

Father

Simon S. Saucerman III* 1903-1951

A Biography Prepared by Stephen S. Saucerman 4-4-2019

*(*or Junior - it's a long story ☹️. See Sidebar Below)*

Simon Sullivan Saucerman – my father was born October 25th, 1930 (along with his twin brother Barton) during the height of the Great Depression in Newburgh, NY to Simon Saucerman II and Mildred Capparelli. Simon's parents had married a little over a year prior. Simon's dad – who is also a Simon – was employed as a salesman at the time and was also a member of National Guard Battery E, 156th Field Artillery unit in New York. Simon's grandfather, Willard T. Saucerman, died a little over a year after Simon was born. In 1933, when Simon was 3 years old, his father received – after 22 years of legal wrangling - a substantial settlement from his late Grandfather's estate.



It's unknown exactly how the money was spent, but we do know that at a point around 1935, the family moves from New York to the area near Monroe, WI (perhap the money facilitated the move). I couldn't come up with the exact date of the move, but we know it happened because - in 1934 - Simon's dad is still listed as 'an engineer living in New Rochelle, NY' in the city directory, yet by 1937, the Monroe Evening Times ran a blurb listing Simon and Barton as one of six sets of twins who'd been enrolled at a local grade school. Over the years, 3 more sisters were added to Simon's family, Patricia, Judith and Vivian and in 1940, the family is listed as living at RR1, Cadiz, WI. As a youth, Simon was active in school athletics and the local 4-H organization, where both he and his brother won achievement awards.



Simon and Barbara circa 1970

Around the year 1946, historical record regarding Simon's father – Simon II - grows a bit murky. Here's what I unearthed, and we can figure it out together: in 1946, a city directory lists Simon's dad "*employed as an R1 Machinist and living at 227 East Dayton Ave in Madison, WI*". In that *same* year, an 'Out on the Town' blurb from the Monroe Evening News declares that Simon's dad, "*employed in Beloit WI, came to spend the weekend with his family here in Browntown (near Monroe)*". By 1948, another city directory lists Simon's dad as being '*employed as a Time Studyman, living in Beloit, WI and married to Mildred Saucerman*'. It's all a bit confusing and further clarification is needed.

Around 1949 (at an age of 19 or 20), Simon goes to work for the General Motors Corporation in Janesville, WI. His father in law, Elmer Yenny, is already a well-known and respected at GM, and had been President of a local automobile labor union in Janesville. The year 1951 was painful for Simon, for he experienced the death of both his step-grandmother (Bertha Hunt Saucerman) and his own father, Simon, who was killed in an auto accident north of Beloit, WI. Here is actual text from a newspaper article about his father's accident:

Monroe Evening Times – August 15th, 1951

Simon Saucerman Killed in Accident

Monroe Native Dies After Beloit Crash

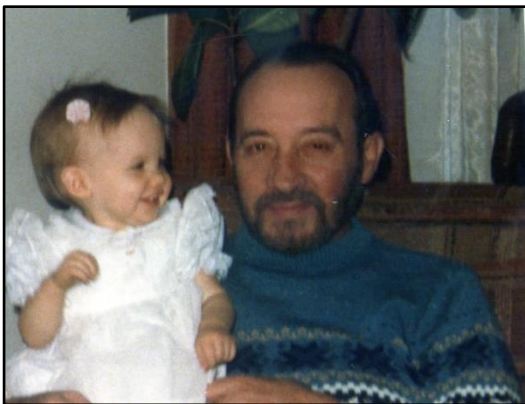
Beloit - Simon Saucerman, 49, of Beloit and a native of Monroe was pronounced dead on arrival at Beloit Municipal Hospital early today the shortly after his automobile crashed into the rear of a semi-trailer truck on highway 51 just inside the north city limits of Beloit. The accident occurred at 11:40 PM, shortly after Joseph C Gebert, 30, of Milladore, WI, had stopped his truck half-way off the pavement to investigate a

