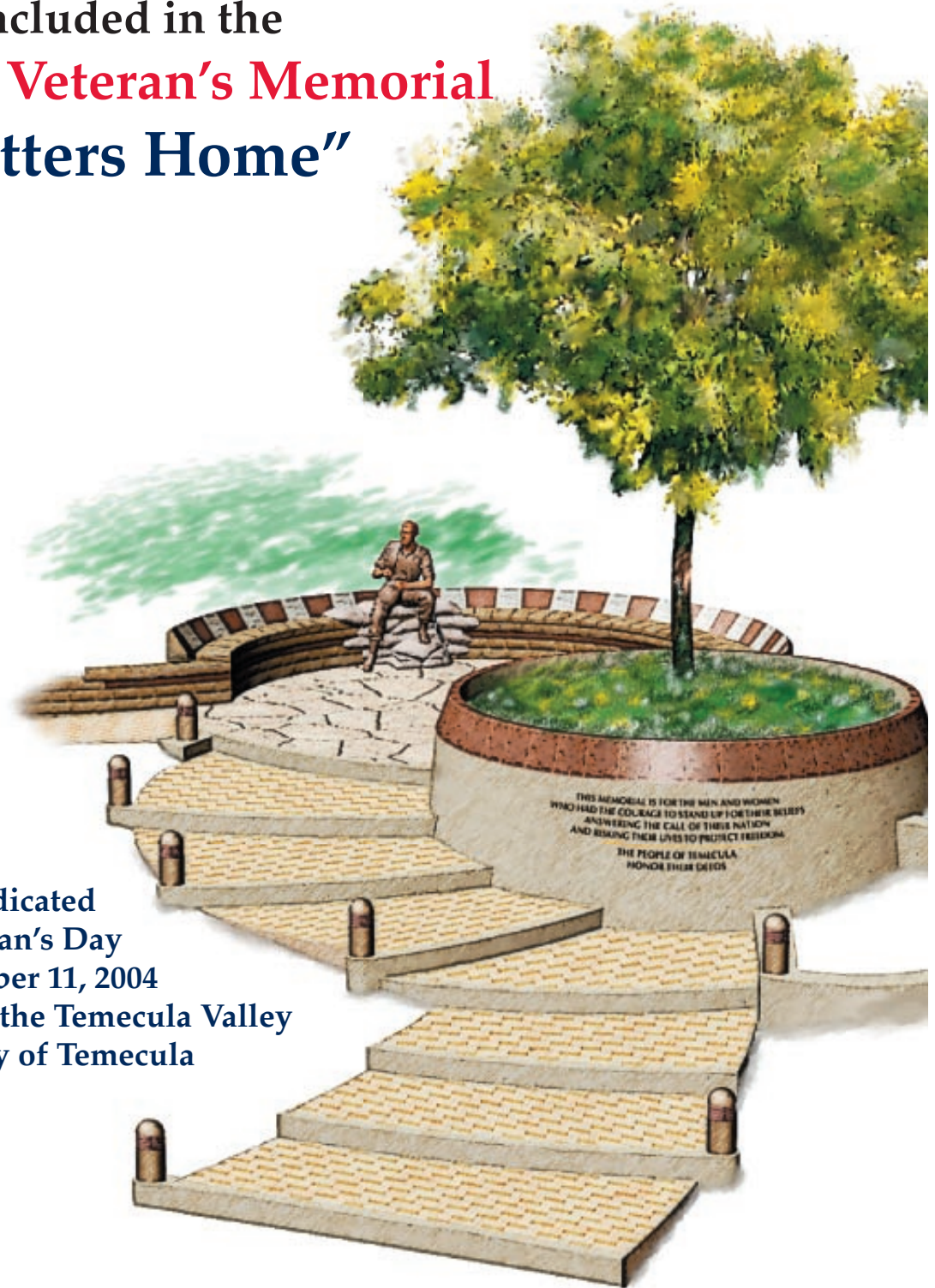


Content of the Sixteen “Letters”
included in the
Temecula Veteran’s Memorial
“Letters Home”



Dedicated
Veteran’s Day
November 11, 2004
to the citizens of the Temecula Valley
by the City of Temecula

“Letters Home” by artist, Christopher Pardell

Camp, Head-Quarters, June 12, 1779

Dear Son:

