

Chapter Twenty-Two

Halcyon: February-March, 1939

February, 1939

On one side of the world, Herb was busily going about his duties. He believed that if he kept real busy, then time would seem to go by more quickly. He also greatly missed, but appreciated Louise waiting for him on the peaceful coast of Central California.

Louise writes “Hello darling – I received your birthday card today, and thank you so much for it darling. It’s awfully pretty – airmail too! You’re awfully sweet to me” (February 1).

She tells Herb how her family and friends plan to celebrate her birthday.

Tomorrow is my birthday and it’s going to be a nice one. Though I have to cook my own birthday dinner. Herman brought Pearl a couple of chickens to fricassee and we’re having everybody for dinner. I mean of the family.

Then Mother and I are going to the show in San Luis and a dinner afterwards, and then to play practice at night, where we’ll have another little party.

Pat Mallory is giving me a big party Saturday night. So my 22nd birthday gets celebrated all right. Did you think of me today? (February 1)

Louise had just moved from her family’s home into a room at the Halcyon Guest House, filling it with things that brought Herb into the room with her. But her radio is not yet hooked up.

Do you know anything about radios? I mean, would you know how to put it up? I miss my radio so much – nobody will put it up for me. Fred would only he can’t lift the ladder in order to install it – or get the antenna up. So, I have no radio. (February 1)

Late the next evening she is feeling sad, in spite of enjoying her birthday party, because no letter from Herb arrived on her birthday. She writes “Aside from that, I had a very nice birthday. Herman and Bernard both gave me lovely stationery, and Bernard also a scrap book” (February 2).

The next day she writes “I received two letters from you today – and I’m ashamed of myself for feeling so bad about not getting them yesterday. And angel – they were long letters!” “Your letters are postmarked January 5 and 9. Now I shall start answering the first one” (February 3). Louise feels obligated to give Herb an update on her relationship with Ray.

Ray still hopes for a place on the inside with me. He’s nice, really Herb – just because he’s a sailor you don’t need to think that he’s only out for what he can get. And don’t you give

me any credit for knowing the difference between one who is out for himself, and one who is not? (February 3)

Louise closes her letter that night, writing as if she is actually talking with Herb in person.

Oh I'm so sorry but I'm so sleepy – it's 11:30, and I've got to get up every morning now at 8:00 – so I only get about eight hours sleep every night, and I should get nine (Doctor's orders!). (February 3)

Saturday evening, Louise arrives home quite late, following the party Pat had for her. Although it is late, after midnight in fact, she writes about how busy she is these days.

I won't have time to answer your letter, but I want to say this much. I received the present from Maisie today, and it is certainly lovely. The most beautiful handmade handkerchiefs. They are really awfully pretty. (February 4)

I hope to heaven I get time tomorrow to write to you. I hate it when I can't have time for you – but I go after Anita in the morning, after which I go to Pearl's to get dinner, after that a meeting, then I have to help at the Lodge, for we are having a Lodge supper and then stories around the fireplace – and then home and if I'm not too sleepy I'll write some more to you. (February 4)

Monday night Louise begins her letter with “I am so sorry I didn't write last night but I took care of Jack's and Ella's baby until 1 a.m. this morning, and I was much too sleepy to even try to write then” (February 6).

Then she writes again about when he might return home. “I think there are ‘ifs’ and ‘buts’ about maybe you might come home sooner. I think we've lots of reasons to believe you'll be home sooner. Don't you want to?” (February 6).

The next day Louise got her birthday present from Herb.

The dress is awfully pretty – it's the loveliest blue. And how can you say the hat is screwy? I think its cute. Darling you are awfully good to me – I don't mind receiving presents late.

I'll have my picture taken in the dress and hat, would you like that? It's funny, you'd think this would make my eyes blue, only it makes them more gray. You knew they were blue-gray? ... Herb dear - thank you a thousand kisses for the lovely present. (February 7)

She closes this letter with another reference to when he will be returning. “I'm not pessimistic. I'm optimistic. You're the pessimist. You say not until March 1940, and I say maybe sooner. Am I not right?” (February 7).

Thursday night Louise writes a short letter. She tells Herb that she wrote a letter to Maisie, his friend from San Francisco. “I thanked her for the present, and said I'd like to know her some time and that's about all. I told her to write to me” (February 9).

Last night she had gone dancing, and wants to tell Herb how much fun she had.

