

JILL TO AL JULY 1, 1942

Darling -

For once the mailman brought your letter before I left the house this morning, and it was almost like having you with me as I read it on the I.C.

I am past indignation at the fact that you haven't been paid yet, i.e., fit to be tied. How the hell do they expect you to survive for five months without paying you? Either you or the Army are grievously at fault and I am inclined to be mad at you both. I'll send you a tenner as soon as I can get a check cashed, but Mrs. P. won't get her rent for another two weeks. I certainly can't keep the bank account above the 200 mark without some help from you, at least this month. As you may recall, our expenses were heavy this last month, at least heavier than our input, and the fact that I get paid so sporadically makes it hard for me to meet large regular payments of anything. I finally sold the bike to the girl downstairs at no profit. I had gotten so discouraged by the derisive snorts of dealers who wouldn't give me ten bucks for it, they said, I told Ruth (the girl downstairs) she could have it for what I paid for it. However, she isn't going to pay me for a couple of weeks, and meanwhile I've had to pay for that other bike Vic finally got, which, incidentally, he likes very much. I haven't seen it yet. Also, I've had to buy a bathing suit because that purple one is wearing thin and is never dry two days in a row, which nicked me for a ten. Bathing suits are very expensive now, at least the kind I like are. This one is just like the one that sank in the gravel pit except it has blue palm trees instead of seahorses against a white background. It cost two dollars more, though, which gives me a twinge of ill feeling against the party responsible for Bathing Suit No. 1's demise.

Darling, all this drool is by way of circumventing the most important thing we must talk about right now, i.e., the matter of your staying at school. I really think you should, even though I know my advice is very dilettante-ish, because I have no way of knowing or suffering the things you suffer. Just about one third the term is through now, which still, I guess, doesn't make the

remaining stretch any less gruesome. But I don't think the alternatives to school -- a desk job at Fort Sheridan or in Washington -- will make you feel any more useful or contributing to the war effort. We've talked about this matter of desk jobs and I think we both feel the same way about them -- that they're boring and never do approximate the kind of work you've been doing, or want to do, in civilian life. I thought you wanted to stay with a combat outfit, and you yourself have said that the things you've learned in the coast artillery constitute a very interesting kind of combat job. And as for our not being together for two months more, well, we've been able to take that before.

Of course, dear, if you do decide to leave, or lose that lovely Latin temper all over some second looney so that they request you to leave, it won't exactly make for an irreparable breach between us. You know that anything you do is all right with me, and just because my judgement runs counter to yours sometimes, it doesn't mean I have an emotional stake in the matter. Besides, I always thought your judgement was better than mine anyway.

I remember that the last time you asked me for advice of this sort we had a frightful row. You were going to leave Columbia and you asked me what I thought, and I think I wrote back that I couldn't say, I ought to be neutral, and for some reason that threw you into a boundless rage (I'll never know why and fortunately then I was sufficiently intimidated by you not to ask) and you wrote back calling me all sorts of names and citing all my misadventures since the day I shot the arrow into the chicken. Why, you practically drove me into the arms of that Wop assistant of Borgese whose name escapes me, except that I didn't. But anyway, that's what happened the last time.

I'll send the marriage license tonight and with it another letter. It isn't ready.

My love to you, darling,

Jill

JILL TO AL JULY 2, 1942

I bet I fooled you with that envelope!

Sweetheart

Enclosed is a photostat of the license. It cost 75¢, can you imagine! It's very sweet of you to try to get this allotment for me. I hope it works. How about getting paid, big boy?

I'm at your family's tonight & your ma & I are sewing and ironing. This being a female is terrible. Wash wash wash all day long. Honestly, if I spent two hours washing & ironing from now until Christmas I still wouldn't be clean. It's all so useless, too. You clean your white shoes & put on a clean dress and fresh pants every day to go to the office, and nobody sees you when you get there, and ten minutes later you're all dirty. I don't see the point myself. And on weekends, when people do notice you, you're dirty as a pig.

Vic's bike is swell, for the money. It's a Schwinn like Ed's & very sturdy looking. They're at the beach swimming now but I didn't go with them. It's too cold and I wanted to write to you.

I had my hair cut and washed today at a beauty parlor, a big concession for me since you know I always do it myself. I really intended to have it bleached somewhat; I've been getting so bored with my puss, and since I have no man around to reassure me of my beauty, I just had to do something. But I changed my mind at the last minute - sissy that I am. Maybe I'll do it when you come home so you can share my little joy and/or sorrow.

I spent so much time last night fiddling around with my bike I couldn't get to write you before 10 when the mail goes out for the last time. Then I went for a cone with Rosable & we met this kid I know from 57th who has a car & we went riding out to see the steel mills. You aren't allowed to park out there anymore because of the war, but we still saw those wonderful burning stacks. Incidentally, Werner Thiel, one of the eight spies caught, was a machinist from Hammond & used to work for Frank Betz & Co., Betty's father. A small world, as we saboteurs say.

What about your insurance from the fleet, your mother wants to know. She suggests you drop it. I do too. Also what about the papers from your army insurance. Aren't you supposed to send them. Your mother says she loves you just as much even if she doesn't write you. I do too. Incidentally, you don't have to send your letters air mail but I will.

Loads and loads of love.-- Jill

AL TO JILL JUNE 29, 1942

Look, punk: (otherwise known as "dearest love")

No words for two days. Two days sine complaints and I am sad. I figure you are in the transitional stage between airmail & 3¢ stamps and so excuse it. But this cannot go on. I may have no means of exhibiting myself to women these weeks but remember I'll have thirty years of virile manhood left after this summer. I don't like to haul my heart up from my boots every time I'm left out in the mail call.

It's no use. I'm sorry already I called you "punk" even in fun. I really have a great deal of respect for you, come to think of it. And I know you mean to write even if you do miss now & then.

About my virile manhood. That is in the future. Right now I am as weak as a kitten, tho I manage to run a mile every morning. Well, put it this way: I am somehow exhausted and fit at the same time. My complexion is a most gorgeous brown, deeper than any you've ever seen. I must be very light even for me. I think I have sun wrinkles in my face and a rather gaunt, lean, appearance on the whole.

The rat race here is getting almost ludicrous. Yesterday, during the showing of a training film, row after row of men dropped off to sleep, a truly amazing sight. I actually fell asleep today standing up, listening to a demonstrative lecture. I just got behind my sunglasses & lowered my lids, like an old plow-horse catching a few winks while the farmer's off to lunch. A grand melee occurs at every break in the vicinity of the Coke

dispenser. I'm a raving advertisement for Coca Cola. It's all that stands between us & oblivion a good part of the day.

I'm in study hall now, presumably learning optics for telescopes & height finders. What gadgets they are but I want my own gadget (def: something you screw on the bed which does your housework).

The same old story goes. I long for you incessantly. I'll write soon just when I'll call home on the phone so that I can at least hear your bell-like tones. I wish Ann or Paul would write me. Love to my amigos & famiglia. Think up a good nook where we can hide, dearest. Your husband and lover -- Al

JILL TO AL JULY 3, 1942(A)

Look youse (in reply to your letter of the inst. starting "Look Punk")

I am so mad. Every time I start to send you something special I either forget it or lose it. Like that picture of me aged 10 holding Isadore the chicken. That was what I said I was enclosing last week and then couldn't find it to enclose. Today I was going to make and bring a very special piece of art work from the office - and then I forgot it. Well, you'll get it tomorrow. It's a surprise!

I was very busy today compiling stuff on McKeough's & Brooks' legislative records & didn't even get out to lunch. I bought a disgusting sandwich from the vendor in the hall but it turned out to be too disgusting to eat. Did I tell you that I saw Ed Kelly in the hall the other day? He looked at me as if he were smelling something bad. That's not very politic, do you think?

You write the best letters, really. I liked that little bit of your lowering your eyes and sleeping like an old plow horse. I really do appreciate those fragments, mostly because I know how unfunny your situation really is, and partly too, because I'm always on the receiving end of literary tributes - & never or rarely ever giving them. I do love you so much, darling, and the nice thing about eating with Rosable is that she's such a willing

audience when I talk about you. She's naturally an admirer of yours (almost as much as of herself).

She's over tonight - we ate mutton chops which are better & cheaper than lamb, in case you don't know. Anyway, she's saying she's so humbled by her unfortunate affaire with Brown that, quote, she's assumed this servile role and is at present busily ironing a skirt for me. I have a wonderful system. Whenever I go anywhere & take a mussed or torn article of clothing with me & proceed to iron and/or sew in plain view of whoever is there. Then they, whoever they are, get so dismayed by my incompetency that they snatch said article from me and proceed to do a workmanlike job on it. It's worked infallibly so far - with both my sisters, your mother, Lorraine (who was over at your house one night when I started a hemming project) and now Rosable. The fact that it does work with Rosable shows it is infallible. But I do hope that I'll learn the wifely arts by the time you come back (though at this rate I think it's unlikely). I'd so much like to make you a happy comfortable home, despite my only recently lost scorn for such a bourgeois ideology.

I've just been looking at the bankbook, preparatory to sending you a check for 10, and I shudder to think of what we've spent in the past two months or less, and for what God knows. All I know is that we've spent more than I've earned or gotten from the estate, & God help us if we didn't have those saving accounts to fall back on. I won't burden you with the exact figures. I did, by way of vindication, figure up what I've spent on clothes since we got married and it comes to about \$42. Where the rest went I don't know. Oh well, I'm not worried about it, and of course you shouldn't be. It does distress me that I don't keep a budget but I will try to, starting August 1st, when my accounts are clearer. And when we live together and probably will have to live closer, I'll try to be more careful.

Hey - the 10 o'clock bell just rang & I've got to get this out.

Lots of love to you, my sweet one
- Jill

(over)

Shall I compare you to a summer's day?

