

MBB

Thursday - April 2 -

My Darling -

Now I hated to say
goodbye! If it weren't for our
little sailor hitch-hiker both
Mother and I would surely
have made a scene. As it
was, after we had gone about
a block, Mother frantically
asked for her hanky - she
couldn't see to drive for the
tears. The sailor talked all
the way to San Jose about
his travels, etc. We arrived
home O.K. about 6:45 P.M. It
took us fifteen minutes to
find our way out of San
Francisco.

I was so flattered by
Toughie when we got home.

He jumped up around me and meowed, and purred, as if he ~~was~~ glad to see me. I bought a case of cat food for \$2⁷⁵. Part was \$4⁸⁹ retail.

After dinner I went to my room and really felt lonesome, because I fully realized that you were really gone and for a long, long time. I had a good cry on your pillow. I hope that my college diploma is worth this separation. I know that I've never had such a dead feeling - such an alone feeling - before.

You looked so very handsome when you said goodbye. You looked a bit choked up too - if Mother and I noticed correctly!!

Friday, April 3-

Sweetheart, you are wonderful, and I adore you.

Today I made cookies and sent them to Ronnie. I went to town with Mother and Grandma. What a time! Grandma raised up all the time to watch the cars going by and got herself all nervous and shaky. By the time we got home I was a nervous wreck too—just watching her shake.

Tonight Gladys and Marybelle's husband came over. He is a corporal—a nice looking tall fellow, but slouchy and a bit on the crude side. After they left, Dad and Mother talked about you when

you were a baby just learning to walk! Dad said that when you saw you could walk, you got at one end of the room and started out. Each time you fell, you went back to the start and began all over again. After quite a few falls and starting over again, you made the whole long room walking, and you never crawled again. Sweet!

Mother talked about you and Clem taking care of your calves. You'd never do anything half way, and when Clem didn't do all his share and you couldn't get him to - you always finished up - because you were ^{so} thorough.

Saturday, April 4

Dearest, I made you a batch of toll-house cookies today, and they're packed and ready for mailing, but I haven't your address yet. I'll send them as soon as I know.

At noon Dad came in and announced in a very sonorous voice, "A letter for Mrs. F. C. Swagerty." I was so happy and thrilled that I took the letter with me into the front room and just beamed with joy before I opened it. It was very unexpected, and it made me so pleased. The folks

were glad to know which route you were taking, etc. I love you.

This afternoon I baked an enormous chocolate cake (so did Mother) and put Easter eggs and marshmallow bunnies, which I made myself, on it. Mother made a mistake in her measuring, so my cake is twice as big. She's taking hers to Jack tomorrow for Easter. I brought mine to the dorm for Mrs. Brady and me.

My cold is worse than ever. I feel pretty rotten

tonight. I've filled a box
of Kleenex's and my nose is
raw and still clogged up.

My head is terribly heavy and
stuffed. I should drink more
water.

I'm in the dorm now.
It's ten o'clock Saturday
night. I have the bills
from the mail. I paid
\$^{15.00} to the jeweler by money
order. The sick only came
to \$5³² this month. Your
hospital bill at Dameron
came to \$12.01.

5.00	- room
4.00	- blood count
.60	- alcohol
2.41	- medicine
<u>\$12.01</u>	

There's nothing from Dr. McGuire yet or the ambulance.

I wish I could be mailing this letter, but I want to be sure of your address first before I mail it. It would be nice if you could have letters waiting for you when you arrive. But I'll send it airmail when I find out.

I surely miss you. These next couple months will be a trying time for me.

I must try to read Lord Jim by Conrad by Monday. It's very uninteresting. Woe is me! Goodnight, my darling.

Sunday, April 5.

Dearest, I'm lost without you. I don't know what to do with my time. I don't want to go anywhere by myself, and I don't want to go anyplace without you anyway.

Last night was one long horrible nightmare. My cold is really a whopper. I had to wake up all the time and put drops in my nose to breathe. My eyes, today, are all bloodshot - my nose is raw-red and my hair is stringy. I'm glad you can't see me.

