

ROBERT OUT-SHIRT NAVY
ROBERT AT FRIENDS HOUSE WHO WAS K.O.A.

Feb. 20, 1945

Dear Mr. Mornewick:--

I have been trying, without much success, to write to you for more than a week but I still bog down somewhere along the way. I seem to have less courage than I need--much less than Mrs. McCrea has.

I want to tell you, though, that your kindly and sincere letters came as a real consolation at a time when we were needing all the help we could get.

We appreciated, too, your daughter's thoughtfulness in sending us a picture of Bob. It was most generous of you to spare one for us.

He is a fine boy and we are very fond of him. We hope to see a good bit of him when he returns--as I'm sure he will.

We met him first, of course, at Camp Wheeler when we went down over a week-end to see Don and saw him again several times when he was at Ft. Meade before shipping overseas. He was smaller than Don or the other parachutists we knew and did not appear to be as sturdy. The last Sunday the boys were all at our house, he demonstrated to my satisfaction, at least, that I was wrong about that.

Several of Don's Washington friends were also at the party, including one boy in the Navy who described one of their setting up exercises. It starts with a push up from the floor, done with a sufficient snap to throw the body into the air. While up there, the trick is to clap the hands and click the heels together quickly enough to catch yourself before you shove your nose through the carpet. The Navy boy did it once, very badly but Bob was interested.

"That looks like a good trick," he said. So he spread himself out on the floor and did the thing ten times. I think he could have done more but I stopped him, having some idea that the house might fall down if I didn't.

I have done enough tumbling and acrobatics in my day to know that a fellow who can handle that particular trick that easily can take good care of himself in any company.

I know these are worrisome times for you but, from your letters, I am sure you have faith to see you through. My own spiritual resources are less than I could wish but, for what they are worth, you have my prayers that all your news shall be good.

Sincerely,

Paul McCrea
Paul McCrea

ROBERT MORNEWECK TO MOTHER

WESTON G. MORNEWECK

5090 LARCHMONT AVE.

DETROIT, MICH.

Dear Mother,

I am writing you a letter from school. Our teacher said, "It would be nice if we would write to our Mother's for Mother's Day May 8, 1938. You're the best mother in the world to me. The best that will ever be. This is just a remembrance of Mother's Day. I think Mother's day is the best day that will ever be. You press my pants and things. I hope you don't mind the bad handwriting. I hope you will be the mother I want you to be. I will be a good boy if everybody will not shouter holler at me. I like school a lot, it is swell."