

Dearest Gretchen:-

12-26-17

I don't want anyone but you to read this. You know this is our own private affair. I just wanted to rattle on a while about Laurence. I wanted to write Sunday but I couldn't get the chance.

The letter I received Saturday was the answer to my first letter. It seems like it was ages ago since I wrote out. It has only been a short time. He answered promptly. He said he was so glad to get my letter & that he had been going to the mail twice a day and had begun to think I had forgotten him & yet he didn't think that. He said he just let himself to time & thought it ought to come sooner that it really should. He called me

"dear girl" etc. He told me about a lovely dream he had too. I'll tell you that some time when I see you face to face.

You see I received that letter Saturday & then Monday I received another letter, a paper & a ~~mass~~ package from him. Wasn't that a lovely bunch of mail to come all at once?

His letter that came Monday was not quite so cheerful for he had the tonsillitis and had just received word he would have to go on guard duty all Christmas week. That is enough to make anyone feel blue isn't it? He said he had received my letter Saturday telling of Chas enlistment and I'll just copy that part

you can understand it better than if I would tell you. "I had received your letter telling of Charles enlistment and my sympathies were swelling within me & I went to morning worship with a prayer in my heart for comfort." Gretchen hasn't he the most beautiful way of expressing himself?

Then he was telling about Learning Harry Emerson Fosdick and how inspiring his sermon was. He said he saw the beauty of sacrifice and felt as he had often felt that the giving of his life for our great cause was a holy privilege. He has the right spirit and is looking at it in a beautiful way but it makes me shudder. I can't think of Lawrence, that big strong young man making such a sacrifice. I don't mean that he isn't capable of it,

but that it seems so much to
require of him and not only him
but all the other boys. Oh, dearie,
there is so much to tell you yet
I can't on paper. I'll have to wait
until I see you. ~~What~~ do you suppose
that will be?

I will have to go to bed now.
I'll write real soon again.
With lots of love & kisses
I am always

Your sister Marie.

San Diego Calif.
Dec. 26, 1917.

Dearest Sister Gretchen:

Do you think I have forgotten you? Well I haven't by a long shot nor will I ever as long as I live. It just seems like so many things sort of prevent me from writing.

Russell has a friend out this evening & they are playing so if I get things mixed up here you will know what the trouble is.

As usual I am dying to talk to you. I just finished a letter to Chas. I'll just have to repeat what I told him.

Christmas of course was not the same as usual because Chas was away. I didn't have time to make you anything but all my love went with the little gift that ~~came~~ sent you.

Mother & Father gave me

a purse which I needed very much. I received about a half dozen handkerchiefs or more from different people. Just arrived here at a most opportune time. Russell gave me a box of candy & a box of toilet articles. It was the rose toilet water & perfume, face powder & sachet. It is beautiful. Dorothy gave me a lovely little handkerchief case. Mauch sent me a lovely cap crocheted in blue. Esther gave me a big box of beautiful stationery. Lawrence gave me a book "The Blue Flower." If you cannot idealize you would not enjoy the book but you know we both like to do so that is the way it goes.

I stayed all night with Mrs Schultz last Sunday

She wanted me to come over & see her presents & when I got there she coaxed me to stay all night and I did.

Last Saturday Mrs Schultz Mr Schultz & the boys & myself went to Mission Beach. It was just just lovely there. The beach was so clean and nice.

I am so sleepy I can hardly hold my head up. Tomorrow night I am going over and stay all night with Alice. I suppose I will be quizzed but nothing stirring on my part.

We sang Christmas carols Sunday morning & we went up 7 Boston street and Alice was saying "Yes this is Boston."

I laughingly said it didn't
look very much like Boston
to me. And she laughed & said
something about me being
interested. I turned the
subject then.

Well, honeybunch, I'll have
to turn in for I am so
tired. I wish you could be
here so I could talk to you
I miss you so much.

With loads of love &
kisses I am always your
loving sister
Marie

Dear Honeybunch!

12-27-17

I just happened to think of something else on my way to work.

In my book he had the prettiest little card with the Massachusetts seal on it and these few words.

"It is Christmas and my thoughts are with you." That sounds just like Lawrence, doesn't it? The card I sent him was similar & sounded just like me. Now you see if it don't. "I'd love to see you, but the miles between us are too long and wide, and so I send this little card to say, I think of you at Christmas-tide." Was that alright to send him? I hope I didn't make a mistake but then I do so often. Isn't it funny that our cards should be so near alike and yet look at the distance between us.

Gretchen dear I am afraid I will make you disgusted with me, talking so much about Lawrence. I just have to ex-

plode to some one & you are
the only one I can really trust
& know that you sympathize.
It won't last long perhaps &
then you'll have a nice long rest.
I was just thinking today, I have
only written him your letters
& he has written eight. That is two
to one so he can't say about me
what he could about that other
girl that wrote so many letters
and he only wrote one.

I read some in my book this
morning. It is just grand and
I can appreciate it better than
others because I know why he
sent me that kind of a book.
It is one of these mythical books
that carries you off into the
realms of dreamland where, is
nothing but beautiful flowers,
(The Blue Flower) birds, sunshine
& lovely little gairy-like people.
Both of us like to idealize
and we had such lovely times
dreaming, while he was here.

In his last letter he wandered way off into the land of dreams and then he said "will you see where I have been, way off in the land of stars and dreams, only to have school & tonsils to wreck them all & make me busy and worldly."

Well Kretchen I will quit & give you a rest. When you answer these letters won't you please send them to me at the office. 951 6th St. Pac Tel. & Tel Co. because I am afraid mother might open them some times thinking that of course nothing would be in them that was not perfectly alright for her to read.

Write to me soon. Honey, I received your Xmas card & was so glad to get it.

Good bye.

With love & kisses,
I am always
your sister
Maie.

San Diego, Calif
December 29-1917

My dear darling sister :-

You don't know how much I enjoyed your letter. It made me feel so glad. I have been waiting for one for a long time. Oh honey you don't know how much I miss you & how much I wish you were here. I want you right now to talk to. I have so much to say & whether or not I can get it all on paper is another question. Oh honey I am just bubbling over &

with happiness. It seems as
tho everything is going
right. First today mother
telephoned me about Chas
getting that splendid place
and I was so happy over
that for Chas and you too
dear. Oh dearie I know
God will pull us thru this
war alright and we will
be all the happier for it
just think, won't it be
grand when peace is
declared and all the boys
come home? That makes
me happy too. Then after
I got home what do you
suppose I found? Two
of the best things ever. a
letter from you and a
picture of Lawrence.

Isn't that so now? I am
so glad to get both. It looks
just exactly like him. Of
course he is in his uniform
I wish I could bring it
right up to you now & let
you see it. It just seems
like I can't get used to you
being so far away. But
maybe we won't be separated
long. I am going to tell you
something that I wouldn't
even tell another soul.

Lawrence said not to tell
anyone because they would
think it was foolish but
I am sure you will be glad
to know about it & look

forward to it the same as
we are. Lawrence had a dream
& it was in broad daylight,
and he wasn't thinking
along that line of thought
at all when this dream
came. All at once a voice
asked "When will the war
end?" and another answered
"In the middle of April." He
said it was so plain that
he knew he didn't create
it. Now Gretchen dear that
does sound nutty to folks
that wouldn't understand
but you know Lawrence &
I like to dream and idealize
so we are going to play
that it is so. And so we are
anxiously awaiting
April to come. Will you
believe in it too honey? Please

do so we can write about it in our letters. Now don't you show this to Chas & lets just keep it to ourselves. I have just been dying to tell some one about it but I couldn't tell a soul only you. You will understand won't you? Wouldn't it be strange if this did prove true? I wonder what it was? If he had been thinking about it, you might say it was imagination but since he wasn't even thinking about it, it seems so strange. But nevertheless, we are going to believe in it.