previous accident involving that same truck, where he had struck the car in front of him as it was turning into a driveway. Minor damage resulted in the first accident. Saucerman was pinned in the front seat of his wrecked car. Both Gebert and Saucerman were traveling north out of Beloit at the time. Saucerman was the son of Willard T. Saucerman and Jennie F. Sullivan Saucerman. He graduated from Monroe high school and attended the University of Wisconsin. On March 24, 1929 he married Mildred Capparelli in new Rochelle New York. They lived in Monroe for several years and then in Beloit at 906 Second Street. He was employed at Barber-Colman in Rockford, IL. His father was a well-known attorney who died January 30, 1932. His (biological) mother Jennie died April 13, 1906, with his stepmother, the former Bertha Hunt, passing away only last January. Saucerman was a member of the Smith Masonic lodge of Monroe, The Eastern Star and The Shrine Club of Beloit. He is survived by his widow, two sons, **Simon (our subject)** and Barton, both currently in the armed services. He also leaves three daughters, Mrs. Beryl Darwin, Beloit, and Judith and Vivian, both still living at home. He also has two half-brothers, Willard H. Saucerman of Santa Ana California and Robert C. Saucerman, living in Madison. Funeral services are pending word from the son, **Simon** who is stationed at Ft. Worden, Washington. Barton is stationed with the air force in Germany. Burial rites will be held at Greenwood cemetery in Monroe.



By now, North Korea had already attacked South Korea and the Korean War was well underway. Simon enlisted in the US Army (his brother Barton went to the Air Force) in early 1952, but didn't deploy until after he married Barbara Pearl Yenney (the daughter of Elmer Yenney, from earlier) on February 4th, 1952. Simon then immediately shipped off to Camp Stoneman, CA where he awaited his overseas assignment to Korea. Barbara remained in Janesville and lived with her parents. WI. Late in 1953, fighting ceased in Korea, Simon returned home, and the couple was re-united.

On June 15th, 1954, Simon and Barbara welcomed a daughter, Jan Michelle Saucerman and then followed that up with a son, Michael Jay Saucerman in 1956. They would go on to add Stephen (1957), Anthony (1962), Patrick (1964) and Erik Adam (1972) to the family in coming years. The Saucerman family lived always in Janesville, WI at 1) Route 3, Oakhill Ave, 2) 225 South Jackson Street, 3) 436 Harding Street and then – lastly - 4) at 1021 Thomas Street - the last address being where both Simon and Barbara would finish out their years and raise the bulk of their family.



Simon with his grand daughter, Carly Renae

Simon, working night shift at General Motors, proved a tremendous provider for his family and seldom failed to work overtime and/or weekends

***ABOUT 'JUNIOR':** as it was told to me by my father Simon, BOTH he and my grandfather – also named Simon - were both periodically referred to throughout their lives as 'Junior'. I was sitting on the front porch one day with dad and asked him about it. To the best of my memory, this was the story: his father (my grandpa) was sometimes called 'junior' in his youth by people who'd known his grandfather, Simon Saucerman (Senior), my great, great grandpa. This was more a colloquial label than official, because technically, my grandpa was 'II' and not a 'junior' because he'd been 'interrupted' by my GG Grandfather Willard (you stayin' with me here?). However, Grandpa Saucerman was grew fond of calling his son (my dad) 'Junior' throughout his youth (dad said especially when he was being derisive or sarcastic). The upshot of all of this is that - when you track both men's histories - they can both at times show up with the 'junior' attached to their name (yes, it was confusing). So, in pursuit of clarity, I checked it out and it turns out there is a protocol governing this situation. It goes like this: because Grandpa Simon (1903-1951) was 'interrupted' in the lineage chain by Great GF Willard, he is technically a 'II' and not a JUNIOR. This makes my dad, Simon (1930-2006) a 'III' (although the rules still allow him the 'JUNIOR' moniker if one wishes, because he is Grandpa's actual son). So, to keep this all orderly, I'll be referring to Great Grandpa Simon (1845-1916) as 'Senior', Grandpa as 'II' and our Dad Simon as 'III'.

