

I long sometimes to take you in my arms
and if opportunity was present, would not
what you would think, or if I would not
be acting my age. The night you came
by and discussed your Social Security
application I felt I'd love to take you in
my arms and kiss away all the heart-
aches and bereavement by remembrance.
Have wondered many times if you
even suspected what a tug you have
at my heart.

Probably it was for that reason the
misunderstanding was so great. I

Louisville, Ky
Aug. 17, 1937.

Dear Agnes:

Hope you are not hurt
because I've been so long answer-
ing your letter which I found
on my desk the morning after
you posted it at Columbus.

Had made up my mind
not to expect a letter but want-
ed one and wondered if one
would come. Had bot my
card to send you when I knew
it would be too late for you to
answer it because I didn't

want you to feel you had to write me.
And your curiosity was aroused!
Wondered if you ever gave the conversation
any more thought.

Whether you understand it or not,
you have a tug at my heart and a
very strong one. It has been there since
the flood or during it, whether it was
there before I cannot say. Most things
seem to date from the flood. As I
told you I've tried to stifle it, one
reason account difference in ages,
Loene's attitude, and I wanted you
to be a friend of and to Fern, but
it refuses to down. The more I've tried
to make myself think I did it care
a whole lot, the deeper you have crept
into my heart and the tighter the cords
have become.

You have many traits of character
that appeal to me very deeply. In fact
the "Kindred Spirit" must be the right
term, for certainly the source lies deep
in my inner being.

for him.

Getting back to throwing up your hands -
Any dead fish can float down stream
but it takes a real live fish to swim
up stream, and to me you are a very
live (not a fish) but a brightly clear
somebody. You are an inspirational
to me in many ways; the mem-
tioned before, your ability in teaching
and working with juniors, your loyal
spirit and I don't know what else. So
you see you are doubly worthy of a tug
at my heart. It is more apt to be in not.

could it stand for you, or to me
either, to think you could do us
any way and get by with it.
If I hadn't loved you so
much it wouldn't have made
much difference and I couldn't
understand you after your note
but when you said it wasn't
intentional it was fully
and fully forgiven. Guess
forgiven isn't the word because
you were not guilty. At
any rate that is past and
there are no blurs left. Even
at that time the tug continued
and it does not cease.

You are such a ~~self~~ self-facing

somebody you make me ashamed of
myself and know you make the motto
on your Bible Book mark the aim of your
life.

Your mother would be crushed if she
knew how you had been feeling and
I know your ~~poor~~ physical condition
has had much to do with your
depressed spirit and when you get to
feeling better, you will snap out of it.

I know your life has been unusually
hard, but I have no fears you will ever
quit for you are not made of that
kind of stuff. Know something of
the way you feel as ~~I~~ we had some
stiff battles in my life but in the
end it pays to be as brave as
possible not only for one's self but
for those who depend upon one ~~for~~
way or another.

You are not a little stray sheep.
Sterling qualities such as you have
do not just happen but come down
from one side or the other. Have often
wondered if you aren't like your father.
Down in your heart I believe you yearn

I hope you will always feel free to take
few some place if you want to and
I like for her to be close with you sometimes
but can't give her all the time you are
at home so we will try to arrange
some time, while we wash dishes
~~for~~ a something but not all time.
Don't mention this to mabel either.

Hope you are feeling better this evening
and with lots of love to my kindred
But spirit, lovingly say.

Share this smiling

worthy of you. If our kindred
spirit flings out a challenge
to you, I'm glad and hope it
shall always be so. Probably
I haven't always been aware
of the kindred spirit but am
glad to know it has always
been there and hope it will
always be. Don't think I could
take it now, should I realize
for sure it was gone.

Am sorry you left my class
room without what you came
after. I would have been glad
to have given them. Please don't
do it any more. At home I hesitate

for reasons you probably can guess except when you are going away and I have some excuse to kiss you.

Don't be afraid of hurting me. I love your hugs. It is more the suddenness of it than anything else.

Maybe I shouldn't say it, but there is something. Fern doesn't want to be jealous & insists she is not, but certain expressions I've seen makes me conscious of something and that is another reason I had felt I'd like to get out and have tried to keep out, but my feeling for you and yours for me, I believe are entirely different than what exists between you and Fern and there should be no occasion for jealousy. I can't give you up either and I hope there is a similar responsive chord in your heart for me.