I introduced Mather and Dad to Mrs. Brady. ^{last night} Mather surely made a good impression on her. Mrs. Brady thinks she is a wonderful person - and the spitting image of you. She's never seen such a good, kind face. When she

got to talking about Mother - she said, "Come to think of it, I don't think I even noticed Floyd's father. Mrs. Swagerty is a person I'd like to know better."

I'm sitting in my room, staring at the green dresser when thinking of something to write - so don't be surprised if I sound depressed.

The radio sounds very good. It is clear as a bell and gets many stations. It sort of makes up for the hideous green dresser in a way.

Oh, my darling, I'll be glad when my "term" is up. That is the way I feel about being away from you. I must try to cultivate a better attitude.

So long, for now - I will try to read my book, Lord Jim.

I love you!

6. Sunday night

Sweetheart, I just received your telegram, and mere words can't express how happy it makes me. I happened to be downstairs when the boy delivered it, so I received it personally. I was so thrilled - I've read it over and over. You are so very thoughtful. I adore you.

Tonight I had a milk shake and a hamburger at Thor's. I don't think I had ever gone in there without you. I am so lonely and bewildered without you. If only the time would pass

quickly. But these last few days have been so long and drawn out. I love you so much, Sweetheart that I can't help missing you as much as I do. If you just asked me, I would leave here in a minute.

It's 9:30 P.M and the hall is full of girls talking and shouting. I'll have to wait a long time to be able to go to sleep.

My nose doesn't seem to be so runny, but my head is stopped up and my throat is dry from breathing through my mouth. Oh, darling, I'm miserable

without you. I'll be
anxiously looking for a
letter from you in the
morning. Night!

Monday - April 6.

I rushed over between classes
this morning to get the
mail, and there was no
letter from you. I was terribly
disappointed and rushed over
to class late. When I got to
class one of the girls handed
me three letters (one from you).
She knew I had classes
straight through and had
made the effort to help me
out. I had to wait until
class was over to read the
letter, because the choice, back

seats were taken. Then I read it between classes - the one from Nebraska - and was late for my next class. After this the girl will bring my mail to me in class so to do away with all the rush. It is grand to hear from you so often.

I'm keeping desk now. Dorothy Uriz, the girl who goes with Jimmy Watson (who played on the football team) sat and talked with me awhile. She said that she and Jimmy have been going together for three years, and that every once in awhile they have a spat just ^{as a result of} from their situation, etc. One time

8. during a misunderstanding, Jimmy was talking to Dot Francis, and he said that he was sure they wouldn't fight if they were married. Dot said, "Why don't you do like Floyd and Melva." Jimmy answered, "Don't mention them to me. If there's anyone I envy it's that couple."

I gave Dot some of my chocolate Easter cake, and she furnished bottled cokes.

Barbara and Meredith just walked in beaming. They were married Saturday night in the Unitarian Church by Reverend Foote. They meant to have the ceremony in the study, but the church was all decorated for Easter and

Mr. Foote suggested it. Only
her mother and sister and
his best friend were present.
Barbara thanked me very
much for ~~my~~ our gift and
said it arrived in time.
I asked if she wore it. She
hesitated, said "yes," and
then Meredith piped up with,
"Not for long."!! They surely
flushed at that remark.

They're living in a nice
apartment on Aurora and
"something" streets - \$27⁵⁰ with
a living room, (wall bed), and
a kitchen. They're so happy.
Meredith acted so shy in
front of Mrs. Brady. He
impressed her as being effeminate.

"I said, 'Oh no, Floyd doesn't like sissy fellows at all, and he likes Meredith.'" So Mrs. Brady said that she would probably like him if she knew him better. She didn't go for the moustache.

There's still no bill from Dr. McGuire on the ambulance. I received an Easter card from a Christmas pal in Hugson.

Ange wrote that Bill had two cysts on the base of the brain. The operation was successful, and he will be all right although he is still in extreme pain.

A boy from Vallejo told me today that Lorna had

her baby, but it was probably yesterday, because Ange wrote Saturday.