This is the first chance I have had to write you. I am, by the care of Providence, in the field in defence of my country. When I reflect on the matter, I feel myself distracted on both hands by this thought, that in my old age I should be obliged to take the field in defence of my rights and liberties, and that of my children. God only knows that it is not of choice, but of necessity, and from the consideration that I had rather suffer anything than lose my birthright, and that of my children. When I come to lay down in the field, stripped of all the pleasure that my family connections afford me at home-surrounded by an affectionate wife and eight dear children, and all the blessings of life-when I reflect on my own distress, I feel for that of my family, on account of my absence from their midst; and especially for the mother, who sits like a dove that has lost its mate, having the weight of the family on her shoulders. These thoughts make me afraid that the son we so carefully nursed in our youth may do something that would grieve his mother. Now, my son, if my favor is worth seeking, let me tell you the only step to procure it is the care of your tender mother-to please her is ten times more valuable than any other favor that you could do me in my person.

I am sorry to have to inform you of the melancholy death of Anthony Griffin, which took place on the 11th instant, while out with a scouting party. Alighting from his horse, and leaning on his gun, it accidentally went off, shooting him through the head. He never spoke after the accident. This is a fatal consequence of handling guns without proper care; they ought to be used with the greatest caution. The uncertainty of life ought to induce every man to prepare for death.

Now, my son, I must bid you farewell. I commit you to the care of Providence, begging that you will try to obtain that peculiar blessing. May God bless you, my son, and give you grace to conduct yourself, in my absence, as becomes a dutiful son to a tender mother and the family. I am in reasonable good health at present, and the regiment as much so as could be expected. The death of Griffin is much lamented. I hope in God this will find you, my son, and your dear mother and the children, all well. My best compliments to you all, and all enquiring friends.

I am, dear son, with great respect, your affectionate father,

Jas. Williams

The Revolutionary War ran eight long years and cost the lives of over 4,400 men at arms. Thousands of civilians were also casualties, their property seized, their homes destroyed.

My Dear Wife,

I arrived here on Saturday last after a disagreeable journey blocked by ice, snow, etc. We are preparing to move off from here but to where I do not know. Under the circumstances I cannot tell you where to direct your letters which is truly mortifying to me. If I should be spared when I possibly can I will write you.

I am rather unwell at present. I hope it will not continue long. Remember me to my children. Tell them I have not forgot them. You please inform my Brother and all those who may enquire after me that I would write them but it is with the greatest difficulty I have time to write this to you, therefore tell them that our regiment is divided and our Company and the Albany Greens are attached to general Pikes Brigade and are to embark abroad of the fleet for some secret expedition which they shall hear of as soon as the nature of it has transpired.

Tell them our Company has reduced to 65 effective men out of all those brave fellow we started with. That their decipline far exceeded any regulars I ever saw, that the British call us the Baltimore Blood hounds. If we should meet with any of them we shall give a good account of them.

The beauty of our little fleet surpasses anything I ever saw, I think they can flog twice their number without any difficulty. One of them, called the growler, has gone out as a spie to see whether the coast is clear or not etc. etc.

Give my love to my father and mother sisters, brother & to old seventisixer and tell him I have not forgot what he suffered for my liberties. Neither will I part with them until I suffer full as much. Being hurried I must close.

except for yourself and children My Dear Wife a father and
Husbands love and esteem

Thomas Warner Ensign

B.U.T. Vtrss

***The War of 1812 claimed 2,260 soldier's lives before peace came in 1815.
Many prisoners, taken on the high seas, were held in prisons
for nearly two years after the war.***

Dear wife

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i have enlisted in the army i am now in the state of Massachusetts but before this letter reaches you i will be in North Carolina and though great is the present national difficulties yet i look forward to a brighter day when I shall have the opportunity of seeing you in the full enjoyment of freedom

i would like to no if you are still in slavery if you are it will not be long before we shall have crushed the system that now oppresses you for in the course of three months you shall be at liberty. great is the outpouring of the colored people that is now rallying with the hearts of lions against that very curse that has separated you and me yet we shall meet again and oh what happy time that will be when this ungodly rebellion shall be put down and the curse of our land is trampled under our feet

i am a soldier endeavoring to strike at the rebellion that so long has kept us in chains. write to me just as soon as you get this letter tell me if you are in the same cabin where you use to live. tell eliza i send my best respects and love ike and sully likewise

i would send you some money but i no it is impossible for you to get it i would like to see little Jenkins now but i no it is impossible at present so no more but remain your own affectionate husband until death

Samuel Cabble

In June of 1863, escaped slave Samuel Cabble joined the Massachusetts 55th Volunteer Infantry. He survived the Civil War.