Haven't written all I intended or had in mind but must stop. Have written this so hurriedly doubt you can read it but couldn't keep you waiting any longer.

Miss Agnes Miller.

needs a friend very much and for that reason I wanted you to know her as I felt you would have to love her if you did. On his death her papa asked me to take care of mama and I never got away from it. In turn I promised mama to take care of her not on her death bed, but when she and I had our quiet talks at times. So she is my great responsibility and I hope I live to see she gets all she needs as long as she lives. I could put her away, better than she could me, I believe then, too, she seems so dependent, I'd rather care for her myself. Feel that way about

Louisville, Ky
Aug. 18, 1937

Dear Agnes:

Played the janitor and closed the office last night trying to get your letter written. Left here at 5:30. Then I wrote it so hurriedly probably said some things I shouldn't have and left some out I should have said.

Did want to say I was sorry for the times I had hurt you during our misunderstand

ing even though I had told you that before.

Now as to my saying there is something that makes me feel Fern resents my friendship for you to an extent. Hope you won't take that too seriously as it is not of that serious a nature and I feel you already knew it, didn't you, or at least suspected it? She tries hard to overcome it and will in time, I believe, but I try not to do anything that would arouse any feeling, but she resented so very much my going to Margaret's with you. There is just a little feeling that probably I wasn't as loyal to her as I should have been to have told you that and if she knew I did, she could hardly forgive me. It wasn't meant in a disloyal way however, for have told you before she is the biggest thing in my life and we have tried hard to make her life happy since ^{mother} has been gone, but often feel we have failed miserably. She is very lonely and

Sorry I wrote you and if this has the same effect I'll make it the last one.

Hope you haven't worried over Fern's appearance alone. There is no rift in our family and you are just as free to do as you have been doing as you can be. There is no need to be uncomfortable. Things are better than they were at first & working out all. It has ^{been} my treatment of you tho, not yours of me, therefore I don't do the things I like to do sometimes. They laughed at me tho other night and said I was true to myself I never did things moderately. I would not dare tell them ^{tho} I really feel about you for they would never understand.

Mabel to some extent but nothing like I do for Fern as Mabel could take care of herself as long as she is well, but I'd like to care for her in sickness or death.

Don't know why I'm telling you this. No doubt you will think I'm crazy and maybe I am, but that is enough of that.

You have written me other notes that should have been answered but for some reason were not. All the sweet things

you said in them were appreciated
even though I'm unworthy of them.
as to us all loving our home. Weds.
It is the dearest spot on earth be-
cause of the dear ones who have lived
there in the past and those now
living there. There has been an awful
lot of living in our house, been a lot
of joy and sorrow and much
sickness as well as health and
I am grateful from the bottom of
my heart that God has given us a
home, that is real home and if you
find peace and quiet there, I'm glad
and want you to know you are welcome
at any time of day or night and
I hope you will always feel free to
come and go as you please for all three
of us consider it a privilege to have
you and an honor that our home
appears to mean so much to you.

I hate to see you like you were this
a.m. you seemed to be carrying the cares
of the world on your shoulders and I
hope my letter didn't cause it, if so I'm

Really must close now
as all are gone but the Janitor
again.

I hope your efficiency
mark was high today and
your nerves behaving better.
We will be looking for you
tomorrow night and as
I told you yesterday we are
glad for you to have Fern
by herself lots of times but
not all the time and I don't

think she would want to have
you all by herself for she knows
we love to be with you too.

Almost gave myself away
last night giving you the
note when I was trying so hard
to keep it quiet, but I'm just
that way.

Lots of love to my kudded
spirit and friend

Lovingly
Loy

Perkins J. Cape. 49
Rough
Virginia cloth 29

Miss Agnes Miller,

to make yourself comfortable
at all times and just feel free
and at home. I want our company
at ease always, and especially
my Secret Pal for she is surely a
dear little "Dough Bucket" to me.
Bye - Bye now and oodles of love
to my sweet Secret Pal.

Bein.

Aug. 23, 1937.

Dearest Secret Pal:

I just must write you a note,
to let you know what a help you
have been to me the last few days.
To tell the truth, the way I felt
Friday evening, I dreaded for you
to come down, I didn't want you
to see me so full and all down
again. But you have no idea what
a comfort it was just to sit beside
you, even though I couldn't talk
much. Then the phone call Sat.
morning was also a big help
in trying to drown my troubles,
and it was very thoughtful of
you to call in the evening again.

