

Autographs



NAME Martin

CLASS OF 1964

SCHOOL Alpine High

CITY Alpine

STATE Texas

To Us The World-

My dearest Martin,

As I write this, a song is on KORMA and it says "Sometimes we'll sigh - sometimes we'll cry - and we'll know why just you and I know true love's ways." We will, Baby - and we'll laugh too, and we'll share the world and all the joys there are. I have been trying my darling, to write you a beautiful love poem, but Baby, I just can't find the words to express my feelings. I tried, and I hope at least you get a general idea of how I feel. I am here in my room listening to my radio, and it seems that every song they play has a message for us, and I'm crying. I think of you being here in my room and kissing me - right over there near my dresser. I wish you were there now - I wish I could go back in time to one night when we were here - But I can't, and besides I should think of our future. Oh, Martin, what a future we have.

When I think back about how this all started, it seems fantastic - like a miracle. You liked Sue, and you wanted me to help you plan a birthday party to make her happy. And I suggested a present and helped you pick it out. I felt so bad that night when you left after she'd opened it, but I think you also wanted to make her feel bad. I wonder if she did. Well, I don't want to talk about her, Baby - I'm

just remembering how it got started. and afterwards you made such a wonderful friend. We both had our problems then, but how small, how far away they seem now. Of course I still have one of my earlier ones as yet unsolved. I don't think it will be until I leave home. I remember the night I first told you about it out at Sunny Glen on the 20 mile curve. Thank you... thank you for listening to me. I know you couldn't understand it then because there were no "you're going around too much together" and all that then. But that made it even more wonderful. You had seen none of what I told you then and yet you believed me. You listened and you started thinking up ways to get me out of the house. Thank you, Baby, from the bottom of the heart that's yours. Back then we rode around and listened to KOMA, songs like "I Walk Through the Streets of the City" that was our ^{version} ~~version~~ of "Chano and the gang" with their knives and all. Thank you for trying to help me, even though you thought I was wrong. You were right of course. You should have spanked me - I was so stupid. I'll never forget you for helping me realize

that. Martin, my Baby, I love you. | "
| | I'm yours. I'm your
Carol. I guess I'll never forget the night
we drove out on the Irlingua highway.
It was frightening, but I thank God for
it, because it brought us closer together.
I remember the first night I heard "Elstas".
We were at Aa W after bowling with
David and Berry. And then at marching
contest when Denver City played it and you
were way up front, and I was nearly
last in line (my file) and we looked at each
other with our mouths hanging open. I was
beginning to realize what a great person you were.
But I still considered you a friend. One night
you kissed me and I acted mad because I liked
it and that complicated things for me. We had
such wonderful times together to be friends. I
admired you so much because you weren't afraid
to say how you felt like most people are - like I
used to be. You were so brave to do things for other
people and get nothing in return. Then I remember
New Year's Eve when we went riding around and
up to Amy and Sam's and how you had discon-
nected the speedometers and wondered if your mother
saw it. And mostly I remember your telling me how
you'd always wanted to do what we were doing and
you wanted to kiss me. I kissed you as a friend -
it was the first time I did so. I was so
mild up then. I wanted to go with you, but I
didn't want to hurt Wesley like I had Benny.
But finally it all worked out. I'm so glad - for
both of us, Darling. I'm so happy with you. And
I'm very much in love with you in case you

haven't realized it. Always before, when I liked a boy, I liked him for one quality. But you have everything. I love you because you love me. I love you because you understand. I love you because you paid \$8 for one crated dog named Peppers. I love you for loving Victory at Sea and for wanting to go to the Bahamas. I love you for wanting to be a millionaire and own a mansion. I love you because you like Lincoln and like to walk. I love you for wanting to join the fire department. I love you for knocking David out of the way. I love you for kissing me, holding me, taking me parking. I love you for taking me to see "~~Tolson~~": "The Mermaids of Tiberon." And "Hataci" and "Dance of Wine and Roses." And "The Music Man" and "Island of Love." Even for "Gay Pures" cause at least I got out of the house. I love you because you like fried chicken. I love you for your body - your shoulders, your chest, your eyes, your red hair, your lips. And I could name literally thousands of other reasons but I'd run out of room. I love you because you're impulsive - like the night we went to St. Davis. I am too - like the night I gave you the rose. Roses, you know, are a symbol of undying love. Red ones are. But for me, now, that pink one is red. Thank you for all the copies you've bought me - for the candy - for my orchid. For waltzing me 'twice. Let's never forget the mists at Sunny Glen, our trains, and pick ups and especially our hill. Let's never forget the night we went to Odessa - sleeping and waking up together. The coronation,

working on the prom, going to the prom, the im-
pulsive thing we do, Leakey, buying "Mr. Berke's"
present, taking Wesley home "on a date - a
boy and a girl and a boy and a queer!" -
all these are timeless memories.

Martin, some of the most magnificent
things I've ever heard, you said to me. You
have written letters, you have told me
when we're together, and you've said
^{from} to me late at night over the telephone.
You once said you couldn't put into words
how you felt. You have succeeded in that
far better than I ever have or ever will. I
have never thrown a letter of yours away and I
read them often. You have given your Carol so much
Baby. You have given me love - you have given
me the world. Most wonderful of all, you
have given me yourself to love, honor, and
cherish for the rest of my days. Nothing else
could equal that - not a million dollars -
not the universe itself, for without you it
would be joyless, lonely - it would be
completely without meaning.

Martin, I have known for a long time
that I love you, first as a friend, then
as a brother and a companion, then as a
boyfriend, then as a confidant, then as my
Baby, and in a few years as my husband.
I think it is necessary that I love you in
each of these ways. And also that I be in
love with you, Martin. And Baby, I am
I am. You can never know how much I

there are no words to tell you. Yes, I've known that I love you, but only during the last 2 days of last week when we went to the show and to the dance, did I realize just how much. I'd give my life for you.

Martin you said that between us, we'd probably remember everything we've done. I haven't written down many things to remember because I didn't have room. To me the most important were giving you the rose, New Year Eve, the coronation, Sunday Glen, going to Odessa that night, going to Ft. Davis getting chicken at Lopez's, the sunset after Leakey, dancing, swimming, eating, paddle boating and the bus trip to and from Leakey. The sun came up for us - we spent a magnificent week-end, and the sun set for us. Martin, we must have a guardian angel, for heaven knows, some thing helps us get out of trouble! Isn't it wonderful, Baby, that we're so happy. I love you, my Martin. I love you. Thank you for playing Victory at Sea at 8 for me. I love you.

Martin, when I say "To Us the World" I think you know what I mean. And, Baby, I mean that forever, Martin. I know you worry about my leaving you - all I can say is, no power in the universe could make me leave you. Ever. For anything. Remember that, my darling. I'm your Carol - nobody else's. I'm yours body and mind forever and ever because I love you. Martin, my dearest Martin, my darling, my Baby, TO US THE WORLD. I love you with all my heart. I love you. Martin, I love you. I love you. Always, your Carol.