The combatants on both sides were Americans, the weapons new and effective, the tactics outdated, and as a result the slaughter was horrific. 498,332 soldiers died and a far greater number were wounded. The National wounds of the Civil War were over a hundred years in healing, and the scars they left have yet to fully fade.

Dearheart:

October 13, 1918

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Here I am, still lounging around at the Hospital when I should be with the boys at Verdun.

You know, dear, some of the boys here are in terrible shape. I feel awfully sorry for them. Yesterday I went thru several wards to see if there was anyone there I knew. Several boys I saw had lost both legs, others had all sorts of compound fractures which caused them to be strapped down, while others had shrapnel wounds as big as a dinner plate. Fragments of shell do make horrid wounds. I am very, very fortunate to have escaped so lightly from such a hole as I found myself in that Friday night. At one time, I gave up all prospects of coming back. But I made the mistake of figuring them as courageous fighters as my own men.

All afternoon we had been subjected to heavy artillery fire, while in the open digging trenches, and the knowledge of my tremendous losses in killed and wounded had the effect of shattering my nerves a bit. I had orders to hold that woods, and we held, while my strength was reduced from about a hundred and fifty to thirty in less than twenty-four hours.

All these things wide-eyed dead men gazing at you with a cold stare, wounded men trying to suppress groans, the smell of sulfur and the sickening stench of blood in the shelter almost made me wish they would close on us and capture what few remained after the rush. But the men did act wonderfully.

But well, we got out, as you know when we got the order. But I hated to obey it. "Abandon dead and wounded. Withdraw to right rear and fight your way back." Well, we picked out the wounded we thought might live, and we carried them back, or rather dragged them. Other outfits had just as hard a time. I saw men who had been only slightly wounded dead after two days' exposure to the cold and mud. They were further to the rear too, but in such odd corners they were never found in time. Just think of their suffering. Isn't it dreadful? Considering all these things I suppose the boys here are lucky at that, but I still feel sorry at their suffering.

War is terrible, but with all we're glad we're here trying to stop it. After all, it is really the wives and mothers etc. of those boys with the glassy eyes who do the real suffering.

With heaps of love & xxx

Your loving Hubby,

Ed

***1st Lt. Edward Lukert is wounded, but survives the war and returns home in 1919.
In little short of two year's involvement in World War I,
116,516 American soldiers did not return home.***

Here I sit in my little home on the side of the hill thinking of the little church back home, wondering how you are getting along. Don't think I am down-hearted because I am writing you, but it's a queer thing I can't explain, that ever since I volunteered I've felt like a cog in a huge wheel. The cog may get smashed up, but the machine goes on, and I know I share in the progress of that machine whether I live or die, and that seems to make everything all right. Except, perhaps, when I lose a pal, it's generally one of the best but yet it may be one of the worst.

And I can't feel god is in it.

How can there be fairness in one man being maimed for life, suffering agonies, another killed instantaneously, while I get out of it safe? Does God really love us individually or does He love His purpose more? Or is it better to believe he makes the innocent suffer for the guilty and that things will be squared up some day when those who have escaped suffering here will suffer, and those who have suffered here will escape suffering. Sounds rather calculating, doesn't it, and not a bit like the love of a Father.

What I would like to believe is that God is in this war, not as a spectator, but backing up everything that is good in us. He won't work any miracles for us because that would be helping us to do the work He's given us to do on our own. I don't know whether God goes forth with armies but I do know that He is in lots of our men or they would not do what they do.

Do write me and let me know how the church is getting along. Remember me to all-especially The Altar Guild, and tell them to "carry on" the war work. My motto is "carry on." So here's good-luck to all.

Yours sincerely,

Pvt. Walter T. Bromwich

Company A 6th U.S.-Engineers
American Expeditionary Forces

Pvt. Bromwich, shot in the back and head in combat four months after writing this letter in 1917, was hospitalized for an extensive period and, eventually, recovered from his wounds.

