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"You may read some of it,"
(the clippings)
"if you have nothing else to
do, ~~of~~ course I shall read
them. I shall be very interested
in them. Ever since you first
mentioned them I've been
looking forward to them."

And something else - "will
pass on" (the picture) "on to you
if you want one by that
time." Dear silly, are you
being deliberately - oh, I
don't know what word to
use next but it's something
like cruel and something
like cold and perhaps cruel
would do.

And the worst thing of
all was: "Tell me when you
get my letters - and if you
read them..." I simply haven't
any comment to make on that!

Thursday Morning

ET

Dearest Lyndon -

I'm trying to arrange
this so you'll get this letter
Sunday... But then it will pro-
bably arrive before the last two
I've written so you won't know
what I've said before. It's
quite confusing not getting one's
letters in sequence, isn't it?
I wonder why your letters get
to me in two days and it
takes mine so long?

My dearest Lyndon,
please don't write me any
more letters like the last two.
They make me feel desolate
and everything turns dull
gray. I'll tell you some of the
things that make me unhappy -

No, that wasn't the worst thing either. It was that dear little barbed thing you ended with - "It's sweet of you to write."

But I shall not say any things like that in my letters to you. Because if we both joked or said sarcastic things or whatever it is at the same time - something awful might happen to us. And, nothing must! I simply will not let it.

I haven't mailed the pictures to your mother and Alice and I haven't read any in my NBC booklets... That's because I'm in a state of suspended activity... nothing seems worth doing and I

haven't any nerve or ambition since I got your letter written ~~Sunday~~ ~~Wednesday~~ night. Do you know how much control you have over my happiness - or the lack of it?

But enough of this - you must understand by now how much your letters mean to me. You won't let them say any more things to hurt me, will you? I can't less it.
(So now make a new beginning!)

— A very charming letter from Jane yesterday - she tells me that she's begun saving her money for our trip in January... Did you know how many days there are until January 1? There

carry the water!

Really, Lyndon, I shall certainly get strong this winter, what with all the various kinds of labor I'm going in for!

I've a new book - Bromfield's "Early Autumn" and can't wait to get into it. I've joined the Book-of-the-Month Club... Now all I need ^{to join} is the Karnack Missionary Society!

Last night Gene's brothers Karl and Buddy came by and got one and we went down after Darrie and Hugh and all a-fish-gigging. I lay down across one of the seats and looked up at the sky most of the time... I'd ^{quite} ~~been~~ ^{forgetten} how brilliantly beautiful the

Ep are 88!! Are does it sound shorter to say less than three months.

Today Aunt Venie, who I think came out of the ark and is colored and is about 182 and is a very good hand with plants, and I are setting out plants. I have to take up all the plants I want to save out of the yard as we may get to plowing either next week or the next. Aunt Venie fetched me five nice dogwoods out of the woods and we've set out, besides, thirty crepe myrtles, two dozen geraniums, and about three dozen assorted kinds! Venie digs the holes and I

sky was on the lake on a moonless night! And the black, majestic beauty of the cypress trees outlined against the sky - such things always pull me a little out of the depths no matter how low I feel.

We ~~caught~~ two enormous buffalos and lots of bass and eight poor fat frogs... I felt sorry for the latter - they are so helpless once that light shines in their eyes. The fish aren't so bad - they ~~seem~~ ^{flash by} like greased lightning, and its good sport to try for them.

There was one thing in your last letter I liked the thought of (not the expression of) - the picture you're going

to send me! That was Tuesday you had that sitting wasn't it? - and perhaps you'll have the proofs and send me one by next Tuesday.

I am going to Dallas Friday and either that afternoon or the next Monday I shall get you a picture made. I only hope it will be good.

In my next letter I shall tell you what both of us, Dad and I think about Will's speech... That's another thing I haven't ~~read~~ simply because I hadn't the heart to... All the buoyancy has gone, because I haven't any nice thoughts to fall back on - and to keep me happy... About next Wednesday I shall be looking for a dear, sweet, reassuring letter from you. Remember, I love you, Bird