... and I sincerely hope you understood all of this, because I will not be repeating it. ☺.

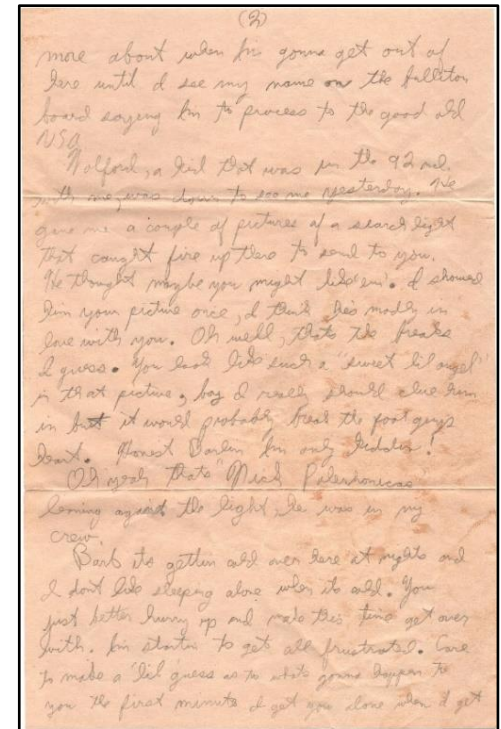
whenever it was available (Author's note: in my whole life, I cannot recall him being sick for work one time.) He would stay at GM for 33 years - mostly in the roll of inspector – and retire in 1987 with full pension and benefits. Simon was a wonderful father, an avid Green Bay Packer fan and enjoyed gardening in his retirement. He was also a member of UAW Local 95 Retirees and the American Legion.



The front porch on Thomas Street

As a person, Simon was gentle, pragmatic and humorous by nature. He spoke softly most of the time, but could turn skillfully sharp when the situation called for it. He loved his kids and devoted his life to ensuring they had the best he could offer them. Simon died September 29th, 2006, roughly a year and half after his wife Barbara Pearl's passing. He is deeply missed by his family still living.

RELATIONSHIP	Father (1930-2006)
WHO	Simon Sullivan Saucerman III (Jr*)
BIRTH DATE	Saturday, October 25, 1930
DEATH DATE	9/29/2006 (age 75)
OCCUPATION:	Inspector - General Motors
BIRTH WHERE	Newburgh, NY
DEATH WHERE	Janesville, WI
BURIAL LOC:	Cremated
SPOUSE TO:	Barbara Pearl (Yenney) Saucerman
MARRIED DATE:	February 4, 1952
DIVORCED DATE:	n/a
BIRTH DATE	April 21, 1931
DEATH DATE	March 29, 2005
BIRTH WHERE	Janesville, WI
DEATH WHERE	Janesville, WI
BURIAL LOC:	Cremated
CHILDREN #1:	Jan Michele Saucerman (Moat/Cruickshank) (1954-)
CHILDREN #2:	Michael Jay Saucerman (1956-)
CHILDREN #3:	**Stephen Simon Saucerman (1957-)
CHILDREN #4:	Anthony David Saucerman (1962-)
CHILDREN #5:	Patrick Joseph Saucerman (1963-)
CHILDREN #6:	Erik Adam Saucerman (1971-) **best looking
MOTHER:	Mildred (Capparelli) Saucerman
SIBLING #1:	Barton Saucerman
SIBLING #2:	Patricia Saucerman
SIBLING #3:	Judith (Pepper) Saucerman
SIBLING #4:	Vivian (Palombi) Saucerman



Simon's letter to wife Barb from Korea



Magical Hash

Dad worked so much we rarely saw him. This was particularly hard because we *liked* him. He was a friend. He worked the night shift at General Motors and every weekday, about the time we were getting home from school, we *might* be lucky enough to catch a few minutes with him before he scurried out the door at exactly 3:50 pm. Of course - as with most anyone - he wasn't at his jovial best at these times because he was busy switching over to 'work mode' - that defense mechanism many of us employ to acclimate ourselves to the next 8-10 hours of pushing product for a paycheck.