December 5, 1944

6

Dear Mom:

I guess 22 years ago was a pretty important day for both of us. But after all, it was only the start - the days that have come since - all 8036 of them - have meant as much, I think - a whole lifetime in one sense - because you and I shared the same life and it's left me wanting no more.

It's an awful solemn mood in which to write a letter, Mom, but then it's not that I've lost the willingness to look at the humorous side of it, so much as to agree with your slant of things as in your last letter.

It makes a guy think, all right, all of it. Like today- of all days- the rather determined and prolonged efforts of a sniper to erase me from the company roster. Artillery and machine guns can never be quite so personal as a persistent sniper.

It's like you wrote, Mom, you talk your ethics and you live them; and then the day comes when you feel they ask too much - they ought to be modified - they're right but they're superhuman. But, I think the beauty of it is that when the going shades off into the rough, then the old creed comes shining through. And it means that everybody shares the same universals - hope, love, humor, faith. Being 22 is to have the chance to hit everything no holds barred. And it's damned comforting to have made the loop of most of the attitudes towards things, and come out near where you started.

Pretty convinced I'm grown up, ain't I, Mom? Well, I still count on your tucking me into bed when I get home.

Love,

Dick

Pfc Richard Cowan was killed in the battle of the bulge, courageously covering his unit's retreat. He was posthumously awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

July 29, 1944

7

Dearest Mae:

I promised you I'd write every chance I had so here I am again. In the lull, between firing, I've found that scribbling off a few lines of a letter was the best way to ease the tension of fighting. Any little thing we do to divert our mind and keep us busy when fighting comes to a temporary halt, relaxes the nerves and rests our bodies. That's why receiving mail from home is so important. I've got a bunch of letters in my pocket that are dirty and falling apart. They are letters I have received from you, and the rest of the family. I almost know each one, word for word, 'cause I've read and re-read them so often. They are the ones that have kept me going until new ones come.

Being part of front line troops we are usually the first to march thru the towns which have cost so much blood and sweat to liberate. But the people are not ungrateful. As soon as we enter we are showered with all they have to spare. Wine, water and fruits. What they have to give is simple and little but when you're tired from lack of sleep, worn out from fighting without rest, dirty and unshaven, you accept their gifts with a lump in your throat. These poor peasants never asked for this hell, and they want to make good our sufferings.

There was one time while we were fighting, that one sniper killed one of our men. A woman saw him die, and she sat by his body and wept. Maybe she had a son once, who knows? But she refused to leave the body, and between tears, she tried to tell us how horrible it was to see an American soldier die for their sake.

I know now, for certain, what we are fighting for! Our mission is to free all the nations of oppression. Give the children of this, and the coming generations a chance to grow decently, and learn the true meaning of the "Four Freedoms".

Please give my regards to the Morimotos, your new neighbors and Amy Kamayatsu. Good luck, and lots of love.

Ernest

Pfc Ernest Uno enlisted despite his family's internment in the Japanese American War Relocation Camp at Amache, CO. He survived the war and returned to the United States.

Dearest Momie & Dad,

I am writing this so that you will know exactly what happened and won't be like so many parents. I guess I really made a mistake in not listening to you & coming over here. If I could only have been killed in action, it's so useless to die here from Disentry with no medicin. Walt & Bud went to Manchuria Sept '42. We have been here since Dec 13 from Manilla. Bombed twice from 2 ships, on the 3rd now. Use my money to buy a turkey ranch so you will always have some place to always go. Also give both sisters liberal amounts & see Gary has a Sport model auto his 1st year hi school. Also nieces are always best dressed. Write: Mary Robertson at Houtzdale, Penn. Her son Melville died of disentry on the 17th of Jan. with his head on my shoulder. We were like brothers. He was buried at sea somewhere off the China coast. Tell Patty I'm sorry, guess we just weren't meant to be happy together. I weigh about 90 lbs now so you can see how we are. I will sign off now darlings and please don't greave to much. These are my bars & collar ensigns. The medals are Walts, please see his mom gets them. I'm not afraid to go, and I will be waiting for you.

All my love,

Tommie Kennedy.

Captured at Corregidor in May 1942 and imprisoned on a Japanese "hell ship" for nearly three years, Lt. Tommie Kennedy's letters and medals were smuggled, after his death, from one POW to another, finally to be delivered at the war's end. The fate of most of those listed as missing in action is never learned.