No, you are more beautiful & more temperate

For rough winds shake the darling buds of May

And summer has too short a lease.

(Mrs. J. F. Brown has caught the psychosis)

JILL TO AL JULY 3, 1942(B)

Dearest -

This is one of those nights I have trouble sleeping and so, altho I just wrote you a couple of hours ago (I wonder if the mailman did pick it up in the last mail), I'll, contrary to general practice, spend these wakeful hours fruitfully and write you again.

A moth, probably having just dined on my good suit, is fluttering about. The bed is down and rumped and altogether, if the set were smaller, it would look like a scene from *Camille*, with the pale red-eyed heroine hacking away her last hours in a badly upholstered chair. (My throat tickles, these days.)

Though I rarely go in for such dramatic, not to mention downright dangerous, gestures any more, I leapt out of bed a few minutes ago, an oath on my lips (Elizabethan, not French) and took a walk on the Midway. I dressed, of course. I remember taking such a walk two summers ago. I was living with Janice then and had insomnia, aggravated by Janice. So I stormed out of the house cursing. It was well after midnight, and I started to head towards the Midway and West. I wanted to go to your house, at 58th Street. But I didn't. I had only known you a few weeks then, and although you always looked like a defenseless baby to me then, in your little white beer jacket, you had a certain aloofness that discouraged me from taking any such post-midnight liberties. You were a funny combination of boyishness (well, you were younger then) and oppressive

withdrawnness, and it was not til long after that I dared intrude on you.

So I walked about in a long circle, just as I did tonight. Only I thought tonight that I would give my very soul and salary to know you were at 58th and Maryland and that I could go to you. I hesitate to communicate these moments of excruciating longing to you. It really isn't cricket, because it will make you all the angrier and more dissatisfied. And if it were to make you smug - well, I shouldn't like that so much either. No, it isn't the old spirit of feminine protest (tho it may be that in part). I just shouldn't want to throw out data that would obscure the essential quick-silverishness of my nature. Darling, even though my love is not as a rock, I hope I'll be able to give you something just as good. Maybe that's presumptuous, I don't know.

It's 1:15 now, and while I can't truthfully say that I'll never be able to get up in the morning (I usually leap up after these sleepless nights with the verve of a kid on Christmas morning) I'll undoubtedly feel ghastly the rest of the day. Incidentally dear, if there's anything humanly possible for you to do so that you can stay reasonably healthy, please do it. Are you getting enough to eat? Do you want cookies? The next time I go north I'll make some. I need both your mother's sugar and supervision.

Good night, dear. I love you.

Jill

Enclosed is check. If not negotiable return or tear up & I'll send cash. There's time, I guess.

AL TO JILL JULY 4, 1942

Dearest Jill,

After I called you and had the miraculous sensation of hearing you laugh and talk gaily and provokingly, I ate a good dinner for

a change and lay back in my bunk to think about what we said, inevitably falling asleep for an hour or so until just now.

I wanted so much to erase any slight impression of uneasiness I may have left with you and really hope that you passed it over lightly. But please try to realize my state of mind, darling. You just can't know how I must feel, how helpless individually a soldier feels, and how intense my dependence is upon you for the hopes I possess of being happy in the future. You shouldn't have reprimanded me, darling, for "distrusting" you. I don't really. But I want reassurance so much. It's pathetic, the way I want you to say you love me, and think about me and won't even look at another man while I'm away from you. Don't say that I should know you better. That is so unthoughtful and untherapeutic. I do know you better. But I still want reassurance. Put yourself in my place and I think you can sympathize with me. Imagine yourself in a concentration camp composed of incompatible women. Imagine loving me so indescribably much and picture me running around loose with plenty of free time and only an intangible bond holding me back. Surely, you would feel confidence in me generally, but there would be times when you would wonder, and beat against the barriers that kept us apart and question some little word of information that might possibly indicate that I had aberrant thoughts in a place where aberrant action was disgustingly easy.

That's the reason I asked you not to drink too much, tho I should know you wouldn't . But I'll try hard in the future not to express the slightest plaintive query, if you get impatient or angry with me because of it. You're a hard man, Magee, but there isn't anything I wouldn't do to appease you. The way I've descended from my former position of dominance isn't even funny.

Enough of this. I think sometimes you get bored and impatient with my moonings. Anyhow, yesterday we went out on short maneuvers and I enjoyed the vigorous activity and the freedom that can't be taken from a man who is crawling along the ground with his heart next to the ground and his eyes towards the

enemy. I still like skirmishing better than anything else in the army. This morning we had bayonet practice and I like that too. I get awfully vicious when I have one in my hands and am pretty good at it. It's just like a good old free-for-fall, smash!, slash, butt stroke, jab, thrust and smash.

All in all, yesterday was very strenuous, but I don't feel it at all. We walked four miles in an hour with pack & rifles, very good time for a marching column or for anyone for that matter. Our platoon is full of good marchers & singers, so we really swing along. It is really a sight to watch us in action, no hut,-trip-thrupfore is necessary. Two seconds and the column is right in the groove, swaying from side to side like a metronome.

About my progress report. Darling, there is no doubt in my mind that I'll be a better officer than 90% of the men around me. I've cut out the bounce very effectively, and in the future will use it only to cover a long distance easily & hurriedly. With you, among company, I won't use it. Many of the men have official dressings-down, a thing I haven't experienced yet, I guess because I just naturally look like an officer.

The disciplinary talks are very humiliating, I've heard. Very cold - following is an example of one as related by a victim: "Mr. Edwards, you are intelligent. That's why you're here. You are inattentive to duty and that must cease. Use your intelligence. Any questions? That's all."

A few days ago, the platoon applauded a lieutenant who announced he was leaving for overseas duty. That night, the Battery Commander rose and reprimanded us. "You were heard applauding. That is the last I expect to hear. You have no feelings - you do not cheer, laugh, or boo." He's a very popular fellow, you can gather.

The major inspects us minutely. He glances at a rifle, over which a man lost a night's sleep. "Rusty rifle, gig him for inattention to duty." His handkerchief dangles from his pocket, his posture is that of a bar fly, his walk almost outbounces mine, and his attitude that of a county hall politician. Any of those

habits would dispose of us poor candidates. Honestly, darling, what a satirist I shall be in my aging years. And what material I'll have. I trust when I'm working on the materials, I'll be in a happier position, preferably nestled in our log cabin with you making breakfast for a change.

I think I'll go to a movie tonight to escape a little. What a god-forsaken place this is! There is almost no way of getting out without great expense & effort. As far as I'm concerned, it's not worth it.

I'm going to make a Herculean effort to get this letter out tonight for your early amusement, and therefore will close it.

Look, darling, I'll try to call you again next Sunday morn at, say, 10 A.M. Chicago time. If you're not at 1413, you'll be at 1235 and I'll try both in that order. If at neither, away for the weekend or something, forget it and try to let me know. I really live your life with you since mine is so inadequate emotionally and .. am interested in little details about journeys, lunches, and other bric-a-brac of civilianism.

Hearing your voice, especially so happy and healthy, was a grand emotion that I'd like to repeat. You really sounded wonderful, and I was so glad I caught you home. Jesus, Christ and the Virgin Mary. I'll devour you with love when I see you again, provided you don't get disgusted with my protestations before then.

You mean everything to me and I'll love you forever and forever.

Al

AL TO JILL JULY 5, 1942

Dearest love,

Here goes for a fast reply to two of the swellest letters I've ever received. Your midnight walk was almost a symbol of the eternity of our love. I know I've loved you desperately from those first few weeks and the months of agony that followed before we

could be together could scarcely be known to you, so hard did I try to conceal them. Every little slight or disaffection on your part cut me terribly and that is why I have occasionally stupid little worries about you. That is why I asked silly questions and foolishly advised about drink and even itty-bitty sins of glancing at anyone else. It is because I suffered so much once.

Anyhow, it is grand and inspiring to know that you love me and to have unlimited confidence in your love. Before you came into my life and I used to sit late of a night, looking on the Midway from the office, I felt so lonely. I, too, used to walk the Midway alone at night. Maybe that's why we like to walk so much together, because we are exhibiting our triumph over the setting which once sheltered our aloneness.

Don't hesitate to communicate these moments "of longing" to me. God, how I understand them and share them. And that balderdash about your love being not like a rock but just as good in other ways. It is like a rock by all standards of all times and those other things just as good are in reality sugar on the honey-dew. Stop questioning your love, if you do, darling, and accept it as I do, as the greatest thing in our lives.

So kiss that Midway moon for me one night and some night I'll take it back in person.

Don't worry about my health. I'll survive and be tougher for it. And stop worrying about money. Worry only about how you can keep me from loving you to excess, for that will be your only problem all of your life.

Your lover & husband, Al

[on the back of an envelope, in Jill's handwriting:]

Brooks - Labor

Wrong on Connally amend (67-6p) & Byrd which condemned all strikes regardless of what unfair employer acts provoked strikes (46-25 p); did not vote on amend to WPA appropriate from 875 in to 1,250 m (31-22d), voted "right" on bill to > taxes by imposing personal inc. taxes at 750 & 1500 limits (43-23 p.)

a cartoon attached, entitled "The Spirit Of The Hangman"

JILL TO AL JULY 4, 1942

[This is a map entitled "Ward Map - City of Chicago" and subtitled "A sentimental journey or Love in the Fifth Ward or A scholar's Fall"

Several squares are captioned by hand]

Square 46: Aunt Lil's - Your draft board (nasty)

Square 42: Fired from here too - Garden spot territory - Johnny's family lives here. Maybe should have married him.

Square 1 - Loop (nasty). It rains shit here - Al worked here inefficiently. Green line indicates route of bike rides - Was fired from here.

