

# *The Soldiers Wife*



*A story from the Greatest Generation  
and a tribute to my family in WWII*

*by UJ Backus*

*I know you're waiting sweetheart  
For what I have to say  
It's that I love you darling  
And my letter's on the way  
I'm many miles across the sea  
Yes, I'm far away  
But every night I kneel me down  
And this is what I pray  
God bless my darling sweetheart  
Protect her till the day  
When I come marching home again  
The winner of the fray*

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Published in the United States of America

## *Acknowledgements*

*Rose Lee Backus*

*My one and only sister, for the extensive research into our family history and for the many memories we share in the telling of this story. I am forever grateful.*

*Bill Backus*

*Our brother, for sharing letters and memories of stories passed down from our parents.*

*Our other family members; near and distant; who provided information and support; thank you.*

*In loving memory of our parents  
Arthur and Amparo  
(title page photo 1943)*



*and our brother Jim*

# Greetings

*From a Baby Boomer to succeeding generations with the intentions of narrowing the gap which time continues to expand as those who came before us fade away. It is not only our duty, but it is a privilege to keep their memory alive. And so, I am compelled to write.*

*Every generation has its' stories and those of the Greatest Generation are among the most prolific. Stories of struggling to survive, financial loss, war, heroism, and romance.*

*It was a time when the United States was transformed from a country in isolation to the greatest country on earth. This was a result of World War II.*

*Our debt to those who have sacrificed to preserve our freedom can never be repaid; it can only be appreciated by remembering them, honoring them, and living a life worthy of their sacrifices.*

*I first began to write this story forty years ago. At the time my mother was still living and I would often speak with her about her life. Even before then I was always excited to hear stories from aunts, uncles, and my dad. Unfortunately, I didn't try to dig*

deeper while many of them were still living; especially my dad. Although I always knew that he was a soldier in WWII, he never spoke much about his experiences in depth.

It was years after my dad passed away that the movie "Saving Private Ryan" was in theaters. Seeing that movie is when it hit me; what my dad must have gone through. I left the theater with tears in my eyes. How could this kind, loving, humble man who was my dad have lived through such experiences? I'm sure that part of the answer is in the love my mother had for him.

My mother was blessed with a joyful spirit. Even in the difficult and heart breaking times in life she somehow remained positive and thankful. Being a good mother seemed to come natural to her. Her husband and children were the most important part of her life; it was evident in how she took care of us and loved us. As she once told me; "your father is the head of the family, I am the heart, and our children are the branches." I do believe that this is how God intended a family to be structured.

In later years she was the center of our extended family; the bond, the common denominator that brought us together. Everyone loved her dearly.

*My dad was as good a man as I have ever known. He sacrificed his own wants so he could fulfill the wants and needs of his wife and children. He wouldn't hesitate to help a stranger in need. He was patient and slow to anger. After WWII he became a skilled welder; it always amazed me how easy he made it look. Although he spoke little of his life as a combat infantry soldier during WWII, I remember he once asked me when I was a young adult; "do you think God will forgive me for the killing I did in The War?" I answered; "Of course, He has already forgiven you. You did what was necessary to survive and to rid the world of evil."*

*And so, on the following pages is one of the stories from that Great Generation of which I am blessed to have been so close. They believed in God, country, honor, duty, hard work and fair play. They were not one to complain. In fact, what we call sacrifice they called their duty and responsibility.*

*"Blessed are the poor in spirit,  
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."*

*Much of this story is told in letters which are  
inexpressible in my own words.*

*Let Us Not Forget*

# Prologue

From our mother's memoirs

*My first 16 years of life were spent in Eagle Pass where I loved a boy who lived on a farm outside of town. Our families were close and I always looked forward to going to the farm on weekends.*

*I had a very happy childhood and teenage life. Moving to San Antonio in 1930, I didn't see the boy I loved until 1934. Boy was he a handsome young man!*

*WWII brought us together again in 1941 and we were married in 1942.*

*He used to say.....*

*"I love you so much I think my name was printed in your heart and yours in mine. I love you till death do us part and beyond."*

*Is this a love story or is this a Love Story!*

*That's what I have had almost all my life.....LOVE*