And that was it. That was all of our contact with him for the week. Not that this kept us 'keeping an eye on him'. Every now and then, there'd be nights when I'd be lying in bed late and hear the sound of him coming in the back door. Unless he was working overtime, this always meant it was 2:30 in the morning. Fully awake now, I'd listen for the garage door to go down, the boots to be kicked off in the back hall and then witness a soft, thin corona of light forming around the perimeter of my bedroom door. He was in the kitchen now and this meant it was time for the nightly routine. Everyone in my family knew *the routine*.

First, there was the cautious, controlled (as to not wake anyone) jangling of the silverware drawer. This was the preamble to the main event: *finding of the frying pan*. Actually, it wasn't just any frying pan, it was *his* frying pan ... his prized, perfectly seasoned, less-than-medium-but-not-too-small, antique, cast-iron fry pan with the taller sides and not "*those short, stupid ones that don't hold nothin*". But it wasn't the pan itself that made this moment so special - it was the *acquisition* of the fry pan. You see, in order to access his gem, Simon - fresh off a hard evening's work - must now cross over the dark and malevolent portal from Hell known in the darker circles of our family as ... ***THE PAN CUBBOARD!***

The pan cupboard was an average and unassuming-looking lower cabinet in our kitchen that appeared remarkably benign to the uninitiated. It was also, however, an evil device that (due to the manner in which we children - who had done dishes that previous evening - had hastily and chaotically tossed our half-dry pans into said cabinet) the one of the only cupboard on Earth that carried with it a perpetual 99.7% chance that even brushing the door handle would immediately cause the violent, projectile vomiting of ALL of the cupboard's contents (on a slow night, this included several metric tons of pots, pans, lids, strainers, platters, and anvils) out onto the hard linoleum floor in a cacophonous symphony of twisted metal, broken implements and mangled humanity.

This would have broken lesser men, but not Simon. And once the rattling subsided, he'd respond in a way befitting his manner. First, there'd be a tense, baiting moment of calm. Silence. This was the scariest part. Then, to everyone's relief, that moment would be broken with the ceremonial and familiar *cursing of the pans*. This most often included vows to Jesus Christ. He'd then wrap up the ritual with the re-naming (thankfully temporary) of his loving collective of children as '*those goddamn airheads*'. But then it would pass. Si was blessed with a short memory for such things - like Michael Jordon.

Now, with fry pan in hand, it was time to get on with more important things. The reader should know here tht pretty much every single one of dad's meals were - in fact - the same thing. First, he'd dice up an onion (there was *always* onion) and then add that to two randomly-selected food (or close-to-food) items he found in that evening's refrigerator. Yes, it was more of an art than a science ... but Si was its *Picasso*. One of the more brilliant aspects of the man was that - regardless of what actually went *into* it - each one of these meals was labeled '*hash*'. I found this a bit shady. It felt like a way to just legitimize it to we masses: "*hey, it has a name you know, it must be okay to eat!*"

With the ingredients blended together, he'd then toss the concoction into (at least) ¼" of scalding vegetable oil in his prized cast-iron fry pan and let the whole thing immolate over a violently-high heat for as long as it took him to sit

down at the small, drop-leaf kitchen table - exhale deeply for the first time in many hours - and reap his daily reward of one Old Milwaukee beer and a shot of Christian Brothers brandy. When the brandy was gone and the beer half-finished (and the right amount of black smoke signaled dinnertime) he'd again arise and – just before removing his meal from the stove – would assault his masterpiece with levels of salt and pepper fatal to weaker, lesser men.