Ange wants me to come to see her some weekend before Bill comes home. I doubt if I will have any time off - I seem to be chained to this desk. She says if we don't get Nana Jo christened pretty soon, she'll be a heather.

Lynne Riley is going to eat dinner meals with me from now on. She says that she is with Bob so much that she doesn't know anyone else - isn't even interested. Being as I am in the same boat - we are very glad to eat with each other.

10. I hope I get your address soon, so I can mail this. It's getting so big I doubt if I can get it all in the envelope. Also I want to get your box of cookies off to you.

Mr. Breed has postponed our history test until next Monday. We still haven't our first one back.

My cold is much better today, I mean it is almost gone and I feel better.

I've had a strange time with my "regular" this last week. Maybe it was because of my cold! I can't exactly write about it. It didn't last very long.

I'd like to go to the show

tonight. I'll call Margaret
Isabert and see if we can
go "Dutch treat." I love
you, my darling.

Monday night

Margaret wasn't home, so
I rushed over to see if Elis
could go ^{after dinner}. I had to help her
with the dishes and then
wait for a bus for twenty
minutes. We saw On the
Shores of Tripoli with John Payne
and Randolph Scott and another
picture. The show was great,
but I had to get back by
eleven and so had to miss
part of it. At that we had
to take a taxi (65 cents
now) and I was one minute

late. That must be a
one-night campus!!!! Ha
Ha.

I just had to go to that
show. As long as I'm
with someone or doing
something I'm O.K., but I
hate to have to be alone
in my room. Forgive me
for sounding so much like
a baby — but I'm lost
without you.

Goodnight, my precious
husband. Maybe I won't
feel so morbid after I get
more used to this being apart,
but so far I get more and
more miserable. Just to come
in here to my room and realize

I'm alone sets me to
weeping like a pussy-pants.

Please, darling, address
my letters "Mrs." You didn't
put anything before my name
on today's letter.

Dearest, just ask me to
come, and I'll leave this
awful place. It was good
of you, in your letter today, to
^{tell me} not to let anything get me
down.

I'm happy to hear you feel
up to par again. You say you are
looking forward to the day when we'll
meet again. I try to look forward to
it, but it's so far away, it just
makes me feel worse.

Goodnight - I love you.

Tues. morning 9:30

I didn't receive a letter from you this morning. The farther you go away, the longer it takes for a letter to get here, so maybe that's what's happened. I got a letter from Daddy. He said I would probably be lonesome, and his letter would help some. It was mostly reminiscing. He looked back to when I was little and used to cry when he'd go away and Mother would spank me for crying because she was so jealous!! Daddy says he thinks you are a fine fellow and admires you very

much. He is worried about Ronnie. It was his usual letter.

I paid the milk & gas & light bills today. I have plenty left over. I hope you have had enough money.

You weren't interested in the poker games on the train!

I'll stop now to study for an English test - Survey of Eng. Literature. This letter will be a book if I can't get it mailed soon.

1:00 P.M.

Orville sent Clis the cleverest Easter remembrance. She received a big box that rattled when she shook it. Then she opened it, there were a lot of those

little chocolate drops they put in toll house cookies and a note which said, "Doggone, I had it in here once, but he got away."!! Do you catch?

3:15 P.M.

"Squeaky" Eakes came to see me this afternoon in answer to my telephone call. He will get a small amount back - two or three dollars - on our accident insurance. He says that if ever we get another car & take out State Farm insurance, we won't have to pay another membership fee.

4:50 P.M.

Bob Henning's address is 205 East Willow Street.

I went down town today with one of the girls shopping.

I saw Mrs. Stabler and her cousin, Mary Smith. I called Mary, Mrs. Pike. I could have kicked myself, because I couldn't think of her name. to save my life — and I don't think there is a more common name than Mary Smith. Mrs. Stabler just bought a new dress and hat. She was as tickled about them as a little girl.

Tuesday night 10:30
I've been trying to study for an English test very unsuccessfully. I'm giving it up now and will go to bed. I love you and miss you. Goodnight.