Feb. 3, 1945

9

France

Dear Folks,

I'm really ashamed of myself for not writing but it is rather hard to write left handed, and then I thought Vi would tell you everything. On Jan. 13, we started out to attack a town before dawn, it was daylight when we reached an open field on the approach to the town. When we got about 600 or 800 yds. from there, they opened up with small arms fire on us. We dropped flat on the ground but couldn't dig in because the ground was frozen and covered with several inches of snow. Jerry then opened up with mortar and artillery and just started blasting us with everything they had. I was lifted off the ground twice by concussion but not hit. Then, about 0900 a mortar shell landed quite a ways from me, and I got a piece of shrapnel in my left side just above the hip. It wasn't but a few seconds and another piece got me a couple of inches above the wound. There was hardly any pain and I kept on firing my weapon.

About 0930, an 88 mm zoomed past me. I looked down and my rt. hand was gone. Well, it was about 1500 before I got back to a station to get morphine, and my stub bandaged. They gave me blood, fixed me up, and sent me back to an evacuation hospital. They operated about 2000 that nite, took the shrapnel out, trimmed my arm up, about one half inch above the waste. So from then on I decided I would be left handed.

I thought I would wait to tell you about it on my arrival in the states but then changed my mind. I didn't write Vi to tell her this because I knew she would be alone when she read the letter. You can let her read this or tell her about it whichever you think best.

After I get to the states, I will be given a pretty good furlough, and then will have to report to a hospital probably in Calif. for three to six mos. to learn how to use my left hand, and also my artificial rt. hand before getting my discharge.

The cookies arrived today, and they were surely good. Have a few left yet.

Keep smiling and I'll do the same.

love to all,

"Chick"

Dad: You'll have to be patient with me until I learn to bowl left handed.

Pfc DeWitt "Chick" Gephart was one of over 40,000 Americans wounded during the month-long Battle of the Bulge.

Dearest family,

Despite Sammy's desperate battle to live, he slipped away just as morning broke. It broke my heart.

Desperately tired, hungry, and sick of the misery and futility of war, I wept uncontrollably, my tears falling on poor Sammy's bandaged remains. Later this morning, our long overdue ambulance came to retrieve us. I couldn't bear to leave Sammy; I sat on the ambulance floor next to his litter and held his corpse as we bounced over the pockmarked roads on his last trip to Graves Registration.

When he died, part of me died too.

His magnificent singing voice was stilled forever, but 'til the end of my days, I will still hear him say, "Nurse, you have a smile like a whoooooole field of sunflowers."

so sadly,

June

***405,399 Americans died in World War II.
Combat Nurse June Wandrey survived the war and would receive a total of eight
battle stars for campaigns in Tunisia, Sicily, Naples-Foggia, Anzio, Rome-Arno,
Southern France, Rhineland, and Central Europe.
Over 59,000 American nurses served in the Army Nurse Corp during
the war, saving far more lives than were lost.***

I just received your last letter in this morning's mail. I held it in my hand for a minute while a little voice in the back of my head whispered, "This is it. This is the one." Oh yeah, I knew it was coming. I could tell from the tone of your last few letters. Have you forgotten how well we know each other?

You tried to "let me down easy." Well, if it's any consolation to you, you did it about as well as a thing like that can be done. But, then, we wouldn't have wanted it to have been too easy, would we?

You ask me if I understand. I do. I never said I was the greatest guy on earth; you did. I just agreed with you: but, to be fair, we didn't mention any other places. Anyway, he's there. I'm here.

"Be careful," you tell me. "Take care." I almost laughed out loud. We wouldn't want to see me hurt, would we? There's no need to worry about me. I'll be all right. I swear it. You have other things to think about now. Hopes to hope. Wishes to wish. Dreams to dream. A life to live; and, I wish you the best of all there is.

Now? Now I will do what I have no choice but to do. But how? Do I say something brilliant like "may all your troubles be little ones"? Or do I treat this like a tennis match? "I did my best; it just wasn't good enough, and the best man won." How's that? How about "if you ever need a friend"?

That presumes a future. There are 500,000 N. Koreans and Chinese on the other side of that hill bound and determined to make sure I don't have a future. Over here where your past is your last breath, your present is this breath, and your future is your next breath, you don't make too many promises. Which leaves me what?

