



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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From my grandmother
Autie (Palmer) in
California to Delos —
soon after we were named.

San Diego Cal
Jan 4th 1918

My Dear Grandson
This is my first

P.S. We have Camp Camp
here with the
men about 12 only
for 500.

Attempt to write to my
New Grandson. And answer
your appreciated letter. I assure
you it was well enjoyed.

I really feel as
tho' I was quite acquainted
with you. Your Grandmother
as you know, has good
Command of adjectives
and uses them. This you
have already found out
If not I will send you her

last letter. I was very much
pleased to get your letter and hope
it won't be the last. I am very
happy to know Grand has found
her ideal of a man. I have thought
she was quite hard to please - as
she always found some fault. & now
seemed to find a perfect man
& now I wonder if she has -
if she continues to think as she
does now - its all right - and I
hope it may prove to be an
ideal marriage - to not worship

but adore & respect. to you
both. you sure have my congratulations
also pray this dreadful war
may very soon end. Then it will
be a happy time for all of us
at any rate we will look forward
to this day - and hope may God
bless and keep you. will be my
prayer. Our city is full of soldiers
sailors - and aviators. Of course
you know Uncle Sam has an
Aviators Camp here & many boys

are in training. at some
times three or four over head
going thru the air. But
it seems queer we very
seldom have an accident

There is a small
girl here. only weighs 80
lbs. I don't know how
old - But she flew from
here to San Francisco. in 6 hours
without a stop. & in good
cheerful conelution. had no
dinner & hardly any breakfast
I infer. you saw that in the
papers. as it ~~was~~ broke the record
she did at think it was
much to do. It was always
considered hard to do. on
account of the mountains.

But she flew high - 9000 ft
above sea level - she has
been selling Red X tickets
here & every body was after
her & she broke the record
selling Red X tickets. Everyone
wanted to have a good look
at her. She was dressed in
short skirts & her - on part of
her helmet the big goggles on
her forehead & was quite
bright & attractive. On the
whole she did her part well
& hope you read the account
of it in the paper - we all
think it wonderful a
real miracle. Science is
opening up the possibilities
things never before that possible

I am glad. I am permitted to live
to see all these things take place
I often laugh - when I think - when
the Bicycle (I guess that is spelt wrong but you will know)

I believe there are many
things to unfold. Man is just beginning
to find out his possibilities. (You know
when God created man he gave
him dominion, over every-thing
And Man is just beginning to
understand what that meant
these things would be ours long
ago if we had claimed the power
given us. but we had to learn
what one man learned. The
next man added to it &
more understanding came by
improving what we knew helped
the next fellow - For instance
Electricity - remember what a small
beginning that had. There seemed
to be in every generation a man
added a little - when Edison came

he seemed to be the Man
to pretty well perfect it
But not - there is more
coming yet. These things
develop as civilization
and progress - Go on &
on Of course it is God-given
Power to man & I believe
we are just beginning to see
what there is for me. There
is enough of this world's goods
for all - all we must do to
claim it & go ahead - Well
I did not mean to write
but a short letter - but here
it is - not much good. But I close

with a few words more
I am proud of you - and
every other man who is
ready - to protect our dear
Country (Home Sweet Home)
I hope it will not be
long before we will be
free & happy once more
& I believe we all will
appreciate our Country
with its Freedom & C

all conspire today
is meeters day - tomorrow
wheelless day. Most of our

people are loyal - but
a few say. I'll eat
just what I want - & I
I have no time for those
kind. Our President
is a wonder. How he
keeps up & with the
steady hand. does the
right thing at the right
time. Kind & for bearing, I
am not a Democrat - but I like
him very much. We vote in
Cal - remember - we have franchise
if not because we behaved ourselves
haha well please excuse this as
letter it goes with you full of love
& many good wishes - From Grandma
Mrs. Rusten

Maud & Arlos

February, 1918

(upon going to Des Moines
to join him)

When you get this, it
will be just day after tomorrow
till I'm there. Instead of
writing, I sit with my head in
my arms on the deck and think
about it. We've wanted it so
long, and now it's so near, our
home. We're going to make
it such a beautiful one.
And this is the beginning. I
hope you'll always love it
and be happy in it. I hope

I'll be every thing you want
me to be.

I'll write you
tomorrow about my hair.
Tomorrow noon I'm lunching
with Doris, and at night Mrs.
Wakefield is giving a little
dinner for us. I'll stop work
tomorrow night, I think.

More love than any one
in the world was ever loved
before. My dear. my dearest.

myself

Wednesday, May 14.

