Saturday
July 31

N

My Darling Anne—

The time is 5:30 A.M. & it's getting light outside but I can no sooner sleep than fly. Have been tossing & turning for the past 2½ hours — trying to banish things for turning over & over again in my mind but no use. I just lie there thinking about us & I get angrier & lonlier. Angrier with myself for ~~I~~ being so weak and so easily

confused & influenced. Louie
because I miss you &
need you so terribly - but
I guess I'm just not man
enough to make up my
mind & stick to it.

No doll, I'm not drunk,
in fact guess I'm too darn
sober - just feel real
sentimently low that's all.
Lots of times you can write
things you could never say
& I wish I could just sit
here & pour out to you
all the things that give
me no solution!

I realize that this
is a hell of way
to start a letter off
& you probably wonder
what it's all about — but
then again I think you
know.

We left for Vancouver
July 13 & got there Thursday
afternoon, the 15th. It was
wonderful seeing the entire
family again, seeing that
most of them are well &
the same as ever. The
ride up was a little
exhausting for Sara &

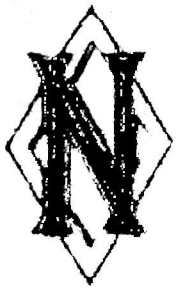
Larry because of the heat
going thru Fresno, Sacramento
etc. so Eddie decided that
they should fly back + he
came back with me alone.
He got back last Wednesday
evening + now I'm back at
work again.

Outwardly I had a
wonderful time but after 10
days of being subjected to
a word here + there — +
a - Lint here + there I don't
know where I am — and I am
mentally so confused —.

Anne I love you so very, very much — you're not living here has been a big void in my life. I want you by me & I need you with me, that I also love my parents and going back there & seeing how they are & how they live & feel about things brought the nail right to the point for me.

You see dear, having been away from home & that kind of influence for so long I have forgotten,

~~Dear~~ probably because he
wanted to, I've forgotten
the clandestineness, the taboos,
the must & musk-nots of
all the people that surrounded
my upbringing. So when I
go back & see that, it hits
me right between the eyes
harder than ever and I
have to ask myself "Do
I dare do this to them?"
Then I start thinking of
the way your own mother
thinks of me & so many
like her that I half-way
believe that there may be



some reason behind all
this enforced segregation —
that it would be a horrible
mistake & so many people
would get hurt by it.
But then my mind goes
back to how much you be
meant to me & how very
much I love you, & I'm
right back where I started!
And you, my poor darling,
are right in the center of
the mess.

Oh, if I only was what
you once accused me of
being, so self-sufficient,
how happy I would be!
But you picked a mouse
not a man for a prospective
mate, for I just can't
close my eyes blindly
to conditions & to people
who have had their own
style of hopes for me, go
ahead & say "To hell with
them — come what may!"

Darling, I'm not writing

this to you for sympathy,
I don't want to be
gushy or corny — but like
always been frank with you
& I know you'll understand
my plight.

I'm just going to have to
think this thing out that's
all — but the minute I
started thinking, emotion
sets in & I'm lost again —!
But — I just had to get this
off my chest to you.

Thank you very much
for the letter. I shall

answer it to-day & in a different & better mood.

Well here it is 7.15 & Eddie is getting up next door for coffee — & here am I not having gone to sleep yet, so will say good-bye for now my Love.

Please take care of yourself for yours my beloved

T.