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selfish by getting married,  
and not staying with her.

Well I guess that's all for  
now, please let me know that  
you are coming. I still have to  
be going away, you know.

Love to all  
Mama.

P.S. Mum is writing tomorrow  
and will send the Insurance  
paper properly completed.

166 Chebucto Road,  
Halifax N.S.,  
Feb 3, 1943.

Dear Tom:—

Just a line to let you  
know we have finally decided  
on February 20<sup>th</sup> as our  
wedding day— 7. P. M. Do you  
think you will be able to  
come. I should feel very  
badly if you can't. We are  
being married very, very  
quietly, just Mum, you and  
Edith and Min and Lou,  
if they can make it. We  
were able to get a place to  
live on the St. Margaret's Bay

has met with such great success. It must make you feel very satisfied with all your hard work.

Mum is still not feeling any too well. Both her knees are very bad and she seems to have considerable difficulty getting around very much. I've talked myself hoarse trying to get her to ease up a bit, but she seems to feel she must ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> slacken too much or her joints may not loosen up at all. I am beginning to feel quite a heel for leaving her now, and can't make up my mind as to whether I have been very

Road, taking possession Tit. st. We thought it would be best to take it now, rather than run the risk of not getting anything later on.

In a letter to Mum a week or so ago, Edith said she wouldn't be able to come. (and you change her mind? Surely Mrs Freeman will take Tommy & Francis for a few days. I do want her to come, so please see what you can do.

We were very happy to hear you are starting another story, and that "His Majesty's Garden

it was a decision I should make myself. I hope you will not think I'm a quitter & have taken the easy way out rather than try it again. But I really feel I cannot face his many peculiarities, his snobishness, and what appears to be conceit, his utter concern for himself, his puny-footing around bears hats and civilian equivalents and skimming less important <sup>people</sup> or anyone who could not be of some use in <sup>in</sup> <sup>concerned</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>not</sup> as far as social prestige or <sup>not</sup> <sup>not</sup> could give him a boost in his job, his advice for no friends, his shallowness - Kibbie is like a cream puff - looks good but what do you get when you bite into it, nothing but the ~~shell~~ <sup>shell</sup> and men of goo which you can't wipe away quickly enough. Perhaps you will think all these things very petty, but to me they sum up the <sup>more</sup> fundamentals of a solid basis on which to build our lives

166 Chibucto Road,  
Halifax, N.S.

7. January '46

Dear Tom:

I suppose you have been wondering what happened to the letter Mum told you I was sending you regarding my marital problems. Truth is I had no intention of writing you about the matter. I had said I would like to discuss the subject with you, but not by letter. However Mum got it a bit twisted and meant to be helpful.

I don't know just how much of the long sad story you know, but to write about it in a letter would reach the length of one of your novels

the best of a bad job as far as I was concerned.

Since he has been out in India his correspondence has gradually fallen off and I have not heard now for two months and have only received two letters from him since V-T day. It would appear very evident that his interest has waned and in view of that and my own feelings toward him it is useless to try and make anything worthwhile out of the whole mess.

Last week I wrote him and told him I was not going back with him and preferred to make my own way. It was about that I wanted to ask you, should I have done that? Actually I would like to have had your opinion before doing so, but felt

not to mention requiring the possession of your talent of which I haven't the slightest suggestion.

However the whole thing has been a very unhappy venture as far as I'm concerned, the first year being almost unbearable. We seemed unable to find a common interest in anything and should never even have married as we are totally un suited. Right from the very start we began quarreling over anything and every thing and as time went on it got worse.

When the time came for him to leave Haupax I debated as to whether to call it quits then, but rather than face the "I-told-you-so's" I went along, and must admit there was an improvement, but by that time it had begun to assume the aspects of making

where there is a chance for advancement. I have spent very little of the money Kibani has sent me and feel that I should offer to return it in view of the fact that I have been the one to make the break. If he accepts it, it leaves me with exactly ~~no~~ nothing. What do you think about this angle?

I don't know what else there is to say just now. I would appreciate your comments and suggestions for the future. How ever if you're going to haul me out for getting myself in such a mess, keep it for awhile ~~until~~ <sup>until</sup> I feel better able to take it. This has been worrying me for a long time and feel somewhat at a loss abt just at this point.

Hope to hear from you soon  
Love Steve

No doubt there are as many faults on my side, but I honestly feel I tried my best to agree with his ideas and follow along his ways of thinking and find I am not cut out to be a social climber and out for all I can get from a passing acquaintance.

Now I have got to decide what is the best course for me to take. The first thing of course is to look for a permanent job and as I do not wish to remain in Halifax must pick out some other place. Mum, of course, wants me to stay here and I will be very worried leaving her here alone, however apart from finding it very embarrassing to explain to people here I feel I could do better in a larger city with a firm