Square 5 - Home of Aquinas - U.T. - Hanley's - We swam here second and the rest of the time.

Square 6 - Lost wristwatch here. Unemployment compensation here.

Square 7 - We first swam here. Steel mill - keep out

Square 8 - Tom & Joan

Square 9 - Lake Calumet (but no fish)

Square 10 - Wolf Lake. Please throw wolves back

Square 19 - horse here

Square 3 - Rose lives here (we like her) - Good Jig Clubs - other places where we lived and/or necked

Square 25 - Beware of strikers or/and Reds

JILL TO AL JULY 6, 1942 (A)

Sweetheart -

Sunday - 8:00

I just woke up this minute from a two-hour sleep, so you'll have to excuse any tendencies to incoherence. I've been tired all weekend, due to an inability to sleep late in the morning. I guess I just try too hard. Then I just frig the rest of the day away being tired, and finally drop off to sleep at an ungodly time like this.

Jane's party was very nice & her apartment is just beautiful. It's in back of a frame private house - 5714 Dorchester - some professor's - & it's like living in a garden. A large living room, bedroom et al, all very modern and lots of windows. And their own garden.

Lots of people were there, including George Peck, whom I always liked and with whom I spoke nostalgically of Kankakee picnics and the Pears. Christine and the baby are touring with a stock company til Autumn. George is working on his degree and is quite unhappy, what with not being in the war and Chris away like that. What a family!

I went down to the beach for a while today but the water was too cold to be enjoyable. Besides, I have the curse.

I thought the boys were going to bike down today but they didn't, for which I was sorry. Nevertheless I was glad to be alone, a state which I occasionally prize, especially, when there is least chance of achieving it. Today Maxine wanted me to be with her & Adele, which I just didn't show up to do; Joan wanted me to spend the night with her because Tom was on night shift, I broke that. Jean wanted me to come to Flossmoor & your mother wanted me to come north. Both I flatly refused to do. That boy Bob dropped over, which elicited the most caustic remarks I have emitted since I started my "Be Kind to Human Beings" policy several years ago. He fixed the radio, however. I made him feel like a bumptious coarse child and told him, in a cold Victorian way that my husband was considered a very handsome able man. No, dear, he didn't make any passes at

me. I just don't like people assuming the prerogative of dropping in.

Anyway, I'm pretty sick of people today, finding them no substitute, not even a poor one, for your presence. Honestly darling, I miss you so much and get so mad at this damned war. Yet I never want you to compromise yourself in the Army so we can be together.

I haven't said anything about your plan for me to come down because I didn't understand it very well. You spoke so fast, so I'll wait till I get Buss's letter to you.

Well, I better mail this, eat & go back to sleep.

All my love,

Jill

JILL TO AL JULY 6, 1942 (B)

Sweetheart -

Since this is Monday, a day singularly lacking in news & since I reviewed the events of the weekend rather fully, I shall devote part of the text to this enclosed letter. It started out as sort of a silly joke & ended up with my having to stay overtime. It seems Rubin had to write a letter for Hodes in which Hodes was to recommend a guy he didn't like very much. So Rubin wrote the body of the letter - a damn with faint praise, as you'll note - and then we started to think of silly P.S.'s one might affix to a letter of recommendation, like so & so is a marvelous worker, an efficient helpmate, etc. etc. P.S. Watch your wife. Anyway, he wrote out the letter, & then put in P.S. Don't lend him etc. Just to amuse the secretary of the department, you understand. Hah hah, we said, won't she be amused. Well, the results are obvious. And she was so damned sore about being taken in I had to stay and do the letter over again, which, in my halting fashion, took a damn long time.

Rosable was over for dinner & we had spare ribs which had

been in the ice box for a week. I wouldn't eat them - the one taste I had convinces me I'll soon die, if I'm lucky, but she had the whole mess and she will die. Ed Duciss, Helen's uncle, just came in for her. He is a rare character, a Marxist who sleeps all day and has had five wives.

I had lunch with Janice today. She & Bill come downtown periodically. God knows what mission of indolence he was on.

I have to go to the dentist tonight. I think he is going to cap that front tooth that is chipped.

How are you? I'm tired as hell. There was a big storm last night and I woke up screaming to the accompaniment of a thunder clap. I was so scared I couldn't go back to sleep. I wish you were here.

I didn't get a letter from you today which disappointed me, but I know you can't write every day & that you are not culpable - whereas I am if I don't write daily.

Tomorrow night I am going to your mother's so I won't see any mail from you til Wednesday. It'll probably be piled four deep in the mail box, which always makes me a little mad since I like to read them one at a time, so to speak.

I haven't paid the rent yet because your mother asked me to pay hers on account of the checking account, etc. Mrs. P. hasn't been very good about getting the floors painted et al. I think she's taking advantage of the fact that I'm not around to nag her.

Well, the dentist calls. Lots of love to you, darling. And be good.

Jill

JILL TO AL JULY 6, 1942 (C)

Hey--

I haven't gotten a letter from you since Friday, or maybe it was

Thursday. Anything wrong? I guess that isn't such a long time but it just seems that way. I came home tonight instead of going to your mother's because I remembered I had forgotten to register for a first-aid course that starts tomorrow night. It lasts ten weeks (three hours once a week) and I'll bet I won't finish it, although I'll probably learn something in the interim.

Anyway, I had told Mrs. Porter I wouldn't be home so she painted the floor in the bathroom, and in order to wash I have to leap around the bathtub and on the sink like a great ape. Well?

Today I did the only creative thing I've done so far on this job, or ever will do, probably. It was a cartoon, Mr. Rubin's original idea, of course, and I sort of blocked it out and did the prose. His idea was one of those little Joe Doakes cartoon books the OCD is making use of -- you know, a little booklet of a few pages with text showing a story of Joe Doakes keeping his mouth shut, Joe Doakes being careful on the job, etc. I haven't seen one but that's how it was described to me. So I did a cartoon of sixteen frames -- presumably the frames will be separate pages if the thing ever goes through of "Once upon a time there was a little Senator named Curley," etc. It goes on to tell how people pointed out a big cloud and said it was going to rain but Curley said it wasn't and called them names. And so forth. It's kind of corny and I am afraid, too oblique in a Smith College way, but Rubin thought it was funny and said he'd show it around. I suspect he was just humoring me, because I'd taken a few tries before that -- one on "How to become a Big Potatoes Senator (The Trib calls McKeough "Small Potatoes") and that wasn't any good at all. Anyway, the only passably funny frame was that showing Curley keeping his pledges (that's his campaign slogan) i.e., Curley holding a pawn ticket to "One Piece of Tribune Backing" with the Tribune Building in the background with three pawnbrokers' balls on it.

As for the research end of the job, I'm afraid I'm not much good. I'm both too impatient to be a good research worker and really not resourceful enough, I fear. I go to get information and forget half of what I was going to get, and am too lazy or

unimaginative to get the other half. I know this is an awful self-indictment, but I might as well be honest with myself. I work all right when I'm told pretty specifically what to do, and the doing of it isn't too routine -- just like the writing on Coronet or ideas for cartoons, half of which have been given me. But I'm not very good at getting original ideas or doing much ramification of an idea. I just hope they don't know what I know about myself. Naturally, working around Rubin tends to give one an inferiority complex because he's full of ideas. (It's funny too, because I know more than he does about a lot of things.) But I tend to have an academic, rather stilted approach to problems: I honestly don't think I'm very imaginative except in my use of words, and that's only because I have a big vocabulary and a sense of humor.

I took both our watches over to the jeweler tonight to be fixed and the joint cost of the two would be \$0.50, so I flung myself out of the shop in a hurry and will send them to Unk at my earliest op.

Well. I have to go over now and register for the red X. How about writing me some time, especially about yourself?

I am reading "The Way of All Flesh" by Samuel Butler and it is very good, except that I can't imagine how I missed it in my numerous college English courses. It's all about family life in early and pre-Victorian England. Quite a classic, quite.

Much love to you, my darling,

Jill

AL TO JILL JULY 6, 1942

Dearest love,

Your charming map captivated me. True to detail and history, it will be framed in due course, with an army grid system inscribed over it to properly orient us when we venture forth to recoup the flame of the past. For I shall kiss you again at each of those

grand milestones and erect cenotaphs where we lived and played together and bar traffic from the Midway for our nocturnal walks twice each week. Your sense of direction & plotting show plainly a Dan Beard temperament which should warrant commissioning you in the Army Signal Corps. I must remind you, however, that your reference to Hess [*Johnny*] went entirely unnoticed. I admit you are too good for me but that still leaves Hess out and I will retire ungraciously from the field either with my shield or on it. The man who gets you from me is worth caging in the Lincoln Park Zoo (a place, incidentally, you forgot to inscribe with the proper legend - a read-assed baboon). He must have superhuman intelligence plus the physical vigor of Superman for no mere mortal shall go unchallenged and undefeated.

May I thank Rosable for the lovely poem which was so nice and unsilly?

Flashes from Swamp Davis: I met Harvey Sherman, lieut. Sherman, today for a brief moment during an outdoor class. He's just returned from a week's leave in Washington and promised to look me up his first chance to describe his adventures & his conversations with Buzz. I'm happy that he's around to visit with on weekends. He's so superior to most of the candidates around here.