Goodbye,

Leon

"Dear John" letters are a common experience for many of those serving overseas. Two days after writing this letter, June 17, 1952, Leon was killed charging a Chinese machine gun nest on his own initiative. 36,576 Americans died defending South Korea.

To the best wife a man ever had:

Honey, I am writing this letter to you to say a few things that I might leave unsaid if I should depart this world unexpected-like. In this flying business you never can tell when you might all of a sudden get mighty unlucky and wake up dead in the morning.

I suppose this shows me up for the old sentimental fool I have always been, but I thought if I could make sure you know how I feel about such things it might be a little comfort to you.

First of all, lets face one fact- everybody ends up dead. Think of all the infants and children and people who had the misfortune to die before they got very much of anything out of life, and then think of all I got out of it.

Even if I should die the day after writing this, I still claim I am one of the luckiest people who ever lived, and you know it. I've got a lot to live for, as I write this, but when I count up all the blessings I've had, I can see that I have already lived a lot. When you come right down to it, I've done just about everything I've wanted to do and seen about everything I've wanted to see. Sure, I'd like to stick around while the boys are growing up, and to have fun with you again when we have time after they grow up. But you and I agree so closely on how to raise a family, the boys are going to be all right; I'm sure of that. And I've had enough fun with you to last anybody a lifetime.

Don't let the memories of me keep you from marrying again, if you run across somebody fit to be your husband, which would be hard to find, I know. But you're much too wonderful a wife and mother to waste yourself as a widow. Life is for the living.

So get that smile back on your face, put on some lipstick and a new dress, and show me what you can do toward building a new life. Just remember me once in a while- not too often, or it'll cramp your style, ou know- and as long as I'm remembered, I'm not really dead. I'll still be living in John, and Bill, and Al, and Dan, bless their hearts. That's what they mean by eternity, I think.

My love as always.

Jack

Undated; this was Cdr. Jack Sweeney's last letter to his wife; perhaps written in advance to be posted by a friend 'in the event'. His plane went down in the Atlantic on November 9, 1956 from causes unknown.

12 August 1966

13

Dear Almoo:

Thank you very much for your letter. We have fallen into a sort of breathe-easy period here and have not had to go out on any very long patrols lately. So Im sitting here writing letters like mad and letting my feet breathe again.

We have been doing a lot of work in the villages lately, of the community / development type, so it looks as though I will never get away from my Peace Corps days.

We must be really messing up these peoples minds.

By day we treat their ills and fix up their children and deliver their babies; and by night, if we receive fire from the general direction of their hamlet, fire generally will reach them, albeit not intentionally. They must really be going around in circles. But I guess that just points up the strangeness of this war. We have two hands, both of which know what the other is doing but does the opposite anyway. And in the same obscure and not too reasonable manner, it all makes sense, I hope.

Im sorry this is short, but it is going to rain and I must make sure my men have their gear stored correctly.

Love,
Sandy

2Lt. Marion Lee Kempner served as platoon leader with Company M, 3rd Battalion, 7th Regiment, 1st Marine Division, operating out of Chu Lai. He was killed on November, 11, 1966. The longest military action in U.S. history, Vietnam claimed 58,200 American lives. A politically vague and undeclared war, South Vietnam was lost without U.S. soldiers ever losing a single campaign.

Dear Conner

September 1996

14

I am very sorry That I couldn't be home for your seventh birthday, but I will soon be finished with my time here in Bosnia and will return to be with you again. You know how much I love you, and that's what counts the most. I think that all I will think about on your birthday is how proud I am to be your dad and what a great kid you are.

I remember the day you were born and how happy I was. It was the happiest I have ever been in my life and I will never forget that day. You were very little and had white hair. I didn't let anyone else hold you much because I wanted to hold you all the time.

There aren't any stores here in Bosnia, so I couldn't buy you any toys or souvenirs for your birthday. What I am sending you is something very special, though. It's a flag. This flag represents America and it makes me proud each time I see it. When the people here in Bosnia see it on our uniforms, on our vehicles, or flying above our camps, they know that it represents freedom, and, for them, peace after many years of war. Sometimes, this flag is even more important to them than it is to people who live in America because some Americans don't know much about the sacrifices it represents or the peace it has brought to places like Bosnia.

This flag was flown on the flagpole over the headquarters of Task Force 4-67 Armor, Camp Colt, in the Posavina Corridor of northern Bosnia/Herzegovina, on 16 September 1996. It was flown in honor of you on your seventh birthday. Keep it and honor it always.