Then, he would eat in silence - reading the newspaper or notes we kids would leave. Of course, this was during 'normal' times. It was common back in those days for employees of Janesville's General Motors Assembly Division to work overtime ... sometimes a *LOT* of overtime, including Saturdays and even SUNDAYs (our only time to see him). But though stifled by forces beyond not of his making, the man STILL managed to find a way to show love and emotional support to his family. It went like this: during the overtime stints (which sometimes went on for months), he'd now get home from work around six in the morning - twelve hours later than when last he'd left.

And though most people would be well within unquestionable right to head straight to bed, he didn't. In fact, if he happened to get home a little earlier – say, five or five thirty – he'd stay up a little longer. Why? To greet his kids with a hot breakfast before we went to school that day. He missed us too. And yes, it was often 'hash', but that was never the point anyway. It was about being there for us and doing anything he could to make our day a little bit more special. And I can tell you, there was never in all of history, under any roof that sheltered any family, in any land in all the world, where a breakfast tasted better than the breakfast dad prepared for us on those mornings. It was *magical hash*.

Chronology/Timeline – Simon Sullivan Saucerman III

Date:	Age:	Description:
3/24/1929	(1)	Simon's dad, Simon II, marries Mildred Capparelli in New Rochelle, NY.
10/25/1930	-	Simon Sullivan Saucerman III (*my father), along with his twin brother Barton, are born in Newburgh, NY.
1930	-	<i>It's the middle of Great Depression of 1929; Astronomers discover the planet Pluto; Clarence Birdseye invents frozen food; The Star-Spangled Banner by Francis Scott Key is approved as the national anthem.</i>
1931	1	Simon's dad is a salesman in Newburgh, New York and a member of the National Guard, Battery E, 156th Field Artillery unit, New York, married to Mildred.
1/30/1932	2	Simon's grandfather, Willard T. Saucerman dies in Monroe, WI.
3/11/1933	3	After 22 years of waiting, Simon's dad - Simon II - receives settlement from a share of \$162,000 that was willed to him by his grandpa, Simon Saucerman Senior in 1916. At this time, Simon's dad is listed in the newspaper as 'an electrician from Monroe'. <i>[**did they move? Were they keeping 2 residences?]</i>
1933	3	Simon's sister, Patricia Saucerman, is born.
1934	4	Directory listing: Simon's dad is listed as "an engineer, living in New Rochelle, NY, married to Mildred Saucerman". <i>[**]</i>
1935	5	Simon's sister, Judith Saucerman, is born
1935	5	<i>Babe Ruth, retires from Major League Baseball; Social Security Act is passed by Congress as part of New Deal legislation by President Franklin D. Roosevelt; Porgy and Bess, the opera by George Gershwin, opens in New York City.</i>
9/12/1937	7	Monroe Evening Times runs story, "Six Pairs of Twins Enrolled at North School!" Simon and Barton are one of those pairs.
1940	10	1940 Census: Simon II is married to Mildred with four children: Simon (9) , Barton (9), Patricia (6) and Judith (4) (Vivian would be added later), all living at RR1, Winslow Ill, Cadiz, Wisconsin. <i>[**]</i>
1940	10	<i>1940 - Paris falls to German army; Auschwitz receives its first Polish prisoners; US Congress enacts the first peacetime draft.</i>
1941	11	<i>1941 - Attack on Pearl Harbor on Dec 7th; On Dec 8th, USA declares war on Japan and then on Germany & Italy on Dec 11th.</i>
5/3/1943	13	Simon's sister, 9 year-old Patricia Saucerman (Aunt Pat), runs away from schoolhouse hiking toward Monroe, but is returned the same day.