There is something else I want to tell you Paul yet I don't know whether I want to or not. I want to, but whether I should. That's the question. But I am going to anyway.

You know when I went with Mrs Schultz to the beach last Saturday afternoon? Well she told me a few things about Lawrence. I don't know why she did either. I didn't ask her to. She had told me once before that he was a changed boy entirely since coming to San Diego. but she didn't tell me why. She said I was the one that was responsible for the change. She said she has been

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around Lawrence ever since
he has been going with girls
and he had never acted to
any of them as he had acted
to me. Then she said some-
thing about Lawrence being
in love and that just before
he left he confided some-
thing to her. She has said so
many things like that & when
I told her she was entirely
mistaken she said, I probably
would see it in a different
light if I could read her letters.
Lawrence has never been able
to confide in his parents
just as we have never been
able to confide in ours & so

Mrs Schultz is his advisor. She is all the time saying "after I get into the family" and "Lawrence will tell you all about it later," that is she says that when she is telling me about something that has happened in Lawrence's life. But I think she is mistaken, Gretchen dear,

Something else has caused the change in Lawrence, Not I Oh honey I wish you were here so I could talk to you. He has been lovely to me this week. a letter last Saturday; a letter, paper and Christmas package Monday and his picture today. I am so glad I have his picture. It just seems to talk to me

well dearest I think I

Have bored you long enough
with this talk.

You said you had a feeling
that I did not trust you.
But I do, honey, why would
I be telling you all this
if I didn't. I have not told a
soul what I have told you.
Just God and you & myself
know about it. I do trust you
& oh I am so glad I can.
I hope you will trust me the
same way.

I haven't seen Alice only
on Sundays. except that one
evening she spent at my
house. I haven't even talked
with her over the phone.

and I was with her, or that is
^{as} the same auto with her, Xmas
morning when we sang
carols. I haven't had the least
desire to be with her. If any-
thing I want to avoid her
for I am afraid she will
get inquisitive about
Lawrence, & I am determined
she shall not find out
already. The folks ^{at central} had begun
to ask me what I supposed
would be in my Xmas
package from Lawrence.

Nervy? Well I should think.

No Honey, you don't need to
worry about Alice or anyone
else. Just my dear little
sister Gretchen will ever
know my deepest emotions
& my heart.

I will pray for you

dear that you may help
 your folks there. Isn't it
 strange Gretchen how God
 works things out. He did
 not want you to be idle
 while away from your
 own community & has
 given you your own relatives
 to work with.

Gretchen what would we
 do without a dear good
 Heavenly Father to care for
 us? He cares when no one
 else does. Even when we for-
 get him he is kind & patient
 and is always bestowing
 some little blessing upon
 us just when we need it most.

I must close now dear.
Oh yes I want to ask a favor
of you. Mother is so disappointed
because you don't write to her.
She wants to hear from you
so badly. Please write her
a letter. Won't you dear? And
all to herself too. She loves you
& cries when she thinks that
you do not love her.

Write to me soon, dearie
for I love to hear from you
& I want to know if I bore
you with all my prattle
about Lawrence.

With loads of love & kisses
I am always

Your loving Sis,
Marie.

Private

San Diego, Calif.

Jan. 2, 1918

Dearest Sister:-

Well I'll have to tell you the news. It is nothing out of the ordinary but just news. I am going to make this a little private letter because Chas will think it funny if he never gets to read any of your letters.

Oh dearie I wish you were here so I could talk to you. I got a letter today from Lawrence. I presume you know that because this is a

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private letter. But then you said you were interested & I will tell you everything.

He started out with saying he did not have a letter to answer but he was going to take the liberty of writing anyway. He said it was Christmas time and he was thinking of me a great deal.

Gretchen he will worry me to death if he joins the aviation corps. He is talking of that now. What work they do

Gretchen. Isn't the radio business risky enough? I do hope he will forget all about it.

Then Honey he talked about the different

places he had been and about our stars & asked me if I didn't remember certain ones. He wished me a "blessed" New Year & ended with this:

"Yours as ever Lawrence"
He had those two words underscored. What do you suppose he did that for?

I am so glad he "took the liberty" to write.

Perhaps he just did it to pass away the time.

I don't know what to think.

I just don't dare to think anything & it

4.

makes it so hard. Oh
dearie I do wish you were
here. I am planning to
spend my vacation with
you & Chas & oh how we
will talk. I don't count
on letting you have
any sleep at all.

Oh yes! Lawrence wants
Charles address. He
wants to correspond with
him. He does not know
(or did not when he
wrote this letter) that
Chas has changed &
he said he might
see Chas in France &
as his work would

probably take him up
in the air, he said he
would love to be the
pilot of his machine.
It would be lovely dear
if ~~it~~ such ever had to
be the case but lets
hope & pray it never
will.

San Diego, Calif

January 28, 1918.

Dearest Honeybunch:-

I received your nice letter Saturday. It wasn't like some others I had received, but I knew the reason why. I am so sorry you feel that way. Chas. gave you the wrong impression when he said I was so busy with my other correspondence that I didn't have time for your letters. I didn't mean it that way. Really, dear, Lawrence is the only one I have been writing to. I think I owe letters to everyone now, but when I will get them answered is another thing. I even owe one to Lawrence and you see I am putting yours first.

Oh dearest, I wish you were here. My if all my wished would come true, I would have you down here right away, wouldn't I. I think I wish it a dozen times a day. I have so much to tell you and it is almost impossible to tell it on paper. I wish you could read one fellow's account of his trip across the ocean after getting out of school. I just finished reading it in the "Oscillator." That is the paper Lawrence sends me. One came this afternoon. I laughed over it until I shook the table. Perhaps I can give you extracts from it. He was feeling pretty bad and said "Well buddy I'm telling you that I tried forty-nine different positions between 4 and 7, everything from a Jack-knife to a pretzel and finally landed in the bunk you notice in the picture. There I lay pondering over my sins and swallowing until I soon got into

perfect synchronism with the old Ridenruff's (the name of the boat) movements - pitch, swallow --pitch, swallow -- interspersed with gradually accelerating grans, "~~Presently~~" Then he goes on to say, "A jar of Lucky Strike connected with my hat carrying crown just as the gruff voice of the Quartermaster yelled loudly "Breakfast in ten minutes." Holy sputtering sparkgaps, Breakfast !U-o-o-h! I juggled the word three times and then IT happened! Oh what an upheaval. I'll bet there wasn't a secret left in my after I had finished. I know my stomach just folded up and attached itself to my throat, You can take it from me, that a partly digested dinner with its polarity reversed does NOT produce a tasteless ~~di~~ meal." Oh poor fellow. How well I know how to pity him. Ask Chas. if he hasn't had that same kind of a sensation. ~~Atxxxxxxend~~ He closed by saying "Give my best to all the boys and allow me to extend my deepest sympathy to you all--to be used when necessary." How considerate he is.

