

March 12, 1942.

Dear Margie,

Well Little One, after a couple of days at home, I'm finally settled here at Fort Benning. We had no sooner reported when they handed us a stack of books which scares one to even look at. Today, after having our photos taken for identification, we were given a bunch of maps and other materials. Honest, by the time we finish here, we'll all be either crazy or geniuses, or both.

I rode down from New York to Atlanta, with another Texan. He was a sailor with nineteen years in the Navy, and was on a thirty day leave. He had just been discharged from Portsmouth Naval Hospital.

I'll close here for a while with  
the hope I'll hear from you soon.

Love,  
Sonny.

My address is:

Thomas J. Flynn  
519 Company  
2nd Student Training Regiment  
Harmony Church Area  
Fort Benning, Ga.

I hope the size of the address doesn't  
stop you from writing.

Son

He had had two ships torpedoed under  
him and, the second time, the sub machine-  
gunned the lifeboats and he caught a burst  
in the right arm. Being still in a nervous  
state, he was sent home to rest up.

Well Margie, do you still remember  
what I look like! In case you don't, I'm  
enclosing a small photo that I have, to  
help you recall me. I hope you will send  
me the picture of you that you mentioned.

Give my regards to your mom and the  
little niece of yours. I think of the  
time we spent together and wish we  
could soon repeat those moments.



Miss Margie Ruth Hall  
1825 - Fourth Avenue  
Port Arthur, Texas

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THE INFANTRY SCHOOL  
FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

March 22, 1942.

Dear Margie,

I was waiting for your letter and was glad when it arrived. Right now, I'm writing this between studying for two tough classes tomorrow. We are free on these weekends, but as yet, I haven't even found to go out and look around. Maybe some day I will.

We finished our toughest course yesterday. It was on Map Reading and Aerial Photography. In the test, I'm sure I got up in the airmatics. There are plenty more tough ones coming up tho, so I'll have to keep at the books. On Wednesday night, they are going to turn us loose with just a map and a compass and see what we are able to do. I'm looking forward to this.

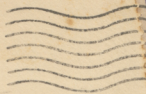
I'm glad you like the photo. The reason I sent that one was because I wanted you to have something to remember me by and the brief time we spent together. I was just as sorry as you were to have to part, but that is the way it goes. If I would have had more time, I no doubt would have gotten off the train too and stayed over a while. I remember that goodbye kiss all too clearly and wish that I were near enough to repeat it quite often. Those moments when you were close to me were the happiest that I have had for a long time. I wonder when.

we'll be able to see each other again. However, if it is not to be for some time, don't worry about it. No one in uniform can be justified in committing himself to anyone at this time. His life is too uncertain to plan far ahead. I wish this weren't so but don't try to deceive myself. No doubt, because I am so young, I'll be assigned immediately to a combat outfit and will be on my way in a comparatively short time. After that, you know what I expect. I can care for you greatly but, wouldn't expect you to change your original plans for something that may be cut off all too quickly.

I don't need your favorite songs to remind me of you but, when last night, Harry James' Orchestra gave out with "I don't want to walk without you", I couldn't help but feel sort of lonely.

Well "Texas," I'll close here until I hear from you again. Give my regards to your Mom.

Love to you,  
Sonny



Miss Margaret Hall  
1825 Fourth Avenue  
Port Arthur, Texas.

End of this  
document



THE INFANTRY SCHOOL  
FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

March 29, 1942.

Dear Marge,

As I promised, I'm starting this letter immediately after your call. Do you know "Tex," you really surprised me by phoning. I knew I would hear from you by mail regularly but didn't expect to hear you talking to me so soon. It must have been pretty expensive to do so. I was really glad to hear your voice again. The next thing I would like would be to see you again.

Honey, I'll have to stop this letter for a while. The conversation is not conducive for a letter to you. I'm liable to inject a couple of wrong words in. So, pardon me a while. —

To continue!

