

Monday

1943

Dear Mother and Daddy,

Congratulations, Daddy. I'm so happy. And I think St. Cloud is just as glad as I am that you're going to be president for the duration. I can say that now cause I'm away from home! Many of my friends and the parents of many of my friends have remarked often that they'd like to see you in and Selke out. I never could comment then but I sure can now! Mother said in her last letter that Jerde might have gotten it because he had some political pull but hard work and ability and faithfulness means more than that. This proves it. But don't tell Eleanor that cause then she'll think that she won't have to get along with people if she just works hard. Or, you might tell her and then remind her that Daddy is the only man in St. Cloud, and probably in Minnesota, who is universally liked by everyone. If you have any enemies, I don't know what about them and that says a lot, considering the variety of my acquaintances in St. Cloud.

Will you be out of town a lot like Selke always was? Now, for heaven's sake, if it's at all possible and not too expensive, maybe Mother can go with you and get some vacations like Mrs. Selke used to do. If the kids can't take care of themselves by this time, they won't ever be able to do a good job of it---and that doesn't mean Connie taking care of them, that means Eleanor and Charles and Ned taking care of Eleanor, Charles and Ned. If I were Connie, I'd just give up and let them shift for themselves.

It does mean a lot of responsibility but I think that's great. And the increase in salary will help, (I'd like a new pair of shoes!)

I just came back from a lovely week end in Des Moines. I stayed over an extra day because I wanted to see Lillian---she had invited me to stay with her. I didn't especially have to be back here so I stayed with her Sunday night. They had to get up for school the next morning but they just let me sleep and I got a good rest which I needed. I didn't have a chance to see Fred until yesterday, either, because, at 5:30 Saturday night they issued him a 1 ½ day leave and he finally got his chance to go home---the first time he's been home since he's been in the army and he's been trying to get this pass for 2 months. It would come through on this week end! But he won't have another chance to get home for a long long time. Now he's had a chance to say good bye to his folks before shipping out.

I had a wonderful time at the Hales' and Mother, they were so good to me. I'm crazy about Mrs. Hales' niece and we're going to write. Even though I didn't have much time with Fred, I'm sure glad I went. It did me good to get away. And Lillian was wonderful to me, too. She wants me to come down this week and next week end but I can't go down again for awhile. She sure likes Fred! She says she's going to write and tell you that. He came up to get me last night and she met him then. We went downstairs and ate dinner in the Coffee Shop and then went back upstairs and talked to Lillian and Selma, her roommate, for about half-an-hour. He told them all about the army and I learned a lot that he had even told me. He's put in his application for Officer's Candidate School, as I told you, but not in the Medical Corps because

they're not training officers there—and they've frozen promotions. He hasn't been before the board yet and so hasn't been either accepted or rejected. He put in an application for training in quartermaster corps, chemical warfare or signal corps in that order and, if accepted, will have his choice of those three. He still has a little bit of his basic training to complete at Camp Dodge and won't be transferred until he finishes that at least.

You asked me some questions about what went on during Christmas vacation and I'll try to answer them more fully now that I've talked to him. I know that it's hard for you to understand some of the things he does and I do get furious at him every so often. He has a lot of faults, there's no getting around that. He'll probably always hurt me without any intention of doing it whatsoever. We disagree on many things. Some of the small courtesies that I make so important don't amount to a row of beans with him. But he'll outgrow that. He doesn't do a lot of the romantic things that men do in the movies but what he does do is sincere. But those aren't the fundamental things that count. Altho' he does a lot of things that hurt me, he's never intended to hurt. For the most part, he's kind and patient. And while I'm going with Fred, you'll never have to worry about me making an ill-advised marriage. He's keeping his head for both of us. He's going to be plenty sure that I know what I want and that we'd be happy. In spite of all his faults, people like him don't come very often. If you knew him better, you'd see that. I think Lillian will bear that out. She said last night that I was a lucky girl. And I think I am, too, when I don't get mad at him.

So you see, I'm not exactly eating my heart out. I'm pretty happy. He couldn't leave camp that one night I was going down because he had to work. Most other nights, however, he can get away after 5:30. I don't think it's so strange that he didn't get my letter. I only mailed him one from home and that was in the mail over the New Year holiday. There's only one delivery out to camp everyday and that letter, which I mailed Wednesday, was delayed so that it didn't get into the mail going out to camp on Saturday. He didn't get it until Tuesday. When I mail a letter to him from here in the morning, he doesn't get it until 5 p.m. the next day. And I don't play around with Bob. I see a lot of him over at Collegiate Press where we work together. When I'm night editor, he's my shop foreman. There are other men and I date them. I'll always have a good time so don't worry about that.

Did you get my shoes that are down at Gussies' repair shop? I do appreciate what the Hales and Lillian did for me and thank you so much for fixing it up. It was a pretty nice week end.

Love,

Virginia

P.S. I'm so proud of you!