I really appreciate it more than I'm able to tell. Then again Sunday, really you saved the day for me, was so happy to have you those few minutes before church, and I think it was mighty sweet of you to take your car in the afternoon. I was so happy to have you for supper and do hope you weren't too timid to eat all you wanted.

The pictures just came but don't think they are very good, not clear.

Wish you were here with me to-day for I'm not able to do much work. Didn't try to wash to-day.

Last evening was entirely too short for me. Sure hope my sweet Secret Pal is feeling a lot better and those shoulders soon quite hurting so much. I can't visit you nor call you either, looks rather one sided doesn't it, but really I don't think it is for my dear you have no idea how much of the time you are on my mind. And really don't you think right here is a pretty good place for us to be to-gether anyway? You don't know how I love to have you here, and I want you

✓
Love Love

Wed. noon.

Yes I believe I do know how much you have come to love Fern and Jim so glad you have and so glad she in turn has come to love you so much and you are needs a friend very much and you are a very wholesome one, the kind she needs. It makes me happy to know you love me as deeply as you do her and of course it is in a different way as my love for you is different from Fern's love for you and I can't explain it either but if it were possible only one could be loved, I'd have to be the one to be loved, for she has missed too much in

Louisville, Ky.

Aug. 24, 1937.

Dear Agnes:

Truly hope you didn't get in trouble last night over the kiss, or kisses, but I don't believe she saw. Felt like I'd "bust" if I didn't get one. Had planned on getting one Sunday morning but you got there too late and could only give you a squeeze. Have to have one sometimes.

Now for your letter. Why do I have you stumped? Didn't

you think I loved you? Believe you know
it quite well, now didn't you?

You shouldn't try to cover up from me
and you didn't as much as you did
with Fern. Won't say you ^{didn't} fool me some
as I didn't know you were so terribly
low, altho some larp life seemed
like a drag to you, apparently. Am
so glad now you are feeling better and
you will soon be back to your cheer-
ful state I hope.

Have quit trying to stifle my feelings
for you, it didn't do any good anyway,
but if you don't want me to, I'll try to
be good, provided you don't try to keep
me from knowing you care. How's
that? Sounds like a kid, doesn't it?

Well, Agnes, I'm glad I don't seem old
to you, even though I'm not a spring
chicken any more. Would dislike ~~it~~ very
much to appear too old for any good
use. Ha! Ha! If you feel at home with
me, that is all I can ~~ask~~ ask. Am not
going to ask you to give me up for I
don't want you to, so there.

It is time to go back to work now so
will have to postpone this until tomorrow.

Don't remember the reason now for saying I would take you under my wing. I do remember the remark and still want you under my wing and I hope you want to be there.

What we would have done during the flood without you I do not know. You can't imagine what you meant to us then, and we watched and waited for your visits. You were the brightest ray of sunshine we had during that awful time.

Since I'm out of paper, guess I'd better quit. Hope your shoulders are better and with lots of love to my kindred ~~and~~ spirit. Love your friends Jay.

life to miss that too, but since you can love us both, or all of us rather, I don't want to give you up, and I think we can go on loving each other as we do now and even better, and it should make no difference in yours and Fawn's love for each other and I hope our kindred spirit continues to lift us up.

You don't need to be afraid to love me sometimes in front of Fawn, but am positive it is best she not know about our letters.

As to being trusted to keep your secret. Rest assured it has never crossed our lips and never shall. We all consider that a sacred trust.

Believe it was I who was responsible for
the other girls knowing as I think I called
Mabel as she knew more about the S.S.
than I did and didn't know then
what you were trying to tell me.
am sorry you were so uncomfortable over
it, but they can be trusted to keep it the
same as I. After you left that night
I told the girls, you either trust a lot
of us or felt we could be trusted,
any way, and we felt you had
really paid us a tribute.

Am sure Christ has been your stay
otherwise it would have been an un-
bearable burden almost but no matter
what the burden or sorrow He is able
for He has said "my grace is sufficient
for you". Am glad, too He is such a
loving Christ that He doesn't forsake
us because we fail Him so much,
if He were not, so loving and merciful
He would long since have forsaken
me, for I, too, am an unworthy follower,
but I do love Him and were it not
for Him, life would be empty indeed.
Our common love for Him, I think,
has drawn us closer together, don't you
think?

Sept. 4, 1937.

