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forgotten what letter it was
and what you said. Anyway
it was a very bad letter,
young man, quite ~~so~~ studiously
casual, and it makes me feel
very bad! But I love you
just the same.

If only we could see
each other every now and then
perhaps we wouldn't hurt
each other's feelings... Actual
presence would change the
tenor the expression - of what
we say. And all disagreements
could (I hope!) be killed as soon
as begun, instead of lasting through
several letters.

I don't have the heart
to read ~~for~~ Will's address, even,

Tuesday nite

My Dearest -

Yours - I feel like
grouching. Your letter made
me very unhappy - I feel
sort of bleak. You seemed
so far away, somehow.

If we had a phone
I'd call you this minute I
think - just to hear your
reassuring voice - (or am I
optimistic?) And remind you
that I love you.

I loved talking to you
Sunday night. How could it have
affected us so differently, the
same conversation?

But perhaps you have

Tonight. But³ I shall tomorrow.
I enjoyed the clipping you
sent! No, dear, you didn't leave
your brown nest here. And I
don't remember when you had
it last. I do hope you find it!
Mention it if you do.

The pictures came this
morning and I shall mail one
to Alice and one - I haven't
decided, which - to your mother.
I'll pack them quite carefully,
Lyndon, so they won't be bent.
Perhaps I should keep the
smaller one but I do like the
big one!

Today I have spent hunting
up prices and descriptions of
picket fences, at lumber yards.

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And how much I've found out
about lumber! - that it comes in
thousand feet, and even numbers
are standard lengths, and that
mules walk around inside
the lumber houses carrying
sleds-ful, and that cypress
makes the best pickets. . . . I
shall soon know how to go
about buying anything, from
an hydraulic ram to a white
elephant.

By the way, dearest, what
did I say in my Wednesday
letter that gave you evil thoughts?
... I forget how I felt which day,
so I can't remember what it was.

My darling, please don't
be so - whatever it was - in your
letters, anymore. You sound like
you thought I didn't care about
you at all. In fact, you sound silly!
Because I - o well I do. So goodnight, All my love
Bird