

places I wanted most to see in Washington - and didn't. Perhaps we can go together? - if you've time between office and classes.

The letter with your mother's enclosure (I am catching on to your business language!) came today too. I was so very glad she had something nice to say about me! The approval of your friends and folks - it is very good to have it - I hope I do.

Tonight, at the fine hour of 7:30, Dad adjourned to take his bath and go

ET

Karnack
Wednesday Nite

Sweetheart -

It hasn't been quite twelve hours since I wrote you last! If I keep on like this I'll soon get to be a batter, won't I, dear?!

I did so enjoy your pamphlets about the Dodge Hotel (of course I'm interested in your home) and the Franciscan monastery and all the lovely trips. I just finished perusing the one about the Monastery. ... That was one of the

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to bed and I couldn't
bear the idea of going up-
stairs to read and perhaps
write a few letters. (I hadn't
meant to write you things
as I already had once
today.) And I wasn't very
tired, since "Pauky" (my help)
and I had been waxing
today, and waxing is a
quite easy job. So I hied
forth to Darius and Hugh's
and we did drink beer
until the very late hour

by 9:00 o'clock! And listen to
the radio and reminisce about New York.
It is so funny out in
the country how 9:00 seems
prodigiously late! I practically

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always get up at 6:00, though.
Is Malcolm still there?
Give him my best regards.
— And Darius she liked
him too.

Digging around in Mother's
books I've found some real
treasures — lovely things I've
always wanted to read. ... I
don't know, even, what subjects
— it makes most fascinating
hunting for a dull day. (I've
found and cook books! — By the
way, I've learned to cook one
something new nearly every
day!)

How long does it take
letters with an airmail stamp to
reach you? And the other kind?
I'll bet Darius get there two at
one time, don't they?

Goodnight, dearest love. Did
you know you are my dearest love? Bird

Anticipation

When we are old and stripped of all
desire,

Victim of any winds the fates
may send—

May there be logs to whimper in the
fire,

A mite of gold—a wealth of time
to spend;

Then we will know the barrenness of
fame,

The ache of greed—the futile-
ness of pride,

That pushed the tawdry mask of
life aside.

So, knowing this, I walked with you
last night,

And paused at interludes to let
you know

Why you are all my laughter and my
light—

Why it is sheer delight to love
you so;

When we are old—I think that we
will take

That walk again in pictures flames
will make!

—Don Wahn.