My honey, -

I love you such a
lot. maybe you can feel
me with those words
rubbing my cheek against
your shoulder thereby powdering
your uniform and hinting to
be made for to. I feel
very neglected tonight, as

afternoon, and she told me all
about her things and her plans
and I showed her my ~~trousseau~~
and the presents you have sent.
I love her dearly, Belos. She ~~is~~
is pure gold, if any girl ever was,
and is a wonderful friend. My party
for her comes tomorrow night, William
Faef is entertaining Saturday night
in the chateau room of the
Radisson and the wedding, as I

told you, comes on Tuesday.
Doris says that our wedding was
the prettiest one she ever saw and
that she is going to have her
just as nearly like it as she can.
It is to be at the same hour,
you see, and she is to wear a
white dress and a veil, and Dick
McQueen and Helen will go to

Lee and Doris and Hal and
Lillian Timberlake have
just been here and they
were all so weddingy. Doris
was here to dinner and the
others came and called
for her. She is to be
married next Tuesday at
5:30 o'clock and is in a
perfect whirl of dressmaking,
shopping and parties. Lee had
a beautiful gossip this

be the attendants. Don's
and Lee don't know yet
where they want to go for a
trip. Glacier National or
Yellowstone or any of the
north woods resorts aren't
open yet. And Lee hasn't
started to work so they
don't know just where they'll
live. But Mr. McQueen
is going to build them a
house, wherever and whenever.

they want it, just that
wonderful.

Last night I met another
old friend of yours, Anne
Anst. She worked after

dinner, Mrs. Wakefield, Mary
and I, getting out a press

letter, and Anne Anst
and her sister worked too.

Anne works in another
office down at the Y.

She is very attractive, >

thick. Engaged to a man

named Collins. She told me news
too of Marion Couper. He went
into aviation, you know. He did
some splendid heroic thing, shot his
machine with his arm burning,
and went down in flames behind
the German lines. He was
decorated for bravery, but she heard
that he would be crippled for
life. It is so tragic, I think, and

I do hope it isn't true. But
the B.B.C. is true, as the exploit
was in the papers. Anne
visited his family when she was
in Florida. They are enormously
wealthy, she said, and had a
marvellous home. It seems that
he felt himself sort of a
black sheep, but now feels that

he has redeemed himself
and is reunited to his
family. He was there
when Anne was, of
course. ~~It was a great time ago.~~ It
was a great time ago. I'll
try and find out more
about what happened to
him, Dorcas. I wasn't here,
and missed the story. It is
so terribly sad, but exciting
too. I wish you could write to
him.

you sent Dick & Mr. Wakefield
and which was published mid week
while I was out at the road. I
saw Mr. Wakefield yesterday and
he volunteered the information
that he hadn't "gotten to" your
other stories yet. I'm glad about
the \$6.50. Admit you? You've
have it up to \$500 by the
time you come home, or more.

I'm glad for, Delos, I feel it in
my bones that I'm going to buy
every pretty thing I see for
you coming home.

Oh darling sweetest love,
I'm so glad you're coming home.
Hal and William & Dixie and Lee
or Gene and Kathleen or anybody
~~don't~~ don't know anything about

Sweetheart, all the
letters you got last night
was a little note
which said, to be exact,
"I adore you", and I do
adore you. We worked till
all hours, and Mrs. Wakefield
brought me home in her new
Chevrolet car. Dad, I found
out yesterday about the
mysterious \$6.50 check.
It was for a story which

being really happy.
I wish this minute I
had my arms close about
you and my check down
in your shoulder and your
check down on my hair.

Belos, I love you so much.
I love you so much and
I am so proud of you and
so very proud you married
one. I will be so happy
when you come home, Belos,

nothing but happy
every minute of every day.
One of your sweet
remembering letters came
with the others this
week. I remember just like
that, all the things we
ever did, all about you.
But you were always
dear and good to me,
honey, the best husband,
the dearest, the most

unselfish husband in the
whole world, the kindest and
the most considerate. You should
just remember that and that you
always made me happy and
that I have always been
glad with my whole heart
that I married you and married
you just when I did. So! Welcome
as you come home! A month

from tonight? Two months from
tonight surely. Love and love
and love.

My aunt,

Letter 26.

Friday, September 6.

Dearest Dad,-

just a little note
tonight, honey, because it's
late, after 11. I've been at
Aunt Nell's for the evening.
I didn't care at all about
going, ~~for~~ but she called me
up and I felt a little
guilty for the way I had

neglected her, but I
really had a pleasant
evening and I think it was
good for me.

I wished so that you
could see her and little
apartment. It isn't at all
like ours will be, for it
expresses her personality all
through it, and she's a
totally different. But don't
lose any interest you would
put or been planning ours?

She has really lovely hangings
and rugs and ever so many
soft shaded lamps, ~~and~~
and some exquisite pieces of ~~the~~
antique furniture and brightly
painted wicker. But of the
myriad little water colors and
bits of hand painted china and
a wicker shelf of six best sellers
and hand made lace and
embroidery on every thing. She is
like a little dainty bird in a
fussy little cage. we had a
good talk, all about Midge
& the other girls. Boil
Midge's letters & her husband are
in the army. Henry is in France.

