

# Letters From Soldiers

Through the *Yale Record's* intimate relations with a certain postmaster general, we have been able to obtain copies of the following letters home from soldiers of years past. Surely, they are role models for us all. The *Record* is pleased to be able to present these letters transcribed for today's patriot.

*June 30, 1863*

My dearest Sarah,

Many nights have passed since Fortune granted me license to gaze upon your sweet face. I keep your memory in my heart always as I continue the glorious fight against the failing bonds of American decency that have led the rebels to perceive a right to dissolve our sacred Union. I know you wait for me anxiously, my love, and with a heavy heart, but your chastity and virtue will be rewarded when I return and we are wed.

With e'er-growing fondness,  
Thomas

*June 30, 1863*

My dearest Sarah,

Many hours have passed since Fortune granted me license to gaze upon your bountiful breasts. I keep your memory in my undergarments always as I continue the glorious fight against the grim specter of Northern oppression and tyranny. It was...fun. I'll call you.

With e'er-growing bulges,  
Johnny



*November 22, 1917*

Dear Bill,

How are things? Today was less than swell. My balls are gone.

How are your balls? Fine, I'd imagine. Perhaps I could borrow one?

It's funny, but sometimes I think I should've stayed in Chicago. People there know what's important: their balls.

I'm sorry I have to end this letter as abruptly as I ended my relationship with my balls. I need to go search—for my balls. Maybe I'll find them. It certainly is pretty to think so.

—Jake

*December 6, 1941*

Dear Crews of the USS Arizona, California, Vestal, Nevada, Oklahoma, Neosho, Tennessee, Maryland, Avocet, and West Virginia,

What could possibly go wrong?

Best Wishes,  
President Roosevelt

*January 31, 1969*

Dear Dad,

It is a fine, fine thing to serve one's country in the line of duty. But I won't lie to you. It's rough out here—I can barely hold this paper steady.

We were promised an easy march to victory, champagne and cigarettes for everybody. But things heated up real fast, and it gets harder and harder to find somebody

you can bum a smoke off of. Folks here still got a sense of humor, though. Sometimes they'll fork over a Lucky if they can get a few laughs watching you dance around naked.

It's tough to say who's right, sometimes. Often it feels like I only got a thin, white line between myself and reality—asking myself, “does it really matter in the thick of the fight?” And then, when you don't know what to think no more, that's when Charlie comes at you.

Seriously. That guy's a total dick. But not everybody in the country club can be cool. Look up at noon tomorrow, I'm gonna do a loop over Houston!

Send money,  
George

*February 14, 1991*

Dear Linda,

All day and night I crouch in this foxhole, thinking of you, wondering if I will ever see you again. It gets boring as hell sometimes, but that's when they come at you. They come at you when you least expect it. Slow at first, but gradually faster and faster. Always faster. Sometimes in a T pattern, sometimes an L. Nothing strikes more terror into a man's heart than one of those damn Z formations. But sooner or later they all fall into place; sometimes you get lucky—they slip up and come at you in a straight line. And when they fall into place, baby, it's like a rocket going off in my head, and everything falls away in that magic moment...everything's clear. But it's just a matter of time before the shit starts piling up again.

Tetris is hell.

—Tony  
P.S. Send batteries. ☺