Last night – well I wasn't exactly a naughty girl, but I did something I haven't done since we were engaged. In the first place, I went to the dance in Oceano, and about eleven o'clock, Anita came in. She had walked from my house.

Well, the dance closed at twelve, and both of us had just started. Oh yes, we had to find someone to take Anita home because she lives about five or six miles away.

So we got Ivan – remember I told you about him? He’s a swell dancer, but pays extravagant compliments. Well, after the dance, he and his brother, and Anita and I went to the El Mar in Pismo. I don’t know what you call the place – they sell drinks there and have a small orchestra to which you dance. Anita and I had a coke ... And we danced – and it was more fun.

Anyway, I got home at 1:30 and into bed ten minutes later – but I’m so tired now. I’m getting old too – because my back ached today and my legs too from dancing. You see, Ivan and I tried out something new and it used muscles that were unaccustomed to being used, so they sure let me know it today.

You don’t mind, do you that I went with them? I told Ivan I’d go if he promised not to even hold my hand, because I didn’t like to slap people. He was good. (February 9)

Early Saturday evening Louise has time to write again, and she tells Herb about Anita.

I go get her every morning and take her home every night. She lives in Berros, about five miles away, making a ten-mile trip for me twice a day. ... Anita takes care of Otto from ten until seven.

I told you about her marriage, didn’t I? Her husband was a brute. He was too – I don’t know the technical name, but he was too sexy – and made life hell for her, because she is one of these types who seem to be not meant for sex relations.

Anyway, she stood him for about six years until she was about a complete physical wreck. He wanted to put her in an asylum, but she ran away from him. ... There’s nothing wrong with her, only she thinks all men are like that – that all marriages are like hers, and that all women have to go through that degradation.

Anyway, she predicts dire things for me after I get married – and that I don’t really know you, just wait until I’m married, you’ll be an entirely different person. We try to tell her its not so, that hers was an unusual case, but she doesn’t even hear us.

Anita is going to live at the Guest House while taking care of Otto, because, doing her work at home besides this here will just about knock her out. (February 11)

On Sunday Louise enjoys having some down time in order to write to her friends Dorothy, Yoshiko, and Ray, as well as to her brother Bob, and of course to Herb. She writes

I just came home from the show and saw “Sweethearts.” And Herb dear, it was marvelous! My, if only we will love each other after six years of marriage as they did. Oh, you must not miss that. Even if you have to skip a basketball game or something. (February 12).

On Tuesday Louise got a letter from Maisie. “She certainly is a sweet girl; don’t you think so? Her mother died three weeks ago. I guess she’s told you. Anyway, I would like to know her – but I guess I will someday. She also says that she’d be glad to have me as a guest anytime I want to go up there” (February 14).

Louise was happy to get three letters from Herb on Friday, but she had not felt like answering them until today. She stayed home from the Sunday meeting to clean her room and to write. She responded about his difficulty at the rifle range in Olongapo, and about having to return to improve his score. "You know, you should sing 'Home, home on the range'" (February 19).

Late Sunday night, while lying in bed just before going off to sleep, she writes "Anita is massaging Bernard in his old room here at the Guest House. I'm writing this while waiting for her to finish" (February 19). She continues

I told you before, you were too cheerful about the length of time left. Doesn't it bother you at all? Just a little bit?

Patty loves to watch me read your letters (I'm quite unconscious of anyone else in the room) because she says every once in a while, I smile so sweetly. She watches me intently. (February 19)

Monday afternoon Louise finishes the letter, adding "I don't want to ever slap you – no matter how angry I get. I see that I can't shake your determination to spank me sometime in the distant future" (February 20).

Several days go by before Louise writes again. On Sunday Louise begins her letter "I'm afraid I've neglected you terribly this last week, and I am terribly sorry darling" (February 26).

I received the nicest letter from your mother [step-mother] yesterday. She said a lot about you that I wouldn't tell you – it might make you conceited. We agree on one thing, we both think you're swell.

All this week I've been extra-ordinarily happy. ... In fact, I should be cross because I've had less sleep than I've been accustomed to. Anita and I talk until midnight and Wednesday night I got to bed at 4:00 a.m. and got up at 8:00, and the same last night. But in spite of that I've been happy. ... It's 11:20 now, early for me for a change. Its too cold though to write more. (February 26)

It's Monday afternoon now, and Louise has time to continue her letter. She decides to tell Herb what she has been doing this last week.

Monday night was rehearsal, so that made it late before I got to bed.