Mr Swanson and Miss Berg were here yesterday. He is so funny and full of life and enthusiasm. She is just the opposite. Quiet and reserved. (Just like me you know.) No really, she is very quiet but just as nice as can be. They say that to enjoy married life you must be ~~the~~ opposites. They are sure enough.

My eye just spotted this in ~~the~~ Oscillator. "L" had it marked so maybe he has had some experience.

Skating Bulletin.

Perkins Tennis Courts,	Good
Hockey Rink,	Fair
Oxford Street (right in the middle)	Good

Parade Ground,
Steps leading to Pierce,

Excellent
Fine

OH dearie I just can't get my mind down to anything solid tonight.

I had my pictures taken and will send ~~me~~ you one
Now I have settled on something solid -- my head.
just as soon as I have them finished. / I had them taken
at Vreelands. He wanted to know all about Chas. and seemed
to be so glad when I told ~~the~~ him that he had met with such
good furtune. Just think Dear, he said he made during the
month of December, or nothe took in during the month of
December, \$7,000.00. He hasn't finished all of this Xmas
pictures yet. Just think.

Gretchen dear, I think I will join the Navy as a
typist. You know they take lady typists. Lawrence wrote a
paragraph or so in dots and dashes and I think it would be so
interesting.

Oh yes I must give you the news from Cambridge. Would
you like to hear about it? I wish you were here to transcribe
a little German for me. He has written a little German proverb
and of course I can't read it. Then he says he is going to start
studying French next week and then he can say all sorts of
things. He had the crazy notion of enlisting in aviation.
Mrs. Schultz and I both wrôte and told him he would be foolish
to and he said in this letter ~~that~~ "No, I won't volunteer for
aviation. My folks don't say anything about it but you and Vin
tell me not to so I won't go unless drafted into it." In his
letter to Mrs. S. he said "No, I won't enlist. Little Marie
has put in her plea." Then he said something about ~~hers~~ not
counting.

I don't know how he meant that. He asked me in this last letter, "When do you want me to write my letters to you at 515 Sampson Street? I am certain that you would get your mail just as promptly there if not more so than at home." Ha. Ha. He said "he would like to be away under a blue sky and sunshine with trees and flowers all around. You know where (then he wrote 'San Diego' in the wireless code) and beautiful stars that flash like diamonds. They are all quiet here. I can only think about it."

Well dearest, I will write more tomorrow. It is almost ten and I wouldn't doubt but what it was past and Father is trying to sleep in all this noise. Good-night dear sister and I will write more tomorrow.

at office.

Well dear I will add a few more lines to what I wrote last night for I want to mail this this evening.

We just found out, that is Miss Marks & I that we will have to work overtime tonight but we can take it off of our time tomorrow morning.

Goodbye.
Lis.

San Diego, California.

January 31, 1918.

Dearest little Sister:-

I don't blame you one bit if you have me down in your little book as the meanest person on earth. Mother called me up this morning and said that my last letter ~~xxxx~~ had been returned. I had transposed the address. I will send that letter to you tomorrow and will forward this one by special delivery. I am awfully sorry dear this has happened, but I promise I will get the right address next time.

I am just dying to see you. I will write you a little book some time this week. I have more to tell you. I received a letter from Lawrence yesterday and I am just dying to tell you the contents.

Forgive me dear, won't you for this delay. This is noon and I must hurry and go to Marstons for a stamp, and get this off.

Good-bye and with oodles of love and kisses,
I am always your

Sister Marie.

San Diego, Calif.
Feb. 7th 1918!

Dear darling Sister!:-

I am so sorry those
other letters got mixed up.
I'll bet you thought I had
almost forgotten you.
I haven't & I never cease
wishing you were here.
It seems that I can't
get used to your not being
here. But just you wait I
dearie. Vacation time is
drawing near and then
I'll see you if nothing
happens. Won't we have
fun dear just talking.
Then I can say when I
come back home " & we
talked & talked & talked
& talked. Can't I?

I am at the office

and just can't work so
am writing to you. Today is
one of those lovely days that
makes you want to be
out of doors.

Dear you said if it
wasn't for other people
writing to you, you would
get no news at all. Oh
honey I realize I don't
say a thing but just
Lawrence Lawrence
Lawrence in my letters,
but you are the only
one I can talk so
freely to & when I write
it just seems I can only
tell you about those
things. I'll try & tell you
some news in this letter.

Last night I went to
a Co. E. L. Banquet. We
had lots of fun. I went
with Maibon. Dear she is

The only girl I really care
for at Central & I am
with her & very little.
Really I am with Mrs.
Schultz more than any-
one else. Now you know
no other girl has taken
or ever can take the place
in my heart you have.

Dearest sister you will
always be my dear sweet
darling little sister as
I told you in one of my
other letters, I feel that
you are a part of me.
I think you are the
only one that has any
way near a vital interest
in me. Of course Mother
& Father have but you
know I can never be
confidential with them.
I am so sorry I can't too.

would to get back to the
banquet. It was at 7th C.
Faith was there & was never
sweeter to me in my life.
Isn't she peculiar? I
just acted my old self.
Harry F. & Faith & Marjorie
& myself came home in
H's machine. The talks
were just fine. Mr. Wilt,
Dr. Ferris, & Rev. Schultz
responded to the toasts
also the pastor of La
Mesa Church. I laughed
until my sides ached.
I was in a good mood
& just felt like cutting
up.

Tonight is the night of
the Business meeting. It
is going to be held at
Mr. Goldsmith's. Has any

one told you about poor
 Alice? Well she was hot on
 Mr Goldsmiths trail. Just
 like her old self you know
 dear. She hasn't changed
 one bit. I wish something
 would happen so she could
 see how she acts. She even
 calls him "Charley." Now isn't
 that the limit? I took notice
 she didn't come with him
 or go home with him last
 night. I don't suppose it
 was her fault. Maybe I am
 mistaken. Well so much
 for Alice. You can read
 between the lines for you
 know her characteristics.

They have started a class
 in personal workers at
 the church. Our first
 meeting was last Tuesday.
 There were lots out. I was

so surprised. Mr Schultz is
the preacher or teacher I
mean.

The League is going to
give an entertainment or
the entertainment is going
to be given under the
auspices of the League.

The Dixie Jubilee Singers
are going to give a
concert ~~next~~ Thursday
night. I hope we can
put ~~on~~ alright with it
& make something out of it.
But even if we don't it
will give the League a little
sublimity.

Say dear won't you
write those "personal"
letters to me here at the
office 957 6th St C/o Tel Co?
Mother does not see
the reason why I can't

let them read your letters.
Then you see if you
mail them here I get
them quicker & they don't
know I get them so it
won't arouse their
curiosity.

Well now I must give
you the Cambridge News
I have told you all the S.D.
news.

I just mailed you
the letter today telling
you what I told Lawrence
about the auto ride &
Mr Goldsmith. It had
its desired effects. The
answer came without
a moments delay. He
sat right down & answered
it. It said "Dear girl." and
said he just received my
letter & I almost accused
him of forgetting him,

and that he never let
more than just a few days
go by without writing &
really dear, he has only
once and that happened to
be when I wrote & said I
had received his letter &
that I was just beginning
to think he had forgotten
me.

Then at the end of my
letter I said, "Oh I must
close or you will get tired
reading this letter." He
said "never say again that
you are afraid I will get
tired reading your letters
if they are too long. You
don't know at all. And
when you can't talk of any-
thing or anyone else, just
talk about yourself."