You'll be angry with me for flunking my math exams. I thought I passed but there is something strange about the relationship of math & myself, something hidden, repulsive and perhaps incestuous. I think very logically on most things but yet make a great many petty errors in math exams. I solve some problems perfectly and yet solve similar problems not at all. Well, I'm not worried. Half the battery flunked. Another exam is given at the end of this month which I'll pass &, in any case, passing the test is not a sine qua non of graduation unless the mark is abysmally low, a thing I don't have to worry about. May Zeus shoot a thunderbolt at my High School math teacher who instead of teaching me algebra, blighted my life with the role of Brutus. Never did I think in those nice days, when I was the fair-

haired boy liked by all the little girls and my teacher, albeit somewhat hot-tempered in a non-aggressive way, and stomped out on the stage to recite soliloquies to the paper stars, to curse the fate that had overtaken Rome, and gathered my sheets about me toga-like with a dark, serious mien, so Brutus-like, that I'd someday wonder why $-8-(+2)$ equals -10 . No, I never thought of that as I kicked a tin can homeward after school. I thought of how I would be Caesar taking Vercingetorix' helmet in triumph, of how I would ride a white steed to the undying glory of a Galahad without the nonsense of religion and hocus-pocus but with the fair & pure maiden of great sex-appeal (A Petty Madonna).

More about the maneuvers for you naive civilians. Moot problem is to decide who is dead & captured. Our squad leader sent me scuttling thru the underbrush after our two Scouts who seemed to have found anonymity their greatest reward. Presumably they were muttering to themselves "If those so-&-sos want to find out where the enemy is, let them come themselves." Later it turned out that they were just a little laborious & roundabout in their infiltrating tactics.

I met them harking like sound-locators in a thicket. "The enemy is just ahead, I see their lieutenant," Williams whispered. "Well, let's go get'em," I replied and crawled forward.

About 10 feet farther, I unfolded the branches and there sit two of the 4th Pltn with their mouths agape. "You're captured or killed," I cried. "Take your choice". "Wadya mean? We got ya first." There I was, I could neither shoot them or convince them. So I stood up and another man pops out and draws a bead on me. "You're captured," he said. I started to argue that out when our scouts came out and said that he was captive. "My God," I thought, "The whole army'll be here arguing if something isn't done." But the lieutenant of the "enemy" decided that we were captured by some form of biased thinking and ordered us to join their forces. "O.K." I said, but all's fair in war and off I crawled to rejoin my own platoon, sniping a few opponents on the way back.

Lately, it has been occurring to me that much of the pother about words as weapons has its refutation or at any rate some relation to what I've been doing. The social scientists & semanticists fulminate against words with emotional overtones. Yet look here at the terms from a blueprint before me: screw, washer, lug, ring, window, adapter, nut, balls, hole, worm female (socket), male (plug), follower, retainer and many others. All of these words are double-meaning, some of them blushing so, yet no one worries about changing the vocabulary of mechanics. The men who work with them are conscious, too, of the similes. Hypothesis: It is not the terminology, but the subject-matter of a science which gives it difficulty with the emotions.

The check came - merci, my sweet little one - but I'll try not to cash it. I think Saturday is when the eagle shits.

Bye the bye - define the following terms:

Shit on a shingle - what you usually get in the army
in every way

Gig (this is easy)

Fluff off - get lost!

Eight-ball - slacker soldier

Fucked by the numbers - given the old runaround

Fart-sack - bed, said with a fond inflection

Others will be remembered from time to time.

Later: Harvey is living just around the corner from me now in a room in the officers' quarters. It's really swell to have him here and the gossip he broke back from all the draft-dodgers in Washington was very pleasant to hear. They are all making wonderful money, it seems, but that doesn't bother me much. I'm sure we'll always have enough to garnish our tables.

Darling, this effluence must cease for today. Be patient (like I'm not) these remaining weeks, and I swear I'll make up these

waiting moments with a happiness neither you nor I have ever known before.

Love forevermore,

Al

JILL TO AL JULY 9, 1942 (A)

Dearest -

I'm up at your mother's now and we're all sitting on the porch - your mother sewing, Eddie reading Berlin Diary which I finally got from the library, Coony snapping at flies, and me with my head on the table writing to you. It's very restful that way. I wonder if my handwriting is going to come out slanty. I'm too lazy to lift my head and find out.

Rosable says my handwriting is that of a withdrawn person - more withdrawn than she'd expect me to be. I think it's just too gorgeous for words, personally. Yours, on the other hand, ain't so hot.

Gee I'm tired. I'm sleeping lousy these nights. I'd go to a doc and get pills, but I'm too tired to walk over to Civic Med and get them. I'd like to rest this weekend, but about two weeks ago I promised Jan McEldowney I'd come to Flossmoor for the weekend. It's just the way I used to make dates with boys I didn't like very much - I figure, irrationally enough, that if I made the date far enough in advance, it really didn't exist. Not that I don't like Jan (I don't, really). It's just that I can have as good a time at the point on 55th, and no trains. I have gotten the most frightful aversion to going anywhere on weekends that can't be reached by bike or foot. I guess it's the effect of going down to the Loop 6 days a week.

Anyway, dear, I won't be home Sunday morning so don't call me. I love to speak to you, but don't you think it would be better if you called every two weeks instead? And would Saturday night be better? I can't justifiably complain about your waking

me on Sunday morning - I'm too happy to hear your voice. But happy or no, I am sleepy and can't hear you very well, or function as effectively as I do in the evening.

I'll never forget how nice it was to be wakened by you when you came in early one Sunday morning with Hank. I had been waiting up for you til late that night before - very mindful of waiting for Santa Claus when I was a kid (well, I did), and finally, and with difficulty, I went to sleep with the happy knowledge that when I woke up you'd be there. And all of a sudden you were - & I got up, still more than half asleep and drooped all over you. It was a fine and memorable feeling.

Jimmy Durante was on the Baby Snooks program and he affects me the same way that M. Fields and the Marx frères do, i.e., he kills me. He has that highly original, subtle-buffoon tho he isn't subtle, style that I snobbishly feel can only be appreciated by intellectuals. There is a song he sings called "Did you ever feel like going when you wanted to stay?" that is a masterpiece of what I don't know. If you ever can get to it, he sings it in The Man Who Came to dinner - and you've got to hear it.

Well - I have to wash out some clothes now. Did I ever tell you I loved you very much? Well, I do. Everybody sends love - Ma, Ed, Cooney - they're the only ones who are home. Love, Jill

[On the envelope:] Hey - send me one of those artillery pins

JILL TO AL JULY 9, 1942 (B)

[written on 3 x 5 cards]

Sweetheart -

I'm at first aid class now - ergo the inelegant stationary. I should have known better & brought more orthodox paper. I never could sit and listen attentively for even a half hour during the most fascinating academic delivery. So you can imagine how I

feel during this, the first hour of a three-hour class on a subject which I have never considered particularly fascinating. But I think it's something everyone should know, to kern a phrase.

However, the speaker is not exactly proceeding rapidly & I can read about it in the first aid handbook, so I'll write you & then maybe sneak out after a not unseemly stay.

My, I had an interesting evening last. I read my lovely Butler til half past the 11th, and then turned out the light to be alone with my thoughts and perchance sleep. The latter, that increasingly rare and lovely event in my life, was not destined to be mine, however. There were loud voice, squeals and curses outside, which wafted into the room rapidly & clearly. I arose with an oath and looked out. Some people in a parked car & from the sounds of their voices, they were exceptionally young and drunk. So I went back to bed, hoping they would go away & wishing you were here X. But they didn't. Finally, after about 45 minutes during which I worked myself up into a fine stew, I got up and padded outside in my raincoat. I was polite, addressing them as "you kids" and asking them to park some place else where people weren't sleeping. They were 2 young couples, young, dumb & drunk. They just looked surprised - I must have appeared like a wraith, coming out of the gloom, & didn't say anything. So I went upstairs & got into bed. I lay there - I must have been straining for the slightest sound by that time - and by God - they started to call & yell and swear some more. I considered calling the police, but was embarrassed. Then I thought "What would Al have me do?" The answer was obvious. I could see you, black with rage, yelling at me "Why the hell don't you call the police?" So I did. A girl answered & I said diffidently there was a carful of drunks outside, would it be too much trouble to make them go away? She said no, so I gave her my approximate location & by God if there wasn't a squad car there in three minutes, flashing a light in the offenders' window and telling them to go away.

I was so impressed by this turn of events - my temerity & the police's efficiency - that it took me another hour and a half to go

to sleep.

Well, at least you know I'm well protected in your absence. It is a nice feeling to know that there's somebody to protect one against trifling annoyances, lacking a masculine pair of fists as I do.

I'll be damned if I can find my pulse (we're up to that), it's very embarrassing.

I got your two letters today and I'm so sorry I wrote you such a snappish letter Saturday. I guess I knew all along why you feel the way you do but you know how mad I get on relatively slight pretexts. Besides, you know how we used to fight about that subject & how much your attitudes have changed since then. Well, when I get mad, I guess it's partly at the way we used to act a year ago.

Well, I spose I ought to listen some more. Wish you were here so I could work on you, or vice versa.

Your devoted & loving J.

I left the class at quarter of nine, an hour or so early and just got in. I've been awfully tired all day and simply have to have some time for a bath and reading.

I forgot to tell you last night I got trapped by Mr. Staley, who has not yet gone to the army and shares the apartment on the first floor with Ruth McKay, that cute girl to whom I sold the bike (and who hasn't paid me yet). I guess it's a platonic arrangement since Ruth is the one who has a husband overseas and since Staley is a patent dope, though beautiful in a Jay Hall sort of way. Anyway, he held me there for an hour with a long story of his trials and tribs. trying to get a commission in the army and/or navy, and how all the young officers annoyed him so. He's an awful bore in an entertaining way, the way southerners are. Sometimes I wish Lincoln hadn't been so anxious to preserve the union.

Well, you know me kid. I could go on forever, kid.

Again, all my love to you, of which there is much.

AL TO JILL JULY 8, 1942

Dearest love,

I was awaiting the reproach I deserved and it came today and I deserved it. But you remember you posited me in two frames of mind and I think our letters matched perfectly - it was the first and not the second that got me and therefore I feel that you have forgiven me. Just to be sure, by the time you've received this, I will have begged your pardon via telephone.

