

NATIONAL RESOURCES PLANNING BOARD

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Friday

Dear est Lou,

I am writing this at the office ,with one eye on the boss and the other on my stomach since I seem to be suffering from a hellish case of cramps. I have just finished typing up a monograph on Trends In School Age Population And School Attendance in the Denver Metropolitan Area. As you see you have a rival in the field. I am spending nights in the Denver Public Library reading about Educational Standards and Educational Administration and Educational Statistics and I find it all very dull. thank you. I even wonder how in hell you stood it for so long but then I realize that you probably got into the fun part too. Except for the outside reading I've never loved anything so much in my life- I do the foot-work for the committee made up of the State Superintendent, The Superintendent of the Denver Schools and the Superintendents from the three surrounding counties. The Committee is working on the post-war educational needs- retraining , increased populations and all that. It is all a terribly tense political issue- I can't even admit to the general public what I am doing or who I work for (yes I know that should be whom.) Anyway this afternoon I have to take a week's worth of work to be approved and I am tired- having missed dinner for the last three nights, and I am scared and I have cramp so I am writing you to cheer me up.

I called up your house when I went through Chicago, knowing you were probably in New Orleans . There was no one home so I called your Papa's office (dreadful thing to do) and had a short talk with him. Despite the fact I hope you are with Tommy I hope you are in Chicago on my way back. I will leave

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here on the first of March or thereabouts. If you are not going to be in Chicago.
then please let me know since if you are there I'll take the Zephyr out of
here Saturday night and spend Sunday with you. Otherwise I'll take the day train
from here so I can see the part I slept through on the way out.

As EH probably told you I banged up home for a few days before coming
out here-supposedly to recuperate from a strep infection -but it resulted in a
thorough overhaul of Usher. I saw Peg and EH for a day but it was all too
short-for one thing I was so damned upset by that time I needed your type of
company desperatley. In other words I work the same way you do- or our lives
seem to be panning out an awful lot alike. Despite the fact I haven't admitted
it to anyone I have been very upset and unhappy about my relationship with Scott.
Between us and us only because you will understand I have been trying to decide
whether I could live with him without marriage. I was trying to kid myself into
thinking it was modern and sensible and hell why not. I never could do it- no
more than I could accept his complete pacifism-another thing I was trying to do.
I can't explain the whole thing, Louise. I have felt at times very far away
from the family and you all as though this part of my life had nothing to do with
the past. I felt there was no one I could talk to who really understood that I
wanted to be a normal person and yet try to do something about the society I
live in-the parts I think are wrong with it. Everyone I met, or who wanted to marry
me(there have been three of these very unimportant in Washington, either was
a palyboy and didn't fit the one side or was too serious for the other side.
If you follow me. Anyway I have been feeling like hell all fall and it finally
finally all boiled up into the strep infection. I spent Christmas in bed

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eating sulfa-diazin and then gave up and went home. The first night I was there Don came out. I had seen him a couple of times between trains this year and I have had in the back of my mind all along that the choice lay between him and Scott but he had never said anything. To make a long story short the night before New Years he finally got around to asking me whether, after the war is over I would like to build our type of life together with him. I was so surprised I didn't even react. After he'd left I began to think-up to this point you must realize I was still thinking strictly in terms of Scott and I began to see all the holes in the latter affair. There is a terrific difference between desire and the very plain deep, quiet feeling of happiness I have with Don. I talked it over with Peg and EH and EH has since admitted that they wanted Don to win out but they were very good and would let me talk but gave no advice. I was terribly glad to see them. -EH have them there to talk to. Eunie is against Scott I was on the defensive and Pop talked in vague general terms about Emotional Experience-you know Pop so once again the society came to my rescue. Anyway I hauled out of Boston Saturday night and into Philly Sunday morning where I had a long talk with Scott. He was so bowled over he didn't know what had hit him and I really made a filthy mess of the job. After a couple of bitter letters on both sides it has emerged still as a very swell freindship-for which I am very thankful He's a marvelous guy and everything would have been all right if I hadn't thought in terms of marriage. As it is what he needs more now is companionship-which I can give him. He'll marry some managing woman-which I don't want to be.

So, after the war, I am going to marry Don. I cant tell you how happy I am- a new kind of very deep happiness and the realization that he is always here-

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that he always has been. I suddenly realized how much I had been able to tell him when I saw him, even though it had always been so short a time. I don't know yet whether we'll announce our engagement now or wait for that too so you can keep this pretty well under your hat, The funniest thing is that I'm not even lonely out here oh hell- just remember what you told us about Tommy and repeat it for me.

I've got to go. So this is the end of one episode and the beginning of a new one- the most wonderful thing is that I no longer feel remote from the society and the family- as if I'd just waked up after a long illness.

This really is an awful jumble to send for a letter. unfortunately one has to write events before one can get on to the other things -

Much love

Buttons.

P.S. if you get around to a letter the address is
125 E. 18th ave. , Denver. (The YWCA
if you can feature it - do I go over b.j.!)

P.S.₂ Don loves Buttons too - and all the books
we ever read in the society.