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Letter from Mary to Family - Monday April 18, 1927

Mary Behner

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WOOSTER

Monday.
April 18th 1927.

Dearest Family:

Easter Sunday is over now, and what a beautiful day it was, too, - not only the weather but the spirit of the day. It was full of new experiences for both Mary and me. We didn't get up for the Sunrise service. It was real foggy in the earlier part of the morning.

Mother, your letter came this morning. I'm so glad you folks are planning to drive up for color day. It happens that color day is on my birthday this year. - Color day is always on Saturday. However, the color day play is on both Friday and Saturday evening. I suppose you will want to see the play on Saturday evening - but let us know so we can get the tickets for both the pageant and the play. Popsy usually preaches the sermon on color day Sunday and - the college has a holiday on the Monday after color day - so it's the big occasion of the year and there are thousands of people

that come to Wooster for that week end. I have 2 papers to write before color day. Both of them I've begun.

Last Thursday was a cruel day for me. The Delta Sigma Phi banquet was held at Holden Hall. Presy was the toastmaster. The plates were \$1.25 per so I didn't go as much as I longed to. I suppose I should have become it's my big thing at college. - But I didn't. The kids were presented with their medals. - and to think I might have my key now. It was rather disheartening to say the least.

Yesterday afternoon while Mary and Deland were walking out in the country I made two calls all by my lonesome. First I went to see Mrs. Daughers and her 9 days old baby. - and she appreciated it so much. Then I went up to Mrs. Vances. - and she and I went for a little walk. She's so dear and I like her so much.

Bob asked for a date in the evening and as I had some things I wanted to say to

him so I said I could wait
for a half an hour or so.
When Bob went to Pittsburgh
last week end, he sent me
a box of delicious nut choc.
and there was a card in
it "With love - Bob"

So on our little walk we
had a serious talk. I said
that I'd gotten the candy
but that I didn't like the
card - and he said, "Didn't
you?" So I told him after
he said how much he
meant it, etc - that I didn't
think it was fair for me
to let things continue as they
were if he felt that way
because I was sure I never
could respond to his love in
a way which would be ideal to
me. I said that there wasn't
that response in me for him
- and that we'd certainly had
plenty of time (3 years) to
strike the right cards if
they were to be struck. But
he said it was different with
him. He said he'd felt
more than ever lately that I

didn't have the same attitude towards him as he had towards me and so the reason he signed the card as he did was that he wished an understanding.

It said as far as he was concerned he had never really loved anyone else before in the same manner as he did me and that I had learned to always bring out the best in him. He said he'd get home from dates with me and resolve to be a better man and he said I'd always treated him square — always had been frank and that now that he knew I didn't have the desired feelings for him. it was up to him to date with other girls so that other fellows would have a chance with me. — altho it wasn't an out and out proposal "will you marry me?" — it was a beautiful understanding.

I have never seen Bob when I liked him any better, when he seemed to show **WOOSTER** forth his very best self. It was simply beautiful but it hurt me dreadfully and probably hurt you too. I came in and just sobbed & wondered if I had said the right things in the right way. He was so in earnest & and he spoke so directly and lovely - Even tho I did admire his attitude extremely, he couldn't have been more manly about it - still I could see thru it all that matter of factness that is so characteristic of "Bob" - He wanted to know (at the very last) - whether I wanted to keep his picture or not - I said if he wanted to keep mine - that I'd keep his - - and that we needn't be so formal about it.

Of course we're friends - naturally but he knows how I feel about it. - and his attitude didn't make it as difficult for me as it might have been. For instance he didn't ask me why I couldn't love him. And that is such a hard answer to make - and I admired him all the more for his silence on that question.

Yesterday morning Andy's mother popped in from New York. Mary and I knew about it before hand but it was a surprise to Andy. Mary fixed up the nicest Easter basket for me - and I found it on my bed when I wake up.

She is taking an exam this afternoon - in French. She and Laura had such a beautiful day together yesterday - and she

looked lovely. - A new white coat and hat and shoes. She received a dozen perfectly beautiful roses from Helmut and wore one of them.

Received a very nice letter from Milton Stauffer. He says "you surely are a hustler, and I know that the debt is going to be removed before another year has gone by" etc. etc.

Dad must write Mr. Brower now, as soon as he can - Can Esther get off work O.K.

Your missionary work is coming along fine as usual. That photo album idea is a dandy. Be sure to send it up to the C. E. world.

Am starting some 5 mile hikes tomorrow morning at 5:30 - 4 mornings a week. Hurray! Want to get my W. C. in a little while. so I can wear it next year. Fun!

.8.
I've got to work hard on
my English paper this
afternoon. There are
packs of things to do —
as usual — and I
crave — reading and
resting. And rather
tired of taking notes.

Have had books of
compliments on my
menu cards. I like so
cute. On one side is a
sketch of the Tea House
and on the other are
Holy Hocks —

Lots of Love

Beau.

1135. Beall Ave.

Waverly, Ohio.