Please don't call me "Al Dear" in a letter when so obviously you mean it as a reproach. Superlatives are in order when addressing a love-sick husband. I know I love you & you love me, and oh, how it hurts to have even the slightest frown of disapproval from you. I practically break my neck stumbling back into your favor. I have absolutely nothing in the world but good will and feelings towards you.

I feel as you do about this bundle of goodies business. Today I got two of your letters, yesterday none, Monday the carte magnifique.

A lanky chap named Mills and myself have been having interesting conversations during "study" hall and breaks the last couple of days. He just graduated from Rutgers, tho he is about 23 I imagine. His brother is a psychologist, novelist of sorts, and a former editor or asst. in the New Masses.

Next week (when you get this letter) we'll be studying Gun Gunnery (just gunnery isn't enough for the army's system of classification). The days are going by and I'm so happy for us. One man counted 57 today, but there won't be that many perhaps. Say roughly 50. That means a huge number of hours thinking about you. Probably the night you were scared by thunder was really early dawn & I was already cherishing you from afar.

I got the marriage certificate back today & have now folded it carefully into my wallet, so that when I look for money I don't find it but find something just as good.

Sunday I had one of your patented blood pressure headaches from oversleeping Saturday night. Isn't it nice that not only my heart but my head throbs with yours, my sweet little bleachable blonde.

Long live our love!!

Al

* * * * *

[Letter from H. W. Flood]

Dear Alf,

Do you remember? *[arrow to address]*

I have been thinking a lot about you and the others of the band, and wondering where you all are, what you are now doing. Something very different, I'm sure, from anything you ever dreamed of here in 1939. I shall be really honestly very interested to know if you can find opportunity to write. And should the whirlpool of war bring you to England always remember you will be a welcome guest. We shall be delighted to see if you can call here.

You were very interested, I think, in politics and the art of government in those days, I wonder if you can make any guess of what government is going to be like when hostilities cease. I'm pretty sure that in England we shan't know ourselves, we who can remember *[?]* 1914. As for the New Order I am wholly convinced that the only new order that can hope to live any length of time, is one deliberately based on Christ's eternal values, love, generosity, justice, freedom, the eternal value of each individual man, woman and child.

No other "new order" is worth a man's fighting for.

With kindest regards and remembrances from Miss Flood and

yours very sincerely

H. W. Flood

* * * * *

Letter from M. T. Holmes 28.VI.42

My dear Al,

Past midsummer is no time to be thanking you for your munificent Christmas present, and no doubt you have with ample justification given up all hope of hearing from me again. I can only hope that this letter will get to you ultimately and that the U.S. entry into the war has not so far disarranged your life as much as the war in the last 12 months has inconvenienced mine. I joined the Navy in August of last year and after 3 1/2 months training and barracks work I went to sea for just over five months, hence this lapse in acknowledging your princely consignment of cigarettes. Thank you very much indeed for them and please realize, however tardily, how extremely grateful we are for them.

After nine months on the lower deck I am now in training for a commission. However as this letter probably has to pass an unlimited number of censors, and as practically anything about the private life of a seaman is censurable, I had better close this subject immediately. Suffice it to say that if I ever get a ship to New York or Halifax or any North American port I will try and get into touch with you immediately; how I don't know, but I suppose the Political Dept. of Chicago University keeps track of its most brilliant alumni.

Whether my intellect will have so deteriorated as the result of two or more years' enforced idleness in His Majesty's Forces as to render it no longer worthwhile for me to go back to Oxford after the war I do not yet know. For it is only the scientists, engineers and mathematicians that this war can allow to follow their own callings in wartime, as I dare say you have already found to your own cost. As one who was reading the modern school of Philosophy, Politics and Economics, I personally am about as far off the above category as can well be imagined. In

any case the ideas of and methods of the political school at Oxford are altering so rapidly and radically as a direct and indirect result of the war that it is practically impossible to read politics with any seriousness there now, and in any case of very little value compared with reading it after the war when these new ideas have to some extent been examined and digested. When I left just over a year ago people there were just beginning to realize the overwhelming importance in political science of non-academic works like 'Mein Kampf', the contributions to be drawn from modern individual and group psychology, etc. etc. In fact some of the old liberal professors up there still find it rather shocking to read about the psychological biases of the police and armed forces in modern democracies; "hardly a proper subject for inclusion in political science," as one of them remarked to me. Probably this is all very old stuff to you, but the political school at Oxford is still years behind the times, enslaved by an academic tradition little changed since the days of T. H. Greene and the second half of the last century, in some ways indeed apparently little changed since the days of Aristotle. As a result when with the enthusiasm of eighteen, or at any rate with as much enthusiasm as was left over from the more important occupations of drinking and going to dances and shows, I tried to synthesize such of Freud's researches into group psychology as have been published with political theory especially in connection with propaganda, I found practically an uncharted country. Such is the condition of political science at Oxford at present; but there are among the younger dons some men of great vigour and originality and I think after the war all that will be remedied. What stage of development you have reached in America along similar lines I have no idea; I imagine you are infinitely more advanced and probably you would find our still highly academic treatment of political science in the main ridiculous. What sort of people are read on the sociological side at Chicago? Does anyone for instance still read Veblen?

I must try and get this letter off to you tonight and so will have to cut it short, but I will write again more fully in the very near future. Do let me know what you have been doing with yourself

and where you have been in the last six months or so. I must really try and get over to the U.S. before the end of the war.

I hope you are in the best of health and that everything is going well with you. Thanks once again very much for the cigarettes. Looking forward to hearing from you again.

Yours v. sincerely,

Michael I. Holmes

[Al met Michael I. Holmes on the boat coming back from his second pre-war trip to Europe. He was the son of the then British Vice-Roy of Canada. They never met again.]

AL TO JILL JULY?, 1942

Dearest,

Here is that letter from England I was telling you about. Please save it. Boo*

Al

*I bet I can still scare hell out of you.

AL TO JILL JULY 7, 1942

Dearest one,

No letter from my lovely wife today but I know she can't be personally responsible for the U.S. postal system. Even if she were, I would think of another reason for forgiving her, so much am I blinded by love.

We spent the day examining the various parts of the 90 mm. gun, the chief, heavy anti-aircraft weapon. I decided, upon seeing the fine brass 41 lb. round it fires, that someday I'll capture an empty cartridge case to make us an ash tray. It would look very well, standing staunchly amid the works of the philosophers.

So many men have been affected by the heat & sleeping sickness in class that the authorities condescended to giving us a little more sleep. It was framed, of course, as an order. Beginning tomorrow morning, lights will go on at 5:55 which means that I'll probably be arising at 5:45. Ah, luxury.

I wondered today what has happened to those two fine pictures of us - you in your nondescript riding habit and I in my checkered pajamas. You really should set them up in our parlor, I think, even though you may be frightened by your own visage. I told Harvey last night that he might have to display a picture of you in his room for my benefit, since I can't keep one up myself.

Darling, I think that we'll really have a wonderful week's traveling vacation together when I get through here. You can beg,, borrow, or steal a week off from the City Hall and meet me in Washington, if the trip to see me graduate is too tortuous (and I think it is) Saturday. We'll arrive about the same time and spend a day or so with Buzz & Mir. From there we'll travel together to N.Y.C. to visit your family, thence to Chicago. For once we'll travel around together. Won't that be grand? It's too early to be definite but I like to think about it.

This letter is merely a snappy short - so "Cut!" - I love you, sweetheart. Al

P.S. Here the colored folk step off the walk to let the white folk by

& we step off the walk to let the mosquitoes by.

JILL TO AL JULY 10, 1942

Darling -

Friday

I'm trying to duplicate the conditions of coming home to dinner with you. I wait until I start cooking and/or eating til I read your letters (there were two waiting for me when I came home). Then I write you while I'm smoking my after-dinner cigaret.

A damn poor substitute, if you ask me.

First, let me assure you that your flunking your math in no wise diminishes my love for you. If anything, the intellectual humility it must bring you, at least temporarily, evokes all my motherly instincts, which ought to make you feel good and sick.

Getting back to point number one, your letters are so fine and long and funny it is almost like being talked to by you. I'm sorry they tried to make a Roman out of you at such an early age. The problem of ordering an Empire must have been quite a burden for you, aged 12. Your brother Ed doesn't seem to be so burdened by such a sense of historicity. In fact, I am not infrequently appalled by his ignorance. Last night he asked me where Vienna was - Also who was Hearst. (He is reading Berlin Diary as a change from Superman).

Don't intimate to him that I've tattled on him. Certainly in large part it's not his fault. He hasn't had any history in high school yet, which I think is pretty dreadful. I think all he will get, if he stays at Lakeview, will be American history. But, aside from such defects of his environment, he is less in the know than Vic. Maybe it's because he hangs around all those dopey boys. (Of course, at home I defend that, because your mother and dad are apt to yell at the boys for going out just for the sake of yelling). But I do think it would be a good thing for Ed to go to the U. College, or to hang around grownups just a little bit more than he does. He could get a lot from just talking to his Dad, who incidentally knows more history than I do. He was able to tell Ed about the Treaty of Locarno last night, which I couldn't do.

I got a swell long letter from Unk today. I sent Day a check for his birthday to get him a magazine subscription. He has joined the Coast Guard Auxiliary and instructs a weekly class in navigation. He also spends Sundays with a friend who has a motor cruiser and they patrol Jamaica Bay, which is very big and not an unlikely place for a sub to meander in accidentally (the bay opens out into the ocean). I'm pretty proud of my Unk! For a guy over 60 I think he demonstrates plenty of physical guts, especially when you consider what a Mr. Milktoast he is in

his private affairs.

