

Final Thoughts by Ruth Hatton

One evening in July, 1945, Hy called me from Halloran Hospital on Staten Island; it was the first time I had heard from him since he became a POW. He had not changed his mind about marriage and wanted to come to the west coast as soon as possible: "Let's get on with our lives." He was given leave, with orders to report back to Ashburn General Hospital (McKinney, Texas). We met, after almost two years apart, in San Francisco. He had lost considerable weight, but not enthusiasm.

We had time now, to talk. During the war, I think many marriages took place without much planning; without thoughts of the future. We were most concerned for the safety of our individual G.I.'s. We had faith and hope that the war would end and peace would come.

I wasn't sure if I could handle marriage. Education was still uppermost in my mind. Hy, on the other hand, based his life on what he believed he could deliver. He knew how to earn a living, before he volunteered for the service. Hy had an inquisitive mind and a willingness to take risks, to reach his goals.

We boarded a crowded train, back to NY. Many of the G.I.'s with us were returning from overseas and you might expect war weariness in their demeanor; but their eyes told a different story. It seemed to say "There is another job to be done and I'm going to do it."

That intensity and determination gave the drive, which gave us an era of hope, of rebuilding...of positive expansion. I saw the same look in Hy's eyes many times.

