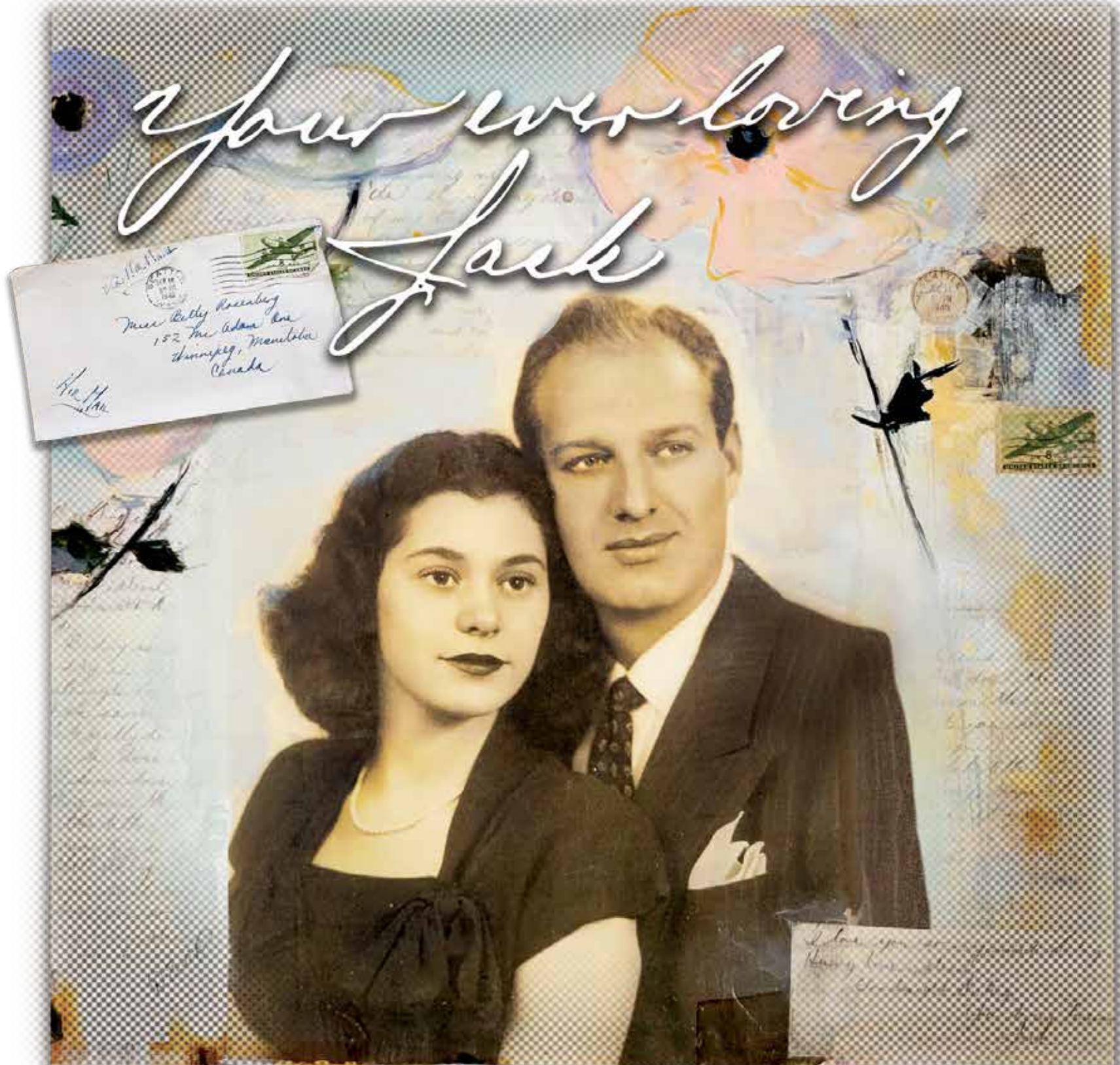


Love letters sent to my mom, Betty Rosenberg from my dad, Jack Mendelsohn, April 3rd - September 17th, 1945



Lovingly collated by Linda Wener

Table of Contents

		Page
1	Love letters ~ <i>in a box</i>	6
2	Mom and Dad meet ~ <i>on a blind date</i>	8
3	Dad sends mom a Valentine's card ~ <i>she still has it!</i>	10
4	Aah ~ the kiss! <i>Dad has great recall ... Mom not so much!</i>	12
5	Mom meets Dad's family ~ <i>and she causes a sensation in Bellingham</i>	14
6	Dad proposes ~ <i>Mom tries to slow things down</i>	16
Engaged!		20
7	After the engagement ~ <i>a flurry of love letters</i>	22 - 25
8	Mom has to move to Winnipeg soon ~ <i>Dad can't take it!</i>	26
9	Dad starts to save money	28 - 31
10	Dad starts apartment hunting ~ <i>its not easy!</i>	32 - 37
11	Dad is a proud man ~ <i>he won't accept help</i>	38
12	Ye Gads! <i>Mom is S-E-X-Y</i>	40

