

Yesterday was such a busy one. I got up at 6:30 and cleaned up the house and planned dinner and gave Isabel instructions and then went to town in time to have an hour's visit with Lorna before church. I told her she must come down and lay eyes on you and she's very eager to.

Trinity Church in Marshall is pretty - but nothing like my dear St. David's in Austin... But, anywhere, I always enjoy the Episcopal service. Have you ever been? We shall go to St. David's sometime before long!... Gene and I both love it so.

And when I get home whom should I find down for dinner.

BIRD TAYLOR

Monday Morning

My dearest -

I'm so glad about your brief case! It was lovely of Bob and Perry. Honey, is it a "parting gift" and does that mean you're about to make your exodus? When? ??

Now I envy you all the plays, especially the Jayhawker. I'm very fond of Sinclair Lewis - though I've gathered it's not quite bright to say that among the literati. Emily and I saw "Of Thee I Sing" and hauled - especially when the election returns came in and they were still voting for Jefferson Davis in Mississippi!

but my enormous brother Tommy and Uncle Walter and his family, besides the wife of the Howard family that I'd invited! So we had quite a house full of company. But I like lots of company, don't you? Only I can't wait until we get us a larger dining room table and such other things, so I can serve decently.

I showed them your picture and you were quite adequately commented! (I think their opinion of me went up, too, Lyndon - that I should have someone so fine-looking fond of me!)

Sometimes next month I have to go to Alabama after my Aunt Effie. I don't believe

I've ever told you about her, dear, have I? She's not an ordinary Aunt at all - she's the one who came to live with me after my mother died when I was five. And she's quite a member of the family. I'm looking forward to going to Alabama after her! I shall take a whole two weeks' vacation, I believe! (Here I am always talking about ~~working~~ and all I do is plan vacations!)

Well, dearest, I must to my labours... Have I forgotten to tell you in several days that I adore you? Tell me the minute you know when you'll be coming. And tell me how Mr. Dick responds. And all the news. Goodbye, my dear love
Bird