Love, Dad

***On September 16, 1996, Major Tom O'Sullivan wrote to his son from Bosnia.
He returned safely after his tour of duty.
Americans have served and sacrificed in peace keeping missions all over the world.***

Friday, Sept 19, 2003

15

Jen

I lack the words to express the whirlwind of emotions I am going through right now. We are still in Iraq, one day from getting to our base camp. So far the road has been safe, but tomorrow we get into Indian country: There have been numerous attacks along our route and frankly I am scared.

Tomorrow I may see if four years at West Point and \$250,000 of taxpayer money has produced an effective leader. I don't know if I will sleep tonight but I will try.

The image that keeps appearing in my mind is of you at the end of that aisle as your dad put your hand in mine. All I think about is that - and how we have been joined together for life. That is why I must do my best and come home safe to you. Your family entrusted you to me, and I can't take care of you if I don't take care of myself.

Tuesday, Sept. 30 - Being here has made me appreciate so many things, its funny- little things like going to Wal-Mart or IHOP. I love you so much Jen and I miss you more than anything. I really don't want to spend another day away from you as long as I live. I guess when I get out... I'll have to find a job with no business trips ever.

Monday, Oct. 20 - This place is scary. It is awful to be so young and wonder every day if you will see tomorrow. Any day we don't have a mission, like today, is a good day.

Thursday, Oct. 30- Today we woke up early for a mission. Went and did a route recon and came back. Right before I lay down to take a nap we got the call that there was a protest at the front gate and we had to go pull security. That lasted 4 1/2 hours. So by the time we got back from that we had other stuff to do, so no napping for me. But every cloud has a silver lining and mine was when the mail came! Six letters and a package! Wahoo! I have the best wife in the world.... All your letters were wonderful and totally made my whole week and will probably carry into November.

I love you with all of my heart.

Todd

*Excerpted from a series of letters written to his wife, 2nd Lt. Todd J. Bryant was killed on Oct. 31, 2003 by a homemade bomb while on patrol near Fallujah, Iraq.
He was 23 years old.*

I tried to wait to the last minute to write this letter and prayed that God would give me the words to adequately describe the void left in all our heart's. Unfortunately God has instead taught me that there are no human words that can adequately describe the feeling of losing a great man.

As Tony's platoon leader and friend we have worked hard together, played together, been frustrated together, and everything in between. After knowing him for almost a year, Bert never ceased to amaze me. He touched everyone he met in a very special way. He touched me deeply and for that I will always be thankful.

I could go on with stories of people whose lives Tony changed for the better but that would not diminish your grief. I could tell of how Tony took the tough missions because he wasn't going to let anything happen to "his kids", his "second family", his platoon. But that would not change the fact that a wonderful man was taken from us way too early. For this description there are no human words.

I want to thank you for sharing this wonderful man with us. There is not a person here who isn't a better individual for having known Bert. SSG Bert, Platoon Sergeant, was fiercely protective of all in his platoon. I have know doubt that Tony, Loving Husband and Father, was even more protective of his family. He will continue to look down on us from Heaven, be with us and protect us. I pray for you in your time of need. May God give you strength and guide you.

Sincerely,

Eric Olsen
CPT, U.S. Army
Platoon Leader

S.Sgt. Stephen "Tony" Bertolino, was killed in Iraq on November 29, 2003, when his convoy was attacked by guerrillas. One of the hardest tasks for any officer is writing to the families of those who die under their command.

The City of Temecula and the artist, Christopher Pardell, would like to thank the following individuals for contributing the letters that form the heart of this artwork:

Andrew Carroll, of the Legacy Project, author of the anthology “War Letters”, who originally collected and helped to secure the permissions for many of the letters used on this memorial.

Bernard Edelman, author of “Dear America.”

The family of 2nd Lt. Todd J. Bryant.

The family of S. Sgt Stephen “Tony” Bertolino.

and the South Carolina Historical Society.

Please note that the letters engraved for the memorial, though typeset in handwritten fonts, do not represent the actual handwriting of the authors themselves. We have printed them here in a single font for greater legibility in this smaller format.

Also, please note that no corrections were made to the author’s original spelling or grammar, although many of the letters were edited, with permission, for space constraints.