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(2006 or 2007)

Dear Classmates:

I was born and raised in Table Rock, Nebraska. The school in Table Rock was the only school I ever attended. In 1938 I moved to Denver, Colorado and have lived here ever since, except for the time I spent in the Navy.

I am pretty healthy except for my eyes and ears. I have macular degeneration in my right eye but my left eye is good. I have to watch my step, especially on stairs. The V.A. has taken really good care of me, even though the three sets of hearing aids they gave me still don't work. I get around without a cane or a walker and I can still drive my car.

I went to work for a Nash dealership. It wasn't a very popular car and they went out of business. About that time I met Ruby Wilson who was training to be a nurse. I bought a 1939 Ford and we were getting along really well and had a lot of fun together. We were thinking about getting married when Pearl Harbor came along, December 7, 1941. I was 27 and Ruby was 23. I thought I would like the Navy so I went down and enlisted on February 9, 1942. Because of Pearl Harbor, I didn't think this was the time to get married. I went through boot camp in San Diego and then was sent to Chicago, Illinois to school for Aviator Machinist Mate. Ruby followed me to Chicago where we had about six months together. During that time, we were married, October 29, 1942.

After my training, they sent me to Treasure Island, California. Then they put me on a troop ship to the Southwest Pacific. I ended up in the Solomon Islands and was assigned to a night fighter squadron. We had six Corsairs with radar on the starboard wing. My job was to help keep the planes in good shape and get our pilots on their plane when the alert was sounded. When the pilot returned, we took care of any damage like bullet holes, etc. We spent a lot of time in foxholes. We lost two planes but none of our pilots or crew was killed. Parts for the planes were hard to get so we used the two damaged planes for parts.

It looked like by now that my sea duty was over. We either had to get new planes or go home. We prayed a lot, and praise the Lord, they finally said "go home!" My sea duty was land-based all the time.

We flew to Pearl Harbor, stayed all night and left the next day for San Francisco. Ruby was there to meet me. I had my choice of any Naval Air Station and I chose Jacksonville, Florida. We drove to Jacksonville and they put us in a duplex on the base. We were there when the war was over and I got my discharge in Jacksonville. Ruby was anxious to get home and start our family.

We came back to Denver and we sure did start a family! We had Terry and then we had triplets. There were two boys and a girl. One of the boys was stillborn so we ended up with twins, Kathy and Kenny. We went on to have six grandchildren, three boys and three girls. Now for our great grandchildren - we have 10 boys, 3 girls, (1 set of twins) and one on the way!!! Would you call that a family?

Ruby got to see our first great grandchild. She passed away March 17, 1996. She is buried at Fort Logan National Cemetery here in Denver. God willing, I will join her for eternity.

I plan to attend the next high school reunion in May. Sure hope to see all of you then. I sure enjoy reading your letters, hope you enjoy reading mine too. You know now we have a museum in Table Rock. Won't that be worth coming to see?

Hope to see you in May.

Your classmate of '34
Marvin