Then she made her
tea & laid out with plum
pudding & we drank
& ate in a perfect quart
of china & silver & lace
& linen on a charming
little tea table. Oh! we
had a right take you
out there.

Who do you think I saw
going out in the car?
Lieutenant & Mrs. Galbraith.

He wanted to have ~~see~~
about you & said to
with you all kinds of
good luck & to tell you
he was expecting to go
over seas in about six weeks.

Just between us, I think
his wife very ordinary.
But they are both
pleasant.

Dear, the box I sent
you - to New York came back

today! I almost wept over
it, and I so wish I could give
it to some soldier or some
one so that I wouldn't have
to give it again. There were
bonbons & several chocolates &
after dinner mints & an ~~ice~~ ice
stick & every little sissy
thing I could think of. My poor
dear, didn't you get any of
the letters or the wire I sent to
you in New York? Mr Swan
had evidently tried to forward
this to the Farmers Loan & Trust
Company, Boulevard Haussmann,
Paris. I do hope that the letters
followed you then or reached
you somehow.

If you don't hear from me,

Darling, you just always
must know that I'm writing to
you every night & thinking
of you every minute.

You couldn't feel my
life ~~any~~ more utterly if
you were here. Even my
work is just consecrated
to you, ~~and the~~ for it's
really helping you and
the cause you're fighting for.
And the minute work's over,

writing my letter to
you is all that counts.
I walk down & walk
from here. Down Pleasant
Street, past such pretty
homes. And these fall
mornings, it's so lovely
early. All the way
down I'm thinking of you,
planning our work + about
our home. I just look
forward to that chance to

get alone with you. and
coming home is nice too,
for it's almost dark dark
nights, lights coming on +
people sitting around their
dining room tables. just like
arrive it, you're me in ^T and
and that and love and
see the others.

Goodnight, honey bun deems.
You're the very nicest husband
I ever had. You're my favorite
husband. and I love you a million's
worth. Now you can see how it feels
like to be talked to like that.

Really you're the best
husband any woman ever had
and I love you million hundred
thousand and thirty seven.

Maud.

Lieutenant Delos W. Lovelace
339 M.G. Bn

Armée Américaine
American Army. A.P. O 795

Le 14 Novembre 1918

Mon bien cher Ami,

J'ai été surpris de ne point avoir de réponse à ma lettre : pourtant nous avions bien promis de nous écrire : je craignais que vous ayez peur de vous croire trop faible en français pour écrire : qu'importe la manière dont vous rédigez votre lettre du moment que ce soit votre cœur qui vous inspire !

Vous voyez que cette maudite guerre a pris fin comme je vous le disais avant Noël et vous avez perdu votre pari ! L'Armistice nous a surpris à

Epinal au moment où nous
allions embarquer pour attaquer
Metz. Bien entendu notre départ
a été décommandé et nous avons
passé dans cette bonne ville deux
jours d'enthousiasme inutile à décrire.
La ville toute entière était paraisi et
c'était une vraie fête partout
dans les yeux et dans l'air. Il y eut
de beaux concerts donnés par notre
musique. Nous avons quitté ces
lieux de délices ce matin pour aller
faire l'occupation de l'Alsace. Nous
allons très probablement à Colmar
J'espère rencontrer en route le 339

Bataillon de Mitrailleurs et ce sera
une grande joie pour moi de vous
servir affectueusement la main.

Cette grande guerre se termine
par le triomphe de nos armes. Si
nos cœurs se reposent de ces inou-
rables victoires, nos pensées doivent
aussi se diriger vers nos morts qui
ont couverts de leur sang
ce glorieux armistice qui met à
genoux l'Allemagne.

Gloire à eux, gloire à tous nos
soldats qui durant 52 mois ont
soutenu tout le poids de la guerre,
gloire aussi à nos alliés qui sont

permis si généreusement à notre
secours et qui nous ont permis
de triompher.

J'espère que cette fois, mes chers
messieurs Lotella, vous voudrez
bien me donner de vos nouvelles.
Je les attends avec impatience.

Donnez mon bon souvenir à tous
ceux que je connais autour de vous.
Croyez à ma très affectueuse sym-

pathie

votre tout dévoué

Jean M. Davio

Aspirant au 4^e Tour

S.P. 131

C 145

Le 21 octobre 1918.

Mon cher oncle.

J'ai bien regretté l'autre jour de ne pouvoir mettre mes promesses à exécution : nous n'avons fait que passer là où je devrais me procurer ce dont vous avez besoin. Vous voyez par la nature de ce papier que je dois pas même ^{fournir} ~~vous~~ que vous. Enfin, c'est la guerre ! It is the War !

