

set out. Not to mention
cleaning up the house, which,
I feebly imagine, gets quite
down-at-heel and messed up
when I'm gone, in spite of
Isabel's efforts. Sometime during
the day I shall take an hour
or so off to write you your
hope-to-get-there Sunday letter.
Do they?

I'm glad Gene sent you a
card from Dallas. Bless her
heart - she always remembers
her friends! And I resent what
you said about you - & here
it is: "if we were we might
feel as you said you and Gene
felt when Lass joined you at
the Shamrock." ~~to~~ My dear, dear

Lyndon, we aren't ever going to
feel like Gene and L. do toward each
other. (And, merely parenthetically,
I think ^{that} not only one, but Gene
also, would rather you'd have
joined us, ^{than Lass} - I mean we'd have
had a brighter and gayer time
and more fun.)

Goodnight, sweet. I shall be
anxiously waiting the next few
days to see what kind of letters
you write me. ... I love you today
and tomors and, perhaps, the
day after tomors.
Bird

P.S. A letter from Alice W. announces
the safe arrival of the picture and
says ~~said~~ ^{and thanks} you her very best
regards. She and Willy didn't go
up to the game.