Then dearie he said some
of the most mysterious
things. He said I liked

your "open ^{3.} book" letter, and
that of course I had reasons
for the things that I do and
do not say & that I had
treasures I might say but
reserved for my own self
only. Now what does he
mean by that last sentence?

Then he said. "I see you too
refrain from something
which are perfectly all
right & might be termed
pleasure. Shakespeare said
"There is nothing good or bad
but thinking makes it so."

I think the same is true of
pleasure. What would be
pleasure depends upon the
circumstances. You know
the circumstances to which
I refer and in fact all I am
talking about. I just cover
some of the ~~things~~ with a
pages

shut of tissue paper. They are not closed then out at a distance they appear blank. You do that too. And again I say we no doubt have reasons." Now if you can tell me what he means, its more than I know. I know this much darling. He has found out something he didn't know before & it made him wake up a bit. You know how independent he is. He hates to come down even an inch but he did & I can read independence in this last paragraph I have quoted. You see he says "I see you too." He wanted me to see he could indulge in the same kind of pleasure if he chose.

I think dear he is a bit anxious or he wouldn't have talked the way he did. That letter was enough to make some change & I see it wasn't for the worse or he wouldn't have started it "dear girl." Do you think so? Dear I want your opinion on what I have said. I wrote to him today and professed ignorance about it all for there is danger in his taking it this way. That I sort of made that letter as a confession & expected him to do the same. I wrote like this. I told him there was a place or two I didn't quite understand & I quoted ~~these~~ two paragraphs I quoted to you. Now he will know I didn't write it to get his

~~get~~ a confession. I know every thing he does for he tells everything to Mrs Schultz & she lets me read all his letters. I told him maybe I was dense not to understand but if he thought I should without any further explanation just not to say anything more about it. I didn't say it in those very words but in words equivalent.

I received a letter Monday & then one Wednesday. Now I wonder if I will get one tomorrow. He almost always writes on Sunday and I always get the letter on Saturday.

Well dearest I will close now & mail this. Did you get my special delivery letter? Write to me soon dear for I love to hear from you. Tell Chas I will write soon. With oceans of love to you dear Sister I am always your loving sister Marie.

San Diego, Calif.
February 7-1887

Dearest Sister:-

I want you more than ever this morning. I have so much to tell you. You will please answer this as soon as you get it, won't you. You are the only one I am going to tell this to because I feel that you are the only one that knows + understands.

I received a letter from Lawrence and I can read antagonism all the way thru. In the first place it hurt him I know when I told him about those dates I had. He thought he had a snap of it. Now since he thinks there is a

little competition he is a
 little at sea. He doesn't
 know the exact course to
 take. He was afraid not to
 write at all so he just sat
 down at noon and wrote
 me a few lines. ~~He~~ Then
 he told me about some of the
 places he had been & this is
 what I am not quite sure
 about. I don't know how he
 wants me to take this. But
 leave it to me, I'll find out.
 I don't know whether he
 thinks he is getting even
 with me by telling me
 of his engagements or
 rather he really wants to
 tell me because he thought
 that was why I wrote to
 him about my engagements.
 I ^{will} quote you a paragraph
 of his letter. "Up till about

a week ago, I had not lead a social life at all outside of with the yellows here.

Suddenly I filled two weeks. Nothing serious however in all of it."

Now what do you make of that dear? Why did he tell me that up till about a week ago he had not lead a social life? I had not asked him whether he had. Why does he say there is nothing serious in any of it? What do I care if there is? Does he think it will make a difference? And would he care if it would? These are the questions I am trying to answer & I get a different answer every time. He wrote in

Mrs. Schultz letter that
 as he was out of night
 school he thought he would
 go out a little more because
 he thought association
 with young ladies broadened
 his views. Then he added
 something at the end
 similar to what he did
 in my letter "nothing serious
 & that only one would
 count in the end." You see I
 am in on all this stuff he
 tells Mrs Schultz & he
 doesn't know it. You see
 He thinks I am sitting
 over here like a little
 bump on a log I guess
 waiting for him to come
 back I well won't be fooled
 tho. I presume he thinks
 all these underscored
 "yours as ever" and "Dear

girl" & all this about giving fortunes if I could be back there with him to hear some of that heavenly music, will hold me & make me think I am the most favored one as he told Mrs Schultz I was and speaks about me in her letters as "little Marie." You know this kind of thing I suppose will hold some girls but it won't hold me. Believe me I sent my picture just in time or it would never have gone.

Gretchen I am so afraid of making a mistake & I ever pray that I shall always do the right thing & you know how things turned out while he was here always in my favor & it

seems they are still happening that way. He wrote to Mrs. Schultz. "I'm surely my guardian angel is taking good care of me for I haven't been able to meet any girls yet. I had a couple of dates but something happened (I forgot what it was he said) one night & then the other time the girl was sick." Then why does he tell me all this. He says last Sunday noon, (I notice he was very particular to add "noon") Nessler, that is that violinist friend of his, & himself were entertained at the apartments of an actress. He said it was needless to say they were well entertained with a chicken dinner & a pleasant chat. Now where in the deal

He ever got acquainted with an actress, unless it was ~~through~~ this other boy, I don't know. Perhaps he will tell Mrs Schultz more about it. He didn't say he had a good time. Just said they were "well entertained."

I have been debating whether or not I will say in my next letter "I really don't know what to say, for I fear my letters will seem dry & uninteresting after such pleasant chats with people of the Theatrical realm." But then good common sense tells me not to say that. But what will I say in reply? I am bound to say something.

He certainly is a puzzle. I am quite at sea as to what to say. I will send you one of my pictures dear. I don't know what I should have done about sending it to him. I sent it the 5th & I got this letter the 6th. Close shave wasn't it? Was it best that I should have sent it?

Yat dear I go out with other fellows here why shouldn't I expect him to go with other girls?

Really I think I am a bit foolish to even give it a thought. The only thing that does bother me is whether or not he meant to tell me that because he wanted me to know or whether he did

San Diego, Calif.
February 8, 1917.

My dearest Sister:-

I received your lovely Christmas gift yesterday. It was just too dear for anything and I thank you so much dear. I know that oodles of love came with it as you said and I appreciate it so much more because you made it yourself. I certainly will discard Milly's baby doll cushion. You remember I guess how she used to howl when I used it.

I just wrote a letter to Chas. today, and I will have to give you the same news. I presume you all read each others letters. I am just wondering if you received those letters I sent last week. I havn't heard from you but I know you are busy. I want a letter in answer to that last one I sent you so badly that I can hardly wait. I have decided not to say a word about that letter and wait until he writes another one and I won't have to refer to a thing in it.

Mrs. Schultz just called up this afternoon and said she had the most interesting bit of news to tell me about Cambridge. Lawrence has meet Dr. Rasmus' son and it is something concerning that. He told me he had met him in that blamed little note, but that is all that was said. Perhaps he will tell me more later. She said I would be glad to hear the news. I wonder what it is? I can't know until seven fifteen tonight.

I am going to a Queen Esther meeting tonight at the Hall. After that I have to go to orchestra practice. They appointed me as pianist. Don't you pity their taste? I do.

Last Tuesday after our class Marian wanted me to go home with her and I did. John and Albert wanted to take us home so we told them that if they would wait just two minutes until we went into Mrs. Schultz's for a few minutes, we would be ready to go. We went in and talked and talked and talked and talked and all at once I happened to remember about the boys waiting outside. Isn't that sad. I don't know how ~~a~~ long we were in there but at any rate they were waiting when we came out again.

