

Ft. Sill, Oklahoma.

14 February 1943.

Dear Mrs. Hilliard.

I have finally arrived at "old Ft. Sill" and I am quite ashamed that I have not written you before. Honestly though the past month has been about as hectic as I ever hope to spend what with taking practically every examination on the books, graduating, and getting into the Army. At any rate, many many thanks for your money belt. It is about ^{as} useful a thing as we can have in the Army and I imagine later on it will ~~be~~ ^{be} even more indispensable. It is really amazing how many men wear those belts all the time here.

I left Boston a week ago last Saturday for Ft. Devens where we, i.e. the 3rd Cavalry men, stayed until Wednesday when we left for Sill. I had hoped to get home first but things didn't quite work out that

way. The Princeton R.O.T.C. boys are also in our class but they came as "cadets" and are not yet in uniform which is pretty tough on them. We go through a week's so called "orientation" before actually plunging into the tough stuff but I understand that once it starts the work comes hot and heavy!!

This is a beautiful spot and the weather, after the slush and cold and fog ~~the~~ of New England, is really something - warm days and cool nights. There are mountains on one side and the plain on the other and you can hear the guns booming all day long - no doubt about this being an artillery school. I must be off now as it is just a few minutes before "lights out." Again I can't tell you how much it meant to know you were thinking of me and many thanks for the very useful present. Now I shall see you very soon. Very sincerely, Harry H. H. H.

Cpl. H. R. Heyburn.
Occ #64.
Ft. Sill, Oklahoma

FREE



Mrs. Isaac Hilliard,
Upper Row Road,
Louisville,
Kentucky.



Henry
Nancy
Frances



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Dear Grannie,

Don't let the Red Cross
stationery scare you as I am
not ~~in~~ in the guardhouse
or any such a thing, only
temporarily reclining in the
station hospital. Last weekend I
drove to Hot Springs to see Florence
and Billy and while driving
back in the car I guess I got
a bit too much sun. At any
rate, my legs and back became
very stiff, so that I could hardly
move and I finally had to get two
soldiers to drive me into camp.
I went to the dispensary when
they found I had a temperature
of 103° (in the shade) and heat

prostration, so they loaded me into
an ambulance and brought me
over here. I was really pretty
uncomfortable for awhile as my legs
got stiffer and stiffer and you
don't sweat a bit. However, they
gave me saline solution intravenously
and packed me in ice so by
Monday morning I was feeling fine
again. I am leaving here tomorrow.
They have taken excellent care of
me and I really had a good
rest.

My birthday was made
quite lively by the arrival of
many packages and letters, yours
among them. Many, many thanks
for ^{your} continued generosity. It is always
a great thrill to be remembered
on one's birthday and aside from
the thought the "lump sum" was



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Appreciated as well. Mother +
Daddy sent a cake ~~with~~ ^{with} all
the Summings — although I
must confess it was so hot the
candles rather melted into the
cake!! Grannie Hubun + Eliza
sent me some beaten biscuits (plus duck),
Aunt Florence a book, Aunt Margaret
a check — I will write them
soon — Margaret ~~and~~, also
Miss Oldaker, the Arnolds, Grannie
Chenoweth ^{cards} and numerous ~~the~~ other
letters which were very welcome.

I left here at eleven Saturday
to drive up to Hot Springs arriving
there about three. Florence and
I chatted most of the afternoon

"To furnish volunteer aid to the sick and wounded of armies....." and "To act in matters of voluntary relief and in accord with the military and naval authorities as a medium of communication between the people of the United States of America and their Army and Navy....." The Charter of The American National Red Cross. By Act of Congress January 5, 1905.

away and when Billy came home

we went swimming. That night
we had dinner at their "quarters";
and Florence had invited out
a very attractive date for me with
whom I went dancing later on.
Sunday morning I mostly slept and
~~after~~ after breakfast (at 2: P.M.)
started back to Chaffee.