This weekend has been a pretty dull one for me. Not knowing anyone around here, I don't know what to do. During the week, we are kept pretty busy with our books and lectures. Next weekend will be Easter. That will just about put the finishing touches to me. I've been away from home so long that I'm tired of it. It was alright while I was with my

outfit as all the gang I had <sup>were</sup> from my own neighborhood and were brought up with me. Here I am entirely alone. The other fellows are swell and we get along fine in working for our common goal, but the old friendships I value are missing. Oh well! Enough of my thoughts.

This life we lead here is going to ruin me. I'm not used to such early hours for bedtime. However, it may be good for me in the long run.

Well Marge, I'm going to close here and turn in. I hope you get this letter quickly. Give my love to your mom and take a good portion of it for yourself. So long for a while.

Love,  
Sammy



AIR MAIL

Miss Margie Hall  
1825 Fourth Ave.  
Port Arthur, Texas.

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document



April 7, 1942.

Dear Margie,

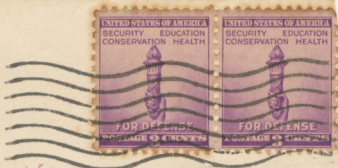
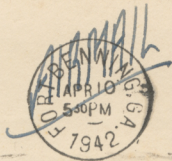
I'm a little late in answering this time and hope you forgive me. I finally left camp and took a trip to Alabama, where I once had been stationed. I spent the holiday with a family I know and had a swell time. It was good to have kids running about and made this Easter seem more realistic than usual. When the time came for me to leave, my friend insisted on driving me back to Benning, and the whole family came along. It is really swell to have friends like this who will go out of their way to help one.

We are now on the fifth week of training and rapidly approach the half-way mark. Everything is proceeding

smoothly to date. I hope it continues  
this way.

We spent all day on the machine-  
gun combat school range, amid a pouring  
rain. We are learning quite a few tricks  
of the trade on this gun, and find it very  
interesting. The method of teaching is  
swell. We have a short lecture on a  
certain phase of work, and, as soon as  
it is completed, we go to our guns  
and put to practice what we have just  
been told. If we are in error, we know  
as soon as we fire the gun and see  
the strike of the bullets and the path of  
the tracers. In this way, we can't repeat  
mistakes and hit our target. Today we  
were firing at an old tank about 1200 yds away.

Well Honey, I'll close for a while. Write  
Soon.  
All my love,  
Johnny



VIA AIR MAIL

Miss Margie Hall

1825 Fourth Avenue

Port Arthur, Texas.

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document



UNITED STATES ARMY  
FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

May 16, 1942.

Dear Margie,

From your letter and phone call, I find out I've missed someone along the line. I'm sorry I did not receive it as I would have written much sooner. Since you caught me in on a Saturday night, you can imagine that I do little roaming about those parts and so, at least on weekends, have time to write.

Receiving your letter and then hearing you talk, was really swell. I was wondering if you had forgotten me till I got that letter. I know the girls in this part of the country are very fickle and I hoped that that trait did not extend west to Texas. I feel much better to know that it doesn't. Incidentally, my remark about the gals from these parts is based upon observation rather than experience. I saw a girl running around with an enlisted man last Sunday. This wouldn't be so bad except that I happen to know she married a Lt. from my outfit just a while back, and he is now serving with the 6888 in Hawaii. I can imagine his feelings were he to know of the situation.

My time here is getting shorter and the work increases daily. Next week, (this week by the time you receive this), we work clear through to 5:00 PM Saturday. Friday, we have a four hour test which is pretty important. However, that will be taken in my stride, although it will require a bit of thinking.

I'm sorry, for your sake, that your brother has left the States. I wish him luck. My sister will probably be saying her brother is overseas someplace in a short while. In addition, my younger brother is going into the Air Corps as a Flying Cadet. Where he'll wind up is anybody's guess too. That'll make two lieutenants in the family. If they catch my two older married brothers, bring the total in service up to four. Some family! I hate to think of my mother's feelings.

Incidentally, the lights are out as it has passed 10:00 P.M. the rest of this letter is by searchlight. Please make allowances, if necessary, for any wavering in the lines.