		Page
13	Dad keeps making plans ~ <i>for their home, his business, their kids</i>	42 – 44
	And ... the love letters keep coming!	45
14	Dad smoked a pipe ~ <i>he quit when I was a toddler</i>	46 – 51
15	Dad's REALLY missing mom ~ <i>months feels like years</i>	52
16	The War ~ <i>it effects Dad and his family</i>	54 – 57
17	Victory over Japan day (VJ) arrives!	58 – 61
18	A new reality check ~ <i>things aren't working out as planned!</i>	62 – 66
	More Love letters	67 - 71
19	Dad finally gets an apartment ~ <i>things come together</i>	72 – 75
	The Wedding!	76 – 79
20	Honeymoon night ~ <i>the lingerie story</i>	80
21	Mr & Mrs Mendelsohn ~ <i>start their lives together</i>	81

Love letters

— in a box

In the summer of 2021 mom showed me a box bursting with letters that my dad had written to her during their courtship. They were dated April 3rd – September 17th 1945.

I read four of them and went from laughing hysterically to tearing up at the beauty of them. I couldn't believe what I was reading.

I'm so grateful she finally shared the letters.

I asked mom why she didn't show me before, and she said: "I wasn't ready. I kept them under my bed and used to look at them every now and again. I don't know why – but I finally wanted to share them with you".

Who was this dad of mine? I never knew this romantic man who wrote this treasure trove of letters to my mom – 112 letters! – from the time he met her in January 1945 to just before they got married 10 months later.

Sometimes Dad wrote twice a day. Can you imagine? He wrote in such a beautiful script.

I love my dad even more now, seeing him through the lens of these love letters. I hope his grandsons Adin, Daryl and Michael, and great grandsons Solly and Jordy and all our family and future generations can see this man as I see him – with love!

Mom, thank you for preserving all these letters. It has given me a new appreciation and understanding of you and dad.

And it has given both you and me such a uniquely intimate, poignant and fun experience as you've shared with me the unfolding of your courtship through these letters.

This book is my tribute to you and dad and your early love affair. It should never be forgotten. It is a gift to us all.

Linda



JANUARY 13, 1945

Mom and Dad meet

— on a blind date



LINDA: HOW DID YOU AND DAD MEET?

BETTY: I was 17 years old and lived in Winnipeg with my family. My mom's doctor advised her that for health reasons she should move to Vancouver over the winter months. I had just started a post secondary course, and she took me out of school to join her. It was October 1945. We stayed in an apartment at the Ritz Hotel. To keep myself busy I started to work at a telephone company, typing bills. I was terribly shy and after 1½ months I realized I needed to get a job that would force me to talk to people. I found one at the Hudson's Bay where I started selling toys. I sold \$500 worth of \$5 dolls just before Christmas. The manager was stunned and I was soon promoted to a more upscale department.

Through work I met some Jewish girls and we would go to the Jewish Community Center to socialize. It was there that I was reacquainted with Barbara Fingard who I knew from Winnipeg. Barbara had a boyfriend who wanted to drive up from Seattle with two of his friends, but only if they each had a blind date. Remember it was a LONG drive. There were no freeways then.

She asked me to go on a blind date with one of them but I was reluctant. She kept phoning and one day while I was out the house, my mom answered the phone, and she told her I would go. My mom said to me: "I'm tired of answering the phone for you!"

Well, when I opened the door I couldn't believe it. I expected a little guy. Oh God, he was so tall, so thin, such a gorgeously dressed man. He was wearing a beige smoking jacket. But all I really saw were his beautiful blue eyes and blond hair. He had a wave in his hair. God, I think I fell in love with him the moment I saw him. And later on he told me he felt the same way.

That night we went with our friends to "The Cave Supper Club" where the "Deep River Boys" were playing. I have a photo of us with the band. My first night with Jack.

This was January 13th 1945. It was a Saturday.

The CAVE

Supper Club

Jack and Betty (seated far right)
on their first date at
The Cave Supper Club, Vancouver.
The resident band,
The Deep River Boys joined them.



Reprints available at Room 10, Vancouver Block. Office Hours 12.30 to 5.30
Phone: PAcific 7732

736 Granville, Street Vancouver, B.C.

DATE

JAN 13 1945

FEBRUARY 14, 1945

Dad sends mom a Valentine's card

— she still has it!



LINDA: I CAN'T BELIEVE IT MOM. YOU HAVE A VALENTINE'S CARD THAT DATES BACK TO 1945!

BETTY: After our first date, Dad drove up every weekend to see me. He and his friends would stay at the old Vancouver Hotel. We'd hang out together until he left late on Sunday.

