

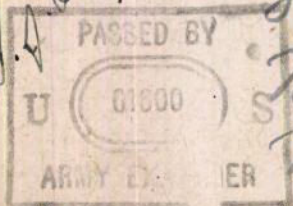
Plut Ben Segan
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Handwritten:
Lindberg
at St.

Miss Judith Berman
817 West End Ave.

New York #25
N.Y. apt 3E



280

April 8, 1994

Saturday

My Beloved Sweetheart,

As I predicted and figured I was unable to write you yesterday, not only because of the Passover Seder that I attended but rather for the same reasons I was unable to in the past. By now I feel you have a general and good idea why I'm sometimes unable to write you without giving you the explanation.

Just had time last night to attend the Seder by the Army. It certainly was a big affair and even my big boss was there.

I didn't go mainly for the religious part of it as much as I figured I might meet someone I knew back home. Figured that my cousin Harry would be there but he wasn't, but after looking around, I could hardly believe it but there was Marty Sevell walking in my opposite direction.

Yes but we were surprised
and glad to see each other. You
do remember Marty, he's the one
that I took basic training with
and he lives in Washington
Heights.

More than ever I realize
how lucky I was and I felt
that I was getting my first good
break when I was assigned to
my present outfit.

Marty had some interesting
stories in brief to tell of his
experiences and how he definitely
has gone through hell being
attached to the wire section in
the Infantry. He was wounded
once but now he is fine.
All the while when I was up at
the front sleeping with a roof
over my head and hot meals, Marty
all that period was sleeping in
fox holes and eating cold C and K
rations.

During basic training we
both use to grip about the
work but now he feels the

opposite it as for him it 3
would be a pleasure now to be
working just as hard as basic.
I have his address and intend
writing him shortly.

Now we will turn to more
pleasant things.

As for the Ladies, it was
much better and nicer than I ever
expected it to be.

I'm increasing the program to
give you a slightly better idea
of exactly what took place. Actually
the service was very short, the
highlight was the dinner and
mainly the ~~presence~~ and speech
made by my big boss. I was
one of the few fellows that also
was able to shake hands with
my big boss, therefore when I
return home and shake my hand
you will be able to say
that you shake the hand of a
person who is daily making
the headlines.

On the table, there was wine,
some nuts oranges, apples, butter,
mätzehänd later the dinner was
served by Italian waiters, consisting
of soup, tuna fish, potatoes, radish,
and a egg.

Darling I guess you were
at your grand fathers house
for the sack, and I hope that
next year we will be able
to be sitting next to each other
regardless of where the sack is
held.

Received two more mail
letters from you telling me that
you had gotten a room in
Long Beach, which I'm very pleased
to hear.

Yes, you hit the nail on the
head in the small country I was
referring to.

I'm still back in a rest area.
Being Saturday again sweetheart
I want to whisper in your love ear
that I'm deeply in love with the
sweetest and most superb lady in
the world and that's you dear.
Like to wish you and
your folks plus section
very happy holiday.
Yours forever
Ben