

Sunday night, August 30

Dear Rob,

This has been a virtually perfect day — with the best part your phone call. Is it the sheer delight and contrast of talking to non-Army people who also happen to be your loving family that makes you sound so bubbly in each call? Are you really likely to be home soon? I'll be a very good girl and do as much work as possible during the week so that each weekend is as free as possible just in case you can come home. Everyone was glad to talk to you and to hear you. (That sounds so flat and stilted — but I really mean it.)

I've had what I think is a rather intelligent idea: if the PX carries anything as non-functional (i.e. not food, soap, etc.) as spiral notebooks — buy yourself a fair-sized one to keep notes of all kinds in. Don't worry about organization — it will be impossible — but use it to list reading (when you can do it), ideas, observations, questions,

Books you want to read, things you want to look up, sketches, and so forth. Having them all in one book will make them neat, portable, and relatively easy to locate -- and easier to remember than if they are merely stored in a corner of your mind. Writers commonly keep notebooks like that -- just anything that comes to mind and seems as if it might be worth squirreling away for future use. Yours could do more than that -- but a single book would probably be easier and less bulky for you.

Craig has been saving book mailing envelopes for me so that when you can receive packages and have time to read it will be easy for us to send them and for you to return them. We'll include return mailing labels for you.

As I explained back on the phone and in the letter, John couldn't stay for dinner -- but watching the family with him after church I think

some of the people in church were trying to figure out which Dahlstrom he was) and him with the family, I think he's like Bobby's Linda - adopted, into the family without benefit of clergy. Do you remember how she fitted in with everyone even before they were married? And she really feels like a cousin, not an in-law. I think he feels very much at ease with them, too.

John also said Ted's was the best sermon he had heard all year - and since he volunteered the observation out of the blue when we were alone, I think he really meant it. I'm glad he's had a chance to see at least a bit of what a layman can do in our church. If anything comes, there will obviously have to be some carefully considered compromises on religion - and I want him to see and know and respect as much as possible about our way as possible. Don't worry - I'm not hoping

too much. In fact, especially in view of his mother and her enforcing her authority on all of them and my awareness that this is galling him considerably, I'm trying - and it's a delicate balance to maintain since it's a double-double balance - to let him feel free, unbound, unobligated and yet not put up any barriers by doing so (I don't know if I'm making myself clear - but I know what I mean - I don't want him to feel burdened by me in any way, yet I want him to feel I'm there) - and to make myself accept either Philia alone (in Lewis's sense) without disappointment or recognize if there is more than that.

Do you mind my writing all this to you? I thought maybe I should since I spoke to you in Ireland so that you will know I'm at least trying - and I think succeeding pretty well - to be patient and sensible - and happy.

I really ought to go to bed now —
it's almost 1:00 — but I had stayed
up to try to do a diagramless ^{crossword} puzzle
that had caught my eye and seemed
possible (it was — I finished it) —
and then I feel like writing to you,
and that is an impulse one ought to
follow, next — a fax? Should you like
me to round up various language
experts to translate my letters into
French, German, Italian, and
Latin so that you can follow the
first two and learn the last?
But what would they ever do with
my often strange syntax?

Be angelic. I may add
some pages before I mail this —
or I may not. But I'll cut out
Sunday comics (a new paper boy —
we have the Sunday Press again)
and put the photo between pieces of
cardboard at any rate and send
them, too.

(OVER)

Love,
Loris Margaret

Monday

There are a couple of new books we've had from the library that the base library might have - good leisure reading - that you might enjoy when they give you time. One is the Allingham Casebook, a collection of short stories, some about Mr. Carnpion or Charlie Luke, his friend. The other is a new S. J. Perelman that was reviewed this week on the 1st page of the Times Book Review - Baby, it's Cold Inside.

We had small prints made of the slide because they are more portable that way. Would you prefer a poster-sized one?

Do you have Spam and chipped - beef - on - toast? Everyone who has been in the Army seems to remember and complain about them. I'm Jewish - I happen to like both, though I don't think I'd like them too frequently.

I've been collecting comics and so forth. To put in with this letter. It's going to be a very strange Lodge - Lodge.

