on the rifle range all day and then last night we were camped out. We just had time after supper chow to put up our tents when we were called out for more classes. The classes lasted until after eleven so it was around midnight when we got sacked in. At 2 A.M. it started raining pitch forks & nigger babies. I got up a little before 3 A.M. with the cooks, got my breakfast early and went on a detail till the others were through chow. After that we broke camp (it was still raining) and started in our field training which lasted till supper time.

After supper we had more classes — till eleven again — so here it is mid-night &

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we are finally back in the barracks to sleep. Tomorrow we start out at 4 A.M. for more of the same only a little more difficult.

Company maneuvers they call it. It rained off & on (mostly on) all day today. Everybody was soaked to the skin all day & our boots are still saturated with water. The skies are still cloudy tonight so it looks like we'll be soaked again. Good way to catch your death of cold, I do say. So far though I haven't even got the sniffles.

Oh yes! Thank your Mom for the letter & tell her I appreciated it. Give Sharen a great big kiss, tell Lloyd to catch some fish for me and, most of all, take care of yourself and love me always as much as I'll always love you.

Nite now,
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Mrs. Doris Heinemann
913 Bloudeau St.
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Sunday Noon

Dear Jinkie,

Well, one week is over—just one more to go. As you probably know I tried to call you last nite but didn't make it. I didn't get a chance to write yesterday so I thought the call would help make up for it.

Here's what happened—I found out later. I put in my call to you from the "Sergeants Club" at about 6 o'clock and the operator said she would call me back. I found out this morning that when she called me back she called the Service Club instead of the Sergeants Club—so there I sat waiting until 8:30. By then I figured maybe you were with Lloyd & Louise someplace so I went to the show with Dick Hagmeier.

It was a double feature and neither one of them were worth a darn. I'm going to try again this evening to call you—here's hoping I make it.

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I've been receiving all your letters
— two every day & and yesterday
I received the one from the twins
and also one from Lloyd. I know
I'll never get a chance to answer
his so be sure you thank him for
me — will you huh?

They've really had us working our
tail off — I bought a pocket
mystery book when we stopped in St.
Louis on the way down — and I still
haven't even opened it. Even with
today being Sunday, I still have a
hundred and one things to do. No
rest for the wicked I guess.

Oh yes Honey — Thanks for sending
the picture — It gives me something
to look at when I feel blue — I
had your picture of course but now
I have one of both my "girls". I
cut the ends off a little so it would
slip into my billfold — I hope
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Gee Sweetheart — I don't know

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of anything more to write. I love
you more every day — and miss you
more too. Give Sharen a big
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that her daddy will be home pretty
soon.

Maybe I'll get to talk to you tonight
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Tuesday

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that you have ever seen. I'm surprised they aren't sore but they aren't a bit—yet!

I've got to clean my rifle tonight and get it ready for the firing range tomorrow—here's hoping that I can get a decent score—keep your fingers crossed for me.

There's really not a whole lot more to write about today—the chow has been exceptionally good for Army chow, the days have been hot as Hell and the nights nice and cool—you are really not too warm under one of those heavy Army blankets (pen almost quit & gave me heart failure).

Keep telling me what you've been doing & how Sharen is—I like to hear. Oh yes—sorry I put

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Tell her to be good for her "Mommy"
Bye now—see you soon.

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913 Broadway St.
Keokuk, Iowa



Sgt P.E. Heineman
Co C 168th Inf
54th Div. 5007
Ht. Leonard Woody Mo.



Miss Doris Heineman
211 Dear St.

Thursday

Dearest Jinkie,

I'm awfully sorry that I didn't write yesterday Honey but honestly I didn't have a chance to. The morning started off at 4 o'clock when they woke myself and three others up for early chow so we could go to the rifle range. We were out at the range by six and after setting up the targets we waited till the men who carried carbines got through shooting — they finished at 3:30 in the afternoon. Then we had to wait till 6:20 before any trucks came after us — they were being used by another battalion — so we arrived back about 7 o'clock. Just think, from 4 A.M.

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Tomorrow we go out on the machine gun range so there's a lot of preparation to be done tonight. Also another early

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Oh yes! Thank your Mother for the letter and if you see the folks, tell them I'll write as soon as I can.

Looks as though my daughter will be eating corn off the cob by the time I get home. She has to be different in everything I guess — I just hope she don't have too much trouble pushing that "piece of bone" through.

Well Sweetheart, there's not much more to write now. As far as the war situation — you know as much — or more — than I do. All we can do is hope. I miss you more every day Honey and love you ever so much. Be a good girl now. Love, Pete

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