Jeeps, since I started to write this I've been on the phone an hour. Your mother called to tell me I got a letter from Miriam and she read it & it was very cute indeed. (I can't think of another family in the world where there's so much genuine amity among the various branches: Unk always tells me to send you his love, I forgot to mention.) Anyway, they are coming in two weeks and hope to spend their vacation at Glen Park. I'll go out for weekends, taking Sat. off. It ought to be lots of fun out there with the whole family. I presume Victor will be able to shelve the cares of business for a fortnight.

Coony has a running eye and we took great joy in preparing a boric acid solution and administering to him last night and this morning. I'm not so keen about first-aiding human beings, but have always been hot on medicating animals. I don't know why that is. I can remember doctoring the goldfish when I was a kid. Occasionally they would get a kind of louse on them around their gills. I would very carefully remove them from the water and lay them in a bed of wet cotton -- no logic in that, I assure you, since obviously a little wet cotton wasn't going to facilitate their breathing -- and then remove the horrid little creatures with my mother's eyebrow tweezers. Then I would carefully spread iodine on the spot and throw them back in. As a matter of fact, the fish never did die of that specific experience. It was usually from other causes, like freezing or boiling (my mother once put the guppy bowl on the radiator to keep them warm with obvious consequences).

I got tired of hand-writing, ergo the typewriter. I just spoke to Betty Betz. She is having a big party for midshipmen on Sunday, or rather, her kid sister is having the party, and she wants me to come so she can have some adult and civilized companionship. Jan didn't call back in re my going out to Flossmoor this weekend, for which I am very grateful, since I am too tired to move. However, I had told you not to call because of that, and now I'll be home, damn. Well, next weekend I'll be sure to be here, willy, nilly. I am not keen about

going to Betz's party, but I think that by Sunday afternoon I'll appreciate going because on purpose I haven't made any other plans for the weekend and it's always fun to have one thing definite to do on a weekend. On the other hand, I hate weekends like this last one, where there were so damn many people and things making demands on my time. I guess tomorrow after work I'll buy some food and go down to the point and flash around in my new suit. It's really very pretty and I'm taking good care of it so I'll have it all nice and new for when you come back.

If I'm not fired by then and if I can get any leave of absence at all in August or whenever you graduate, I'll make damn sure to get enough time off to see you graduate. I want to spend every possible moment I can with you, and if the boss objects he can go to hell. I am sick of the bad puns I hear around that office, anyway.

I've written you every day this past week, every day since a week ago Wednesday, that is, so if you don't hear from me on Mondays and Tuesdays, it's the fault of the mail. I don't hear from you on those days either. The service is lousy and it certainly contributes to the unsatisfactoriness of writing, since by the time we receive each other's letter, the issues involved in them are old and stale.

I'm glad you liked my map. I could have mailed you a smaller one since we had those photostated down to 8 1/2 by 11 size, but figured the large size was more amusing.

I have to wash the dishes now. The place is beginning to stink, to put it genteelly.

I see by today's Times that Dorothy Dix advises people writing soldier boys to make their letters jolly. So many people write sorrowful letters to the boys and then the boys get sorrowful and Miss Dix gets sorrowful, etc.

Are my letters depressing you dear? I hope by now you overlook my complaints about not sleeping, as you will probably hear them the rest of your life, or at least, until I stop working

and have to get up and get your breakfast. Then I will be able to sleep.

All my love, dear

P.S. Can you send me one of those little Coast Artillery pins. Bill Cates' wife Jane wears one of the air corps, which he's in, and it's very pretty.

That's funny about your mentioning my keeping a picture of us around the room. I do -- that one taken of you in a moustache and me in my blue suit in the back year.

[On the back of an ad entitled "Announcing 3 Investment Opportunities"]:

This was in an envelop addressed to a man named Grojan but I found it in my mailbox. I'm not giving it to him on purpose, whoever he is. Jeepers, I forgot people still think about things like this! The dirty cruds, if they do. They should be buying defense bonds, shouldn't they?

JILL TO AL JULY 12, 1942

Dearest --

Here it is Sunday night, another weekend gone without you. I have decided I must be sublimating, or something, because I certainly run myself into the ground in an unprecedented fashion when you are not around. I have spent at least six hours in the lake -- not at it, mind you, but in it -- crawling vigorously. I have biked no less than ten miles, nine of which I think Johnny Wiggins, your jazzloving friend, was on the handlebars. I have run, leapt, visited Rose, chased cats, slept little. And I am profoundly sunburned.

I don't doubt that much of this activity is motivated by my dislike of being alone -- a very natural one, I have decided. (June Provines, that arbiter of all wit and custom, said in her column the other day that it's so nice to be married because you can get a few good books read then). And then there are, apparently,

my natural inclinations to be athletic, or active, to restrict the term to exercise not characterized by any particular skill.

When I got home from work yesterday afternoon I raced down to the lake, where I spent the afternoon pleasantly chatting with John and Polly Hart and swimming. Then I dropped over to Tallman's to see what she was doing for dinner, the idea of eating alone appalling me, and we went to Morton's which has re-opened in the style moderne and stinks, and I had lobster tails. The joint is very expensive now, too, besides being pretentious looking. But I felt fine after an eight-course dinner because I had begun to sicken of my sardine-on-bread suppers. Then I went back to Jane's house to get my bike and all of a sudden all the fairy-foot men she knows descended on her and lo there was beer and a party. Somewhere in the midst of all these covert and overt homosexuals, Johnny Wiggins showed up. We rushed out into Jane's lovely garden and had a rousing game of night baseball until I lost the ball; when we took an extended trip on the bike to fill up the tires with air, during which I lost my keys which necessitated another extended trip to find them. Johnny has only read Freud and Damon Runyan, and it gives his conversation a color not obtainable elsewhere. I think he is a good guy, do you?

A boy named Sid Rolfe was at Jane's too, and we had a protracted conversation about you. He told me to tell you that he has gotten a candidacy, straight from civilian life, to the School for Military Government at Charlottesville, Va. (I wrote this all down, dutifully) and that this school is for administrators of occupied countries after the war, and that if anybody in the world is qualified for this work, you are, and that if you are interested, the man he saw and that you might contact is a Lieut. Col. Joseph Harris. It sounds pretty good to me. This boy has had some experience in public administration. He is also running for some minor office in Lake County. He is beyond doubt a Commie, and was under the impression you were, too, an impression I promptly dispelled. John thought so too. I tried to explain that you were more iconoclastic than anything. As a matter of fact your position, or rather lack of it, is difficult to

explain to other people, although I feel it instinctively and can pretty well know in advance how you are going to stand on various matters. But you even refuse classification as a New Republic liberal. As Sid said, it must be sort of funny being a man's wife and not being able to explain his political views. I said I didn't think it was funny at all, and besides it wasn't the case.

I woke up too damn early this morning after all that riotous living -- not very riotous, just strenuous -- and went down to the lake, where I met Ethel Pasternack and her actor-husband and five thousand other people. I swam a lot and came home late this afternoon and went to sleep, completely overlooking Betty's midshipmen party. Now I have to go out and look for my keys some more (I left them at the beach) and then I'll come home and read. It's really hot as hell today - a west wind - and this apartment is even hotter.

So, sweetheart, I'll leave you to continue my campaign to make the name of DeGrazia synonymous with clean living. You take the brains and I'll take the muscle and together we shall have strong intelligent children, doubtless all jailbirds.

All my love,

Jill

JILL TO AL JULY 13, 1942

Darling -

I'm up at the family's now and we're listening to the Grant Park concern over the radio. Cavallo's conducting and your dad is playing in it. It's been sort of raining here but I guess it isn't down there. Aunt Lil is here and sends her love.

I had sort of a tough day today. The mayor is giving a report tomorrow on taxes and Rubin is writing it for him. I had to get material to support the thesis that he's going to present, i.e. that Cook County pays out a greater proportion of the state's taxes

than it gets back in the form of re-allocation or goods & services. Well, Jesus, I am as to the field of taxation as a newborn babe, and I don't think a seven-hour day is sufficient unto the orientation and fact-finding necessary to the problem. I left at 6 and we sure hadn't gotten very far. I think Rubin thinks I am an awful dope, and as I said before, I am, sort of, and every problem I've come up against at the office has served to establish that conviction in both our minds. I suppose I'll get fired, eventually. I should have been a welder.

Yesterday there was a big ceremony dedicating a housing project near Joliet under the name of Lidice (pronounced Lee-dee-tza). Willkie spoke and got off a few broadsides against Stephen A. Day. I think he is going to make some more speeches, just at random, against Day but he wouldn't commit himself to reporters on his stand on Brooks. It would be wonderful if he would come out against Curley, but I am afraid Wendell is still a Republican first and he may be scared of splitting the state party wide open (they still call it a party, not the Green machine with the drape shape) by opposing such an important candidate. I notice that Massachusetts is facing very much the same issues in their senatorial race as we are. Lodge voted pretty much the way Brooks did pre-war (Dec. 7). Lodge, a once popular Republican, is running against an Irish Catholic Roosevelt man with a strong labor backing. As I pointed out facetiously, if we know how Mass. goes, we'll know how we'll go. Rubin said yes, that's a good idea - before he remembered that the election day is the same for everybody.

Well darling, that's the political forecast for the week, which I'm convinced is no less fatuous than some the professionals give. Incidentally, I have taken to wearing the hair shirt by tuning in on Mr. Anthony's Court of Human Relations, which goes on at 9:30 Sunday night - just the time I discover my alarm clock has run down and I don't know what time it is. And that's the only station the radio gets. "Dear Meester Enthony - my husband and I have been married for 80 years and lately he has been working late or so he said and now my neighbors tell me he is not working late but going to a ..." "No details madame,

please?." "What should I do, yet?"

"Madam, look deep into your heart and follow its dictates. Good luck to you.-- Next!"

Such shit, as Eve Canning would say.