That was one of the nights that I felt exceptionally silly as I so often do. When we retired, Marian brought in a tray with hot chocolate on it. I'll tell you it certainly looked tempting. We were enjoying it and all of a sudden Marian spilled hers right in her lap. Oh it looked so funny to ~~see~~ her. Of course I started to laugh and she ~~w~~ just sat there looking so thunder struck and every time I looked at her it sent me off again. Finally we went ~~out~~ in the kitchen and fixed things up the best we could. It was her good broadcloth skirt too.

Mother went calling this afternoon. I thought I would tell you because it is so unusual. She went to see your Mother and Katherine and Mrs. Schultz. I wish she would get out more. Mrs. Schultz said when she was talking to me over the phone, "My, I wish I had your Mothers looks and ~~complexionn~~. I couldn't help thinking that I was just talking to a young girl. She is so sweet." I told Mother and I just bet she turned red up to the very roots of her hair. Everyone seems to like Mother so much. ~~When~~ When Hazel was down here she said she thought Mother was so sweet.

Dear~~ee~~, I think I have told you everything I know. You see I just wrote yesterday, didn't I. You please write real often for I love to hear from you. Oh yes, I told Chas I wish you two would write a letter to the league. I think they would appreciate it so much, for you two are often spoken of. They all inquire of me

how you are, and I know most they would enjoy a letter. And dearie I remember you in my prayers too. You know you wanted me to pray for ~~meu~~ that you might be some help to your folks. How is June? I hope she is better now. It must be awfully hard for you to talk care of her and the household work too.

Well, write soon, dear. ~~Thanking~~ Thanking you again and again for that beautiful beautiful gift -- it was so sweet and everytime I see it I shall think of you. Just think I have three of the people I love best right around me. That is on my dresser. Now that isn't just exactly so. There is one that I can't say that of--that is that I love the best--that is Lawrence. You know it wouldn't be hard if I dared let myself, but you know I can't yet, and maybe never. Well good-bye dearest, and write soon. With loads and loads of love and kisses.

From your loving Sister Marie.

San Diego.

Mar. 6-1918

Dearest Sister:-

It is one of these kind of days that makes you want to stay in the house and rummage around in old trunks and boxes but instead I have to stick around this old office. Did you get my picture all right?

I went to study class last night. They are ^{so} good and inspiring and we have such interesting discussions.

We were to ^{have} lead the prayer meeting last Wednesday but so many were out, including myself that they postponed it. So tonight is the fatal night. I wish I could talk and not get excited. But it is impossible I am beginning to think

-2-

You will excuse this paper but it looks the least suspicious at the office. I just can't work so well. I'll chat with you awhile.

Milly is well now but mother has been feeling pretty badly for the past week. I don't know whether she is taking them or not. I hope not.

We made two little dresses last Saturday. That is Marian Helen N. Rastall & myself. I wish you could have seen those little children when we took them over there. They were wild with delight. The mother was as pleased as the children.

My SS. Class had a little doings at the church Monday night. I wish some of these doings would let up awhile so I could get some rest. It is very night out this

week and mother & milly
 feeling the way they do. I
 got up real early this morn-
 ing and washed all the supper
 plates and the breakfast
 dishes. Goin' some!

Well, dearie, I have just
 come back from having a
 rather lengthy conflict
 with the manager and
 Traffic Chief & office manager
 of course our conversation
 would not interest you
 much.

afternoon 3:30

Well, dearie, I'll start again
 This is the concluding
 chapter as I want to finish
 this tonight. The boss went
 home sick so I can write
 with a little ease now.

Of course it is useless
 to write a letter and not
mention Lawrence so here

goes. You know I told you
 he got a little jealous streak.
 He hated to have me know it
 but I have reasons to be pretty
 sure he was. The letter I wrote
 in reply to that "refrigerator
 letter" brought a reply and
 immediately too. He said he
 was sorry that the letter was so
~~so~~ cold and that I thought that he
 thought some things about me
 which were beneath my high
 ideals of womanhood & conduct
 and that he hoped I would
 forget all the unpleasant
 things in the past and just
 remember him as the same
 true friend I had always
 known. He said "Our stars
 spoke right. They couldn't
 shine alone could they, and
 lets remember if a cloud
 covers one the sunshine of
 a new day will clear it away."
 He was sorry I think for
 he wrote the letter immediately
 upon receiving mine. I meant
 the same day.

and it was a big long one. Oh, dearie, he will be leaving in three more weeks. There is the funniest feeling creeps all over me when I think about it. It just chills me and there is a big lump comes up in my throat. Oh dearie I wish I could talk to you. Would you write to me more often because at times I can hardly wait to hear from you. Oh I wish I could see him once more. Do you suppose his boat will ever come around to this coast? But why do I feel this way? I must not feel this way.

I told him about Harry Boyesen. He knows I hate him. He knew it before he left. So I knew I was safe in telling him.

He said it certainly must be exasperating, and that some day he would see if he was not altogether deficient

6
in the upper story. He said
"I do hope you will be rid of
him for good. He shows so
little respect for your feelings
and deserves a good blow."
He started it once last week
to meet me. I was as chilly
as could be without being un-
ladylike. He has joined the
army. what do you think
about that?

How are you and Chas?
I hope all right.

Well dearie, I must close
now. Write to me when
ever you can and ~~don't~~
don't wait for me to write.

I'll write as often as I can.

and you do the same

with loads & loads of
love & kisses I am.

Always your loving
Sis A

Oh this ending reminded me of H's
letter. He wanted me to be sure & know
he was true and said at the last "yours
as ever true."

San Diego, Calif
March 13 1918.

Dear dear brother:-

I was so glad to get your lovely letter today and those pictures are certainly fine. Everyone of them and I am just as proud of them as can be. Thank you so much.

Of course I'll send you a picture. I didn't know whether you would have room for it at the camp or I would have sent it sooner.

Excuse this scribbling but I am in a hurry to

finish this before Eliz. E.
comes. She wants me to keep
her with her typewriting.
You said it was strange to
you that I couldn't tell
that Boyer must let
me alone. Chas. you know
my weak point. I just
can't hurt people's feelings
intentionally. I thought every
time I would but when
the time actually came to
tell him to let me alone &
mind his own affairs, I
couldn't - the words stuck
in my throat. But
everything is all right
now. He has joined the
army.
Did you know Wylie had

gone?
You asked if I had heard
from Lawrence lately. Of
course I have, brother. I get
a letter every week & some-
times more often than that
& he sends me the "oscillator"
every week. That is a paper
they issue at the school.
He sent me some Kodak
pictures in his last letter.
They are splendid & I wish
I could send them to you
but I can't part with them
long enough & besides, they
might get lost you know!
Oh I know I have his
photograph but I can't
carry that with me.
Yes, brother I have quite

a "case." I don't know how long it will last tho. The way I feel now, I wish it would last forever and it will last as long as he is true. He said in his last letter he was true & faithful to me and I know he is. Of course he goes out with a girl once in a while but that's all right as long as he is true to me. You see I go out with other fellows but it doesn't keep me from being true to him. Oh here I go to you brother. I know most dear dear sister gets tired reading my "books" about Lawrence but you know she is the

only one I can talk to about
it & I'll just die if I can't
tell someone. Oh she is such
a darling. (of course I don't
need to tell you that - you know)
I don't know what I would
do without her to talk to the
way I do.

