

414 N. Chaparral
Corpus Christi, Texas
78401 7/18/83

"QUAN
AMERICAN DEFENDERS OF BATAAN AND CORREGIDOR
18 WARBLER DRIVE
MCKEES ROCKS, PA., 15136

Gentlemen:

After reading my "Quan" faithfully, I wish to make remark to several while still fresh in my memory; Also, would like to make an announcement on my own....

My dear Pal and husband left me on Nov. 4, 1980, and I have been asking, fighting, and cajoling the powers-that-be, about my Widow's Pension.

I don't underestimate their judgement, I respect it; there must be a reason for their actions, but; nothing quite SURFACES, if you know what I mean.....The dear guy had two disastrous marriages before I met him, We were both legally divorced, when we met in Texas, I an ex- Army nurse, on retirement, and he, a dejected and sick guy, without much of an outlook. Like so many of you guys, who had seen the very worst in Life, he was rather lethargic about his way of life at that time....But I was interested, and went to his poor little house, and read the literature he had, piled on the kitchen table; and in a foot locker in his back bedroom....

It took me two years, writing to everyone I ever knew, from Massachusetts to Texas, and somebody took an interest, and it culminated with him receiving checks from two years back, and a check for \$187.28 every month, (Service -connected).....That was in 1978; He was dead, ^{in 1980} from complications, fostered in P.O.W. camp,,,,,Actually, the death certificate read: "Massive Hepatic Neucrosis".....I stayed with him night and day at Houston V.A. Hospital until the end came.....He wasn't there long....I had six years of some of the most hectic living I never expected to have, but there were the laughs that went with them.....One Blessing about getting on in years; you can laugh at the serious side of life.....things that were oh, so tragic once!

We never had enough money.....and when a friend of ours had a heart attack, (He was also a Veteran.) we took his Ice-Cream Van throughout the city and I have never worked quite so hard in all my nurseing life as I did in the back of that Van! But it gave our life meaning; and anything that can put meaning back into a life is not out of lineI never knew I had so much reserve stamina as I have showed in my decline.....I was a Grandmother when I met him; come to Texas to lay back, rid myself of my bronchitis, and sun my buns....

Well, maybe, next time we live...

I can still remember him now; sitting out on the sun-deck of the old stucco house, talking about the P.O.W. Camps.....Camp O'Donnell, and the tragic ride on the "Hell Ship".....he being on the only one that didn't get bombed out of the running on the way to Japan.....and of being locked into "A tin box inside another tin box" for sitting down while on guard dutyAnd he was one of the cane-field nine that boarded the train for the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo upon hearing the war was over from little boys in the street in Japan.... They had literally heard the A-bomb dropped, where-ever it dropped first....(Nagasaki?)

They tried gallantly to stay alive upon hearing it was winding down, and, as he put it, "We couldn't wait no longer!".....

But this story could become long and boring.....So many of you could tell it better.....

So I want you to have the enclosed article, about myself and the memory of "Pat" and the wonders it still works.....I also endowed the "USS City of Corpus Christi" with "Pat"s ghost, that night.....He being a past master in the art of survival....

Another fact I couldn't quite accept; the fact that not only the T.V. set, but the whole damn Submarine electronic system was Japanese manufactured and installed..

I wondered how much of a contract it is....how many Subs they outfitted?

It seems as though H.M.S. "Yarmouth" was at out Pier after the City of Corpus Christi pulled out.....I had occasion to go aboard, on visiting day, and the first thing I asked was; "Who installs your electronics?" The young seaman answered promptly; "Britian, of coorse! Everything on this ship is British!"

Well put! You gotta forgive me, but I wouldn't be caught driving a Toyota.....I can't quite get over the terrible hurt the Japanese inflicted upon an unsuspecting nation of people, and can't help thinking the "Postman can ring twice!".....

You have my un-biased permission to publish the enclosed newspaper clipping not only in memory of dear old "Pat" Patterson, but with all of the guys in the 31st Infantry, and I'm thankful for the pleasure of having known you!

Much Love on a Monday Evening, and write to me, everybody, and let me know what the magic word is for "Widow's Pension"...

Mrs. Beatrice Patterson
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