

Minier, Illinois
Monday December 29th

My Dear Mrs. Carter,

It seems I must surely know you for somehow we have much in common; namely your son and my husband fighting in this man's army for the same cause, under the same flag, in the same division and on foreign soil.

Firstly, I am so very grateful to you, Mrs. Carter, for having troubled yourself to call me, not only at my mother-in-law's home in Minier, but to follow that call through to the hospital where I was, following my delivery. You'll never know the relief, mingled with tears of joy and sadness too that greeted my nurse when she returned to me - having talked with you. You see, I had not heard from my Bob for so long though we both write each other daily - the mail hasn't been coming through as of the past and I had no definite way

of knowing that he was yet in either
Ireland or England.... believing him
to be in North Africa since those
men who opened the second front were
taken from the British Isles. So you
see, Mrs. Carter, your kindness and
consideration in calling me, gave me
my first peace of mind concerning my
husband's whereabouts since Nov. 7th
Coupled with the fact that I had
only the day before delivered an adorable
blonde-haired blue-eyed baby boy (↑slightly
prejudiced?).... our first child and
of course 'twas Bob's hope that it be a
son. A son to become a doctor too and
to some day go in practice with "Dr. Bob."
Your message too gave me a chance to
really "take down my hair" and give
vent to all the pent-up emotion I
had inside me for to those nine months.
It's a long story.... shall I start
at the beginning?

(3) Bob sailed May 30th leaving behind me - his three month's bride. (I was a half pregnant.) I had fallen just three days prior to his sailing; consequently we were both beside ourselves with worry and anxiety for we thought we would lose our precious baby-to-be. I was therefore confined to bed - per doctor's orders - & was not permitted up till ten days after our boys had sailed. I think a part of me died too when Bob left for I was alone in New Jersey, confined to bed and in a rooming house. It was then I started changing my way of living - for I had to close my heart on the past, wander aimlessly through the present, and bank my all on the future - my husband returning & my son's birth. I thought at the time those nine months would drag but somehow they passed - but oook! I would be the one to "hit the jack pot" on all the possible abnormalities connected with pregnancy!! I'll make a long story short by saying that I was extremely

toxic and high-blood pressure, daily nausea
the full term and edema of the entire
body being the least of my many troubles.
Consequently I was rushed to the hospital
at 2 a.m. on Wednesday (from Minier to
Peoria approx 35 miles) and did not
deliver till 2 a.m. on Thursday. And,
Mrs. Carter, I could "take" those nine
months all rite, but when I had to
stare at a vacant chair by my bedside
for 24 hours, I hurt inside... a deep-
down hurt that medicine nor doctors
can cure.... a pain that I was never
taught in nurses' training how to cure. You
see, that chair was for husbands only
the nurse told me when I asked whether
my mother-in-law might not be permitted
to be with me. They sent her away
and I delivered that ^{next} nite, praying that
God make me a good soldier so my
Pop would be proud of me. Twelve
hours later they brought me my baby.....
and now I know that I'll have something
to help fill that terrible void of Bob!

being away. I engaged a private nurse
more for companionship than need of care.
I spent 10 of my loneliest days in
that hospital. I am spending the duration
with Bob's mother who lives alone in
Minier. . . . my home being in Pontiac,
Michigan. Therefore I had no visitors
- my cards & telegrams consequently
being my visitors. My mother flew here
from Detroit to stay with me through
Christmas - from the time I left the
hospital. The doctors had a consultation
and decided I must remain hospitalized
two weeks longer! I rebelled and finally
won the argument by bringing home
with me my nurse for two more wks.

All this is probably most boring to
you what with details of my confinement
et cetera but I did so want you to
know the circumstances that you too
might better understand the thrill
& happiness that was mine due to
your call. Thank you so much!

I cabled Bob three times - hoping and praying that perhaps one of these will get through to him. This is going on the third week and still no word from him..... I'm frantic. Christmas meant nothing..... if I only knew that he knows! 'Tuff of me -

Your husband became known to me the day the boys sailed the Bonnie Blue - for it was through his generosity that our boys were able to secure English pounds cheaply. I did not meet him however. Then again I heard of ^{your son} Lieut. Amos Carter, when he and Bob were on detached service together. Then I bought several rolls of film (for young Ammie's camera) & sent to my husband with the threat of suicide or some such unless he take some pictures to send me, his favorite wife!! (our little joke is this favorite husband-wife business.)

I hope you'll forgive me for rambling..... it helps to get it outside rather than keep it within.

① Thank you again.... both of you
for your kindness. Bob has told me
of your husband's visit there.... how the
men would salute him mistaking his
uniform for that of an officer's etc....
how all the fellows pumped him because
he had been to the last couple of games
of the world series! He speaks so well of
your son too.... I'm so glad he's had the
opportunity of being friends with such
a fine person.

Mrs. Brown wrote me that Mr.
Carter's Secretary phoned her saying that
he had seen & been with Ken, her husband
too. We keep in touch with one another
and you and yours have certainly helped
the two of us a lot.

Thank for being you - and
Thank for listening -

Mrs. Robert C. Suebrig
(Jerry and)
and son "Cappy."