Darling - I love you - Much as I like summer, I wish it were over so we could be together again.

Always,

Jill

After I said that little piece about the Green-machine I got an idea for a cartoon. Enclosed is Eddie's interpretation of it. I think it is swell (his drawing, not my idea).

AL TO JILL JULY 7, 1942

Dearest one,

No letter from my lovely wife today but I know she can't be personally responsible for the U.S. postal system. Even if she were, I would think of another reason for forgiving her, so much am I blinded by love.

We spent the day examining the various parts of the 90 mm. gun, the chief, heavy anti-aircraft weapon. I decided, upon seeing the fine brass 41 lb. round it fires, that someday I'll capture an empty cartridge case to make us an ash tray. It would look very well, standing staunchly amid the works of the philosophers.

So many men have been affected by the heat & sleeping sickness in class that the authorities condescended to giving us a little more sleep. It was framed, of course, as an order. Beginning tomorrow morning, lights will go on at 5:55 which means that I'll probably be arising at 5:45. Ah, luxury.

I wondered today what has happened to those two fine pictures of us - you in your nondescript riding habit and I in my

checkered pajamas. You really should set them up in our parlor, I think, even though you may be frightened by your own visage. I told Harvey last night that he might have to display a picture of you in his room for my benefit, since I can't keep one up myself.

Darling, I think that we'll really have a wonderful week's traveling vacation together when I get through here. You can beg,, borrow, or steal a week off from the City Hall and meet me in Washington, if the trip to see me graduate is too tortuous (and I think it is) Saturday. We'll arrive about the same time and spend a day or so with Buzz & Mir. From there we'll travel together to N.Y.C. to visit your family, thence to Chicago. For once we'll travel around together. Won't that be grand? It's too early to be definite but I like to think about it.

This letter is merely a snappy short - so "Cut!" - I love you, sweetheart. Al

P.S. Here the colored folk step off the walk to let the white folk by

& we step off the walk to let the mosquitoes by.

AL TO JILL JULY 12, 1942

My dearest love,

I successfully resisted the urge to call the McIlDownys and charge it to their patriotism today by venturing down to the ocean and immersing myself in the briny deep. It was briny, too, and quite balmy (literally), much like a good hand lotion all over. I'll hold the phone call like an anal erotic water till I can't hold it any longer.

Today I bought the most complicated circular slide rule I've ever seen and this week will learn to work it until I'll dream of revolving figures and will undoubtedly be as a result so competent that I can figure when you are due for your monthly period, a little thing of some consequence in our lives. Another proof of how every little thing is tied together in this great

relative world (bullshit).

But the water was nice today. I like especially to swim out and just sink placidly until I am in a state of completely amorphous consciousness, of suspended animation. It's almost as peaceful, gentle, and blissful as your arms. On second thought, it isn't - not by a long shot.

Last night, Harvey and I saw a movie of middling funniness. A lot of jerky behavior saved it. In case you may see it, the title was Moonlight Masquerade, the actors nothing to remember. Afterwards we walked to a store outside the Camp gates where I purchased the enclosed Coast Artillery Pin for you. I hope you like it. It's the official insignia which officers wear on their collars. (Incidentally, we are completely divorced from the C.A. tho the insignia is still the C.A.'s. The AAA furnishes combat troops for every branch every where, from the infantry to the coastal cities. The newest thing is air-borne AAA which work in conjunction with the parachute troops.) Harvey & I talked at length. He's really a very intelligent and capable fellow, with a steel-like mind that won't stop for squeamishness. He is somewhat inflexible in his methods, and is also, as you remember, and even more so now, very good-looking.

Of course, we talked about the war and it was nice to discuss it with an informed person. I read him a passage or two from Buzz's last letter to me which will interest you too. "It turns out that American equipment in Libya, both tanks and guns, is very good, despite Axis propaganda to the contrary. The British defeat was due mainly to a tactical blunder it now appears. All sorts of reinforcements have been rushed, especially air, & the Br. have been blasting away like hell ever since. Claude the Auchinleck has been doing some fast thinking & acting. Monday at lunch we had Seversky, Nash the New Zealand prime minister, and Commodore Perry of the Graf Spee battle. Seversky & Perry agreed that the Graf Spee battle was probably the last purely sea battle. Seversky, speaking broken English, seems to know his onions, but the Commodore was simpletonish & oh so sweet & conservative, & so pathetically

appealing in his self-awareness of his conservatism. Nash was neutral ... etc." Interesting, what?

Somehow, despite Russian reverses, I can't help still feeling that the war will be decided in this year, with the next as a melancholic afterlude. In our favor, I forgot to say. I got a letter of Santo Cirgingharo today; he's waiting for training as a navigator somewhere in California.

Yesterday we turned in our rifles, a gala day for everyone. They are unenthusiastically called "Gig sticks" by the men. It seems that no matter how much elbow grease is used, there is always some faint dust spot or oil spot in some hidden crevice. I've had pretty good luck on mine, only one gig since I've had it. No need to tell you that I can execute the manual of arms standing on my hand & playing bridge at the same time.

My, you are popular, aren't you? All those bids and things. What a salon you could run, given the money and the desire! You could be a real party kid, kid, couldn't you, kid?

All kidding aside, you're the one big party of my life, and I'll take you without wine, other women, or song.

Enough for now, my love. I must go about my shining, dusting, and studying. The militarization of Alfred de Grazia stops at nothing, the Army says. They're wrong. It stops where you begin and you begin far back in the first trickle of my being.

Your love,

Al

JILL TO AL JULY 15, 1942

Dearest--

This'll have to be a quickie because the mail goes out at ten and it's twenty to now. I went over to Betz's house for dinner because I had left part of the perfume that was my shower there and also because I was quite apologetic about not showing up

for her party Sunday. The trouble with those people is that they NEVER EAT. I got there at 6:30 promptly, just like I said I would, and I swear they didn't start to eat til 8. At that it was a cold buffet around the pool and by that time my stomach cried out for bifsteak.

There were a couple of other girls there and after dinner we all went riding with the old man on several of the six English bikes he has. They rode me part of the way home. Betty's leg which she hurt skiing and had operated on is still bad but she can ride a high-seated bike for a little way, anyway. However, she doesn't go down to work at all, except to get paid. She does her drawings and copy at home. What a sinecure she has; it's almost as bad as mine, except that it will probably last a good deal longer. I am becoming increasingly convinced that I am an incompetent, and that I shall get fired any minute. Every day I feel is my last, and I am correspondingly uneasy.

And another reason that I can't write as long a letter as I'd like to is that I have to study my first aid tonight, being that I didn't stay for the lecture last Wednesday night. I bought a manual for a dollar and they threw in a couple of bandages with it. All this I picked up at the Woodlawn branch of the public library tonight on my way to Betz's. I was so interested in my new acquisition that I started to read it while riding no hands -- an ironic scene indeed. "And in the victim's badly mangled hand was a copy of the Red Cross primer ..."

I got two of your letters today and I'm getting damn sick of the mailing system. It's not so bad for me but I try to space my letters so you'll get one every day since, with no lack of modesty, I know you must like to get them, as I do yours. Only I'd say generally you have less diversion than I do and my letters must correspondingly represent more of a diversion than vice versa.

Darling, I've lost my keys again: I left them down at the lake Sunday and by the time I got around to looking for them it was dark and it's been dark ever since. There are no extra keys around here so will you send me yours right away. Mrs. Porter

gave me a front door key but I have to leave this door unlocked to get in, which I don't think you care for very much. Fortunately it was unlocked when I got back Sunday; otherwise I'd never been able to get in.

Hey, do you need money? Your letters sounded as if you did. Jeeps, I don't want you to think that you have to stint yourself just because you don't have any cash on hand. I can send you all that you need. I finally paid the rent, your mother having paid me part of the rent I paid for her, and I can send you any amount you want. Presumably you'll get paid soon. Write details or else. In fact, enclosed find a check for ten. (I hope I don't forget it now.)

Well, it's ten now. All my love to you, sweetheart.

Jill

[Letter from Corp. Henry Dannenberg, July 15, 1942]

Dear Al, Tuesday

So glad to hear from you and only the day before I got your letter I wrote you and this is my answer to your letter. When you left for Davis I spoke to you and told you that it would be tough for you and that your free spirit and frisk nature would [rebel - *word missing*] against that type of treatment but buck up boy and smile, show them you can take more than they can hand out.

The rest of the work should be easy but don't let them disturb you enough to have an effect on your studies, that's what that will do. From what I can gather it's just like any other army course tough in the beginning and once you get on to it it's easy. So chin up my buddy and smile them to death. I've just got back from a 3-day pass and that girl I'm sure I told you about Mildy the nurse was down to see me and Al old kid I'm sure I'm in love and it makes me happy. I told her about my buddy De Grazia and his wife Jill and our plans to tour the world and she thinks it's swell and she knows she would like you and your wife Al and hopes to meet you someday and I'm sure you

would like her a lot too Al. She's well educated and a real person because of her close contact with the everyday sorrows of life and she loves me a great deal.

Her 3 days here really did wonders for me and when she left I really felt like a part of me was going away, funny to hear me talk that way but I guess you knew it all the time. I know that you must miss Jill very much but keep plugging Al time goes fast and you will be with her again and to have it the way you want it you must get by this first hurdle. Things here are about the same tho I haven't heard from John or Curt yet I should any day. I will make Sgt on the next special orders and at present building an English fed that is my site # 7. My brother got a job thank God and I'm hoping that I get good news about my Dad any day now.

