



Welcome back, darlings! Today we will find out the fate of our lovebirds. Did they stand the test of separation, drink, and war? How did it go for them? We have 2 ½ letters from Andy to Louise and, as promised, I will give the back story of how I came to have these letters and the unusual events surrounding them.

I want to make a remark about his “hunting and pecking” to address envelopes. The letter that made the reference came with a typewritten envelope, as are the next two. Two me, the fact that he addressed envelopes in advance, shows the optimist in him.

I know you want them to have a happy ever after, but of course that wasn’t always the case now was it? Let’s hope for the best as we dig in to two letters written only three days apart – It’s been a total of four months of correspondence and his handwriting has worsened. So, this first letter was a bit difficult to decipher, but I can tell you, although he sounds madly obsessed, and deeply in love - he’s fighting for her. How many of us have fought for love so passionately?

(Letters, including misspellings/punctuation are exactly as written in cursive)

May 3, 1942
Dear Louise,

Why do you try to compare our love with that other one you talk about.

Why do you think that we can't get along.

We can and you know that we can.

Louise, we have loved each other too much to try and stop some thing as big as our love. You know that, don't you.

Why hurt yourself by doing this.

It hurts and you know it does.

Louise, you say that you are being fair and honest. Do you really think so. It has been 4 months since we have seen each other and this is the only disagreement that we have had in that time.

It has been so long since we have been in each other's arms and how you can do what you would like to do, to our love.

You still love me and you know it. Then why do you try and hurt us so much. You know that you can't get away from our love, so why try to. I have said some dumb things and so have you and we always got along alright again. I don't claim to be a bad fellow. I am not rich or perfect. I know that I will never be. But I know I love you and will do all I can to make you love me, like you should.

I guess I have hurt you, at times and I have been hurt myself. You know darn well our love would never be like that other's one. I have learned a lot of things about myself and I am going to change my ways. I never could hate you, unless you make it worse for me.

I love you, I wish you would understand that I will not let you go. You said that when I came home and see you that I would be glad I am not stuck with you and just what do you mean. Louise, I never said that. I had faith in you and don't you go and talk so darn silly.

Why try to kid yourself. You love me and you will find out soon just how much you are in the wrong.

Honey, I can't see what is wrong. I am so mixed up that I'm going nuts. I can't even sleep at night. It is just go to bed and think and worry all night. I can't keep my mind on anything outside of you and your love.

Honey, if you really want to be fair and honest, give me a chance again and forgive me for this is all so wrong.

Or is there someone else and you are afraid to tell me?

Louise, you know that we are the same as man and wife and that our love will last until death and live forever. You said so many things that can't be broken.

Honey, it's no use to try and stop now, for it is too big to stop now.

Every one has a fight once in a while and they get along okay again.

We can, and you know darn well we can.

Just because of that one you always talk about is no sign that ours is going to be that way.

I am going to marry you and you know it. It is not too far off, until I do. Why do this, for it is too hard on both of us. I am sorry now, that I didn't marry you long ago and never came down here and left you.

Please give me a chance.

Honey, you don't know what you are doing to me. I am not asking for pity. I am asking for your love that you are trying to hold back. You know that our trouble is that we have not been in each other's arms for so long, that we are nervous and just don't know what to do.

Honey, I can hardly wait until I hold you in my arms again.

Time goes so awful slow at a time like this. You know that you are just as anxious to be in mine.

I love you and you love me and you just can't get away from our love.

Oh, honey, I don't know if I can last until I am in your arms and kiss you and hold you so tight. If you could only feel how much I miss you honey. It is going to be like coming into a new world.

Honey, please write and tell me that you still love me and will forgive me for the misunderstanding that we had.

I am so scared that I don't know if I should come or stay here.

The boss told me today that I was one of his best men and asked me if I would stay down here. I told him that the girl I loved lived at home and that was where I was going and to marry her. If she wanted to live down here, it was alright but if she didn't, I was going to live at home.