No, Lawrence isn't on a
boat yet but it has been
assigned to him & he ex-
pects to leave in a very
few weeks. Maybe next
week. Oh brother what if he
never comes back. I know
I ought not think about it
but I just can't help it.
He just has to. Would it
you & Gretchen & Lawrence
& I have some time together?

If this old war would end
maybe we could have some
good times.

I didn't get this finished
before she came and so will
write a little while before I
go to bed. It is quite late now.

Mother went to the Review
Saturday. I know most
she will tell you all about
it in her letter and how
many people went.

George was in the office
today. He and Esther are
coming to spend the day
at our house Sunday.

They will be here for dinner
and he wants to go to our

League. He & Esther both like
it. Marian is going to
lead Sunday. That reminds
me. I will enclose you one
of the topic cards. I'll
send sister one and then
you'll know exactly
what is going on in League
on Sunday nights. Do you
ever get to go to League &
church? I never hear you
say anything about it.

Oh we ~~sp~~ would just be
so overjoyed if you & sister
would come down here.
I would feel tempted to
get a vacation. Do please
do come down just as

soon as you can.

Well I must say good-night brother. Oh yes you wanted to know Lawrence's address. It is 9th Company Naval Radio School Cambridge Mass. But dear dear brother what has happened to your spelling? You must watch it more closely for I am afraid you are in too big a rush when you write. Just think you spelled "able", "abel" and "yes" "yess". I know you know better you are just getting a little careless.

Tell sis she certainly does fine at painting pictures. And I am so glad to get them. I remember the one we took in Los. Thanks again brother dear for them and I'll send you all the Kodak pictures I take.
Love & kisses Sis.

San Diego, Cal.,
Apr. 9, 1918

Dear dear Sister:-

I feel lots better tonight.
I think my vacation
will not be spoiled after all.
But I wish I had your
reply.

How are you and Chas?
We received a letter from
him today. We are always
so glad to hear from
you two.

Oh dear, I wish you
might be here to see the
Goldsmith-Adams affair.
It's bad. They even sat
together in church now
and his sister has

been sick & Florence has been over there all day and then they came to church in the evening. Something was said about giving a certain thing to F - do do & Mr G - picked up & says "No sir, no sir, you cannot give her another thing to do, she has her hands full already. Well I hope poor F - does get him. She wants someone & he wants someone so I hope both will find a match in one another."

Alice M has been home on her Easter vacation but I have only seen her on Sunday & one evening Dot invited Eda Alice & myself over for supper then we went to church together.

If I must tell you what Dot did. Crust? well it was the height of crush to me.

When Mrs. Frazer asked me the night before she asked me what time I quit work & I told her five so I know she knew. Then that evening Mrs Schultz called up & said "Who would want to know what time you quit work?"

at first I didn't think.
Then she said she has just
received a call over the
phone & they talked so
gruff and wanted to know
"what time Marie quit work?"
She didn't know what to
think then the voice con-
tinued "well, I thought you
would know if anyone
would for she comes
out to your house quite
frequently from work
doesn't she?" Then when
she told her I very seldom
came out to the house
from work and that
she that I quit work at
5:00 they hung up without
another word. Now isn't
that the limit? I know.

it was Dorothy & Eda.
They wanted to know
if I was in the habit of
going there from work
so they used this means
of finding out. There we
have a phone at home &
I have one at the office.
Why did she call Mrs
D - if she didn't want to
quiz her?

Such gail makes me
tired. She never mentioned
it that evening.

Did I tell you Faith
saw L - picture? Well
she did & she'll tell Alice M
& Alice M will tell Hazel
& Hazel will tell Lawrence

Those two that I told you
Marion heard conversing
about the gin were Alice M. &
Faith so the picture will settle
all things for them.

Oh they are just jealous.
wouldn't they liked to be called
some of the endearing names
Lawrence calls me but I
mean by Lawrence too.

I just received a letter from
him today & he was telling
all the things we would
do if I were only back there with
him.

I'll quote you a paragraph
he wrote. He was talking about
dreams & such things then he
said "Oh it is sweet to live in
memories & how we do love to
preserve them & dream of their
repetition in magnified form."
I wonder how much he has
magnified them, dear.

He is always talking about
the farm and about the California
girls. He says there is no comparison
between them & the Eastern girls.
Their standards (the Cal. girls) are
so high & we are their superiors
in every way.

Of course there are exceptions
he said but that was the

San Diego, Calif.,
Apr 26, 1917.

Dear darling Sis:-

I was so glad to receive your letter this evening. It came just at the right time. It came with his letter. Oh dear you said for me not to be the old maid I had planned. Gretchen I never knew there was such a person as Lawrence in the universe. If I had I never would have said it. Dear sister I can't help myself any longer I do love him with my whole heart. Perhaps not with the strong

2.

love with which you love
my dear brother, but I know
it is a love that will grow
stronger daily.

I appreciate your send-
ing that letter. It is just
like you dear sister to
want to share your joy
with me. Heaven bless &
keep you always and may
your love grow more each
day.

Darling I can't send
my letter but I will copy
some paragraphs. He is
in New York and expects to
leave soon. I'll tell you
everything dear even the
leading.

Dearest little girl.

The "Great White Way"

Fifth Avenue & all of those places are nothing to me, it is only California and you.

Why I could say anything and nothing would be too good. As I read your letters and picture you as you say on your front steps alone 'neath the bright bright stars, it is like seeing the purest sparkling gem in a handful of worthless ones. I turn my thoughts away from business and myself & try to dream. It is just that which helps to keep

one good. To get such a respect for virtue and simple beauty that it becomes devotion and jealous protection"

Oh darling all this is sacred to me too but I feel different about letting you read it. You are just my darling sister & I couldn't get along without you.

He said it was myself & his folks that kept him the clean man he was.

Then he said in closing "Goodnight little girl & may God bless and keep you, and I will be good for your sake."

Oh darling will God return him to me? Oh He

surely will. He must. I
can't live without him. Oh
dear if this war only
stopped in time to bring
your dear boy and my
dear boy back to us. Oh
I know he loves me now
and he did while he was
here for he said he used to
count the minutes until
liberty.

San Diego, April 27, 1918.

Dear, I had to go to bed last night for I was so tired, but I will just add a few lines in this letter.

Mother just called me up and said I had received another letter from Lawrence. Oh I wonder if he wrote it just before he left? Dear, I wish ~~w~~ you were here. I could tell you so much, but when I come up there in Spetember I will tell you everything and will bring all my letters. Good-bye dear, I am in such a hurry to get home and see what he is going and where he is going.

With oceans of love and kisses to you dear heart, I am,

Yours loving Sis.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

San Diego, Calif., May 7, 1918.

Dear Brother:-

Oh if Father only knew I had been carrying this letter in my pocket--he would naturally go straight up. Forgive me too Brother.

I have been looking for an opportunity all week to write to you. But I never was so busy in all my life. I don't know whether I have told you about the squabble we are in at the office or not. I am not directory clerk any more, I am stenographer and we are certainly having some time getting a directory clerk. Now they realize what I have been doing and what I amounted to. The girl they have now, they are going to fire today. The terrible part of it all, is that the directory goes to press the 5th of next month. I promised them I would read proof on this directory and you see I will be busy with that and who is going to take my place while I am gone? The last two weeks of this month, I will have to take Miss Schmuckers place as typist and that is the very time I should be doing some very important things on the directory. Oh, if I ever get out of this whole. Then you see there is the new girl to teach at the same time.