Croyez bien que sans cela j'aurais fait my utmost pour vous to satisfy - J'ai été very sad de vous to leave. Espérons que bientôt le hasard fera que nous nous retrouverons. Ceci je le souhaite de tout cœur car vous êtes devenu pour moi un ami que j'affectionne tout particulièrement.

De nouveau je suis en ligne mais cette fois je suis tout seul dans mon abri aussi il n'y a ^{pas} de ~~rien~~ l'au-colique.

Vous savez que je retiens votre promesse de venir à la maison à la Christmas : il faut espérer que cette date les hostilités auront cessé et que vous pourrez obtenir facilement une permission.

Vous voyez que vous serez reçu à la maison
comme si vous étiez de la famille. Et puis nous
ferons together des promenades intéressantes
en France: ainsi vous ne repartirez pas à Minnea-
polis sans avoir de notre pays les impressions
qu'il mérite.

Peut être qu'en Février je vous rendrai la
parole en allant vous saluer à Minneapolis
où vous avez retrouvé votre femme plus favorite
et ma future femme favorite que j'aurai le plaisir
de connaître alors. Puis que je me suis surpris

à vous parler et elle, je vous prie de lui retenir
celles, puis que je ne peux le faire moi même,
mon bon souvenir de France (le Dieu). Elle
en sera charmée je l'espère, comme je le suis
quand je recevrai un jour le Dieu

J'espère, mon cher ami, avoir bientôt
de vos nouvelles: elles me feront le plaisir
que vous pensez.

Je reste votre ami très affectueux

Remembres
au L. Barry

Jean Marie Davin
asppant au L. Bonares
CM 5 SF 131

Life livened up after Crewe. I landed in a compartment with two bridal couples, Canadian officers and their new wives going home, Turkey Canadians. And half way to Liverpool I saw a dead man lying in the center of a ploughed field. He was dead or dead drunk, I don't know which but I think dead. He lay, face buried in his right arm, the rain pelting down and his horses standing all tangled up in the harness.

Have you ever noticed how when an engine is rushing along with steam pouring from its exhaust and the steam stops the engine seems to stop too?

British railroad tracks are ballasted with rock surfaced with cinders. The grass constantly thru cuts and over fills and under bridges. The bridges are always the same, massive plain arches of ~~brick~~ red brick grown almost black from engine smoke. All the ~~trains~~ cars bore an amusing notice.

"Please do not throw out of the windows anything liable to injure workmen along the tracks!"

That compartment first class seat 6, some 4, 2 and 3 class seat 8. 3 class usually has plain wooden benches the other 2 ~~are~~ upholstered seats and are practically the same.

A British manufacturing town is the ugliest thing man ever made. Across a blade of grass on its brick streets roared its brick houses — more on this maybe when I feel like writing.

Liverpool's very dirty — like Pittsburgh. ~~Washed~~ my dog hat this morning, king in bed. Leave for Ireland Wednesday. Loafing today.

Low Dils.

EXAMINE
LIB

3/27/19.

Dear Mrs. Lovelace:-

Mr. Lovelace having purchased cards of this character for use in refusing the surplusage of social engagements being offered him desires to inform his wife that yesterday he played bridge with a charming widow of forty and five maiden ladies of forty odd and that he was forced to make the embarrassing confession that his service chevrons was no wound stripe.

Very truly

Delos W Lovelace

Mrs. Delos W. Lovelace,
905 West 25th Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.,
United States of



Lieutenant Delos W. Lovelace,
Trinity College,
Cambridge,
England.

My dear,

This may develop into a long letter. I am not sure. One five in the morning it is and growing later but before I go to bed I want to tell you about my bouquet at Trinity tonight. The program that I am enclosing will give you technical details and for the rest trust to me.

A most delightful function. The menu alone would prove that if there were a lot of other proofs for me to offer, champagne, port, sherry, madeira, startling robes worn by the dignified faculty, a walk in the Fellows garden after dinner was over, and after that chocolate in the rooms of Professor Bevanus who ~~owns~~ owns the biggest cat in Cambridge.

We started off with a reception. We were ushered, as we arrived, into the Combination room, the special gathering

place of the Fellows to whom we were
announced by a fat ~~seller~~ ^{seller}. Very impres-
sively "Mr Lovelace" whereupon the vice-
master in his red robe advanced, shook
hands and passed us on to the welcoming
pod. The usual pack, running about in
excitement and impotence not knowing who
to be friendly to. Happily Professor Devaux
caught me (I know him well) and took me
in hand, directing me for dinner partner. And
shortly we paraded down to Hall, two and two,
a faculty member and an American, to
Hall and the High Table where ordinarily
only Fellows and the guests of Fellows sit.
The undergraduates below the door started as
we came in and we grinned at our friends
among them and winked just to show that
we hadn't lost our sense of proportion and
marshaling on took seats. Superb seats. The

undergrads sit on benches. We had leather
up holstered chairs. And our tables were covered
with "fine white" linen and just littered
with silver and weighted down in the center
each with a gold goblet as big as a Ford
and about as beautiful. Having sat down
we stood up for grace and then sat down
again and the soup came on. "Clear, Sir"
asked my waiter. "Thick" said I observing
that he had a plate of thick with him. "Sherry"
asked ~~number two~~. "Sure" said I, and drank it
down instantly. Lovely sherry, mellow as
a muffled bell and sweet as hot house
strawberries but oh so powerful. However it
helped me to make conversation. I participated
in a lament for Louvain, a wassail for
Delson, a critique on Cobb and a ~~mixed~~
discussion of Edward Lee Masters of Spoon
River Anthology fame, learned that little