Dearest Secret Pal:

Well here comes a tiny note to the dearest little "Dough Bucket" who has to work to-night. Really I'm awfully sorry, wish we could be together instead. But maybe I'll see you Sunday are you thinking? Or maybe it will be Thursday you say? O.K. Now I don't want to over persuade you in doing something you don't want to, but I've told you our plans, now you do just what you want

to, you know you are more than welcome
anytime you care to come. And by the way,
how about the vacation week in Sept. we
were talking about spending here in
our home, or dont you think you could
stand us that long? You could lie in
bed until noon if you want to. Oh my,
but maybe that week here with me would
be a lot harder than working for you.
So again, do as you please for you know
better than anyone else just what it
means to you to be here, and if you
think you could rest or only be more
tired after it was all over. What I mean
is you are welcome, and we would be
happy to have you if you care to come.
Now dont work too hard and I'll be think-
ing of my sweet Secret Pal just a whole lot.

Bye Bye and oodles of love,

Bunnie

girl friend's love -

Lesbian? - closet?

Miss Agnes Miller.

September 9, 1937.

Wonder if you noticed anything this morning, and what you thought about it. There seems to be an idea that I should have no attention, much less expect it, ~~it~~ or crave it. I get so full sometimes I about explode. Sometimes I feel my heart will burst, but there is not a soul I can say a word to about it.

When I told you I couldn't write any more, no doubt I let myself down, although at the time, you remember it was said the motive was not that. Had hoped you would understand and know how very much I care, but there has been a difference which I couldn't help but feel. My heart cries for you and so much craves your love in return. I don't want you to forget all the things, or any of the things I wrote you for I meant them every one and more too. Am afraid you would think I had lost my mind if I should write some of the things that are in my heart. Don't know why you have become to mean so much to me, but you have just the same and nothing takes your place, nor can anyone else take it.

You said Sunday I should know you better than that, but that doesn't stop the longing in my heart for some affection from you. It certainly is true there is no time for us to have a word alone, and I don't know just how I'm going to get through it. My heart rather condemned me for writing you as I felt it was rather an exclusive privilege of Fern's, but I feel like I'd bust if things go on as they have done for the past two weeks. Why it should be her exclusive right, though I do not, for I loved you first.

Probably you can't understand how I feel ~~me~~ and I guess I should not expect it but my heart cries for you just the same, and in a peculiar sense which I cannot explain, you seem to belong to me. Sometimes when I can express myself on paper, it answers the purpose of relieving pent up feelings, if no one knows it but myself, but so far this hasn't answered the purpose for I still yearn for your affection and do you think too, I should act my age, or should not expect it? If you do, I'll still try to overcome myself and be good, but it is rather lonesome business. Got your two letters out yesterday and read them and was so down afterwards, could hardly keep the tears back, as is also the case now. You will probably never get this, ^{but} "them my sentiments." Some how I feel you have in a measure, or a sense, slipped away from me, and am afraid the "Kindred Spirit" has not made itself manifest, at least I have not been so conscious of it. It is probably all my own fault, therefore I should be satisfied but the heart hunger is there just the same.

were only going to be here for supper to-night.

Agnes dear, I don't feel free to insist but will you promise me this, when you can come or when you want to will you let me know?

Must stop now for this time and am looking forward to the time when we can be together again, and do hope we will both be feeling well so we can have a "Jim Dandy" time.

Oodles of love from one who loves you dearly.

Bunnie.

Nov. 5, 1937.

Dearest Secret Pal:

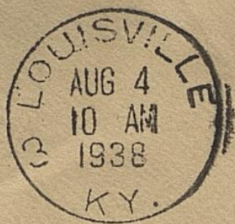
I'm sorry I've waited so awfully long to answer your sweet notes. If you will forgive me I'll try hard not to let it happen again. But it just seems like time gets away from me and I don't do anything extra either. All told it just goes to show I'm a poor manager.