Oh I'll not fill a letter with all this glum, but just the same you will know how busy I have been. I didn't take any lunch hour last week and I worked all Saturday afternoon too.

We had League Business Meeting last Monday night. We had the

best time. For refreshments we had sandwiches, cookies and coffee. After the affair was all over, two of the soldier boys helped Marian and I with the dishes. Believe me this army life certainly teaches you men folks a heap. Yes "heap big much."

You should see Florence and Mr. Goldsmith. They are as thick as hops and it is so funny to watch them. They hate dates in the afternoon and they sit together in church and I guess they will be married soon from the looks of things. Poor Florence is going to get her wish after all.

I started a letter to you the 2nd and didn't get to finish it. I will enclose it in this letter.

Mother received a letter from Sis yesterday and she says your liberty will be taken away from you for a month or so. That is too bad, Brother, but cheer up it could be worse.

Well Brother I must close now and get busy. As Mr. Wansley (he is one of the boys here) says, "Now for goodness sakes go away and let this little girl alone. She is 'Way up to her chin in work and hasn't seen daylight for days except when I come around." He is so funny.

With loads of love and kisses, I am,

Your loving Sis,

MARIE.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

San Diego, Calif., May 11th, 1918.

Darling Sister:-

I have been so busy that I have not written to you for some time, but you know that it is not because I don't think of you. This is just eight-thirty in the morning and I should be working as hard as I can, but I am camouflaging the Company I suppose I would say if I speak in modern terms. I have eyes in all parts of my head watching for supervisors and managers and "males" of all sorts, sizes and shapes.

I am happier today than I have been for some time. I received a letter from Lawrence yesterday. It has been a week Monday since I had heard from him and it seemed so long. A month anyway. He is all right from what he says. He is in some foreign part. He said they had smash-ups, breakdowns and all things imaginable in mid-ocean, and that I could imagine how glad they were to set their feet on dry land once more. He said they had to wear life belts steady for two days. He said of course I knew how he could use his imagination and it certainly must have had full play. He said of course he couldn't write as often as he had been but that I could write a whole flood of letters and no objection would be made by anyone. No I suppose not, -- no one save myself. I don't think it would be good for him to have too many letters. He would think he had too good a hold

upon me, and I want to keep him away from that thought as much as possible. I want him to still think that he can lose me if he is not careful. I am not going to let him let down one bit on his end. If he does, then I will on mine. But just the same, I wouldn't lose him for worlds if I can help it. But this I do know, good boys are not looking for silly, nutty, crazy frivolous girls, are they Sis. I don't mean by holding off that I will give him the impression that I do not care as much for him, but I want him to understand that I care for him in a womanly, and a wholesome way. Oh, dear, he sent me the loveliest pictures. I am just crazy to show they to you. I will have to set down on a memorandum all the things I want to bring with me.

Speaking of acting crazy about the boys. I am going to give you a little gossip now. Of course you understand that this is just inside stuff. Alice M. has at last found out that Faith is absolutely worthless and unworthy of the smallest friendship from the smallest person. From what I hear, she has broken off with her entirely. Faith has simply been running herself to death and she has gained --- well not a good name by any means. Her Mother cannot do a thing wither and is worried half to death about her. Faith has practically lost her head over Harry F. She is just throwing herself in his way continually and he does not give the rap of his finger about her. Oh the foolishness of some girls. Then poor little inexperienced Marian is reaping some of her wild oats. She has never gone with boys and when this young man that is staying with Mrs. Baxter, Mr. Ingraham, paid her a little attention

because she was so young and innocent, she lost her head and acted just in the way that killed all his liking for her. She just acts like Faith did around Lawrence while he was here. That is the best way I can explain it to you for you happen to know all about that.

I was over to Mrs. Schultz's house for a few minutes last night and she said Mrs. Baxter had been there that day and had given her all this information. She said that Marion had never been to her house, that is Mrs. Baxter's, and since Harold had been there, she had been there twice and as it happened when Harold was there. Of course leave it to Mrs. Baxter to talk about that for I think she is trying to make a match for Alice. She has planned that Harold and Alice should go together at the Convention. Poor little Marian and the bunch at Central had planned that Harold should go with her and so Harold told her that he was sorry but he would have to go with Alice and her bunch. Oh dear Sister, if girls could only see that it is not necessary for them to make such fools of themselves to gain good friends. Marian would have had Harold, but she acted crazy and he didn't admire that at all, and now she has gained his dislike. I don't suppose nothing on earth could keep Mrs. Baxter from publishing it in the neighborhood either. Maybe I will be mistaken, but she is something like Mrs. Elser. She gossips and really I don't believe she means harm at heart. She told Mrs. Schultz that Marie was the only one that acted with sense. Mrs. Schultz said she didn't believe I would ever do such a thing and she said she thought to herself, why should she be interested in any of these fellows when she has captured (?) Lawrence. I added the question mark.

I wish I could give Marian a few pointers. I would like to help her so that she could never be jilted again. I haven't even written to Alice M. yet. It seems that we have nothing in common together and it is such a drudge to write to one when you feel that way. I must try and write some time before she comes home for good for I gave my word of honor that I would when she left this last time.

Well, honey, just think it ~~is~~ will only be three months until September now. I just can hardly wait until I see you and Chas. Poor boy, I wish he could get liberty now. I'll bet he is so lonesome. But oh, Sis, of all the nice letters you must get. I am so glad in a way that Lawrence had to go so far away. If he hadn't I never would have received the nice letters I have from him. It shows me that a good clean boy can be in love and yet not write these silly mushy letters. He is good and I know I can trust him fully. He has never given me room to think otherwise and he said he would be good for my sake.

I know most Hazel does not know that we correspond the way we do. If she did she would naturally rave. She looks upon Lawrence as her lover. Mrs. Schultz says she can't get one and she has always acted so silly and sentimental with Lawrence and to a stranger they would appear as lovers instead of brother and sister. It isn't so much Lawrence's fault as Hazel's, because he is sympathetic and she draws upon his sympathies. He told Mrs. Schultz in her last letter that he had received a letter from Hazel and she had written page after page telling him how lonesome she was. The mutt. She has cause to be lonesome, hasn't she with every luxury that money can buy. Of course I don't mean to say that she shouldn't miss Lawrence and be lonesome because it would be natural that she should, but to write page after page

telling him such nonsense and making him fell blue, I don't think there is a bit of sisterly love in that. ~~Say~~ Why don't she write something cheery? It disgusts me and just wait until Lawrence comes back, I'll put a bug in his ear and set him straight on this. Mrs. Schultz said Hazel said one day, "Oh Vin, I don't believe I could ever stand it if Lawrence ~~if~~ would get married. I hope so much that he never will because I don't want him to." Now what a wish for a sister to make of a brother. Oh, I'll not talk any more about this only to say that if she only knew a few things there would be something stirring.

Well, dear Sis, I must close and get to work. I have succeeded very well in camouflaging the company. Write soon, dear.

With loads and loads and loads of love and kisses to you dear,

I am, your loving Sis.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

OFFICE OF THE MANAGER

San Diego, Calif., July 10, 1918.

DEAREST SIS;-

Just a word or two to let you know that I have not forgotten you, dearest, and will write a long letter when I get time to breathe.

I certainly miss you and have wished for you so many times since you have left. But cheer up, dear, I will be up there in a month or two.