Billy is the popular title for the ex-Crown Prince and that the German is yet called Hun in polite circles of English society.

As regards the C.P. I agreed to the apparently unanimous verdict of "ass" and to the subsequent verdict re the Kaiser "mad"; joined in a condemnation of Artemus Ward and Mark Twain and outcried with a no-less thorough denunciation of Dickens. Accepted as satisfactory the opinion of an aged and learned Dr Mc-Taggart who avers that High Street, Oxford, Princess Street, Edinburgh and, yet this, Broadway, New York, were the three most beautiful streets ~~in New York~~ in the world but, politely offered an amendment to include Kings Parade, Cambridge. Yet he carried. Praised the multitudinous halls of Cambridge and found general support for my statement that of all the halls that of St. John's college was the

most beautiful of sound. The conversation was ripening fast under ~~the~~ the influence of much champagne when the ~~the~~ copper drum was sounded and we all stood up.

"The King" announced the Master. The Englishmen repeated "The King" and we drank. It is the custom on such occasions for everyone to repeat the toast but for some reason the repetition was very faint.

"The President of The United States" the Master announced next and we drank again. It began to look like the beginning of a "wet" party but that eventually was prevented by the already much mentioned master who could be persuaded to propose only one more toast, - in honor of us. I took a double drink not wanting to be left high and dry, a pre-

caution that was totally unnecessary as later developments in the arrival of decanters of two kinds of port, one kind of sherry and one kind of madeira showed. Cigars and cigarettes came also and later coffee. What with the one and the other we managed to make conversation for an hour. At ten thirty the Master, being unable to stick it out any longer, started home. Being susceptible to hints we started home too but were waylaid, most of us by the Fellows who asked us in lots of two and three, up to their various rooms. A captain Patten and myself were waylaid by Professor Bevan and Dr Mc Taggart and taken into the bowling green where we sat and talked until eleven. In this period I learned that Dr Mc Taggart had got him a wife from New Zealand.

I wanted to ask if the lady was a
Native but refrained realizing instead the
unfortunate construction that might
have been put ^{on} the question. And
now I am a bit sorry, because maybe
she was a native, rump in her nose
and everything. We went to Prof.
Bevan's room and had ~~coffee~~ ^{cocoa} and
inspected his famous cat. I may
mention that Prof. Bevan is, not an
old man. of course, but an old bachelor
with a tomcat, an enormous tomcat,
big as a tiger or nearly as big and nearly
as unfriendly too.

I broke away at midnight and
have been writing this letter for exactly
fifty minutes.

Honey, honey, honey — I'll be
starting home Wednesday and here it is

Tuesday. I am glad.

Had four letters from you today - up to May 31. Nice letters. In one of them you plan visiting me in St. Paul and taking me to your folks home afterwards. I hope instead you have rented a house. But I don't mind if you haven't. We'll find a way.

I love you. Love you very much, not any trichils worth but with all my heart. My eyes very close about you and lips on your eyes.

Your lover
xxxxxx

Marian: you may keep this if you like.

Mrs. Delos W. Lovelace,
905 West 25th Street,
Minneapolis, Minnesota,
United States



Lieutenant Delos W. Lovelace,
Trinity College,
Cambridge,
England.

Tuesday, April 2.

Dearest, -

I wish I could put
into my letter for you just a
whiff of this spring evening.
We had an early dinner and
went out riding before the sun
was down. Way out into the
country we went, and I thought
about you every minute and
oh surelyheart wished you were
along! The late sunshine came

slanting in long gold rays
across the brown woods and
fields and little shining
lakes which lay in all
the hollows. And when we
stopped for pussy willows, which
grew in thickets along the
country road, we could smell
the new growing things and
hear the deep chirping of
the birds. And we passed a
camp of gypsies, real
gypsies with ragged bedding
out to air and smoke curling
up from their camp fire. The

women were dressed in red and yellow
and had hoops in their ears and
came running out to tell our
fortunes. Only Nelson, instead of a
covered wagon they had a Hudson
Super Six. Imagine!

