

died sixteen years ago he has
 been receding from all social
 contacts until he has almost
 no friends outside of business
 ones - and no little dinners,
 drinking parties, golf, or poker
 games. I'd so like him to...
 That's one of the things I'm going
 to do this year - get him to do
 something besides work... The
 trouble, of course, was that Miss
 Bunkah, his second wife, neither
 knew nor cared nor quite fitted
 with any of Dad's friends or
 activities of the before-mother-died
 period... But here I go telling
 you all the family affairs and why
 should you be interested!! - Only,

BIRD TAYLOR

 Thursday Night
 8:30 p.m.

Sweetheart -

Doris came out
 only to tell me that all the
 tickets had been sold for both
 tonight and tomorrow night. And
 I am so disappointed! I had
 looked forward to it so much.

- Alas! - But anyway there
 is a good show on Sunday afternoon
 "The House of Rothschild," to which
 I shall take Daddy. I'm making
 a great effort to get Dad interested
 in something besides cotton, mules,
 and fertilizer. Ever since mother

Darling, there's no one I'd rather talk to, about anything. So you're victimized! Today I took our radio to town to be fixed, so I can hear the NBC appreciation hour - remember the baskets you sent me? I am quite put out because they can't fix it by time for the first one tomorrow morning.

I probably write most boring letters, do I dear? They are about such petty, innocuous things! But then I just simply want to write you every day so I usually do - though there's nothing clever to say.

The moon is back to annoy me. It is far too beautiful tonight - I wish it would go away.

There wasn't any letter when Dorris came! But do I sound like I'm fussing? I hope not - cause I just mean to let you know I notice it and miss it on the days there isn't one. I wouldn't so much if the last one hadn't given me forebodings.

I wonder what you're doing tonight... Studying, I guess, cause you can't very well play until the week-end, can you? Oh my dear, how I wish I were with you tonight!

If there isn't a letter tomorrow I shall feel sure you've forsaken me - I may even write. But there's one thing I won't do - that's not write myself, or write coolly! Goodnight, and lots and lots of love to my own dear,
Bird,