

and we talked two hours planning where to plant all the beautiful shrubs I want. And then such a nice big Nordic named Sordal dropped in - he's architect for a fine new house in Marshall and just wanted to see our house 'cause he likes old places.

So we talked a long while about all the work I need done on the house. I'm glad I'm getting things started 'cause I like to, as my Daddy says, "get down to the end of the Chapter!" Also I like to stay busy all the time.

Friday note

My Dearest Lyndon -

I'm so tired I can hardly wiggle but I have to talk to you a minute before I go to bed. It does look like I'm getting around to writing you every day, doesn't it - in spite of my assertions that I wouldn't? That's because I miss you so much, dear!

Dad said I'd three letters at the store and he forgot to bring them. I can't wait - maybe one of them's from you!

This has been an exceedingly busy day. First the man from the nursery came out

Doris came by a minute
and took a snapshot of
me - for you. It was cloudy
so we didn't take the rest of
them - Perhaps tomorrow.

I've been in the wilds
so long I've lost track of
what's happening in the world.
I keep up only through Arthur
Brisbane (whom I do not like)
and O.O. The Suture (whom I
adore) and Paul Mallon and
Winchell. Isn't it fun, Lyndon,
being in Washington - so close to
the heart of things, where every-
thing emanates from?!

There isn't any news, or

anything important to say.

... Except that I love you
and right this minute I'd
rather see you than anybody
in the world! ... ah if I only
could. Goodnite, love -

Bird

(I shant write any more until
I've something interesting to
say!)