It would have been a
beautiful idea if I had had your
hand to squeeze. But these days
I am a perfect baby and have
a lump in my throat from wanting
you, most all the time. I'm
not quite so well as I was
through the winter, though there's
nothing the matter with me whatever,
and it would take just one
yellow headed husband to make me
quite all right. I'm only so tired of
having you away and want you
to come home and gobble me up
inside your arms. After you come home,

I'm going to be petted.

Money, most as much as you
are.

Yesterday morning came a
big beautiful letter from
you. I haven't answered
it yet for all day

Yesterday was very busy
as you shall see and
all I could do at night
was to tell you I adored
you and kiss the end of
your nose. It was a

a little spring moon like a
thread of silver and delicate
spring flowers pushing up through
the earth. Only a wonderful
love like mine understands
springtime lovmaking. He
understands it beautifully. I
wish he was here.

All sorts of plans for
working too at Cambridge. I am
so glad about them, and if
I can't be there to wake you
at seven with a stern kiss and
~~to~~ point you to your typewriter,
at least from this side of the water
I'll be holding a thought of
system and industry which can't
fail to be helpful. You really do
need me around, Delos, when you're

writing. You are willing to
work hard, harder than I
am, but you are so
easily discouraged. Don't
don't don't be easily
discouraged, Delos. Those
omnibus of comparative
literature will mean
everything to your work
and to our future if
you use them right.

And when you remember
that you are in a place

so rich in cultural
opportunities. It just seems
as if providence had
seen how very much
you were capable of
doing and had decided
to give you a head start.

I like the series you
sketched out to me, Delos.
It is of a type which you
can handle beautifully,
and much as I would

like to do them with you,
I think that if you want to
go ahead with these you ~~can~~ can
easily handle them alone. Only
be careful of your local color.

And Nelos remember what
Mr. Lewis said about the
artificiality of your characters.

Make them human. Perhaps
you can use some of the

material you had collected
for the character sketches you
were planning on the offices you
had been associated with.

Also they be careful of
the melodrama. In "Over the

Border" we used too many of the
time worn devices of melodrama. Like

the trap door. I should
never have put it in.
I do advise a little
love interest too, but I
think that can be
entirely secondary.

I hope you will
find time to write
them, DeLoe, and much
else besides. But don't
neglect your work in
the college, ~~for~~, for
the sake of your writing.

You will never have
again probably the
opportunity to learn,
which you will have
while you are there,
if this three months
only does that for you,
only perfects and polishes
your style, it will be more than
useful.

Belos, why don't you,
if you're severe military
regulations permit, just try

to break into one of the high
brow English magazines. I think
American stuff would go big
than now; and wouldn't it make
the Bellman run after you
when you get home?

I started once to tell you
of my buy yesterday. About four
I bought Seria me quick of
the journal home to tea. Then
about seven I went with
Gene and Katie and the
Wakefields over to Marglaite's to
dine. Mrs. Ruiger, Maggie's
sister, has gone to Chicago with
her husband on a trip and
left the house, the maid and
the baby to Maggie's supervision.
Maggie gave her dinner there, a
very charming one, and afterwards

hope it won't be Anne
after all but a boy who
will grow up to be
exactly the sort of a man
you are.

Dearest, what did you
mean by saying that you
had done little to make
our room happy. That
isn't ~~the~~ the. You
did so much. You were
dearer and more wonderful
than I had ever seen.

I stayed all night with
her, for the express purpose
of bathing the baby this
morning. And Delos &
did. And you can't
imagine what a shiver
it gives you to hold a
little soft round naked
baby. It made me almost
want to cry with
loneliness for ours. But
we're to have ours soon,
aren't we, love. I sat of

imagined a husband could be.
Perhaps you don't realize how
much love means to a woman,
love like you gave to me.
It is all I would need in my
life to make me happy.
But you gave besides such
loyalty and sacrifice and
companionship. I won't love you
say you were anything less
than I wanted or could ever want.

You are my very dearest
one and I love you more
than the world.

Maud.

CHRIST'S COLLEGE LODGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

12th June, 1919.

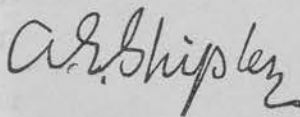
DEAR SIR,

I had hoped to say a personal word of good-bye to the American Soldier-Students on the 11th, when the American Ambassador intended to be here. He was, however, detained in Paris, and the opportunity did not occur. May I, however, write you a word of thanks and of farewell? I am thankful to the American students for coming and living a few months amongst us. I want every American Soldier-Student to feel he has a second home in England: that he has a share in an ancient College in one of the oldest of the British Universities: and I want him to keep in touch with it.

If the United States and Great Britain can keep together in peace as they have done in war, nothing else matters.

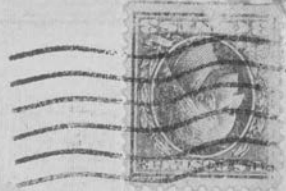
Oh ye who in eternal youth
Speak with a living and creative blood
This universal English, and do stand
Its breathing book; live worthy of that grand
Heroic utterance—parted, yet a whole,
Far, yet unsever'd,—Children brave and free
Of the great Mother-tongue, and ye shall be
Lords of an Empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's dream.