He thinks a lot of me for some reason. He is one of the nicest fellows that I know.

It is no use, for I think of you all of the time.

Honey, please forgive me and let us both be happy again. It is no use trying to kid ourselves.

So please forgive me for all the wrong that I did. I guess I am finding out just what an ass I am. I try to fight your love but I love you so much that I know now that I will never forgive myself for the wrong I have done. It isn't very far off now until I come home. Those last few days are going to be hard on me. I can hardly wait until I see you again.

I have so much to tell you, just how much I love you and all that goes with my love for you. This trouble of ours is just a dream and we will awake from it when we are in each other's arms. Honey, can't you see just how much we mean and care for each other.

I know that you are hurt and so am I and it will stop when we get together. It is going to be like living again.

So honey, don't worry for it is going to be like heaven when we see each other again.

I will close for now and await your love.

Please forgive me for I know that I am wrong.

I love you so much. I am going to show you when I come home.

I love you,

Andy

May 6, 1942

Dear Louise,

Well, honey I haven't heard from my sweetheart for some time and I was wondering if you all had forgotten me.

Did you? I sure miss you. I didn't get much sleep last night. I kept thinking of you and how you are. I mean it, too.

Today was the first good day we have had for some time down here.

The ole sun sure did feel good shining down. Oh yes, they now have me as a bond chief.

In other words I have to sign up all of the fellows in our department for bonds. I also get my Civil Service rating today and I got 89 and it was better than I thought I would get. Also, I got a letter from Dad and he is going over on the coach next week if I don't come home then. I wrote and told him to go ahead and go and if I did come then you and I would go over for a couple of days and see him.

It would do you and I some good to take a trip over and maybe you can see Lizzy or is it Ezy.

Those two names get me all mixed up. So if you wish you can call him up and tell him that we will come over and see him when I get there, that's if I come next week. It still has not been known if I can come or not.

But it is a matter of a few days until I will know.

Payday is getting darn close now. I'll wire you when I am going to get in town and maybe my honey will meet me. Will you, honey? That is of course it isn't lovely in the morning. Boy, I can hardly wait.

I am afraid that I am going to faint when I see you.

I feel weak and funny inside when ever I think of coming home to you again. I guess my love for you is so strong that I can't stand up under it.

Today I also saw the longest transport ship that we have. It is called a C-54 T. It is large. It sure was a honey. Also, I seen my first C39 and boy would I like to fly something like that. It has guns all over the darn thing and it is fast as all hell. I wish you was here so I could take you around and show you all these planes and stuff and what goes on. When you walk by a flat of planes that have their engines running at top speed you can't think on a damn thing. It is just as if your head is alive with a lot of noise. There is also some A-20C here, but they are just passing by. They are good planes, but I don't like them as much as a B-26.

They don't have big enough guns on them as a B-26.

That's the trouble with these dome planes. They don't put large enough guns on the darn things. I also have some good news to tell you when I get home. Of course maybe it isn't but then maybe it is.

But it isn't what I really want to tell you. Of course you should have a good idea, just what I am going to tell you honey.

I had to work today, yes on my day off, but I would have just sat around and would have gone nuts thinking of you.

They are in a hurry to get these B-26's out of here so I gave the Army my day off for the good cause. Some of them are leaving, but I cannot tell you all just where they are going, but I know they are going to stop at Spokane. I wish to hell, I was going up with them but I guess I'll have to wait for a little longer until I do come, but you can count the days on one hand before I come. God, I hope nothing goes wrong. It would kill me. I have looked forward to seeing you so much that I would die if things didn't come out right. There sure is going to be a girl up there who is going to get a lot of loving from a certain fellow when he gets there.

Do you think you can stand up under it or will it be me that can't take it.

We shall see. I have so much love stored up that it will sweep you right off your feet. Ok, so you think you can take it. Well, we shall see.

