

1978

Tuesday, July 10, 1915
at sea

Theo. Darling,

- (1) Do you notice a faint asterisk small about this letter?
- (2) There are various points to be considered in evaluating the relative merit of a deal and talk.
- (3) My study is a day behind, but I have a reason.
- (4) The carpet shop is not a particularly good place to work.
- (5) What would you consider more, an unreasonable customer or an unreasonable boss?
- (6) My study life seems to be dogged with difficulties.
- (7) Silence is golden.

I have been trying out different opening sentences for the deals I have to tell, and I cannot decide which is best so I shall leave them all there and you may take your pick. And I shall discuss with you again and give a purely confidential report of the adventure.

True!, Forde, Sunday afternoon.

I am writing at the dictation of letters. The boss is in his bush ~~office~~ takes a nap suddenly he has just got up with a start and says why do I have to study all the time. Now here's a nut, it isn't natural. Why can't I let him get some rest. There is little I

4-19-79

res ray would apologize if I keep him awake. He mutters something about taking the desk out of the room and staying off to the men hall. I used to be more quiet in the future and go back to my letters.

Scene 2. This book. ~~Wednesday~~ Sunday evening
I eat alone. The lion has mated now and I consider
possibility of moving desk to the wall, so it won't set off his
air. Desk is let down against wall and I try to raise it, to
letter writer's job of moving. Vivious lion has raised it down.
Decide it can be moved quickly early, but desk to talk to him
if he's doing anything.

Scene 3. book. ~~Wednesday~~
He is bed reading. ~~Wednesday~~ Monday night
of desk. ~~Tellings~~ say I hadn't realized I disturbed him, will
try to be more quiet. He isn't very shy I think so much. Because
he uses all his left and never saw anyone take up much. Why can't
I study in the men room, or in the carpenter shop. etc. etc. I say
is left is best.

Scene 4. Carpenter shop. Monday morning
I investigate ventilation and discover it isn't ~~over~~
Two small ventilators over the door prevent and there is a small opening

4-19-80

is the side of road into the repeats stop. Would be impossible for concentrated study - completely so when we have to black out again and close the cows to it.

Item 5 fork, before hand Monday

We and Bo's. I tell him repeats stop no good and go hospital. ~~Reptiles~~ (located right across from our house). Mr. Cook is and there is no desk or room for ~~it~~ one. He says build a table. I wonder why go to all that bother when we have a good desk. Decided to go ahead and move desk to the wall (it really cut off a lot of his air when it was) and he now quiet and we wait happens.

Item 6. fork, after hand Monday

Eates me around with new drives, hills, hammer, etc. that to pull desk up from where he nailed it. Have difficulties getting it up. Start removing various screws to let moving desk. Bo's ~~Reptiles~~ looks in through window, says no unbecoming to argue, plan, anything. Point out he never said anything yesterday, I didn't know I was bugging him, I'll be more quiet. He repeats himself loads. I grow impatient. Say I won't study any time it bothers him. Austin is studying and he comes in I'll stop. Why should he care if I study ~~or~~ when he is

4-19-81

not even in the park. All on deaf ears. He has decided there will
be no more studies, home is the park. He ~~sits~~ about & looks with
anger and comes running in the room with a hammer prepared to
shut up the door and throw it over the rail. He gets one blow
in but I plead practically with tears in my eyes to at least be
allowed to take it apart myself and run the pieces. I'll do it
right now. It will be done before one o'clock. Please, brain, please!
Finally he calms down enough to leave and give me the hammer.
With the blood pumping furiously in my veins and my clenched muscles
unconsciously over-actuating a twisted nervous and ~~twitching~~ ~~twitches~~ bolt and pull
them to the foreground and in the carpeted shop. I find a bit of
A brain's key fit the carpeted shop and took it and key the key.
It is now ~~one~~ ~~one~~ on o'clock and ~~the~~ the world has calmed me
down enough so I can at least talk without rattling and even
pretend to smile. I light a pipe to help the process. but I still
can't think clearly about what to do next.

June 7, Parrot room. Monday 3 p.m.

~~This~~ I have thought over possibilities to continue my studies
and hospital work best. If I can make a talk out of the book it
won't be too bad a place to work. So I ask the powers. ~~Be very~~
there no book. I say I can build a talk. ~~Be very~~ don't you have

4-19-82

a desk. I say this to him right after supper and my studies annoy him. (Wonder I manage to say it is a calm tone). He goes to bed a minute and decides it all right. My heart pounds up a little and I thank him.