10/29/1943	13	Simon, along with brother Barton and sister Patricia, all win local 4-H Club Achievement awards.
1945	15	<i>Unconditional surrender of Germany at Reims, France concludes World War II in Europe; First atomic bomb, the Trinity Test, is exploded at Alamogordo, New Mexico; On August 12th, President Harry S. Truman orders the use of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima, Japan. 3 days later, a second bomb is dropped on Nagasaki. On August 15, Emperor Hirohito of Japan surrenders.</i>
5/26/1945	15	Simon and Barton Saucerman win in four events (220, 440, shot put, & mile run) at the local high school track & field Meet. [Monroe Evening Times]
1946	16	A Directory lists Simon's dad as being 'employed as an R1 machinist, living at 227 E. Dayton, Madison, WI'. [**]
9/23/1946	16	Simon's father, employed in Beloit, comes to spend the weekend with his family (including, supposedly, Simon) in Browntown (The Monroe Evening Times) [**]
9/23/1946	16	Newspaper blurb: "Simon Saucerman (junior), employed in Beloit, spent the weekend with his family in Browntown".
1948	18	A Directory lists Simon's dad as being "employed as Time Studyman, living in Beloit, WI, married to Mildred."
1949	19	Simon goes to work for General Motors Corporation.
1950	20	<i>Korean War begins after North Korea, backed with Soviet weaponry, invades South Korea. On June 30, US ground forces and air strikes are approved against North Korea. On November 26, 1950, Chinese Communist forces open counteroffensive, halting any thought of a quick resolution to the conflict.</i>
1/29/1951	21	Simon's step-grandmother (*likely the grandmother he knew the best from that side), Bertha dies at 70 years old.
8/15/1951	21	Simon's father, Simon Saucerman II is killed at 49 years old in an auto accident where he crashed into the rear of a semi-truck. At the time, his dad is listed as an Industrial Engineer at Barber-Colman in Rockford, IL and still married to Mildred Capparelli (who would go on to marry Leo Stephens years after Grandpa Simon's death. They lived in South Beloit, IL and Mildred died July 27, 1971).
1952	22	<i>General Dwight D. Eisenhower gains easy victory over Democratic challenger Adlai E. Stevenson.</i>
2/4/1952	22	Simon marries Barbara Pearl Yenny in Rockford, IL. Simon immediately ships off to Camp Stoneman, CA to await his overseas' army assignment (Korean Conflict). Barbara is living with her parents.
1952	22	Simon & Barbara's federal tax return shows a total gross income for the year of \$1,960, \$1,754 of which was by Barbara (employed by James & Margaret Knight) & \$206 by Simon (Dept. of the Army).
1952	22	Simon is deployed by the US Army overseas for the Korean Conflict. (*not sure of exact date. Anybody?)
1953	23	<i>Fighting ceases in the Korean War; the Soviet cold war builds; the first color televisions go on sale.</i>
1954	24	<i>Joseph McCarthy begins televised Senate hearings into alleged Communist activity; racial segregation in public schools is declared unconstitutional by the US States Supreme Court; Ray Kroc founds McDonald's corporation.</i>
1954	24	Simon is honorably discharged from the US Army. (*not sure about exact date. Anybody?)
6/15/1954	24	Simon & Barbara welcome a daughter, Jan Michele Saucerman. She had no idea at the time she would be saddled with ALL brothers after this. Perhaps she would've reconsidered :-). (*address at the time is listed as 'Route 3, Oakhill Ave, Janesville, WI)
+/- 1955	25	Simon & Barbara move into 255 Jackson Street in Janesville, WI.
3/26/1956	26	Simon & Barbara welcome a son, Michael Jay Saucerman. This has since been widely regarded by US authorities and INTERPOL as a bad, bad idea :-). (*address is listed as 255 South Jackson Street, Janesville, WI).
11/2/1957	27	Simon & Barbara welcome their most devastatingly handsome and intelligent son, Stephen Simon Saucerman (*see author). Address is listed as 255 South Jackson Street, Janesville, WI.
1958	28	Simon, Barbara & family move into 436 Harding Street in Janesville, WI
		<i>1959 - Alaska is admitted to the United States as the 49th state to be followed on August 21 by Hawaii.</i>
1961	31	Simon, Barbara & family move into 1021 Thomas Street in Janesville, WI.
		<i>1962 - The Cuban Missile Crises begins in response to Soviet Union building missiles in Cuba.</i>

