

Saturday May 1st

Dear Maurice:

How did you like the short note I wrote you this morning? It was about 2 minutes to twelve and I had put all my other work away and wanted to get off at least that much to you. I should say 2 minutes to one. I went uptown afterwards to Mannings with another girl and had lunch and then came home, and did the washing. It was a beautiful day out but by the time I got the clothes on the line it was pretty late, so I'm leaving them out all night and hope that it doesn't rain. Right now at 8 thirty the house is warm and it is beautiful out so there's a good chance it will be nice tomorrow too.

As I said in the short note this morning, dear; I understood what you meant and how you meant it, and would feel badly if you weren't interested in my welfare. As far as Mr. Richards is concerned I'm sure his wife knew that he was going to take me to work if I happened by when he left. Since that morning I haven't seen him, except yesterday morning, and he was just going over the top of the hill as I got in front of the house. So it won't be a daily occurrence--my riding with him. Some mornings I leave a little early and other times the last minute, and I don't look for them to give me a ride. I keep walking and if they want to stop and pick me up well it's okay. I always keep going toward the carline.

Did you get the note written by Fr. Hodge and the Learys? Father phoned me at work about twenty minutes to five and asked me if I was free for the evening. I said yes so he asked me if I would have dinner with him. I met him at the St. Francis--

had to wait 45 minutes for him while he shaved,---was shaved----but I didn't mind as I sat in the lobby and listened to the music. We went out to Sabellas and had Abolone steaks, and good clam chowder. I certainly wished you were along dear, because you would have really enjoyed the dinner that was served. When you are back in town we can go there and enjoy a fine meal---and only 5 bucks for the two. We left there and went over to Jim's and Stacias and sat around there and talked till about eleven. I dozed off several times during the conversation and wished I was home and in bed. So when I got home I said goodnight and he waited in the machine till I was in the house. He asked about you--how you were doing and I recounted a lot of what you had written. He talked of his trip--he wears a gold star on the band of color---Major battle. While over at Jim's, they let me read a card from Father Pete, which mentioned you in it.

There was a letter in the mailbox from you today. There hasn't been a day go by except Sunday that there isn't at least one letter from you dear, and most of the time there's two and more.

Helen got two quarts today for the Christening tomorrow. She was saying that she didn't know how to mix the drinks. That you should be there in your regular role as bartender and do the honors. Ella and Viola are coming and Mary's kids, but Mary feels very sick herself--waiting for the arrival of her next baby---I think Julia and Eddy are driving your mother and dad down the country tomorrow and Florence and Chris are going somewhere on a previous date, so there won't be very many to drink the liquor. They are saving one quart for a later date.

Tried to get the Staffords on the phone



twice this week but they weren't home. If I go to eight o'clock or nine Mass tomorrow I may run into them.

Looking out the window when I got home today, I saw several holes in the ground where the potatoes were growing. The dog got ambitious and helped himself. So after the clothes were on the line, I got the shovel and filled almost half a bucket with most of the hills. The potatoes that grew nearest the artichoke plants were largest in size. Tomorrow if I'm still in the mood and after the clothes are in, I want to turn over more of the ground and get ahead of some of the weeds.

Remember me telling you about the big report I had to get out. You shouldn't--I wrote a lot about it. Well, this morning I asked how it was--if it was all right--and Mr. Malone said I did a beautiful job on it. I was very proud of it--made very few mistakes that had to be corrected. Of course I don't know whether it was checked by Mr. Malone or not. At least--the general appearance looked good.

Tonight my back aches a bit and I suppose it was from digging. So I'll get to bed early and get a full night's sleep so I'll be fresh tomorrow for doing more chores.

So I'll say goodnight to my dear, sweet husband who I love dearly, and remember him in my prayers.

Love and kisses,

XOXOXO Alice