

BIRD TAYLOR

Friday

My own dearest -

Your Sunday morning letter came today. And I'm only now beginning to worry about how sick you were, bless your heart! I do wish I'd been there to tend to you.

Dear, you said "when, and if, I come to Texas we must all get together in Austin and see how congenial we could all be." Did you happen to know that whenever you come to Texas I am going to be with you all the time you can put

²
up with me? - I mean all the time ^{that} I wouldn't be in the way - or an imposition - because I won't ever have anything more important. When you have to be in Austin or vicinity I could visit Gene, and we could be together here (I'd show you how smart I've been, doing things and cooking things!)

I like this letter better than the one I had yesterday - which, alas, was more recent. But this one also left me wondering.

So you won't write me so often, young man? Well, I shall write you just as often and perhaps I shall get you back into the

habit. I shall try. I could scarcely do without writing you, somehow.

Gene did deliver the message - very sweetly!

I am so sorry about your Gene (the other is our Gene). Give him my best regards. He looks like a cherub, doesn't he? I do hope he's quite well now.

Darling, I'll send back the ranch pictures and clippings sometimes. I want to keep one of the pictures of the Kleberg house - do you mind? I also want one or two of the other things - may I?

I want the letter you are going to resurrect and revise. Will it tell me about your New York offer and whatever was troubling you in South Texas?? You haven't yet you know. And I am so interested.

I'm not ⁴out of the confidence, am I, dear? Have you reached any decision or is everything still pending?

Listen, Lyndon, there's one thing that mustn't go on - you said "for weeks I've only half heartedly done anything." Stop it, dear! (That's a command!) One of the things I like most about you is that you're always on the go and full of enthusiasm about your work. Please, darling, don't let anything stop that! You won't, will you?

I've been reading Lincoln Steffens and adore him. He is such a darling little boy - he hasn't grown up yet - I'm on page 50. The article about O'Malley was

BIRD TAYLOR

Gene's view ⁶ of life and your coming
to see that it might have something
to it - the friends versus lovers
idea, you know. I think very
highly of the idea myself - friends
are more comfortable, more likely
to be lasting, and so very
gratifying! But for a life arrange-
ment that would never do for
me. It's fine for just now - for
some indeterminate time - a few
months, a year - but that isn't
the basis I shall plan my life on.

You remember those little
pictures of my infant brothers,
Tommy and Tony? I found frames
for them and today hung them in
Daddy's room; and I've shellaced

real romance! I did enjoy it.
I hope sometimes I shall know
him. I'm ever so glad when I
see one of those envelopes with
'House of Reps - Public Document'
in the corner!

Here I go writing another
folder and I hadn't meant to. Am
I not writing you long letters
these days? What's because you seem
not to know how much I love
you, and also because I shall
not let you forget me!

Today I had quite delightful
mail - one especially from Gene that
I read avidly. Which reminds me,
dear, of what you said about

two large cane chairs, and made
a salad, and fixed three lovely
bouquets, and written one letter!

And that's today... It almost
amuses me how I enjoy them when
I've used to much more vivid and
entertaining life... One reason I enjoy
them is because I've the mail to
look forward to and you to
think about.

Isn't it funny, Lyndon,
how much we figure in each
others thoughts (are we? - you do
anyway) when a mere two months
ago we didn't know or care
anything about each other... I often
wonder whom I thought about
- or quite how everything was before

I knew you... I can't remember.
There wasn't any void. I was
quite happy. But now if you
were removed - there wouldn't
be anything, it seems!

And now I shall look forward
to tomorrow - if there is only a
dear, sweet letter from you
everything will be fine!... I love
you so much. I never want to
bring you anything but happiness.
Please don't ever be unhappy
about me Lyndon, not for one
minute. In the next few months or
one year we shall find the right way
out of our difficulties. And during
that time I shall not let you forget
me - (I sound awfully brave, but
you won't will you dear?) And
all the time I want only to make you
happier for knowing me and having me in your
life. my love - Bird