5/31/1962	32	Simon & Barbara welcome a son, Anthony David Saucerman. Address is listed as 1021 Thomas Street in Janesville, WI. 10 days later, Grandpa Yenney dies, after seeing Tony's face for the first time. Coincidence?? <i>Hmmmmmmmm ... :-)</i>
6/10/1962	32	Simon's father-in-law, Elmer Yenney, dies while fishing with Charles Knight.
1963	33	<i>President John F. Kennedy is mortally wounded by assassin Lee Harvey Oswald in Dallas, TX.</i>
9/27/1963	34	Simon & Barbara welcome a son, Patrick Joseph Saucerman (an auxiliary back-up son, in case Anthony David doesn't work out).
1966	36	<i>US warplanes begin bombing raids on Hanoi and Haiphong, North Vietnam. By December, US has 385,300 troops stationed in South Vietnam and 93,000 more offshore and in Thailand; Medicare begins for citizens over age of 65.</i>
1969	39	<i>Neil Armstrong becomes first man to set foot on the moon; the Internet - called Arpanet at the time - is invented by Advanced Research Projects Agency of the U.S. Department of Defense.</i>
5/14/1969	39	Simon is cited for reckless driving in Janesville, WI. He pays a \$55 fine.
12/16/1969	39	Simon's wife, Barbara, is released from hospital following a miscarriage.
7/27/1971	41	Simon's mother Mildred Capparelli Saucerman dies at 71 years old.
5/22/1972	42	Long after they just stop caring about anything, Simon & Barbara welcome a son, Erik Adam 'Ringo' Saucerman into the world. The world replies, " <i>sure ... why not ... whatever ...</i> ".
1974	44	<i>President Richard M. Nixon resigns the office of the presidency.</i>
1980	50	<i>Ronald Reagan beats President Jimmy Carter and independent candidate John B. Anderson for US president.</i>
9/28/1983	53	Simon's mother-in-law, Ruth Wade Yenney, dies.
1987	57	Simon retires from General Motors after 38 years of employment.
		<i>1989 - The Berlin Wall comes down.</i>
2/3/2002	72	Simon and Barbara celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary (which is actually Feb 4th) with family at the Milwaukee Grill in Janesville, WI.
3/29/2005	74	Simon's wife of 53 years, Barbara, dies at 73 years old.
9/29/2006	75	Simon Sullivan Saucerman dies of cancer at the Haven House Hospice in Janesville, WI. He is 75 years old.

[Author's Note: I've tried to keep the essence of original wording/phrasing as it appeared from my research materials, although I have altered areas where items needed to be melded together from different sources and/or where I felt a passage required further clarity or comment. If you see any mistakes or wish to add more information to this biography, you can reach me at email stephensaucerman@gmail.com]

Simon Saucerman's letter home from Korea to his wife, Barbara (text)

October 3, 1952

Hi my darling,

I'm kind of ashamed of myself for being so bad about writing this last week, but I promise I'll do better. Was going to write you last night, but they decided they needed two more guard posts, so I got put on guard one night earlier than usual. All I've got to say is I've sure got the most wonderful wife in the world. Got three letters three days ago, one yesterday and one today. Say Barb, I've been meaning to ask you for a long time, do you keep your stationery in your dresser? No matter what paper or envelope you use, they all have the same scent as the perfume or powder you use. Dam it I love it, but it makes me miss you something terrible. Know what Barb? I love you.