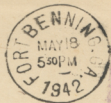
You know Honey, I'm going to ask a favor of you. I hope you can oblige. In addition to that spanking you're going to get sometime after I see you, I would like to have something else to think about, as regards you. The sight of you looking at me from a large photograph would give me plenty of inspiration. Do you think you could send me one before I leave here. I say before, as I don't know where I'll be sent from here and how the mails will be. Please let me know.

Well Margie, I'm going to say goodbye here, and hope you get this letter quickly. I would like to have seen you as well as talked to you tonight. I can imagine the swell time we would have together.

Give my regards to your Mom, and write soon,

All my love,  
Tommy

Sgt. Thomas Flynn  
5<sup>th</sup> Co. - 2<sup>nd</sup> Stud. Trng. Regt.  
Harmony Church Area  
Fort Benning, Ga.



Miss Margie Hall  
1825 Fourth Avenue  
Port Arthur, Texas.

VIA AIR MAIL

End of this  
document





UNITED STATES ARMY  
FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

June 1, 1942.

Dear Margie,

I received your letter yesterday and am sorry you had so many delays in getting home. I know how boring travelling can be, especially if you aren't as lucky as we were, on our trip east from the coast.

My uniforms arrived today and they fit perfectly. I'm going to be mighty proud to put them on Tuesday. I only wish you were here to share this moment with me. I know you'd like to be, and will think of you when the bars are pinned on. The priest is going to pin on the bars of all the Catholic boys who are graduating, and extend his blessing on them. We will need it in a short while.

The last class to graduate had quite a few sent to Fort Houston. We hear that the War Department is activating three new divisions in July. No doubt, many of us will go to these divisions. They will be formed 1) in Camp Forrest, Tenn; 2) in Colorado (somewhere), and 3) in Oklahoma. Then, there is always a good possibility of immediate duty overseas. Who knows? By Saturday, we'll know where we are going.

I've been missing you a lot since you left. Seeing you for even such a short time was swell and I enjoyed every moment of it. I hope you did too. My only regret was seeing you cry when I left you. I hope you don't hold my statements against me. I only told you my way of thinking, as you wanted me to, I know.


I'll have that picture made when I reach home, (my hopes for leave are still good!) and send it on to you immediately. I'll also write as soon as I find out where I'm being sent.

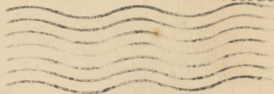
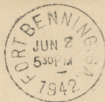
Well Honey, I'll close this letter with the hope I'll be seeing you real soon. Till then,

All my love,  
Sammy.

P.S. - Thank your mom for her note and give her my regards. I'm sorry I couldn't get the cards you wanted. They don't have them on the Post, in this area, and I haven't been out since you have left.

Love again,  
Sammy

  
Sgt. Thos. Flynn  
5th Co - 2nd Std. Trng. Regt.  
Harmony Church Ave  
Fort Benning, Ga.



U.S. A.  


Miss Margie Hall  
1825 - Fourth Avenue  
Port Arthur, Texas.

End of this  
document

June 6, 1942.

Dear Margie,

I was surprised to hear you on the phone last night but, at the same pretty pleased. When I received your letter, I wondered why you hadn't gotten mine and knew you would be pretty disappointed if you didn't. Therefore when you phoned, that made everything OK.

We still haven't received our actual orders to travel but expect them early Sunday morning. As I told you, I'm going to Camp Carson, Colorado, which is between Denver and Colorado Springs. I still don't know the date I am to report or whether or not I have any leave. As an officer, one must pay his own way to the station to which he must report and collect the travel money later from the Finance Dept. I doubt if I will have enough money to get to New York and then to Colorado. I don't know just what I will do as yet.

Now that you have told me that you were sending me a ring, you have me wondering just what it will be like. If you say it is "beautiful", then it must be so. I'll be looking forward to its arrival and will write as soon as I receive it. Thanks a lot, in advance.

I haven't much more to say tonite, so I'll close till tomorrow morning. This letter would not be mailed till Sunday anyway, so I'll hold it open in the hope I can put in some definite news as regards my orders.

Goodnite and be good.

All my love,

Sammy

June 7, 1942.