Wednesday night Anita and I went to the dance – I wore the dress you gave me and it sure made a hit! We got home at 2:00 and as I had worn new shoes, my feet hurt. So Anita rubbed them, and we got to bed at 4:00 and got up the next morning at 8:00.

That night [Thursday] was rehearsal again.

Friday night, Carl took us to the show and we saw "Idiot's Delight." Wonderful acting but I thought the thing was boring.

Saturday night, Anita and I went to San Luis with a friend of hers, and she shopped until 9:00, after which Mr. Aye took us to the show – 12:30 A.M. Then at Pismo we stopped and had Chow Mein. We got home at 2:00 a.m. and we talked until 4:00.

Last night, Patty and I went to the show and we got home at 10:30. Early for a change.

Darling – please don't get angry at me for being up so late last week. We're not going to do that anymore, because it isn't good for us.

(February 27)

Louise encloses a few pictures of her in her new outfit that Herb sent to her.

I hope you like the pictures. Mother says you'll probably be disappointed when you come back because my pictures are so good. Because of the pictures I'll make this letter short – partly because I haven't much to say. (February 27)



March, 1939

It was another busy week for Louise, and late Friday evening she writes to Herb.

I started to go to bed early tonight, but Patty came after me to go to a tent show in Pismo. So, I was weak – when I really wanted to go to bed. I only went because Patty wouldn't have gone if I hadn't.

Wednesday night, Anita and I went roller skating in Pismo. The first time I've been on skates for about twelve years. Gosh! ... I only fell down six times. ... I skinned my knee, sprained a ligament in my wrist, and bruises all over me. But it's fun – even falling down. We're going again Sunday night. (March 3)

Also on Friday, two more letters from Herb arrived. Her mood changes, and she writes to him about feeling anxious and confused about how much time remains for them to be apart. She tries to explain.

No, I don't want you to be gloomy and pessimistic about the time we have left. ... Maybe you're too sensible and practical about it. You know, its lots of fun to be impractical at times.

Maybe you could hope you'd get home sooner ... but, oh Herb, don't be so cheerful about it. ... I try to be cheerful about it, and I think I am, but I hope you'll get home sooner and if my hopes don't work out, I'm not disappointed because by that time it will only be a short time left. ...

Now it seems as if I were the one who cared how much time were left, and you didn't. ... But angel – I'll be good and never mention it again. I'll be just as cheerful and pessimistic as you are. O.K.? (March 3)

It was well past midnight when Louise finally went to bed that night. And the next night she continues answering his letters, still feeling anxious about things.

Christmas! I tell you I can't stand the thought of another Christmas without you. And it won't do any good for you to be comforting about it. I won't be comforted. There! And please don't get angry at me.

I'm afraid in this letter I've been fighting pretty nearly everything you said – I shouldn't do that.

Oh, I suppose I will get a spanking someday – you just won't change your mind about that. But I still don't think you can.

This is longer than I've written for a long time and I only hope it doesn't make you annoyed at me. This letter. I'll try so hard not to mind Christmas and everything, but sometimes it seems just too much for me. That's why I want you to mind too – then I won't be the only one who minds about it. (March 4)

Early Monday evening, Louise has time to write a nice, long letter.

Last night we had a friend of my mother's down for supper, and her two kids. A boy 19 – Bobbie, and Bessie – 17. Patty and I got the supper, and I made two lemon pies. After supper, Bobbie and Bessie and Patty, Anita and I went skating. I'd rather skate than dance I think, and you know how I love to dance.

Well, I found myself a boy friend to skate with. One of the skate boys – men who put on our skates – skated with me all evening, and I only fell down once. ... During the conversation he said he had been in the National Guard and later on he saw my ring and asked if I were engaged. I said yes, and to a sailor. Well, that was the crowning event. Anyway, we had fun. But honey – I'll be spending all my money skating nowadays!

I got the sweetest letter from Dorothy last week. Herb, I can't help it, I love her – she's a swell kid. And I don't believe any story they might say about her.

Did I tell you I love the dress you gave me? I wear it quite often. And the hat too is sweet. I've been getting along without you for a year and a half – but not very well. Its very hard. But if only the remaining time will go fast, and so fast that I wouldn't know what was what, I'll be satisfied.

I'm glad that the majority of the time has passed although I still say you'll be home in 1939. Wont you please – oh, never mind, I know just what you'll answer. That it is very improbable, and so forth. Anyway, I love you. 1937 seems such a long way off. Do you know, we were very young when we got engaged – only 20. And we're 22 now. In a way, time flies too fast. I love you. I guess I'll go to sleep now darling.

