

write you² about, dear,
when all the things I do
are so innocuous and
not thrilling?.. Except to me
'cause this is the first time
I've ever really done any-
thing. And I like it! I
don't like being a parasite.

There is a too-lvely
moon. Have you seen it?

I stood on the upstairs
front porch a minute and
watched it. I wish it
wouldn't shine while I'm
home. It's nine o'clock and
I guess you are just about
getting into the capital..

Thursday Nite

Dear -

I've been doing only
simple things since you've
left - going to see Lee Scott,
the cabinet maker, about
my bookcases and con-
sidering the relative merits
and beauties of cherry and
walnut, and carving or
no carving. And planning
a white picket fence around
the garden with a hedge
of pink japonica and white
lilac in front of it... And
making nice things for our
suppers.

So whatever shall I

It was all so lovely -
 wasn't it, dear? Whenever

I'm not busy for a
 minute I just sit down
 and think about it. And
gim, all to myself! If there
 were any people around to
 see me I feel sure they'd
 think I was daffy... I shall
 not ever ever forget any
 of it. And oh - how glad
 I am we didn't leave with
 the dull, unhappy feeling we
 might have on Sunday night!

Your letter just came
 and I devoured it. They'd
 better be good 'cause I'm

likely to read them three
 times!

Guess what my cook said
 about you? Says she, "Miss
 Claudie, you sho' have got
 you a fine looking young
 man."!! (I don't know how
 she got the idea I'd "got"
 you! - But I was tickled).

Darling, I don't think I
 shall write you on this any
 more... there isn't room....
 How I do miss you. All the time
 there is something I want to
 say to you - to talk to you about.
 I wish I had a tabulator so
 I could check how many minutes
 outside those I spend in "getting
 the job done", I think about you
 - and me! Godrite and love, Bird