

came from my architect today
— one Sordal, a large blonde
Nordic. We shall go all over
the house and decide on every-
thing we want and have spec-
ifications to submit to contractors
for bids by Oct. 15, I hope!

I have five books on the
table by me — my dear urbane
Branch Cabell's "Sunset", and
scientist Beebe's enchanting "Gal-
apagos", and a romantic biography
of that great Asiatic conqueror
Jamenlame, and two others. But
they don't seem to amuse me very
well! I'd so love to be dining
in some gay, attractive place,
with someone I enjoyed, listening
to good conversation. Wouldn't

BIRD TAYLOR

Thursday Nite

Good morning, my love!

— At least I hope this is
getting there on Sunday morning.

I feel very queer tonight
— not very happy, nor content.

It's the wanderlust, I think... I
want to be all sorts of queer, far-
away places where things are
happening!... But then I knew I'd
be feeling that way here, off and
on. It will only, I think, make me
enjoy People and Dear Places more
when I get back to them!... And
right now I've a job here.

The preliminary sketches

I adore being with you! Sometimes, I expect, Sydney I miss you far more than you do me... Because you're kept so busy and so constantly with people, you haven't much time to.

I'm very sorry I haven't any more pictures to enclose. I went by after them today and the photographer was so sorry but he hadn't even taken them out of the Kodak yet!... They'll probably look like bears anyhow.

I wonder what you're doing right now, my dear. Being's as it's just 8:45 I guess you're getting down to studying one of those hard courses. Do you brief all your cases?.... I wish I were there to

ruffle up your hair and play with you! But I wouldn't disturb you ~~for~~ ^{but} just a minute while you were studying, 'cause I'd want you to.

Darling, you won't ever get to fuss at me again for not writing frequently - at least not for a long time! Cause I think I've written nearly every day for seven or so days. But you mustn't fuss anyway. Because I love you.

Goodnight, my dear. Write me about the Outside World and the gay life beyond the province and, mostly, about your own dear self. My love,
Bird.