(March 6)

Wednesday morning Louise writes “Happy birthday honey. I hope everything turned out fine for you today” *(March 8)*. Then she tells Herb how she handles her money.

I keep track in my diary, in a little account, how much money I take in and put out during the month. In February I received \$15.73 and spent \$15.64. I had seven cents in my purse. I don't know where the other two cents went to, but its close enough. The reason I had so much money that month was my birthday. ... But I never seem to have enough. Usually, I receive only eight a month. (March 8)

Sunday afternoon Louise settles down to write, first feeling the need to apologize.

Poor darling – I've been neglecting you terribly. ... And I am honestly ashamed of myself. Darling can you forgive me for not writing more often? ... It's hard to write to you with Anita in my room talking at me at the rate of a hundred words a minute. I shut my ears and talk with “uh huh” and so forth, but it's a little hard to concentrate.

All this is an excuse darling. There is a saying – “Never explain – your friends don't need it and your enemies won't believe you.”

In a way, time goes so fast I can't keep up with it. Monday – then its Friday – then Monday again. I don't mind – it brings you lots closer to me. (March 12)

Then she tells Herb what happened after she went to a dance; something that she would rather not remember.

Last Wednesday I went to the dance. I had a nice time. ... St. Claire, the piano player of the orchestra – really a nice fellow, took Anita and me home. He had a friend too. Well, Ivan didn't like it. He somehow seems to have acquired the idea that he owns me – and I hate men who feel like that. Anyway, he was drunk and picked a fight with the friend.

Oh, the whole thing impressed me as such a sordid affair. Having a drunken guy fight because someone else was taking me home. I hate it – I don't like fights. ... The friend had been a sailor for eight years, and he could take care of himself.

She continues with details of her misadventures at the skating rink.

Last night Herman, Anita and I went skating. I didn't have such a good time as usual. I'm so used to skating with someone now that I find it hard to skate alone. My boy friend – you know, the skate boy – wasn't there, so I struck out on my own. Net result of the evening: two hard spills – so hard that I didn't know where I was for a minute. A crack in my shin – and there's a lump there the size of an egg. The first time I fell I was going quite fast and bumped into a beginner. I knocked him down and in so doing his elbow bumped my nose – that stunned me. It should be broken but it isn't, fortunately. But it will be a beautiful color for a few days. The second time I fell for no reason at all. But I bumped myself hard in a place I won't mention. My skate came off. It was too crowded last night. Saturday night, I guess. (March 12)

The next night while lying in bed, Louise is writing again.

I still have a cough. It just won't go away. And I've had it over a week now, and my sides are so sore from coughing so much. ... the bridge of my nose is turning blue. ... I've bruises in other places too.

Last night we went skating again and I didn't fall down at all. And I can skate swell too. My boy friend wasn't there ... so now I've learned to skate without a partner. A woman should be independent you know (quoting Anita). (March 13)

Another letter from Herb arrived on Wednesday, and she begins answering that evening. She tells him about another fall, this time because of her dog.

I fell down tonight. I was running and Georgie got under my feet and I fell hard on the gravel. I skinned my elbow and knee, got gravel in my elbow and Anita had to take it out with tweezers. And I fell on the same place I fell when skating. (March 15)

In spite of receiving three letters during the week from Herb (postmarked Feb. 20, Feb. 21 and Feb. 22), Louise couldn't find time or energy to write until the following Tuesday; even then her letter was brief.

Bob came home Sunday for a week, and is going to L.A. to see Dorothy.

Friday, I received a letter from Ray [Tom] too. He wishes I didn't have a boyfriend. I don't want him to come see me when he gets back – I don't know exactly what to say to him – shall I tell him I don't want to see him?

What you say about Bernard only confirms what I've put together from things he says about his past life at times. ... I think he has a lot to struggle with, in himself. (March 21)

Three days later she begins her next letter by apologizing. "Here it is Friday and I haven't written since Tuesday. Nearly a whole week passed since I last wrote. I'm awfully sorry dear" (March 24).

You know that cough I had? I just got over it last week – and today I have a sore throat again. I'm getting so disgusted – but perhaps it is on account of going out so much. Do you suppose it is?

Wednesday night Anita and I went to the dance. I had so much fun! I was never so popular before. We had quite a few tag dances, and I'd get only a couple of steps on the floor with each partner. That's what I call fun. Tonight, we went skating again. That was fun too. I'm getting to be quite a good skater by now.