Sister sweetie, you can't imagine how very much we enjoy having you here, I am feeling down now because we can't be together Sundays, really I'm not selfish and wouldn't think anything about it if things were more pleasant. But it is certainly very unfair to try to demand one's time then make life so very hard. Isn't it funny the way

people look at life, some are happy if they are torturing someone or something but really I can't see that, if I can't get along peacefully, I'd much rather they clear out as I don't even want to look at them when I have unkind feelings. I enjoy empty space much more. Now am I funny, never the less its true and lister my dear little Doughbucket if ever such a time comes in our lives you can rest assured I'll not demand any of your time. Oh, but lets just try and watch ourselves too closely to let things creep in between us, for really it has reached a point with me where I wouldn't be able to take it very well. I do so much want to be a real Pal to you and be able to keep one little bright spot in your life. It really helps me so much just to be with you and if it means anything like as much to you then I am happy. I'm sorry I couldn't do anything last night to lift your spirits but do hope you are feeling a lot better to-day. This so happens to be a day that is hard on ones' spirits though, but maybe in the store with all the lights on you aren't able to really tell how dreary it is. Here's hoping anyway.

Mabel is home now and lunch over and since its turning so cold I want to put the grate covers in.

Do you know I would be so happy if you



Miss Agnes Miller,

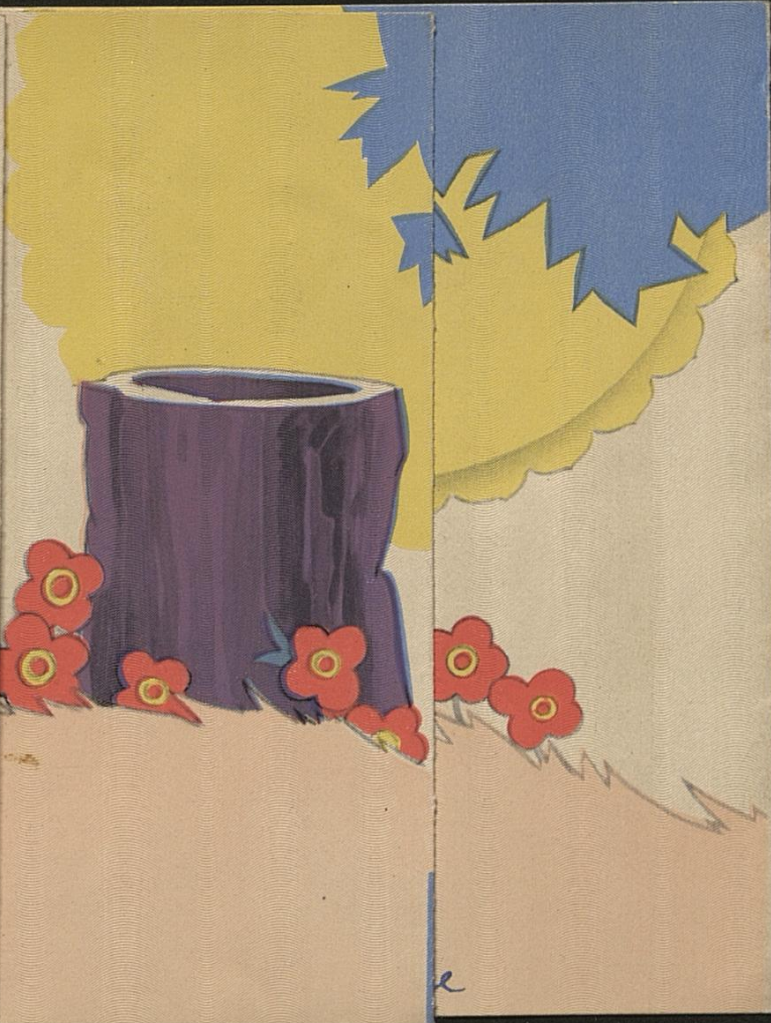
Columbus,

R. R. #3

Indiana.

To Mrs. Rachel Van Meter.