My sis & Mom are leaving to be with the Doc the 1st Line somewhere in the South and from there my Mom is coming to see me and that will be a great break because I want to see her pretty badly and have a long talk to her. It's as hot as hell here, Al, and the only way I can write is to put powder on my hands and use a towel to cover the paper. I can imagine what a hole Davis is and I guess that's just why they picked it to make it harder. I guess you do miss Tyson and boy I sure miss you, how much I may someday prove to you. But think of the better times to come and our trip and the new life and things we have to do after the Victory is won, the help the people of the world will need to take them out of the inhuman chaos of the wrongs of men. I didn't see that drunk Billie and he had no money anyway. I don't remember what it was Al so I can't say.

But in closing may I again repeat please don't let them get your temper up, keep a cool head and get good marks I'm banking on you because Al they need officers of your type and brains badly if we are to win this war. So chin up and think how I would have smiled right thru it if I ever had the chance to go. But my ears held me back - not back far enough to be a good soldier tho. So again Al I wish you all the luck in the world and all the boys always ask for you. They sure liked you. You were a

regular guy.

Your friend always,

Hank

P.S. Regards to the family & Jill. Big Hank (quite a kid) (a smile a shrug, then a laugh and the whole thing gets easier).

AL TO JILL JULY 13, 1942

Dearest love,
night

Monday

Night is falling and the study hall is nearing a close, and like Dracula a change comes over me, suffusing my veins with active, rushing blood, after a day spent clutching the top of my desk sleepily like the vampire bat clinging from the rafters. Gruesome, aren't I? Anyhow, I do feel alive at night when we are dismissed & for the first time each day I can forget about cadence. (Your children, my dear, will spring forth from your womb in a file of twos at quick time)

Your letter today was long and nice. I might suggest that the reason for placing the goldfish on soft, wet cotton is to avoid injuring their delicate outer membrane. Unk seems to be making a fine, bold contribution to the war effort. You know the fact behind the Man of timid exterior; he it is who has the soul of a lion come crisis. Miss Dix is right about letters to soldiers but I'd rather know the truth than wallow in blissful ignorance. So if you're losing weight or gaining, let me recipe you a cure. More generally, I'd rather be wise than happy, a trait that must have some morbid beginning back somewhere. All I have to do, furthermore, to stop your wailing is to repeat a few of the hardships I'm undergoing and immediately your sense of proportion snaps back at you.

You can't imagine how hot it is here and how bad the mosquitoes are. They swarm about everybody, alighting on our sweaty bodies and not moving until they're killed. They get

everywhere and we can't sleep even for our meager hours of rest. The sheets and our underwear are soaked with sweat until they are dripping. As I lay here writing (I'm in the barracks now), drops of perspiration are rolling down my back and arms. Really, though, one gets used to it.

We are beginning to lose a few men. A number will be dropped next week, too. A couple left from nervous prostration, a few from illness, and now some for flunking courses and not meeting the "leadership" requirements. A guy across from me who has a degree in Civil Engineering is leaving soon. It's so senseless. His talents should be utilized in more than a non-commissioned position. But he can't beller out his commands and doesn't cut a military figure.

I've already sent you the pin. Hope you like it. I'll call you Sunday morn at ten. Saturday night the lines are crowded. Again I'll try the North Side if you're not home on the South. Again I won't mind if you happen to be away for the week-end.

I think as you do about Ed, and feel there is a good chance of him getting that scholarship. They never build up hopes in advance. Anyhow, I'll be around in time to see if anything more can be done.

Christ, I'd like to see you, lover. What equitability my mood possesses is founded on that anticipation. I'll let you know as soon as I can how or if you can make the trip down here.

I must turn in. The study program is terrific this week.

Love and kisses forever

Al

JILL TO AL JULY 16, 1942

Darling -

That pretty pin came yesterday and I like it very much. Only it must have got slightly bent in mailing (another damn for the

postal system) and I pinned it on my pink jacket and now I can't get it off. However, I shall borrow a pliers from my neighbors tonight and go to work on it.

I didn't have a chance to write you last night -- I really should plan to do it during the day on Wednesdays, I guess. My first aid class starts at seven and I hardly have time to change my clothes and eat dinner. It runs through til ten, an interminable period of time. I don't think I'm going to be very good at it. After class I went over to Tallman's to hunt for my keys and purse again, and tried a head bandage of J. Wiggins who was there. It came right off. I could use you as a victim. And I used to think that it only happened in New Yorker cartoons! But it is, really, very inconvenient to not have anybody around to work on.

Jeepers, I was having a fine dream in solid slumber this morning, something about putting King George up for the night, and the doorbell rang and who should wake me out of my Freudian reverie but Bus Brown. He had just gotten back from California where he was supposed to be incarcerated, and I thought he smelled of liquor. Anyway, he stood there in the hall swaying and looking just frightful and glassy-eyed. I was more annoyed than scared, fortunately, and refused to tell him where Rosable was, and when he asked me to wish him luck I said tartly "I don't think you deserve it" and slammed the door. That was seven o'clock, I forgot to mention. Anyway, I later called Rosable up and by that time he had arrived at her place, and she didn't seem nearly upset enough, considering how much hell she had been raising in the past. I have a strong suspicion that she is leading him on, with letters and so forth, and that she damn well knew he was coming. All of which puts me out of patience with her mightily, since all her friends have been burdened with this problem for months now, and I don't see why the hell she doesn't stop writing to him and give him up for a psychotic. He wanted to have lunch with me today so he could, quote, talk about Rosable, but I naturally refused. I am getting damn tired of his psychosis, at least, hearing about it, and Rosable's tendencies to prevaricate.

Why don't you call me at seven your time Saturday night, six our time. I'll be sure to be in awaiting your dulcet tones.

It is getting hot again and I don't feel much moved to literary sentiments. If you were here we would probably be swimming. It's fun to float, isn't it? That's just how I feel when I'm floating -- kind of lost in the universe. My Red Cross book describes the symptoms of shock, and it sounds so desirable a condition, like floating, that I don't see why first-aiders don't encourage it in their victims: (roughly) "There is a depression of all bodily activities in the victim. His eyes become glazed and take on an infinitely weary expression. He refuses to speak and becomes quite cold." Doesn't it sound like floating to you?

Well, I must move myself into the hell that is noon-hour loop to eat. I wrote you now because I have so much washing to do tonight, and Maxine is coming over for dinner, that I don't think I'll have time then.

Say Hello to Harvey Sherman for me. Oh, I met Earl Johnson on the street the other day and he sends greetings. Also, I ran into Julie Harrison and she asked me a lot of questions about you and made me promise not to forget to tell you that she sends her greetings, too. So there.

Loads of love to you, honey

Chill

Rubin is having lunch with Sam Kraines today -- something about morale that they're working on -- and borrowed a buck from me to do so. I thought that was funny and coincidental.

AL TO JILL JULY 14, 1942

Dearest,

Your letter of today sounded like the Mad Hatter's holiday, what with the baseball in the yard, the queer assortment of wonderland characters, and the mad athleticism.

Your information about the School for Military Govt. was as nice and thoughtful as it is oldish. I found out about it about a month ago but you know how little time I have & how hopeless it is to get one's special qualifications recognized in the army. But the immediate rage reaction to a civilian being admitted while I etc. etc. caused two things. I wrote Joe Harris (lieut. Col.. to you) and asked for information (I can't request a favor of a superior officer) and the letter shall be dispatched the first thing in the morning. Secondly, I approached our battery commander who never sees anyone except to reprimand him, and explained that I was very much interested in the School. He knew as little as I about it but asked me to write a request for admission as the best way of finding out what was what. So I'll hand that to him the first thing tomorrow also.

I disliked to make myself known to him, as all the old timers say that to remain inconspicuous is a blessing in the school. I suppose the principle involved in remaining an unknown is the same as in staring at a shapely leg closely. At first it is beautiful & unblemished. Then a little bump appears and magnifies. Then it seems a little bowed, and then a few unbarbered hairs appear like a matted jungle. Before long it becomes quite unlovely. So it is with the conspicuous candidate.

Anyhow, I'll keep you posted on developments. This I will say. I will go to no school that will not allow me to have you with me. And I won't give up that ten-day furlough with you. Anyhow, as Harvey said, I can completely bluff all the social scientists with my knowledge of mechanics and physical science, a virtue of this school not to be denied in this age of ostensibility. Buzz is trying to find out more about the School, too, at the moment.

Prendergast is in a little trouble for his "military bearing" and had to see his platoon commander last night, but it is nothing to worry about yet.

By the way, do you think I should write larger like This, darling, so that you can read my letters while doing the butterfly breast or hurling the discus. Do you intend to divert downward all the corded muscle in your head?

Incidentally, if you happen to see [Jay] Gordon Hall, collect \$5 from him, lost to me when the Germans didn't take Moscow in June. Sneer, too, while you count the crumpled bills. I would, if I could be there.

In case I don't get to tell you over the phone that I love you and always shall to a complete state of emotional & physical exhaustion, let me say it now.

Oh, yes. C. E. Merriam is a good friend of Harris. Could you muster enough courage to see the old boy & explain how interested I am in the school and ask if he knows of any way in which I can proceed? He will be glad to see you, fond of pretty women as he is, too fond, I warn you.

Col. McCosmic McCormick's nephew was at school here but flunked out in leadership. What a laugh! By dint of good connections, however, they are keeping him around until he "learns" enough "leadership" to graduate.

Did you ever try to stand at stiff attention with a barbed mosquito comfortably gouging & gorging himself on your beautiful buttocks? No, you haven't. But that's the way it goes here in the morning exercise period except for the beautiful buttocks (I haven't been in the Army long enough for that). Only nice thing is the absence of the insects over the afternoon hours. We know where they are. They are sleeping with their hairy arms folded across their bloody, glutted bellies and wake up later with renewed appetites. Ah, what a bitter, biting, barbaric, yea, bastardly, clime!

I must study my ballistic corrections, darling; give my love to all but keep my Love for you.

Al

End of July (first of two parts) 1942 letters

