



MIDWAY ISLANDS

PACIFIC OCEAN

336B Seaside Avenue,
Honolulu, T.H.
January 14th, 1942.

Dear Miss Tarbell:

Look at the paper I'm using! It is some I "snitched" during my visit to Midway in 1939 to get material for my book. I found it tucked away in the lovely travelers writing case the Pen and Brush gave me for a going away present and I thought you'd get a kick out of it.

I just had a lovely letter from Margaret Breen, who says she has seen you several times lately and that you are definitely on the up-grade. And am I happy. I am on the up-grade, too, after a year in bed, although it took an air raid and a bomb dropped within a block and a half of us (not long as Waikiki blocks go) to boot me out of the bed I was nearly wedded to for life. We had quite a show out here, didn't we? Since the censors ask us not to say anything that has not already appeared in the papers, I'll leave my account for my arrival in New York, where I expect to wait for the duration to join my Bob again. He is, of course, staying out, and neither of us would have it otherwise. He's like a kid and looks so cute with his gun and tin hat and gas mask slung around him. Has dropped ten years, inspite of the fact that he is working 12 hours a day 7 days a week and then some. As for me, I'm just not going to give those yellow (????) the satisfaction of popping off with a heart attack. I'm going to see it through, and will probably lean heavily on the gals at 16 East 10th if the going gets rough.

I have a radio contract (so thrilling to receive and so important sounding) for a short book with an April 1st deadline. After I have met that and Spring is in the air, I'm going to get Margaret Breen to drive me up to see you one day, and that means you'd better burnish up the old tin ear, for I shall have tales to tell you. It will be so grand to see you again. Your picture is still on my dresser although my lares and penates outside of that one are packed and ready. We are not told when we are going, only that we are going. I had your picture with me, too, all the months I spent in the hospital and it gave me just that extra push I needed to come out of it all right.

So be good and take care of yourself. I'm counting on seeing you so much...as Mr. Putnam would say, I'm a lucky bum. My best wishes to your sister, and for you,

Aloha nui loa,

Faithfully,

[Margaret Yates]