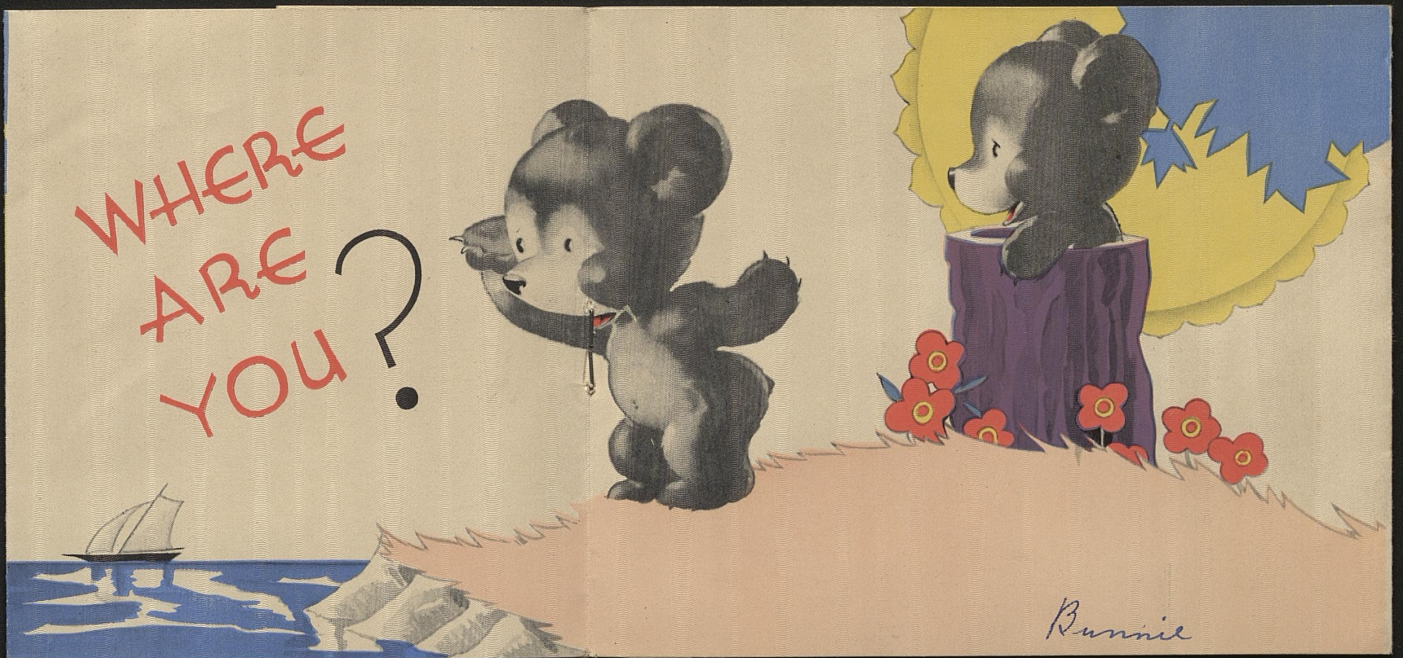
LONESOME ?



I should say -

For I am here- BUT-





WHERE
ARE
YOU?

Bunnil

Dearest Secret Pal:

Was so glad to hear from you to-day. Had wanted to write you a letter to night but it is 9 bells and still canning peaches. Had an awfully big washing Mon. ironed Mon. night until 12:40 in the morning then was ironing my last ^{piece} dress afternoon when the folks got here at 4. I have worked in the peaches all day, to-day. So you see I have my hands full, and am about finished myself. Sorry the baby isn't well, hope you keep well and have a nice time. Our baby is awfully sweet. Mabel hasn't felt so well to-day, has complained a lot with her back. Sure is hot here. If I could only take a bath and roll in I'd be happy. Loads of love to my sweetie pie.

My Secret Pal

Aug. 7, 1938.

Dearest Secret Pal:

Must try and write you some to-night, for I know I will have one mad rush again next week. Everyone^{else} is playing a game now. My, but we have sure been having hot weather. Have had some rain to. Have canned $54\frac{1}{2}$ qts of peaches this past week and will have more next week to fix. Mabel has had it worse in the back this week but says she is some better to-day. Dr. told her yesterday to stay close to base while she feels so bad. Think we will wash to-morrow if the day is fit, and I know we will have

a large one.

Don't think because I haven't written a letter I haven't thought of you but really sweetie you can't imagine what I've been through.

Haven't tried to do any baking since the folks have been here. Do well to have meals on bought bread. Everyone is talking now and looking at pictures you can imagine how well I can think. Jimmy is sound as sleep he is awfully sweet.

I have sent you two cards didn't you get either one of them? Went out a little while this afternoon the first time I've been out since you left.

Cora stopped in to see us yesterday and we gave her a bag of peaches which pleased her very much, she said she sure must have smelt a mouse. She wasn't able to get any one for us that she felt would fill the bill. But said she would try again this week.

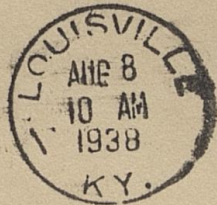
Don't know any news and am really too tired to think. Sure hope this week will finish the peaches. Maybe if you were here I could talk. Well its 10:50 P. M. so must close for to-night, sorry I haven't been able to write you, a nice little letter. Seems like you have been gone quite a spell. Hope you are having a nice time and will come back rested a lot and just feeling better all around.