Darling, don't ever worry about my fussing about the time that's left. I do – I know, but its because mostly of the way you are so philosophical about it. You don't seem to care. But I'll not fuss over it anymore.

It seems that Anita and I go home with someone different each time. Wednesday night we came home with two fellows who came from Bakersfield to look for a job. ... They were nice kids – one was 22 and one was 26. You don't mind my going home with different people, do you? I wouldn't if you did, and I wouldn't if Anita weren't along.

(March 24)

On Sunday Louise has bad news to report. "Well, here I am again – in bed! I've a very bad cold, and so my mother made me go to bed, because there is an epidemic of smallpox in the county, and two cases in Oceano" (March 26).

She loses her temper when she reads Herb's advice on how to regard the time left before they are together. Her pen seems to race across the pages of her letter.

Now I'll be naughty. Honey, I won't resign myself to anything. I just won't. And nothing you say will make me. A couple of extra months does matter a lot, and even if we can't do anything about it, I won't be resigned. And I'm not a child to be talked to like that.

Yes dear – it is nice to have a couple of extra months to wait (Is that what you want?) In fact, I wouldn't mind if it was six. Or sixty!

It's no use Herb – I can't be meek. Honest, I've a terrible temper at times. I didn't intend to write like this, but every time I get to the place where you say I must come to resign myself to that time – I don't like it. It's too condescending, and I won't be condescended to.

Sometimes you do care that we're apart don't you? Oh Herb, you should tell me more often that you need me, instead of telling me to resign myself. Darling I know I'm silly when I say you don't care, but the way you say those things, I could think that if I didn't know better ... And so I hit back – and I shouldn't, because the last thing in the world I want to do is hurt you. I'm so sorry Herb. And I do love you so much – but I need you so!

(March 26)

Her anger melts away as she writes, and she realizes how much she really wants Herb.

You are so sweet to me and I'd give anything to be with you darling, and help you when you're tired. To let you rest in my arms. ... You really want to marry me? Why? Of course, if you're sure you want me, I'll say yes.

I know what's the matter with me lately. It's because I need you so. It's been so long that we've been living for the future that I think my nerves – I've just acquired nerves, I guess. I need you. Maybe that's why people bother you. I know you're overworked but it could be too that you need me and our arms have been empty for so long.

It's just that I need you desperately, and I get no encouragement – just "be patient." Oh God, it's so hard sometimes. You're so lucky. Going on that cruise – being in different places. (March 26)

The next day Louise begins to feel better. "After a day in bed I feel fine – and ready to stay in bed another couple of days. It is so wonderful not to have to do anything for a change. ... I guess I just got tired out that's all" (March 27).

She read two books today. She also spent time organizing his letters, the ship newsletters, and other stuff he had sent, into the scrapbook Bernard gave her. "It's the first opportunity I've had to do those things" (March 27). A few pages into her letter she explains "Here I am, just rambling on – but it is so nice. It's the first time that I haven't felt rushed – and I'm so contented being with you" (March 27). Then she tells him about a dream.

I dreamed of you a week ago Friday. ... There was that contented feeling again – it was so nice being with you. You held my hand. Then we were getting married and I gave you the ring to put on my finger. Oh yes, all the priests were marrying us, and we marched in with them through the altar. I was waking up and I said "He is here." But when I woke up – you weren't here. (March 27)

She continues with the latest news of her life in Halcyon.

Poor Georgie. He can't come in the Guest House, so all day he sits outside and cries. Bernard let him in for a minute tonight, and we both were glad to see each other.

Bob went back yesterday. He's lost about six pounds since Christmas. Gee but I feel sorry for him – its hard being under a mental strain with no physical outlet. He hardly ever even goes to a show. No time or money. He feels sorry for you – marrying me. But at least, I've got him to admit finally that I'm a good cook.

Herb – when we get married, for a while – or about a month – let's eat out? I'm so tired of cooking – I sometimes feel if I have to look another vegetable in the face, I'll scream. ... But I don't mind because it's helping Pearl – but I don't want to go right from cooking in one place to cooking in another.

You understand what I mean, don't you? I want a vacation from everything. I want only you. No worries about "What'll I have for dessert today that we haven't had recently."

Ivan was at the dance last Wednesday, and you should have seen me give him the cold shoulder. Every time I'd happen to catch his eye, I'd look right through him. He didn't ask me to dance, but he tagged me in a tag dance. ... Then someone tagged me, and he asked for the next dance, but I said no. And that was that!