Boy, it sure is going to be great to hold you in my arms again. I sure will spend a happy week with you for I love you so much that I am afraid that I won't want to come back. Well, honey I guess that I should close and try and get some sleep.

So you can call Dad and tell him that I am not sure of my coming and if I come while he is on the road you and I will come over and see him. Will you honey?

Well good bye honey and I will write you when I hear from you sweetheart.

All my love to you honey

I love you so much,

Andy

I am sending you my heart of course mine isn't of glass

Now, darlings – it's time for a station break for commentary. Can you hear the difference in the letters? Although Andy hasn't received a letter from his girl yet, something must have happened in those three days. Either he is quite the eager optimist or he telephoned her and made amends for whatever happened between them. Maybe he's just taking for granted that his last letter convinced her that their's was a forever love. Might I add as an aside, I simply adore that he's telling her about the B-26 bomber! Many of you know that was the warbird my hero in *A Moment Forever* piloted.

So, the letter you are about to hear was the very first letter that I purchased from a vendor on Etsy. Nine pages of total mush and the curious creature in me wanted to learn his story. I found Andy's obituary on the internet and saw his smiling face! I learned his and Louise's fate. I'll read to you only parts of this letter, for I no longer have it in my possession, only a couple of pages.

June 11, 1942

Ogden Utah.

My darling Louise,

Hi ya sweetheart. I got two weeks letters from my dearest one and was I glad to get them.

Say honey, you have something wrong. Just because a fellow gets his helper's rating is no sign that he is coming home soon. So you see, you must have misunderstood me at one time or another. I am glad to hear that you will come down here.

So my darling thinks she will love me so much that I'll be tired for weeks? Just what makes you think that you can take all the love I have to offer to you. So there, too. Hahaha. Yes, my sweet I feel much better now, so you don't need to worry about that anymore honey.

No, it won't be foolish if you come down here and then turned around and went home. For we would have been together and will remain that way. So don't you fret over it, not one darn thing. As far as money is concerned, we will not worry about that.

But the way things are right now, I don't know for sure on a lot of this stuff.

It will mean so much to me to have my darling here with me. I need you honey and I know that you need me too. It will make things so nice to have you near me all the time. Yes, if you can come to work, there is lots of it here, and if you don't then you can take it easy.

Gosh when I went to bed last night I kept hearing the song taken from "Vienna Wood's" and I could see you and I dancing to the music and I fell asleep dancing with you in my arms.

See, I dreamed of you all night long and thinking of you all the time in the day.

You are the first thing in my mind at all times and will always be.

I worry about you and how you are and all kinds of things. I do hope that things go okay for my honey. Last nite, I had to ride on the bus and some smart guy sat down alongside a girl and got smart and fresh and she sure put him in his place. And it made me worry if some smart guys try and get fresh with my wife. I'll just about kill the guy that does and I'm not fooling.

I have no use for those kind of guys and there is no use for them on this earth.

If they get funny, I think my honey knows what to do.

I really do worry so much over my honey.

Things seem so different now that you really belong to me.

I look up to my darling wife and will always love and take good care of her. You mean all that there is to live for. I love my honey and need her so much. We will get things fixed up so that you can come down here or something. I think something is going to happen, but I don't know just what it is as yet.

I love you Louise and will not ever stop loving you. We will go on and on forever in our happy life, loving each other having so much fun together.

Yes, my darling I guess I should close and get this mailed to the sweetest wife in the whole wide world. I am the luckiest fellow and am so proud of you. It makes me so happy to know that you are mine and mine alone.

I'll say "so long" for now darling and write to my dearest one again tomorrow.

I love you with all my heart and soul

Andy

Forever yours

PS You do to look good in those pictures.

*Hugs and kisses and more from where they come from. I love you so much,
More than you know.*

And there you have it! Louise and Andy got married, most likely when he returned home and they fell into each other's arms just as he imagined. Andy was called up in November of 1942 and he

did continue working with bomber planes in ordnance. Their's wasn't a short marriage. Just as Andy believed, there love would go on and on and it did for 59 years.