Oodles of love to my sweet "Little Doughbracket."

Love and kisses,

Bunnie

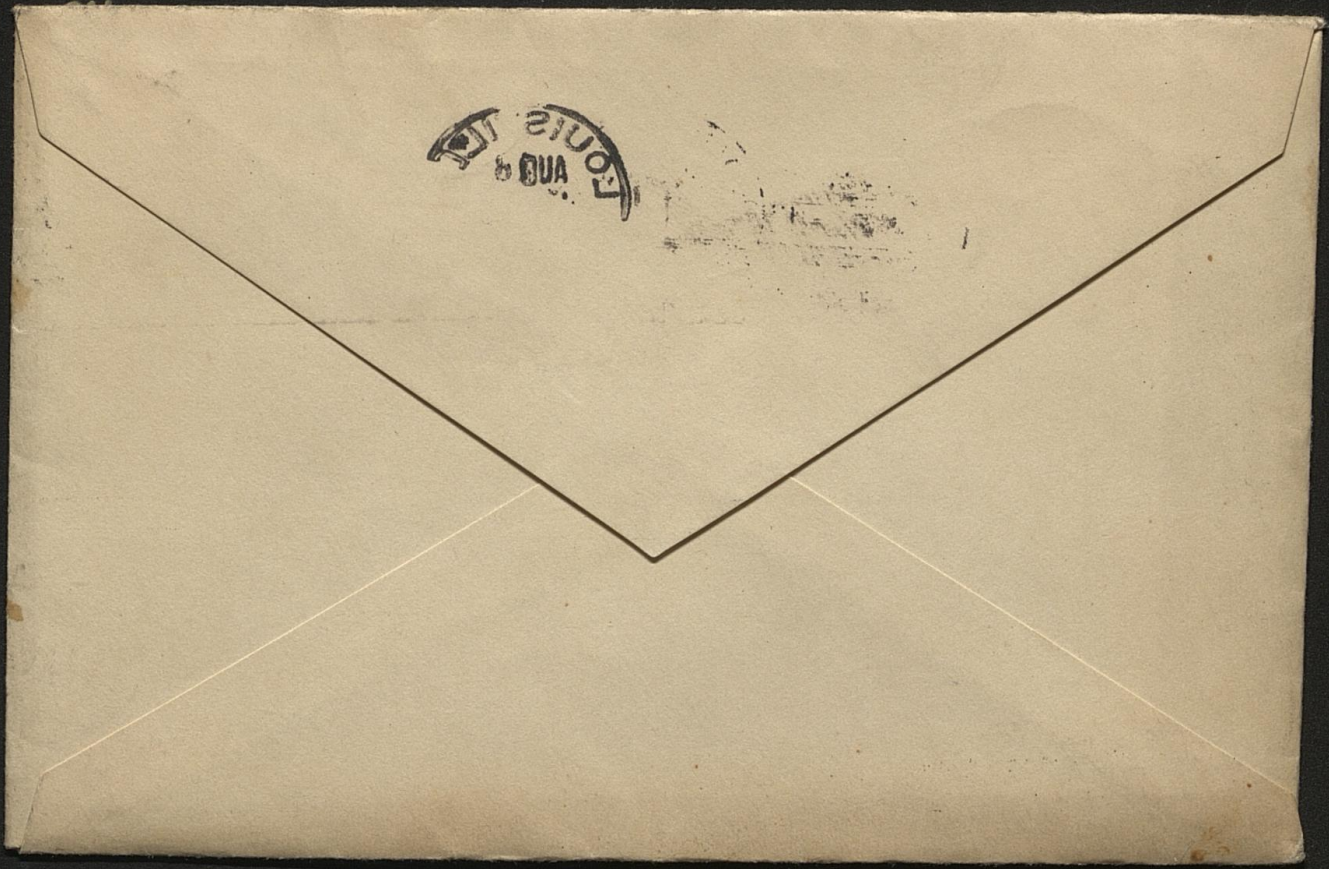
From 1023 May St,
Louisville, Ky.



Miss Agnes Miller,
Columbus,

R. R. #3 Indiana,

% Mrs. Rachel Van Meter.



LONG
BUA