

2
sweeter this morning. It
wasn't... It was the vague
sort of use of the past tense
about us that hurt me so.

Even a letter from Fred
Brown, one of my closest
friends, in the same mail
didn't help much. He had
lots of news of my dear Austin
and Gene and the Capins! And
he said he and Jordan were
coming up to Dallas to the
O. U. ^{game} and would bring Cecille
and we would all have a
re-union!

Jordan has been to New

Wednesday
Morning

My Dearest Lyndon -

What a silly I am
to be writing again - after
an interval of only twelve
hours! But I say to myself
perhaps I shan't have time
to tomorrow, it being the day
I am going to transplant,
so I may today. But the
real reason is because I
feel forlorn and want
to reach out to you.

I've just re-read
your letter of last night,
hoping it would be

3
York since Cecille and I
have and we three will
all talk at once and
at great length about the
Casino de Paris and Châteauneuf
and, the Bushcart district
and Diego Rivera's murals
and the Paradise Club!!

What with the game, and
the light opera they have at
the fair, and seeing F.D. and
Jordan and Cecille, and staying
with Emily and her dear family
and happening upon all the
Texas-ers and current students
that I know who'll be there
— it will be a happy week-
end!! — perhaps.

4
But nothing will avail to
make me really happy and
at peace in my heart until
I get a sweet letter from
you... I didn't know how
much I relied upon them.

Thanks for the NBC folders.
I adore music, — especially
Verdi and I shall have fun
looking through them.

Study hard — and play some
too. But don't write me any
more of those I-don't-really-
care letters because I
can't hear them.

Goodbye for about a
day, my dearest, Bird