Just received a letter from my dearest. I wish I knew where he was. I think it is in Italy. Oh if this war would end. Dear I have something to tell you, but I can't on paper. I will tell you when I came up there in August or Sept.

Goodbye love, I must speed at my work.

Oceans of love and kisses,

MARIE.

San Diego Calif.

July 23, 1918.

Dearest Sister:-

I just mailed a letter to you but when I reached home this evening I received your I was so glad to get it.

I will try and write a real letter to you now. I explained in my other letter to how I felt so that is not necessary here.

I am sorry you are not feeling as well as you might, but just wait until I come up you will be all right ~~then~~. I am so glad you will be in different apartments then. Oh dear, you must be for it will be so much better.

Please try and move in the next two weeks for just think it will be just a little over that

time until I come.

Last night I stayed all night with Mrs Schultzy. Mr Schultzy is in the hospital. He had his tonsils taken out yesterday. He is home today.

Somehow I can't see much in your letter but the one paragraph about Lawrence.

Bretchen I never can explain the feeling that came over me when you said that about Lawrence. I had counted on telling you so much and reading all my letters to you but that chilled me so.

You are so deeply in love yourself dear, that I know it is hard to measure anyone but by the standard of your own husband. And, Lawrence is nothing like Chas. He is entirely different and that, I suppose, was why you said what you did. I

thought that anything I might say about Lawrence would give you a wrong idea of him. If he was like my brother, I never would have married him. (I mean I never would have gone as far as I have) not that he would not be worth my friendship & love and not that he was not worthy of being loved by me, but because our tastes would be so entirely different. Chas has a different way of loving from Lawrence. Yt. Lawrence's way is just as true and sincere as Chas' way.

Now, dear, don't misunderstand what I have said. I mean Chas is just as dear and sweet & I love him but I never would like to marry one of his type. We never could love each other because I never could stand him kissing me everytime I passed him. Not that that isn't perfectly proper & right, but because I can not

made like that. I think Lawrence is the same way. And if he isn't & I discover it later, it's all off. If he had showed the least signs of being that way here, I would have sickened of him. But, Sister, he is just as tender to me as Chas is to you. I should not have read those letters he wrote, but I did because it was a proof to me of what I was testing him out for. If he would have overlooked things that I purposely put in my letters to bring this out, I would not have been satisfied. I am glad he did get jealous of Goldsmith. Although his letter was spunky, it showed me that he cared and was afraid. And he knows me well enough to know I don't want him falling in with everything I happen to say. I like independence. Chas has independence too, but he shows his in a different way.

With all of Lawrence's independence

and my own included, we are not so stubborn that we can't give in to one another.

Oh, dear, I am tired of explaining because I think maybe I am making things worse. It is something that is clear in my own mind, but I am afraid I can't convince you. I have tried to overlook it but I have thought & thought and have come to the conclusion that I have tried to tell you about and am afraid I have made a fizzle.

I can see it from your point of view but I am afraid you can't see it from mine & I am afraid you don't understand when I tell you the things Lawrence tells me. That is the reason I didn't tell you after what you said. If you can understand why you just write and tell me and then I tell you.

I have had a soldier boy coming my way. I almost jumped

Sunday night. He asked to take me home and he said it just like Lawrence used to. "May I see you home?" Oh it took me back to those days almost a year ago. It will be a year since that night I first met him. Oh I doesn't seem that long in one way & in another, it seems ages ago. Just as Lawrence says. "~~It~~ The time itself has gone quickly but the past seems so long ago.

Oh Sis, I should say this war news does look good. I'll bet the war is over by December. Oh! Oh! Oh! What joy when that word finally come and the boys come home.

Lawrence won't have to wait for an old slow transport either. He can come speeding home on the Sub-Chaser and you & Ches will come glying home on the train. Oh Joy! Right down here to this little heaven. Yt, sis, I realize if we

want happiness will have to be separated from our folks. Then we can run our homes to suit ourselves & not others. Oh I wish we could have the farm, but if Lawrence feels called upon to go into the other I wouldn't forbid for kingdoms. But, sister, when I am over at Mrs. Schultz's and see the way a ministers family has to live it makes my toes turn under. It isn't just being a ministers wife but people treat you as being a different species "as it were." You can't act like other people (Christian people too) but you have to place yourself upon a high religious pedestal that you resist and even God does not want you to have. All because you are the ministers wife. But if necessary, I can be sweet about it and take it as all the other wives do.

Well, Sister dear, I must close
now please understand & don't
shut up like a clam now but tell
me just how you feel about it, dear.

Good night and oceans of
love & kisses I am lovingly yours
Sis
Maire.

P.S.

Mr. Stevens wanted me to send
these to you folks.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

OFFICE OF THE MANAGER

San Diego, Nov. 8, 1918.

Dearest Sister:-

I guess this good news is going to be delayed a few days longer than we at first supposed. But nevertheless, it is coming and soon too. They are going to give them 72 hours to sign the armistice or reject it, which ever they choose. I am sure they will sign it for I don't think the soldiers or sailors will fight any longer. They are standing up for the rights that have been withheld from them all these years of the kaiser's reign. Oh I wish he, the kaiser, had never been born. He has spoiled all our plans for a little farm. I dreamed last night that Lawrence had come home and that we had the wedding. What wild dreams they seem now, and how far from realities.

There has been nothing exciting except the war news down here. We received your letter the other day and was so glad to hear from you. We always are. One week from this Sunday Lawrence left San Diego. I can remember that night so well and how exciting the whole day was. I can see him as he came up on the porch and knocked and I remember the expression on his face. We both got in the machine and went over to Mrs. Schultz's and ate a little lunch. I couldn't eat much and don't you remember I told you that he confessed several things he had told Hazel but he was sure that I wouldn't care as it was "just in the family." Sister just now I would give the world, if I owned it, to see him even for a few hours. Hazel didn't like it one bit when she had to pile in with Mr. and Mrs. Schultz in their machine and Lawrence and I had the whole back seat of ~~the~~ his father's machine.

Oh yes, I must tell you what Mrs. Schultz wrote to Hazel. She realized how much she cared for Lawrence and how hard it would be for her to give him up if he didn't tell her until he came home. So she wrote to her and told her that she surmised that something was up between Lawrence and I. In fact she was sure of her grounds. Hazel has complained ever since Lawrence left San Diego that he has not been the brother he has always been to her. Mrs. Schultz explained to her that she could never expect to hold the place in Lawrence's heart that she has held ~~him~~ and that it was because he had given his heart to me that he was so indifferent to her. ~~for Hazel to reply~~ Mrs. Schultz let me read Hazel's reply. Oh yes, another thing Mrs. S. told her was that she was sure that I thought that she disliked me, and that if she wanted to please Lawrence she would try to get rid of any prejudices she might have against me because of Lawrence.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

OFFICE OF THE MANAGER

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Hazel's reply was sweet. She said she had suspicioned the same thing. But she was glad Lawrence had chosen such a "dear sweet girl" as Marie. She was also sorry that I thought she disliked me because she didn't. She said all that she was sorry about was that Lawrence didn't confide this to her. She loved him and was interested in everything he did. Poor H. will have to learn that boys do not like to confide such things to their sisters. She wouldn't want her husband-to-be to tell his sister either.

Well, Dearest, I see that I have given you my usual amount of chatter. I must get busy now and finish my letters for the company. With loads of love and kisses to you, dear, I am,

Always your loving,

Sister.