Yours very cordially,



Vice-Chancellor.

Mrs. Nelson W. Lovelace,
905 West 25th Street,
Minneapolis, Minnesota
United States of America



Lieutenant Nelson W. Lovelace,
339th Machine Gun Battalion, A.E.F.,
Cambridge, England.

American Student Detachment.

H. D. W. Lovelace

~~CAMBRIDGE~~ Student Det

Cambridge Eng.

13 JUN 19

CAMBRIDGE

9. 30 PM

13 JUN 19



Mrs. Delos W Lovelace

905 W. 25th St

Minneapolis

Minn

U.S.A.

Received
H. D. W. Lovelace
June 13 1919

My dear;

I think there must be a storm at sea. All day long a great wind, a cold, harsh wind, has been blowing through Cambridge and the sun shines only fitfully and weakly. The trees and houses are overcast with dull gray shadows cast down from greyer clouds, that overcast the sky. Occasionally there is a spatter of rain and the people on the streets all are wearing the hideous yellow cloth and black rubber raincoats affected by the British. All the little boys and girls in half length stockings have sprouted goose pimples on their bare lengths of legs. The women, most of them, go blue about the mouth after they have walked a few blocks and the men just avoid the same coloring by bundling up their throats, a comfort that the women, in fashionable decollete waists, refrain from that their charm may not be impaired. My landlady says it is a "nawsty day". And I take no exception. It is a nasty day: a very unpleasant day, far too nasty and unpleasant to walk about in. I put in four hours at the library between 11 in the morning and four in the afternoon and then my eyes tiring I started home, stopping in at a tobacco shop on the way to buy a cigarette box for Jean, a house box, wooden, with the arms of Trinity College carved on the cover. They are very much in vogue here at Cambridge and I think Jean will like it. I looked at a pipe for your father and almost bought but held off hoping that you would send a belated answer to my request for information as to your father's preferences. In case you have forgotten completely I think I shall buy it anyway and take a chance on his not being fond of cigarettes and cigars only. I hope you have had the lot of things for Helen, your mother and a couple of other people that I sent in May. You should have received them, I think, about May 15 or 20 but your letter of May 26, your last, said nothing of them. Damn the 88th Division! for causing you to stop writing me ~~xxx~~ so that I am going for two weeks before I leave without a letter. This is the 13th, and there are only five days more until the detachment ~~saxkzaxx~~ starts for Liverpool Brest and the States. We are still believing in the report that takes us to a waiting boat at Liverpool, to Brest for a load of soldiers and then to New York without delay. I surely hope there'll be no delay. One of the men, Lieutenant Mailer, U of Wisconsin, wants me to go home via Marseille, crossing France from Brest and touching, on the voyage at Gibraltar, but I am refusing because such a schedule would hold me back for more than a week. I am still counting on being in Minneapolis not later than July 10.

A crowd of Bolshevik lieutenants, of which I am one, talking treason and sedition the other night after the fashion of American officers idling their time away, proposed requesting assignment to the A E F in Russia. Everyone approved of the suggestion and after two hours discussion in which the ~~xxx~~ feasibility of transferring with commissions to the Polish army, the Czechoslovak army, the army of the Russian anti-Bolsheviks, the Foreign Legion, French, Morocco and the British Indian troops, was

considered, three or four of the group announced their intention of requesting transfers. But I don't believe they will actually send in the petitions. They are as anxious to be home as any others of us only they are less able to control their temperments.

I bought half a dozen rolls of films today for the Brownie; just about enough to do me until I reach home. Tomorrow if the day is fair, I shall go over to the colleges and snap six or twelve views of the buildings and use the balance when I am at Liverpool, Brest and on the way across the Atlantic. I shall have then, what with those that I have sent you, a fairly complete series of my stay in England. Wish I might have taken as many in France.

The Cambridge Review, a very conservative, extremely literary paper published by Fellows of the university with the support of the faculty came out today with a small poem of mine stuck down in one corner, fourteen lines just, and free verse. I am very pleased. I wrote it just the other day after I had made the one I sent you first and sent it in with a pair of sonnets that a Lieutenant Wendt asked me to submit for him. The Review knows me because of an article on baseball that I wrote a few weeks ago, a very flat article, that I haven't mentioned before to you because it didn't deserve any mention at all, and Wendt thought his stuff would have a better chance being presented by a person with whom the editor was acquainted. I gave mine with his more as an experiment than anything else. Maybe I can write passable verse. Wouldn't it be odd if I sold verse before I sold prose. If I find I really am able to do the stuff I shall, maybe, after we are going well, make a book of poems. It would be fun. We could do them together and in addition to having our ~~xxxx~~ names joined on the covers of novels we could have them so on a volume of verses. You might do some like those in Christopher Morley's Poems to a Little House, and I'd write about love and a beautiful lady and vagabonding. As I have told you before I have been writing weekly for the Granta, the university comic paper: been writing stuff half way between John Ritchie's weekly Varmint copy in the Journal and Ring Lardner's daily boob effusion in the Tribune, (Chicago.) To quote:

"And he had cause to flit, He" (Billikin alias good luck) "had taken enough from the Gams ~~xxxxxxx~~ to warrant flitting twice over. Virtually deserted by them he was sadly shaken upon his throne by a barrage of Manchester bats two weeks ago; and three days later, still unaided, he was booted to the very edge of his exalted dais by the twinkling toes of Oxford base runners etc." I am bringing the Grantas and the Reviews home with me. If you are interested then you can read everything.

Home in twentyseven days or less. No other idea quite so pleasant hits me these days. I will be so glad to be home; I will be so much gladder than most soldiers that people will be jealous of you. Wonder of Kathleen will like the present I have for her. It is very inexpensive. But is is very unusual, carved, polished agates on a silver chain. I've had a clasp put on it so it is all ready.

I have been feeling encouragingly optimistic these last few days. Without the faintest doubt of our success I lie awake at night and plan how, as soon as I am home, we will start writing: I will go on the Tribune, of course, but I will write fiction too; and try to ~~xxx~~ persuade Michener to allow me to write book reviews for the Bellman. Always I have you and I spending all our evenings writing, writing, writing. Of course we won't. I will go out whenever you wish, but I plan it so. Evenings of work after a day of news hunting and a couple of hours of tennis, or swimming or a hike. And then to bed with your hand in mine. We will have a happy time, I think. Some evenings we will do no work at all; instead I shall make very sweet love to you; put you in your pink silk pretties; take your hair down and kiss you gypsywise; love the delicate tips of your fingers; hold your hands; take you in my arms; read poetry to you; or the Arabian Nights; have you put your soft palms against my cheeks; or bury me in your hair; tell you how very much I love you. I wish I might do it all tonight. And end by lying in your arms asleep. Do you still love me?

May when you were, you said, excited about my arrival which you then thought imminent. This is a letter of the same species. I am writing, writing, writing on this subject or that, on any idea that pops into my head, with no sequence or order and with such mental hysteria that no idea is even half developed before I rattle on to another. This, because I am as keenly on edge as you were and know less where I am at than a bee in a bonnet. I can hold no thought long in my head except the thought of you. If I wrote what I really have in my head this letter would be a whirlwind of avowals and protestations, prophecies and memories, promises and prayers cast at you with such speed that long before you had read half through them you would be confounded. A thousand pictures of you are in my mind, of you ~~xxxxxxxx~~ a month from now tumbling into my arms as I come out of the train and two months from now across from me at the breakfast table in pink gingham to match your sleep-flushed cheeks; in a fluffy party dress of blue, or dressing your hair, or sewing on buttons, or letting me nurse your slim white foot, where the laces that you will draw too tightly, had left sore imprints, or anxiously pursing your red lips as you erase the mal-effect of a badly directed blow at your typewriter, or nodding your head at me, so that your fine hair drawn back loosely ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ like a aureole of ebon foam beckons my lips.

You have waited so patiently, my dear, for nearly a year now. I oughtn't to show how weary I have become with waiting but I don't want even to try not to. I am so very tired of being away, so very eager to see you again and to love you, to have my arms close close about you and to love you, to live with you again in the satisfying commonplace of everyday that is never commonplace because you are in it. with all my heart I love you and with all my heart I want you.

H. W. W. Loulace
A E F Student set
Cambridge Eng



Mrs. Delos W. Loulace

905 W. 25th St.

Minneapolis

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U.S.A.

AMBRIDGE

15 PM

AUG 19



AUG 19

D. W. Lovelace Esq

Office of the

"Minneapolis Tribune"

Minneapolis

U. S. A.

Minn.

W.C.



Sent by
A. A. Bevan
Trinity College
Cambridge

Aug. 25.
1899

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

My dear Mr. Lovell,

Pray accept my best thanks for your letter of Aug. 7, which I was delighted to receive. The hours which we spent together this summer have left a most agreeable recollection in my mind, and it is therefore a real satisfaction to know

that though we are separated by an Ocean you are not likely to forget me.

Cambridge is now very quiet, as nearly all the students have gone away; but we are expecting a great inrush at the beginning of October. Fortunately for me, I am not a College Tutor, so that the entertaining of anxious parents and the

finding of lodgings for their progeny do not form part of my duties.

It is very kind of you to promise me a portrait of yourself.

I shall be most grateful for it and I hope that when I see it I shall not find that the war made you perceptibly older.

With kind regards
I remain

Yours sincerely
A. Ashley Bevan