Hello Again,

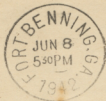
This is a beautiful Sunday morning with sunshine and a cool breeze holding sway. If the rest of the day would stay like this, it would be perfect. I wouldn't mind at all being able to go to a nice beach with you and enjoy a day like this one. Maybe sometime I will. Here's hoping.

Pardon the pen.- There are quite a few of us going to Colorado it seems. We are to report on the 20th of June. I don't think I'll be going home but will knock around a bit. I won't have enough time or money to do what I'd like to, so I'll have to forget my plans for the present.

I'll write soon and let you know what I'm doing.  
Till then,

Love,

Sammy



Miss Margie Hall  
1825 Fourth Ave.  
Port Arthur, Texas.

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document

Anti-Tank Co. - 358<sup>th</sup> Inf.  
A.P.O. # 89  
Camp Carson, Colo.

Dear Menge,

I'm sorry I didn't write sooner than I have. I did not get to go home at all, but went west by degrees. I did not get much time to report, so I bought my ticket straight through to Colorado, and stopped off a few days in El Dorado, Ark, where I visited a family I know. The mother is like a mom to me and I care for her a lot also. She's really swell. I spent my time out hunting with one of her boys and in swimming in an old oil pit, now used as a pool. I had a nice time and was sorry to leave.

This part of the country is really beautiful. From my window, I see Pike's Peak, all covered with snow at its peak. A man we met Sunday, drove us all about town and up into the mountains. I really can't describe the beauty around here. I am going to get some of the tourist folders and send them to you, so you can see on paper what we see physically. I know you'd like this country.

This camp is brand new and isn't completed yet. The only ones present are the officers and a training cadre of old non-coms. We will start receiving our men about July 15<sup>th</sup> and they will be fresh from civilian life with no previous training. We will have to start from the very beginning with them. In addition, we are all to receive special training as mountain troops. This means we will wind up fighting in someplace like Alaska or Siberia before this all is through.

Hey, I received your ring late on Graduation Day. I waited around till 4:30 PM before that mail came in. It is really beautiful and I wish I could thank you in person for it.



I did most of my travelling on streamliners. The closest I came to your home was a nine-hour layover at El Paso, Texas, while awaiting connections with the Fort Worth-Denver Express, the "Texas Zephyr." It was 106° there at the time, but it was so dry I didn't feel the heat at all. Up in these mountains, we wear field jackets during the day and sleep with 2 and 3 blankets over us at night.

Well Ruth, once more I hope you pardon my not writing sooner. Have you heard from your brother yet? I hope he is alright. Give my regards to your Mom. Please write soon. (if you're not angry!)

All my love,  
Sonny

Lt. Thomas Finna  
A.T.Co - 253<sup>rd</sup> Inf.  
A.P.O. #89  
Camp Carson, Colo.

U.S.A.



Miss Margie Ruth Hall  
1825 - Fourth Ave.  
Port Arthur, Texas.

End of this  
document

August 2, 1942.

Dear Margie,

I'm writing this letter, as I promised, to clarify the situation as it stands. I know you are up in arms, as you sounded quite angry over the phone this morning.

I'm making no excuse for not writing. I could say several things but you probably wouldn't believe me. My letters home have been few and infrequent, but, as you said, you weren't interested in my letters home; so we'll skip that.

You made several remarks about having been fooled. How could I have fooled you when, while you were at Benning, I explained my position to you. The only promise I have not kept is to write often. That I am sorry for.

To save you any further embarrassment or from being fooled, as you put it, this will be my last letter to you. As you wish, I'll send your picture & ring back to you. I've taken the ring off for the first time, and put it away with your picture. I'll send them off to you this weekend. In return, I wish you would reciprocate and return my photos.

I'm sorry this ends this way, but there is no use in reaching for something just out of my reach. I do care for you, but can't do anything about it. You know how I feel about coming out of this war.

So long and be good! Give my regards to your mom.

Sammy

W. H. Flynn  
N. 553 34  
A. K. O. 189  
Comp. Carson, Cal.

NO 11  
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COIC.

Miss Margie With Hall  
1825 - 4th Avenue  
Port Arthur, Texas.

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