

Aug. 19, 1930

Low dear,

Please forgive me for torturing you so. Honest, I don't want to. But somehow or other my letters, because of their spontaneity, fail to convey the exact thought I want them to. And my moods change so quickly, that if I were to write you three letters a day, they would probably all be different in spirit.

Most of the time I am only half serious, but you take me so seriously. From now on, I shall put my letters on the shelf and let them age in the wood for awhile. Then, I'll reread, and if they don't suit I'll tear them up and you just won't get a letter that day. Will you like that better?

Can't you realize the difficulty that I am experiencing? You have loved me almost from the very first, but my feeling towards you is so very new. That's what makes me doubt at times its reality.

But I guess it's so, and I'm not trying to kid myself. — or you either. Last night on the phone you sounded so miserable and worried, I wished I could have lain by your side to

reassure and comfort you. But that would have been a very unmaidenly thing to mention over the phone with my uncle listening to every word.

However, I certainly must practice up on the honeyed words, because that seems to be the barometer of the affection between a man and a woman. And sometimes even though I'd like to use them, I resent the fact that the world is listening in and waiting for them.

Lucille hawks me out morning, noon, and night because I am so matter of fact, until I get belligerent. Honest, I love you — but not nearly so much as I'm going to when I know you a little better. Please don't be impatient with me. Next Sunday when you're here, I'll start training, so I can say all the right words in the right places. Somehow, I feel so self-conscious. When you write honey, dear, sweetheart it all sounds so natural. What's wrong with me anyhow? I guess I do have a few inhibitions left.

By this time I hope you're puncture proof, and if I've said something which hurts, forget about it. Now Lucille's teasing me, and I'll be damned if I'll say "dear!"

Love without embellishments,  
but very sincere nevertheless.

Sally.