

St. Cloud State University

## theRepository at St. Cloud State

---

Dudley Brainard Family Letters

Archives Collections

---

1-30-1942

### Letter, Virginia Brainard to Dudley and Merl Brainard [January 30, 1942]

Virginia Brainard

Follow this and additional works at: <https://repository.stcloudstate.edu/brainard-letters>

---

#### Recommended Citation

Brainard, Virginia, "Letter, Virginia Brainard to Dudley and Merl Brainard [January 30, 1942]" (1942). *Dudley Brainard Family Letters*. 53.

<https://repository.stcloudstate.edu/brainard-letters/53>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Archives Collections at theRepository at St. Cloud State. It has been accepted for inclusion in Dudley Brainard Family Letters by an authorized administrator of theRepository at St. Cloud State. For more information, please contact [tdsteman@stcloudstate.edu](mailto:tdsteman@stcloudstate.edu).



Dear Mother and Daddy,

Friday, Jan. 30  
1942

Would you please send me my rose  
journal? I have an idea I can do something  
with it. The Engineer's Ball is Feb. 14 - two  
weeks from tomorrow - and Howard will  
be knighted to membership in the Guard of  
St. Patrick. I'm real proud of him. Incidentally,  
I started going with him a year ago Sunday,  
Feb. 1. We went to the Vol. Service "Wintermeggs"  
journal last Saturday night. It was fun. The  
dorm dinner-dance is next Sat., Feb. 7. I wonder  
if it'll be the last one we'll have ~~there~~. However,  
we're not going. I can't afford \$2.50 for the  
ticket. Next year will be alot different I imagine.  
Although there is much talk about rationing  
and curtailments we still don't know what  
a wartime economy really is.

This has been another hectic week. It's been  
12:00 every night at the student for the third  
week in a row. I'm afraid to go to bed early now  
cause I won't be able to get up! I can take it, tho,  
because I'm pretty good and healthy. The only  
way it affects me is that I have an immense  
appetite - I just can't seem to get enough, yet I  
don't gain weight because I don't get any sleep.  
And I crave candy. My face is perfectly clear, now.



But I can eat 3-4 candy bars a day. I just can't seem to leave it alone. It keeps me going, I guess, by giving me the energy I don't get in sleeping.

I've been under a pretty bad strain this past month. I seem to have weathered a somewhat unhappy love affair. This is the first time I've been able to talk about it. He was news editor for the radio station here and left a week ago to enter some branch of the armed forces. I talked about him — Al Mitchell — when I was home. There's a story about it in the Student for Fri, Jan. 23. We talked everything over but I knew I couldn't marry him and go with him. I owe too much to you and to myself to do that. So I said good-bye to him. I can't bear the thought of never seeing him again but that's the way it's going to be. I want to ~~scream~~ when I think "it's better this way. But I know it's easier to have it over now than be living from casualty list to casualty list. Maybe I'm trying to run away from life. All I know is that I can't marry him and we both may be happier this way. I feel like I want to die. But I work myself hard enough that I keep my mind on other things part of the time.

I guess I'm getting my equilibrium back. Now that he's actually gone it's much easier. But this long drawn out waiting to be called has been agony. Well, all this is supposed to make me grow up. White soon — P.S. could you possibly send us a big chocolate cake, I wish? Love, Virginia