

Thursday

6:35 P.M.

Dearest Little Darlin Wife — You asked me not to open this letter that was waiting here for me tonight, but dear, you know what you would do in like circumstances, don't you?

You wouldn't let me talk about the main topic of it last night or else I was too impatient to explain. I don't know which was the case now. I want to explain to you, sweet, but you don't have to read unless you want to.

I am afraid you don't know me well enough yet to realize that my usual, customary, regular attitude toward life is one of optimism, light hearted jollity I might say. It is normally a borderline attitude of getting as much fun out of life as possible and treating things lightly even though I may think seriously about them. (It is awfully hard to put such things in writing, dear) I get the above temperament from Mother who is essentially the same type. She knows all that we know about the contrast between mother love and conjugal love. She

knows how much I love you  
and she knows how much  
I love her - and, she knows  
there can be no comparison  
between the two. She was  
joking; bravely making light  
of the fact that another person,  
my beloved, had supplanted her  
in her son's thoughts. You  
can realize that it is no  
small matter when a mother  
loses her son to another  
woman. And it is that, just  
that, don't you think? You  
know how much Mother thinks  
of me and what I have been  
to her for twenty-five years.  
And now, she sees that I  
belong to another. Somehow  
there is a change of feeling,  
not to be described. In-  
tangibly, but none the less,  
absolutely, she has turned  
over her son to someone  
else forever. And I would  
not have it otherwise. It  
is the way of the world, of  
life. It is repeated every  
generation. She understands,  
I know, and would not  
change it. She has never  
been one to butt in on  
anything where she is not  
needed and where she has  
no place and I know she <sup>would</sup> not.

Nor will she be jealous of you, my dear, because I will always belong to her as a son just as I will always belong to you as a husband. There can be no friction.

I have devoted considerable space to that, sweetest, but I hope it has been not entirely absurd, dear. The reason I have done so is because I believe you to be more serious minded and because I am afraid you took it all in the wrong light and attributed more importance to it than it deserved. It really was nothing and had no meaning. Mother has always often asked me that and never until I knew you could I be sure about it. She has asked me many times before now in the last few months, making light of the fact that I have found my love and am lost to her. Do you see, Margie?

No, sweetheart, I won't say a word to Mother about it. It is not of sufficient import to say anything more about it.

Now - a change of subject - It is in this letter, the one I had not seen, that you mention having made

up your mind to start working  
the first of April. I have  
reread your other letter and  
you said there "about a month  
before we marry." So you  
see, dear, your reaction to  
my response last night  
was entirely unwarranted.

Contrary to what you sup-  
posed, I can imagine nothing  
more exhilarating than the  
thought of your being here  
in the city with me all  
the time. I have wanted

that all winter, darling,  
and you'll never know  
how badly I wanted it.  
But I harped on it for a  
long time and you thought  
best to stay down there.

It was up to you, dear, and  
I was afraid for awhile  
that I had insisted too  
much as it was. So I  
decided that the only thing  
was to let you do as  
you thought best. You  
knew your conditions and  
knew far better than I  
what you should do.

Next to living with you as  
your husband, I would love  
to have you here where  
I could see you every day  
for a little while at least.

If you start work April first,  
dear, and are able to save any  
money, and if we could furnish  
an apartment ~~for~~ at no or very  
little cost, we ought to be able  
to subsist on our own for  
a year. What do you think?  
We wouldn't be able to go out  
much or have any guests, but  
I do believe we could live.  
And I believe we (just noticed I was  
going to repeat)

Please, oh please, dear, don't get  
me all worked up to this new  
development and then back down.  
But that is secondary.

I know this life is hard,  
dear, and that has been worrying  
me a great deal. I was afraid  
to suggest again that you come  
up here and work. I did know  
that we would both be much  
happier if you did. Try to  
make your Dad and Mother see  
it. Goodness knows I had  
a hard enough time getting  
Mother to see that I should  
be married this June. It can  
be done. The thing that hurts  
most is that my wife is  
unhappy and I have not the  
means to change it and make  
her happy. You know I want  
nothing more than to make  
you happy - and thereby make

for my own happiness.

In your next letter let me know if you want me to have Beech and girl come down Sunday. I am not crazy about it. But it will keep me from molesting you so much as I usually do. Suit yourself but be sure to let me know so I can tell him.

Shall I come down on the 6:30 car Saturday? wait or able to get down for dinner. Or should I wait till Sunday? Let me know what.

If I have enough money I'll bring your mother's dress - Or which would you prefer? That I have the dress sent down and bring some rolls or something for breakfast - or bring the dress? Let me know.

And now my hand is a bit crampy, sweatheart.

The words I love to write are:

I love you, Margie, my wife,  
I love you.

Not long till Saturday, dearest.

Always your own  
adoring Freddy -



For  
3 Mrs F. M. Applegate  
Morristown  
Indiana