You see, the back story following my purchase of this letter is that I contacted one of his three children, a daughter via Facebook and Google. I waited weeks for her to reply and when she finally did, I introduced myself and how I came to be in possession of a letter that – although I purchased – didn't really belong to me. It belonged to Louise and Andy's family. I offered to mail it to her – free, of course. Imagine her shock that these letters a. existed and b. were sold by a vendor on the other side of the United States. How they ended up anywhere other than with the surviving children I am sure is a mystery, but she has her suspicions. After a very sad story of how she fell out with her siblings, she explained that after her father's death, she had no heirlooms of her parents apart from her own family photographs. It broke my heart, but it wasn't my place to judge. The next day, I mailed the letter and emailed her the vendor information because not only were there letters between Andy and Louise during their courtship but there were also letters after they married! Dozens of letters!

And here is how I came to be in possession of the additional letters I read to you. Frequently, I scratched my head each time I visited that same Etsy vendor for various items. Of course, I always checked on Louise and Andy and sure enough the letters remained for sale!!! A month later, I followed up with the daughter, checking to see if she received the letter or if she contacted the vendor but she never replied. Of course, I let it go. I did my bit.

I don't know why or what happened, surely something must have ... but, personally – between you and me, friends - I would have moved heaven and hell to acquire the love letters of my parents. So, when I realized that Louise and Andy's story was being spread out all over the world, and perhaps the family had decided against "bringing them home," after two years, I contacted the vendor and asked how many were left so that I could honor their memory. I purchased the remaining ones so that I could share their love story with you – just as I had promised their daughter I would when I gave her the first letter.

Here is what she had shared with me about them:

My parents knew each other as children. They were neighbors and had since grown up and parted until Dad ran into Mom working as a car hop (at A&W or someplace like that) and they rediscovered each other. I think that's romantic. (I always think of her skating up to the car window and going--surprisedly, "Oh, Andy! I haven't seen you in a long time!" But I think she told me she didn't have skates at that job. :) My dad was a very handsome man. They both came from broken families, and I think they struggled a little at being parents. But they were wonderful people! Dad moved us out of the city and got my sister and me each a horse. We had bunnies, dogs, cats. Mom had beautiful gardens. She knitted stuff for everybody. We had a good life growing up. Those were the 50's and 60's. We didn't know how good we had it! I hope that your stories can somehow help people appreciate their families while they are still living. But still, we need to continue to love and honor them while they are "at sleep" as well.

Do you know what I think? Their daughter's memory was pure and untarnished as it should be after those we loved have passed. I think she may have purchase another letter from the vendor, and I

think that reading about Louise and Andy's misunderstandings and the rocky road of separation that her parents' fought through was difficult to read or bear. The knowledge that her father really had to fight hard to win her love back, deliver her some tough talk, might have saddened the daughter and, maybe, just maybe she didn't want to spoil the memory of "just how good they had it."

So now you know why I changed their names, but why I still read the letters. Even in death, Louise and Andy left us their tears and love lessons to fight for what is true and real, fight for love, practice forgiveness, and hope with all your might. Never give up because the greatest gift is love – and Andy had it in spades for Louise, and he was right, she had it for him, too.

Maybe that brings me back to square one again ... the remaining letters. Where do they belong? Louise and Andy have become part of my journey, I have immortalized them here with you, I have shared their personal story of love fought for and won using the words of their letters. Just yesterday after writing out the letters, I looked up their son. Turns out, he posted on Facebook two letters sent to him from Tasmania that were written by Louise to Andy – the dates were May 1942 – the week after he went home to see her – They had just married. Another mystery how their story traveled the world. I think their son might like these letters to come home, too.

Thank you, Elizabeth for sharing the back story of your parents and inviting me to share it with my readers. Thank you Louise and Andy for not giving up! And thank you friends for tuning in to today's episode. I'll see you on Tuesday with our next couple!