Last week we did a good
deal of firing with our small
arms, i. e. pistols, machine guns
etc. I fired a series of 92 (out of
a possible ¹⁰⁰) with the "Tommy gun"
(Thompson sub machine gun cal. 45)
which is the principal close in defensive
weapon of the armored artillery.
However, with the cal. 30 Browning light
machine gun I was rather busy.
I had never fired this weapon before.
Tomorrow we fire the cal 45. automatic
pistol which completes our repertoire.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

I am so glad that Bill is going to get just a little bit of college — although I guess it will be just a little bit — Bill Heyburn and Jimmy are apparently still at Ft. Ben. Harison — probably trying to find shoes to fit them!!!

It is really getting hot here now and I don't mean maybe. The temperature actually averages close to 100° during the day. What's more there's an ice shortage, which makes everything just humby-drexy! They say this will go on until about mid-September. I think by then we will be ~~set~~ set to go on maneuvers.

Well, I must "hit the hay".
Again many thanks for your birthday

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present. Give my best to all the

family at Rancho Santa and keep
me posted on Bill's progress.

Love,
Henry.

21 July 1943.

Lt. Henry R. Heppman
499th A.F. A. Bn.
Camp Chaffee,
Arkansas.



Mrs. Henry A. Ruster,
328 Summer Street,
Manchester,
Massachusetts.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Print the complete address in plain black letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No.

Henry R. Heyburn

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To

Mrs. Charles Horner,
Upper River Road,
Louisville,
Kentucky.

From

LT. HENRY R. HEYBURN

(Sender's name)

Hq. BTRY. 499 AFA BN.

(Sender's address)

APO 446, c/o PM, NYC.

28 Dec 1944.

(Date)

Dear Mrs. Horner,

Your box arrived on Christmas Day and I can't begin to tell you the pleasure it has given me and my crew. Along with a tremendous dinner it was the only thing that made an otherwise ordinary day seem like Christmas. Thank you many, many times.

Just now we are having a rather quiet time of it and if it lasts must longer. This "silence" on the part of "le Boche" will become a little oppressive. I am in Gen. Patch's Seventh Army in Alsace and even though these people speak German, or rather they speak at and around it, they are quite friendly. They have put out wine in such abundance that we are all fairly sick of it and their patience is remarkable. Considering the fact that we must literally take over any village we come in to. Before moving up to the front I saw a good deal of Marseilles and had an opportunity to practice upon my best Madame Vallée French. However, there's been little sight seeing of late except what goes with a military campaign. Please give my best to Bob and to Minnie when you write them, and ^{again} thank you for a fine Christmas.

Always,
Henry Heyburn

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Ending —
12 July 1945.

Dear Mrs. Cordon,

It has been on my mind
to write you for some time now
but the end of the War left me
in a state of such complete
and utter relaxation that I
scarcely have touched pen to
paper since; and then for the
past two weeks I've been in
Paris attending an Army school.
At any rate, your very beautiful
and delicious cake arrived in
the ~~very~~ best of condition and
was consumed in practically
"nothing fat!!" It has been a
long time since I had the
pleasure of popping such a
tasty thing — bit by bit — into

my mouth and I can't begin to tell you how much we all enjoyed it. Anything with chocolate in it is a real treat over here and I believe yours is the first chocolate cake of its particular kind we've ever had.

Things are going very quietly ~~now~~ here. The civilians give us no trouble, and since the "Russkies", Yugoslavs, French, Poles and various other displaced persons were shipped home there has been no excitement at all. We maintain a few road blocks at the edges of town ~~to~~ to pick up any stray German soldiers, SS, or other bad characters who may

still be roaming around, but
aside from that there is little
call for our services. The division
is scheduled to go home and
be demobilized in September
but before then it will be
filled with high-point veterans
and the younger men will
be on our way to C.B.I. or to
an occupation division.

I know you all must
be doing a fine job out at
Nichols. Mother seems to get
a great deal of satisfaction out
of the work.

Duty calls so I will
say good bye and again many
many thanks for the cake.

I hope I may be seeing you

son.

Very sincerely,
Henry R. Hylburn.

Lt. Henry R. Heyburn 0515492
Hq. Btry. 499 AFA Bn.
APO 446, c/o P.M., N.Y.C.



Mrs. J. P. Cordon
305 Pleasantview,
Louisville,
Kentucky.