

BIRD TAYLOR

Monday Nite

Dearest -

Whatever are you doing in room #1? I didn't know they had such a number in hotels!

You know, love, its been quite several days since I've had a letter from you! But I ^(besides presumptions) shan't fuss cause I think its plain silly to fuss at someone you love - and besides I feel sure there'll be one for me tomorrow morning when I go down!

Yesterday I set out through the woods for Mrs. Fox's in the quite early morning - and came upon more beautiful little glades and

hollows in the woods. And finally emerged at a cornfield that was practically covered with the bluest blue Morning Glories!... Mrs. Fox is a rich old lady - ~~grand~~ daughter of a fine old Southern family and one of these professional "old Southerners." She heartily dislikes most everybody around here but happens to be quite fond of me... And she's one of the few people around here I enjoy being with.

She has a gold cally dog ^{who} ~~that~~ weighs a ton and who bounces upon me every time I go over there. He nearly eats me up and I love him.

London, when I get up to

Washington ³ my brain will have
reverted to the idiot stage!
(I hate the 3 to 7 year old, isn't
it?) 'Cause I never use it for
anything more exacting than
the design I want for my
garden seat and the best ma-
terial to upholster the ~~richer~~ chairs
in etcetera ad infinitum. . . So I'm
going to buy one two or three
up-to-the minute books on eco-
nomics or government or what's-
the-world-coming-to. And one
good one on Russia, which I'm
very interested in and know nothing
about. Do you ever have time to
read, lamb, and do you ever read
this kind - I mean have you any

suggestions? ⁴

O, dear - I do miss you so.
But it's not a completely unpleas-
ant feeling 'cause I can look
forward to when I see you again!
Write me some more about this
Thanksgiving idea. Are you seriously
considering it?

This afternoon I took the
film to be developed. If they're
any good I shall send you several.
And when I go to Dallas Nov. 12
for the API I shall have you a
big, nice one made - if you want
me to! I wouldn't be here for the world.
- The Marshall photographer makes
people look like ogres. . . Here are
two little ones made in my beloved
Austin in the enchanting month of April.
Goodnight, my dearest, Please write me. I love you ^{bird}