Wednesday - 4:30 P.M.
Remember the exam I took in Victorian Literature the day

14. you were in Cameron? I got a "C" on it. I was lucky as far as I'm concerned.

I took the Survey test this morning. There were five questions & I missed all of one.

I didn't receive a letter from you yesterday or today. Gee, all this time you won't be hearing from me. I hope your cookies don't dry up before they get to you. I surely watch for the mail man.

I do a lot of reminiscing sitting here in our old stamping ground. There are quite a few steady couples, and they

remind me of us when we were going steady. They act just the same.

Thursday, April 9, 1942

I just now received your two post cards from Chicago and Cincinnati. I was sort of disappointed, after waiting two days not hearing from you, to receive post cards. It has surely taken a long time for them to get here. I hope you send your address air mail as soon as you arrive. I'm very anxious to hear from you and I want to get my letter off to you.

I see you're not using stamps. That means you can

write twice as much and twice as often! I do hope you can find time to write to me every day, though.

Getting your letter is the bright spot of my day.

It's been a week today since you went away. That leaves "only" ten more weeks apart. Darling - you left off the "Mrs." on the post cards. Grrrrr! and you only called me "Ozzie"!.

1:45 P.M.

"Oggie" Ogasawara wants to sell his ~~car~~ car for \$300⁰⁰. He asked me to write, although I didn't give him any encouragement or hope. I don't know whether he has to leave

right away because he is Japanese or not.

I'm impatient for the afternoon mail to come in. I get worked up to such a state of expectancy. I got your cards this morning, so maybe that is all I should expect today.

I bought a big manila envelope today for this letter, because there is too much to fit into the regular size envelope.

I saw Bob Henning today, and he asked about old Slug-Nutty. His hand and wrist were all bandaged up. He pulled a tendon.

2:30 P.M.

Oh Well, I didn't really expect
a letter anyway, I guess.
I love you.

Friday -

Ah! Today is the day! I
received two airmail letters!
It has been the mail's
fault that they didn't get
here sooner. I love you.

Thanks for the maps. I'll
send you some stockings
as soon as I can. I'm
pretty short of money now.
I have only 63 cents between
me and your first check.

I received some bills
today - \$1.05 balance for
the P.D. & E. and \$7.50 for the
ambulance. Ronnie's birthday
is next Tuesday, and I

don't know what I'm going to do for him. I want to get him a folding iron.

I realize you will be frightfully busy with your training and that it will be difficult for you to write at times. (But please try to write anyway)

I hope you have enough money. I've been trying to sell the drawing set. Ken Stowell says I should get \$6.⁰⁰ for it - you paid \$5.³⁰ if I get someone in Engineering to buy it. He can give me only \$3.⁵⁰ for it. Oh Dear!

I'm praying that the shots won't make you sick. Keep your chin up, Sweetheart. You can take all they can hand out!

I'll not worry about the

17. southern women now!!!!
You want have to worry
about me either — I have
"hours" and I'm broke.

Yes, send your clothes to
the folks.

I know this letter will
take a long time to get
there even airmail. You have
been there so long without
any letters.

I hope you are well and
most of all happy. Try to
write often. I live for your
letters.

I'm still having trouble
with what I mentioned on
page 10 — 4th paragraph. I
wish I could talk to you
about it. I don't know what
it is. Maybe it's because of
my cold — yes it has made

a great comeback. It's
really getting me down.

I'll airmail this now
and send your cookies
which will most likely
be crumbs when they arrive.

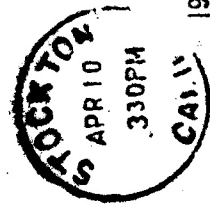
Do you need anything
besides sex? Darling - you
are so far away. It sort
of frightens me - your being
so much under rules and
discipline - and those shots
and the hikes and exercise.
I hope they don't affect you
too much the wrong way.
I'll close, my sweetheart.

Your adoring wife,
Melva

P.S. I'll show your letters today to Bob
Henning.

Mr. Lloyd Swagerty
Homer A. Reed
College of Pacific
Stockton, California

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