

MY BABY, SHE WROTE ME A LETTER

I have a soft spot for the art of letter writing. Long after the sentiments are penned, delivered, and read, letters remain as tangible memories of our lives. So when I find these stories, I bring them home for safekeeping. If you are a hopeless romantic, or looking for a sentimental journey, get your hands on a stack of letters. Through reading these folded, sometimes crumpled, pages, I too have fallen in love with the handsome soldier who wrote his lovely bride nearly every day from across the miles. I've laughed at breakups, makeups, and a gal named Ruth who asked her suitor to bring along a pair of silk stockings each time he came to call. I've oohed over the birth of a newborn baby, cried when grandma died, and was shaken over a deliberate lie told more than a century ago. The next time you run across a box lot at an auction or flea market, take these memories home to honor and preserve this long-standing tradition.

In 1929 mail delivery throughout the country (and even within the same city) could take weeks. When a person—say, a certain brokenhearted suitor—needed to send a message expeditiously, that required a telegram through Western Union. The message was transmitted by Morse code over a wire then hand-delivered by a courier. Such was the urgent need of Jim to reach Miss Glenn Johnson in the summer of 1929 in the framed telegram shown here.

Dear Glenn, Needless to say that I am sadly disappointed in you. Had planned to be with you today but after you doing as you have think it useless. Will say that I have enjoyed being with you so much and regret that you do not care as much as I had anticipated. Why did you hang up while we were talking? Don't think you will have opportunity any more. With love and best wishes always. Your disappointed Jim.