(March 27)

Louise still has plenty of time to write, because she is still in bed with a very bad cold. In spite of that she is excited to tell Herb about another dream she had.

Oh darling I had a wonderful dream last night. I dreamed I had a baby in my arms, and he was mine. He was so sweet – dark brown eyes – and I was worried about what you'd think because we have blue eyes. But it is such an indescribable feeling, to have that baby in my arms and know he was mine. Yours too. (March 28)

She then asks Herb if he minds that she “talks like this” – meaning “anything I happen to think of I write” (March 28).

Oh darling, I'm really feeling better than I have for ages. Aside from the cold I mean. I guess I was going pretty hard before – for me anyway.

Last night I woke up around 2:30 – and I had the most desolate and hopeless feeling. But I went back to sleep again and it was alright when I woke up this morning. I won't get those feelings when I can wake up and find you beside me.

Oh honey – it doesn't seem possible that I will ever see you again. When you do come, I'll just stand there – why I wouldn't know what to do. I wouldn't believe that it was really you.

It's funny – the last year I've had so many would-be boyfriends – more than I've ever had in my life. And I've not tried to make them either. Maybe that's why, I guess.

(March 28)

Louise continues her recovery from being so sick. The next day she begins another letter, writing while she is still in bed.

Gosh, I haven't read the papers for three days. I don't know what's happening in the world anymore. ... I never talk much about world conditions anymore. ... People seem to love to stew around and think what a terrible condition the world is in – and what will come of it – and it makes me boil.

The world may be a mess, but there are also beautiful and wonderful things in it. Oh Herb, I'm getting so tired of arguing and controversy. I just want to shut my ears – and resolve to try not to argue myself. That's one of my faults.

And since I've known Anita, I realize how tired of it people do get. I've learned to keep still now instead of answering back. ... I keep still with Pearl out of respect. With Anita, because I'm too disgusted to go into it further.

Of course, there's my temper yet – and I doubt if I can ever conquer that. Although if I don't get tired, I don't have much of a temper.

The only thing is, I get lonesome here all by myself. People come to see me once in a while. A friend of Ella's came and brought me some pineapple juice and a piece of cake.

I hope to get some letters soon ... It's been a long time since I had some, and I want some. I've got plenty of time now to answer them in, too. (March 29)

Early afternoon of the next day Louise continues writing. "Well, here I am back again, with my daily – oh, yes, sugar report" (March 30).

I just had a sun bath on the upper porch of the administration building. Ella has a little mattress there, and she was so sure that a sun bath would do me good. ... So, I stripped to the waist, and enjoyed myself in the hot sun. boy was it hot. Nice though. Now I'm nice and warm inside and out.

You should see my hair now. Anita took the curlers out yesterday and I have some lovely curls. It's the nicest I've had my hair for a long time, and I haven't any films for a picture, or any money with which to buy films.

I wish I had some money. I could buy some yarn and do some more weaving. ... isn't it terrible not to have money? ... I wish there were some way people could get along without money.

I really do believe I've finally talked myself out. I can't think of any more to say. There never is much going on in Halcyon that is of particular interest. I am still in love with you, if that interests you. (March 30)

Louise was absolutely delighted getting three letters from Herb on Friday. "It never fails that every other Friday I get a letter" (March 31). She writes a long letter, answering all three of his.

Anyway, I've given up. I never expect to see another picture of you as long as I live, unless I take the picture. You've finally got me down. I think I will fall for your basketball officer, just for spite. I'll bet he'd send me pictures if I wanted them.

I don't remember saying I was teasing about you not caring about those extra months. If I did, I've changed my mind. You still don't seem to care.

Are you afraid of being disappointed? Darling, through disappointments one grows. ... anyhow, you're stubborn! You just won't let yourself hope you'll be back before March 1940, because you might get disappointed. Oh – never mind. I'm sorry honey. I didn't mean to burst out like that.

Don't take on too many spare time jobs! Its your wife speaking now. I don't want you to work too much – besides a few letters a week to me are more important than \$5.00 a month. I shall put my foot down.

Bob wants to get on the Highway Patrol. Not permanently, but for some time. ... It's a civil service job – the lowest salary is \$190 a month and with a possibility of rising to \$250. ... Of course, there are risks in it too, but its something.

Oh darling you make me feel so happy when you tell me how you love me. I'm glad. Oh so glad about it. You are an angel and I love you. Please forgive me honey if I get cross at you – or seem to.

(March 31)