


By Lt. Edwin H. Hiboy, U.S.N. 1943  
C.C., 2nd Co., 8th Marine  
20 Fleet Post Office  
San Francisco, Calif.

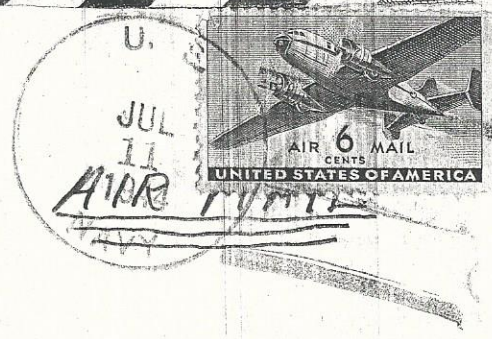


VIA AIR MAIL



Mr. Clifford G. Hiboy  
Lafayette  
Minnesota

FROM A.N. WIBORG MM 1/4  
U.S.S. WM. P. BIDDLE  
7 P.M. SAN FRANCISCO  
 CALIFORNIA



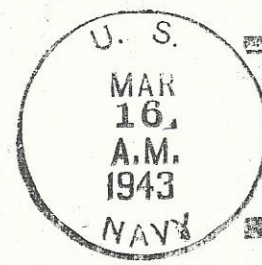
MR. C. F. WIBORG  
LAFAYETTE  
MINNESOTA



FB

After 5 days, return to

W. R. Wiborg  
U.S.S. M. S. B.S.  
SAINT PETERSBURG, FLORIDA.  
Cookis & Baker's School



Mr. C. F. Wiborg  
La Fayette,  
Minn.

Rec'd Mar 19

December 12, 1943

Dear Cliff,

Now that I have lots of time I'll try to catch up on all my correspondence for a change. You, I am also going to try to write more of the also.

As you have probably heard from the folks by the time I spent some time on Tarawa Gilbert Islands, that is the first few days when all the fighting was taking place. Before that I had spent several months in New Zealand. I saw Pat several times. He had some good talks about old times back there. Sure did seem good to see him.

Am having quite a time sitting here trying to write this letter and eating candy. Christmas mail just started coming in and I received two packages but of which contained some candy amongst other things. One from some people in Los Angeles whom I have never heard of through the L.L. Spencer Times ship or some

Uncle Gordon

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such thing and one found Jules sister-in-law.  
What is the latest news back  
there? How are you folks? How are  
Mother & Dad? I am well and getting  
along just fine. I received a bullet  
through the top of my head on Tuesday  
but it is healing up nicely and doesn't  
bother at all.

I wish all of you folks a very  
Merry Christmas and a Happy and  
Prosperous New Year.

Write soon and give me all the latest  
news. All my love.

Your brother

Gordon

Lt. Sg. Gordon H. Story, U.S.M.C.  
Co. E, 2nd Bn., 6th Marine  
7. Post Post Office  
San Francisco, California

9 July 1944



Dear Cliff,

after long weeks of being practically out of touch with the outside world we again receive our mail and also get to send it out. I must have got almost twenty letters altogether in the last few days and it is keeping me busy answering them.

I am sure Glad Mother is getting better. It will be a good thing when the heat of the summer is over as I suppose the heat will bother her some, and then in the fall she will probably be able to get outside a little. I imagine if she went outside now there would be danger of getting an attack of my pneumonia and that would be bad. I confidently expect to be home some time this fall, and I guess God will be too, at the same time I hope.

I made one of my rare trips to the beach yesterday. Went swimming and got pretty well sunburned. That will hold me for another month.

Uncle Art  
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every time I go over I say  
it will be the last time but  
after a few weeks when the  
opportunity affords I venture  
over again just to get my  
feet on soft earth. Day after  
day ~~of~~ <sup>on</sup> these steel decks are beginn-  
ing to stiffen my joints and  
I've got to stretch the kinks out  
of them once in a while.

I have been doing a lot of  
reading the last few months.  
I used to read novels just to  
pass the time, but gradually acq-  
uired a taste for history especially  
modern history. They have a  
pretty good library on the ship.  
I don't suppose you can mislead  
me reading books of that kind,  
but that is about all I have to  
do in my leisure time except  
sleep and sun baths. I used  
to play quite a bit of cards but  
got fed up on that.

A fellow does all kinds of things  
to fill in his spare time out  
here. We have a little boxing on  
the ship almost every day, but I am  
getting too old to take part in  
that vigorous a sport. Some guys  
spend a lot of time fishing



over the side, without ever seeming to catch very much. Although I have seen some nice catches of sea bass (or a type of sea bass). and sometimes one will catch a fish as many colored as a rainbow, all speckled and spangled very pretty. Most of these deep water fish live only a few minutes out of the water. The change of atmospheric pressure bursts their ~~lungs~~ lungs, I have seen them bloat up like a balloon two minutes after being pulled out of the water.

Earle makes shipfitters 'c (he is married to a daughter of those Svendsons who lived near you in Butternut, Sig Svendson's sister) who came on here with me, has made quite a bit of extra money making wrist watch bands and bracelets with indentifications, numbers engraved on them (they are kind of a fad with service men out here, who have nothing to spend their money for and go for that stuff.) He makes them out of stainless steel, he

does wonderful work, some times puts in a setting or more of "cut-eyes", a beautiful hard rare shell that is found in places out here. He gets from 10¢ to 25¢ a piece - Has made bands for many high ranking officers in the Navy and Marine Corps. He intends to open a machine shop somewhere in Southern Minnesota after the war. He was in the black-smith business before he joined the Navy.

I guess it was pretty wet in Minnesota this year, but Dad writes that it is pretty warm now and good corn weather. I hope you managed to get in the rest of your Crops o.k. I would sure like to be there for pheasant hunting but personally hope I make it sooner and I believe I will.

It is about time for me to go on watch, and as my page is filled I will have to knock off. My best regards to Irene and the kids and I will be seeing you  
a. n. Hiborg M.M/c <sup>your brother</sup>  
Art

Feb 12, 43

- Dear Cliff, + all,

I received the swell package a few days ago + I want to thank you + Irene very much for it.

I haven't got much to write about, because it's the same old routine around here. I think that I will leave here within three weeks. I'm getting my second class coach rather + expect to ship from New Orleans. We have heard rumors that the last two drafts got furloughs. I hope that is true, because I would like to get home once again before I ship. I want to make my first

B:11

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P.S. If I get a furlough, you + I will have a little argument about farming, because I'll be down.

Trip to Russia + then start shipping on the Great Lakes.

I'm not torpedo scared (at least not till the first one hits) but it would be a lot closer to home.

I received a letter from grandpa the other day + was glad to hear that he is feeling better. You mentioned in your last letter that you might quit farming + get a defense job. It's none of my business, but I think that the farm is going to be the only place to be after the war.

Time for class, so will sign off. Write soon + spill the news.  
Your nephew,  
Bill