Oh yeah darling, I've got some not so good news for you. They posted a list of all the points each guy has on the bulletin board and they've only got me down for 22 at the end of October. I'd figured I had at least 24. I know it will only make a difference of about three weeks, but it will throw it into March before I have 36 points. Seems like things just keep coming up that make my time a little longer. Looks like I'm going to spend a full year in Korea whether I like it or not. Now all they have to do is move back to a 2-point area and I'll start bitching. Oh well Barb, they're just going to have to let me go home someday. We've made it all right this far, guess we'll get by the rest of it okay.

Sure is hard sometimes though. I just can't get even a little bit used to being without you. Just please be patient darling and try to not let it get you down as much as it does me sometimes. And Barb, about those clothes for Joe. Sorry your dumb husband made a mistake in his arithmetic, but he ain't too smart you know, and listen smartie, you ain't exactly Einstein either you know. Seriously sweetheart, those sizes are a little big, if anything. He's just a little guy. Glad you found me on the map Barb. I was surprised myself when I found out how close to the east coast I am. But this country isn't very wide, so I guess that's why it seems that way.

Well my baby, I've got to catch up on some of the sleep I lost last night, so I'm going to turn in. Got to remind you one more time that I love you and do miss you so terribly. But just knowing that we'll be together again in the not too distant future makes all of this bearable. Just keep loving your guy and keep on being as sweet and patient as you have been about this mess. Miss me a little bit and say hello to your folks for me.

*Good night my baby,
All my love, Si*

Simon Saucerman's letter home from Korea to his wife, Barbara (text)

October 5th, 1952

Hi Sweetheart,

As per usual, I haven't got a darn thing new to tell you. Did get a letter from you today so I'm happy. The job of installing all the heaters in this outfit's vehicles has fallen upon your poor old husband, why I don't know. A sergeant that's due to rotate soon has been teaching me how. It's really not too bad a job and it does keep me busy as heck. Our Motor Sargent is going home in a couple of days. One of the mechanics has taken over his job, he's a really good guy though. Got in ten more replacements last night. Sure makes me feel good seen them come in. I can just look at the poor bastards and know they've got seven more months to do over here than I have.

There's another rumor that the 8th Army has upped the points to 38, Barb, I just ain't gonna tell you anything more about when I'm gonna get out of here until I see my name on the battalion board saying I'm to process to the good old USA. Wolford, a guy that was in the 92nd with me, was down to see me yesterday. He gave me a couple of pictures of a searchlight that caught fire p there to send to you. He thought maybe you might like 'em. I showed him your picture once, I think he's madly in love with you. Oh well, that's the breaks I guess. You like such a sweet little angel in that picture. Boy, I should really clue him in but it would probably break the poor guy's heart. Honest darling, I'm only kidding! Oh yeah, that's Nick Palerhonicas leaning against the light. He was in my crew.

*Barb, it's getting cold over here at nights and I don't like sleeping alone when it's cold. You just better hurry up and make this time get over with. I'm starting to get all frustrated. Care to make a lil guess as to what's gonna happen to you the first minute I get you alone when I get home? Better stop this line of thought before I get in trouble. Can't help it if you bother me, it's your fault. I love you darling. Okay sweetheart, I'm all run down and [*portion of letter missing] for now. Just think, we've been apart for 8 months and 1 day now. Subtract [*portion of letter missing] from that and all I gotta say is we've got some making up to do. We're gonna do it too.*

Just keep being as wonderful as you have been about this mess and keep loving me Barb. We're gonna knock this dead up on these days. Don't ever doubt for a second that I love you more than anything in the world. Sure gonna be one happy guy when these letter-writing days are over and I can remind you of that fact about a thousand times a day personally. Say hello to your folks and everyone for me. Oh yeah, tell Zoa I said "quote", "she's sure got that poor goon wrapped around her little finger". Come to think of it though, I guess Joe ain't the only one. I ain't exactly had too many last words either [except for], "yes dear!".

*Good night Darling,
All my Love, Si*