This was in an article on the Thorne's
Lick strike. The juxtaposition of some
of the names is priceless:

Throughout the day, small-
er actions will be held all
over the city by the various
women's groups participating
in the strike—National Or-
ganization for Women (NOW),
Young Women's Christian As-
sociation, New York Medical
Feminists, Redstockings, Les-
bian Lesbians, National Coali-
tion of American Women,
National Welfare Rights Or-
ganization, Older Women's
Association, Feminists of the
East, WITCH (Women's In-
ternational Terrorist Con-
spiracy from Hell), Women
Strike for Peace and Colum-
bia Women's Liberation.

I don't know whether to laugh at them—
or be angry, because their ridiculousness
obscures the genuine grievances and
provokes either ridicule or a backlash.
It seems to me that the most active
groups want to per mold women in just
as narrow and arbitrary a form as the
traditional view. I wish someone would
interview a good cross-section of
men to find out how many like their
jobs and find them fulfilling. Oh well—
there are so many arguments to be
made against them that it becomes
endless and obvious. Maybe somewhere.

Throughout the day, smaller actions will be held all over the city by the various women's groups participating in the strike—National Organization for Women (NOW), Young Women's Christian Association, New York Radical Feminists, Redstockings, Radical Lesbians, National Coalition of American Nuns, National Welfare Rights Organization, Older Women's Liberation, Feminists in the Arts, WITCH (Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell), Women Strike for Peace and Columbia Women's Liberation.

the quiet, reasonable ones will have a chance to speak up on genuine, remediable areas of prejudice, injustice, discrimination, and so forth — against both men and women (such as cheap RR tickets for women on certain days of the week, if you want to choose something small but simple and obvious).

Have fun! (I couldn't resist that.)
I'm practicing with apple pies for when you come home — they've been scrumptious (good apples help).

Love,
Lois

This is one of my favorite sections from The Glass Harmonica (I'm still only about $\frac{1}{2}$ way through - it's like very rich candy - a little bit at a time is enough)

Caves and Caverns

If you find a Cave, keep it a secret.

Simple Caves are occupied by

Ogres

Giants

Pirates

Powder Kegs

Trolls

Treasure Chests

Dead Bodies

Thronits

Anchoites

Oracles

They are one- or two-room dwellings; their approaches and entrances give no indication of occupancy other than, passively, roars, groans, howls, moans, snackings, and crunchings.

The furnishings of simple Caves are the result of years of untidiness rather than of purposeful and attentive collecting. In them you will find

stones

rough and broken objects of utility: scraps of fur, leather, chain, earthenware, last year's

shells of scales or skin, pieces of flint
remains of cooking fires

Remnants of meals from time immemorial

All will be covered in a unique patina of
grease, fat, soot, ashes, earth, blood, and the
vital juices of unnameable but apparently edible
creatures.

Also found will be bats, spiders and their
webs, owls, mushrooms, scorpions, and the
evidence of Others having been there before.

Beach Caves have sandy floors, tide marks,
smuggler's marks on the walls, and a gold coin
or two carelessly indicating that the Caves are
used for something other than fun and games.
If you are trapped in a Beach Cave by the tide
or an enemy, there will be sure to be a vertical
shaft to crawl up and out of. The enemy will not
know of this shaft or will not remember it in
time to block the exit. It will not be an easy
climb for you but you will finally exit
in a peaceful spot such as the garden of a
monastery or nunnery on the top of a cliff.
The good people there will take you in and
bandage your cuts and bruises.

Caverns are seldom the residences of men and Caves often are. On entering a Cave one simply steps inside. Entering a Cavern is not that simple; it is necessary to proceed through a series of simple Caves which lead into each other and are connected by corridors going increasingly down into the bowels of the Earth. The Cavern will be found at the end of a dangerous, dark, and doubt-ridden journey.

As you proceed through the Caves they will be progressively emptier of all save columns and the normal stream of shattering hearts. It is not always clear which of the connecting corridors to take; it is prudent to make some attempt to mark your path against the return journey.

The Cavern itself when reached will be immense, soaring to heights and depths which befuddle senses accustomed to the close and dark descent. If the Cavern houses Treasure and it is guarded by a skeleton, fear it not.

If forced to escape by underground river you will find the distance to the outside only as long as you can hold your breath.

underwater or your raft will stay
afloat.

The Treasure found in Caverns is most
often gold, gems, and magic articles.

There is always another way out.