

THE DODGE HOTEL
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Monday Evening 8:30

Dear Bird:

Your air mail Special Delivery awaited me tonight when I came home with Maury after dinner down town. Enjoying your letters as I do, I would be an ingrate if I didn't at least reaffirm my appreciation, tho' I've just about lost my ambition -

Today I sent you a full envelope of junk. You may read some of it, if you have nothing else to do, and if you do, you must conclude that some of the data are made up of nothing but statements of flattery. Credited as I am in some of the clippings with being possessed with some admirable qualities - Certainly should be outweighed by your own realization of my apparent weaknesses - I think, however, during our telephone chat last night gave me new strength. That has been my great need since I met you.

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They have told me stories, and showed to show,
portraying the young fellow who seldom
gave time and attention to women. His
Chief concern was success, selfish - yes -
but it occupied all of his thoughts. Then
she came along - and - well he went
to the other extreme - You know the story -
For a long time I've played with fire and
haven't even been scorched - but every
man sooner or later meets his Waterloo.
When I think what I've said - all I've
done - how helpless I've been when thinking
of you - there is but one applicable and
appropriate expression: "God pity him for
he knows not what he does". I justify
my rashness, eagerness and anticipation
by telling myself that there is only one
Bird - that in reality she loves me

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Just as I do her - And then I'm not so ashamed.
Your letters help - but when you say -
Fifty years and who knows what it will
bring - too important a decision to give
attention to now - Everlasting? etc - Well
that's what ~~makes~~ me feel like the Chumps
I used to see ~~talk~~ entertain the belles
on the Campus in the day time while
some of us dined and danced with
them after the sun had set - Why live
with all of this I don't know - but
sometimes I just start writing and say
what I think before I proof read it -
Front as I am, sure as fire ^(or myself) because
I met you, I guess I can attribute it
all to a lack of understanding of what
prompts indecision and suspense.
Send you some books to read. Hope
they don't detract from your writing, I
shall never cease to have an interest

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in your daily doings —

Did your Dad ever see Welby's speech?
Hope you scanned it. You know Welby is
my god — or was — until I met the little
Karnack girl one summer afternoon.

Mary, amused at my thoughts
approaching seriousness, says, "My Camp
on a hill in San Antonio, equipped with
everything including a Mexican man and
woman, is to house you and
during your honeymoon — I'm going to
lend a lot of dignity to your wedding
by my presence." He is a great guy and
~~that's~~ thought we would enjoy days in
the alamos, the Missions, just roaming
the trails in his country home before
we came to work in Mad January —

Tomorrow I'm going to sit — for
a picture. Bald Backbacks several
(over)

day ago that I would see them at 9:30 Tuesday -
Maurry is also having some made - If mine
or good I'm going to send them to all of my
Grandmas and Aunts and will pass one
on to you if you want one by that
time -

Tell me when you get my letters - and
if you read them -

I'm going to study personal property
until two ~~tonight~~ in the morning - Can't
learn very fast but it's good discipline -
I've had a lot of discipline here of late -
More to come?

Goodnight Bird - God bless you.

You've given me some sweet thoughts
and lots of wholesome plans and ideas -
It's sweet of you to write -

Adios

Burton

THE DODGE HOTEL
WASHINGTON, D.C.



Miss Bird Taylor,
KARNACK,
TEXAS