On Valentine's Day I received a very crunched up card in the mail – it was a Valentine's card from Dad. It had been sitting in his pocket for a while because I guess he wasn't sure if he was going to send it. I still have it! It was signed "Love, Jack".



I like you when you're happy
I like you when you're sad
I like you when you're silent
and even when you're mad

I like you when you're frowning
I like you when you smile
To tell the truth I must confess
I like you all the while

Love,
Jack



APRIL 3, 1945

Aah – the kiss!

Dad has great recall. Mom ... not so much!

BETTY: Dad started sending me letters – 112 of them – and here is an example.

LINDA: DO YOU REMEMBER THIS ONE OF THE KISS IN THE HALLWAY?

BETTY: I want to tell you Linda, I have no memory of before I got married. I was such an innocent little person.



April 3

Miss Betty Rosenberg
Ritz Hotel
Vancouver B.C.



QUOTE FROM LETTER DATED April 3, 1945

For the past half hour, I've been sitting here, looking at your picture and trying to think of something beautifully appropriate, and so help me honey words fail me. All I can think of is "I love you", "I love you", "I love you". And I'm not kidding.

Sweetheart, here is something that I had planned on keeping a secret, but somehow I have to tell you. Remember Sunday afternoon, in your hall while I was kissing you. Well something happened. The way you looked, the way we kissed, the way we felt, I don't know, it might have been one of those, because for the first time darling, I felt that you really loved me as much as I loved you.

Dear, don't ask me to explain the thing that happened because I can't, I'm not even sure I know myself. I've known for a long time that you loved me, yet somehow or other I wasn't positive. But, Darling, now I know that everything is going perfect, that someday soon we'll be man and wife and that we'll "Live Happily Ever After".

Whew, I'm glad that paragraph is over.

AUGUST 2, 1945

Aug 2,

Hi Sweetheart,

Love
sore, but
kind of a
raised our
don't mean
(Buddy and
talked it
he moving
pay it to
people in
the cake.
5 bucks.
that must
that she'd
could get
So, me
are you
coming along
one had be
vacation I
honey, is
honeymoon.

2.
I was going to phone you this week,
but you'll be out to the beach, so I'll
call you next week. Let me know if
you'll be home next week or at the beach

QUOTE FROM LETTER DATED AUGUST 2, 1945

I went out and looked at a house for rent. It was
on the outskirts of town. It was a cute little 5 room
brick house. They want \$75 a month unfurnished.
By the time we add fuel, lights and telephone it
would come to about \$90 a month and we still
wouldn't have any furniture.

I'm not setting my heart too much on it
that's because I've been disappointed
too many times now, but I'm still hoping.
I went out and looked at a house for
rent. It was on the outskirts of town. It
was a cute little 5 room brick house.
They want \$75 a month unfurnished. By the
time we had fuel, lights, and a telephone it
would come to about \$90 a month
and we still wouldn't have any furniture

3.
figured it was too much. Other
the house.
I'm planning, honey, for
in Seattle for about
place to) and then we're
I move to ~~San Francisco~~
some other town around
to start that ~~haberdashery~~
official clerk, or any
to be. But maybe
a full time job
ids or kid. Incidentally
dark haired girl, that
her mom. Honey I
you. That's how much
if one's a boy, well
has to be a little
O.K. Poopy? O.K.
the right now, so
d. But I'll write
a juicy letter tomorrow.
Your loving,
fish.
of the kind page of
lunk. I just noticed
2 over.



JULY 19, 1945

Ye Gads!

— Mom is S-E-X-Y



LINDA: I FOUND THIS SEXY
LETTER MOM! TELL ME
ABOUT IT.

BETTY: I don't remember that
one at all.

LINDA: HOW COULD YOU
FORGET? VERY SEXY!

July 19,

My dearest darling,

Just put another phone call in, to your darling. I had planned on calling you this Sunday, but I just found out

QUOTE FROM LETTER DATED JULY 19, 1945

Say honey, what are you trying to do, drive me nuts? Writing me a letter like the one I just got. In which you said you were lying there on the floor, with practically nothing on, writing me a letter. Honey that's enough to make me sell the "cows and leave the farm". Ye Gads!!!!

Say honey, what are you trying to do, drive me nuts? Writing me a letter, like the one I just got expect? I've been sitting by which you said you were lying there on the floor, with practically

nothing on, writing me a letter. Honey, that's enough to make me sell the "cows" and leave the farm Ye Gads!!!!

You know what just happened. The phone rang downstairs, and I answered, he said it was a long distance, so I dashed downstairs about 60 miles an hour, expecting to see you, and it turned out to be Mom. She said to be sure and give you her regards and also to the rest of the family.

I think I'll go downstairs, so I won't have so far to dash for the telephone. It's ringing now..... False alarms. Somebody for Mom.

I'll finish this later honey.

It's me again honey. What's your expect? I've been sitting by

Your loving,
Jack

P.S. I'm going to change mail boxes.