Time 3, Carpenter Shop, midday afternoon

I return to see what I can do to make my table. Our lumber supply is very limited. I find a long piece of 2x4 and hope this will do. Yes, it is long enough to make 4 legs, and the desk top will do for the top. I saw it up. It is difficult without having a ruler or a square of any sort! But I have estimated desired height of table on my leg and do my best to make all four legs the same length and reasonably square. The wood literally rolls off me as I work. I am more justified than ever for the long room as the unavailability of the carp. shop is pressed upon me. I don't think the legs will need braces. The best I can do is saw a piece of 1x8 1x4 to make of braces on these two ends. I finally saw through and sand ready for the cold feed air on legs. The table is now almost finished but it does not do all I can for such a hot day.

4-19-83

Scene 9. Get up Tuesday after lunch

I am working on the desk again. It is quite a job since I want to move the legs on under the mat. Menus will easily come back out of the desk top so if there is an occasion to reach into a desk no damage will have been done. I don't have a drill and the wood is hard, so I make holes first with my little pocket knife which is not meant for such. and the blitter is the palm of my hand will soon go away. There is little wood to be done on the top. at one I clear up the framework. hit and then go back to my talk. I ~~want~~ work maybe as hours for the company. and finally at 3:45 I step out into the fresh air with a completed talk before me. ~~With~~ I have invited ~~the~~ beyond comprehension but mine is the glow of honest trial well advanced. With air's help I carry the talk to the hospital room. Then I take a well earned dinner and eat.

Scene 10. Corp. room. Tuesday evening (the present)

I am now settled and writing to you. All in all I'm well pleased ... provided no one needs to see the hospital! The talk ends a wee bit. I shall need a piece of cardboard under the short leg. It is a nuisance having to move my lamp back and forth every time I change from studies to my book. I'll have to move my notes too, if I want to keep track of the time. ~~etc.~~ and I have to move all my books and papers each time. But it's a quiet place. I can't hear the hospital room, nor is the conversation on deck so

4-19-84

lured on my attention. For a while people won't know where to find me and I'll be free from interruptions. Considering the radio I have had at 1PM Monday I'm not complaining is the least.

~~He has good words~~

Do you now see why I was hard put to know my enemy? The only one which I have not fully covered is my malfeasance is number 5. I am, of course, comparing the present situation with that on the Pans (which was also my basis for number 6). And I think the ~~same~~ principles will fit him. On this count. While he carries his unscrupulousness to a greater extreme, it is a more personal, selfish one, hence easier to avoid knowing. And his authority is not so great so that I can work out an arrangement independent of him.

This conduct has afforded me food for thought. It was somewhat astounding to me the way he could not discuss the matter at all and when I pointed out is ready to meet the dash. But if I make certain assumptions it becomes more clear. The basis one is that he regards the post as his. I say this but that is all. It is his post, he can make whatever rules and regulations he wants and it is not my place to ever consider questioning them. With that assumption, then, I was going into his postal home and making myself anonymous, so he took the most direct means of punishing me. Or no other basis can I begin to account for it.

4-19-85

(however, I must add (other than letters to dealers both from a common source) to that as insidious to me ~~the established and other~~ any but the most ^{apparently} causal relations. My study bothered him deeply. . . my study must go. That it was really the noise and lack of air (he sleeps with his light on sometimes, so I don't think that's part of it) does not occur to him. Hence he regards any of my attempts to remove the true causes as irrelevant. Also, once the point about no study is established, it is ~~irreversable~~ - hence even an offer to cease study the instant he enters the room makes no impression.

As regards future relations, I am glad I have a reasonable mind, although it pleases him in a sort of adversary. My first impulse, of course is to try to get away. Go walk in and out of the room, close the door, leave the light on, etc. all things that could be done accidentally, but designed to prove to him that he gets more rest now than when I had the desk.

But regardless of the merits of the thesis, it wouldn't work. He would not see the relation and would merely take further retaliation. And the way he came in Monday, I'm afraid of him. Not physically, but for my property. I honestly wouldn't put it past him to haul my light, books, papers, etc. over the side of the ship if his next moment happened to fix on any of them. And any ^{legal} action I might take in answer wouldn't bring back the comforts of my location.

