

9/12/15

Hello Darling,

I didn't write last night. I was so plumb pooped out when I got home I just had to go to bed. Just before the store closed I Mr Bass told us we could come in 30 minutes later this morning if we would do some stock work before we went home. And so we did. And after working all day it really made me tired. Anyway, to keep from missing a day writing I got up early this morning so I could write before I went to work. It wasn't hard though. It came our first norther last night and by this morning I was nearly freezing so I was ready to get up and thaw out a little. I'll bet if you were here I wouldn't be freezing. You're the best warmer uper in the world aren't you, honey.

I got one letter yesterday. Ruby brought it to me at work. Gosh, honey I'm awfully sorry you lost your pants. That sure was dirty. I wonder if some G.I. stole them as one of those natives. I was really mad. I was all set to bowl you out good when I got your letter Tues. The one when you got those last pictures. But

since you lost them I guess I won't be mad any more. Maybe I didn't have any reason to be in the first place. I still think you should have said something about me. Dese wasn't the only one in those pictures. There was quite a few comments on that. Somebody said, "Well, he knows his got you and Dese looks good to him." Your mother said, "Well, Billie, those pictures flatter Dese a whole lot and you never take a good picture." Good old Ma, she always comes through. Don't be too dissappointed but Dese is an awfully sweet girl but not nearly that pretty.

Honey, Mr Bass sure made me feel good today. He I told him I knew that I had a mans job. And that after this week I would be the only woman left in the store. And he said "Don't be silly. I wouldn't trade you for any ^{man} woman in the store. And that he would like for me to keep my job even after you come home. But I told him, no soap I had a much better job when you get home. Isn't that ~~word~~ right? All my time will be spent in taking care of my husband. There sure won't be any time left for selling shoes. By the way I've been forgetting to tell

you I love you. I do love you darling. More every day. Even if you do think I'm getting ugly. Honey, I've been thinking. Maybe you won't want me when you come home. Maybe I am getting uglier. You ought to know. I see myself so much I don't notice any change. But I'm getting scared. All those pictures looked exactly like me. A girl the other day was trying to get me to put a blonde rinse on my hair. She said it was getting darker and you'd be dissappointed to see that I'm not as much a blonde as I used to be. Maybe I should do that. There can't be much change though because everyone still calls me blonde. In fact a fellow at the store got balvled out for calling me blonde on the floor the other day. Would you still love if I wasn't a blonde any more? Lord, I'm crazy. Wonder what got me started on that. I'm just always so scared something will happen to make you stop loving me. Please don't darling. That's just something I couldn't take.

Did you hear Bob Hope by any chance last night. He broadcast from the base.

He got so raw they had to cut him off the air.
He said to some wave "How about me and
you locking dog tags."

Remember that song "Stuff Like That there".
That Betty Hutton used to sing down in
Laredo. Their playing it on the radio now.
Sure gives me the blue.

Honey, Ruby says its time to go to work

I Love You

Goodnight Darling

Billie