4-19-86

To my mother of the general situation on a long trip. ~~and~~
My studies are the most important part and I would work ~~under~~
my 8 hours under my conceivable condition make the profit my
studies, if it came to a decision. But I have enough common
sense not to make the other parts of life unnecessarily miserable.

So... everything turned out all right. I've got my study.
he's got his sleep. My reason is conquering my master enough so
we are friend again. His easiness was never against me - they were
against studies is the point.

And I love you. Having you to anchor my life to always
gives me the motivation - to try and hold my temper. Without you I
would always be more tempted to indulge in the temporary luxury of
anger, come what may.

In times of tension, in times of peace, in times of joy,
in times of sorrow, in times of consolation, in times of freedom - in
all times that make up Time you are my one and only friend
and I am your husband.

Philips

4-31, 94

and for the present -- I love you, my wife.

One of your letters I have before me tonight tells of your returning optimism after the president died. and I think we can have cause for optimism. I think Truman is concentrating on the important job - and is getting cooperation on Roosevelt's police prospects for 1948 are for better. Had Roosevelt been alive, while he ran (which I did not want him to) or not the Republicans would have won with any men and any policies. Now I think Truman has a very good chance of being re-elected - certainly one ~~to~~ my contradictions good to let him all of which is based on the news as of June 22. I've no idea what may have happened since.

Your logic overwhelms me. The best I can do in return is predict on free will. So please retell to believe it for a fact - I will have no way of knowing if you love me.

You makes the world go around
∴ I make the world go around
You are on the world
∴ You go around with the world
∴ You go around with me.

4-21-95

You do what you do by doing
∴ You like to go around with me.

However, when in the shower today I thought of a more interesting method, assuming Bergman's theory of functional judgment.

a man cannot need his last alone
Desalinen is next to Goldilinen
∴ Someone must need his last for his
You are the best of all possible "someones"
∴ You are the best to need my last
∴ I'm glad I married you.

And I really am, too.

Philip

3-37-167

.... of equipped. I decided to follow the crowd to see what would happen. At first not much. We wandered to a couple of bars, had some atrocious beer and some fair refreshments. Then we picked up — a soldier who led us from bar to bar in search of women. Finally we found one not too crowded and asked her to drink refreshments and wait our turns. There were about 3 girls sitting and dancing with soldiers. After a bit said one would go out with her soldier and about 15 minutes later they'd return. After returning a round or two, he had got impatient and when a girl just came back he caught her eye and they left right away. The story was they'd walk across the street to a hotel, go to a room, and 15 minutes later come back with 300 to 350 francs having changed hands. Before he could come back Vick left with another girl. Then the third girl came and sat. She does remind me. She was what you'd expect a prostitute to look like. Rather was looking with down her head and acting too much make-up. The other 2 were rather pretty in very different ways. One was past and still fully made up to look as exotic. The other ~~had~~ had a nice smile and no make-up and managed to look fresh and innocent despite her looks. Anyhow, the boy and down next to me. I looked the other way. She dropped her hand on my knee and said "allo". I respond "hello" and looked away again. She then asked and asked the question in very direct & terms. I responded "no"; and looked away again. To do you up and said "allo" to me. She was

was more ~~more~~ scared than I was and continued to gaze intently without answering. She wouldn't look Bob's eyes and he was ~~too~~ intent too far away for an allele. He adjusted her smile and moved on to some soldiers and her ~~intensity~~ was soon restored.

Then heads came back, and a bit later Vicki told him again, this I deserved, that I wanted her the smile at me and said "you go with me". I managed a smile back but I said "no". She caught a soldier in no time and playfully ruffled Vicki's hair as she ~~was~~ passed by over took with him on her way out.

And so ~~while~~ your husband was propositioned by two much younger women and managed to resist the will of both. It was really an interesting experience. I didn't feel any aversion - my flesh didn't react when he touched me or anything like that. And I continued to think of Vicki and herself in the same way as before. But I didn't feel the slightest desire to go with either. I could get more excited looking at a teenage girl.

But I wish I ~~had~~ went quit as stiff. I know of all others I'm known could kid around with the girls a while and have no more intentions of going ~~with~~ with them than I have. But somehow I couldn't help but being very obvious about how I felt. Not that I really care. Now I have seen how it done I'm satisfied. Live and learn, ~~and~~ to cover a pleasure.