

have been worried ever since I read
her letter.

Well, as I started to say, I
hope I didn't worry you by my super-
stitions' foolishness. It was nothing
but nervousness and silliness on
my part - and you mustn't mind it.
I must tell you about yester-

I am all in bad shape again, and that means a trip to the Dr. Friday. I wonder what he'll say when he sees me? You know I haven't seen him since your letter to him.

Sister writes me that mama is ill and has the Dr. quite often. I

4.

day. I worked all day, first
three hours on some school work,
then four hours arranging some
clippings for Mr. W., then four
hours writing letters, some of which
were two months old. Dolores also
was working steadily. So day

9:30 we were both pretty tired. So we took our usual recreation - a ride on the ferry. Oh the water was so beautiful, so solemn, so mysterious. We took the long ride from Bklyn to Jersey and back. I stood on deck and looked down

6.

The harbor cut into the ocean. The
wind was high and turbulent, and
it seemed that its touch was you;
its breath your whispers. I seemed to
have you at my side holding my
hand with the sympathetic silence

7.

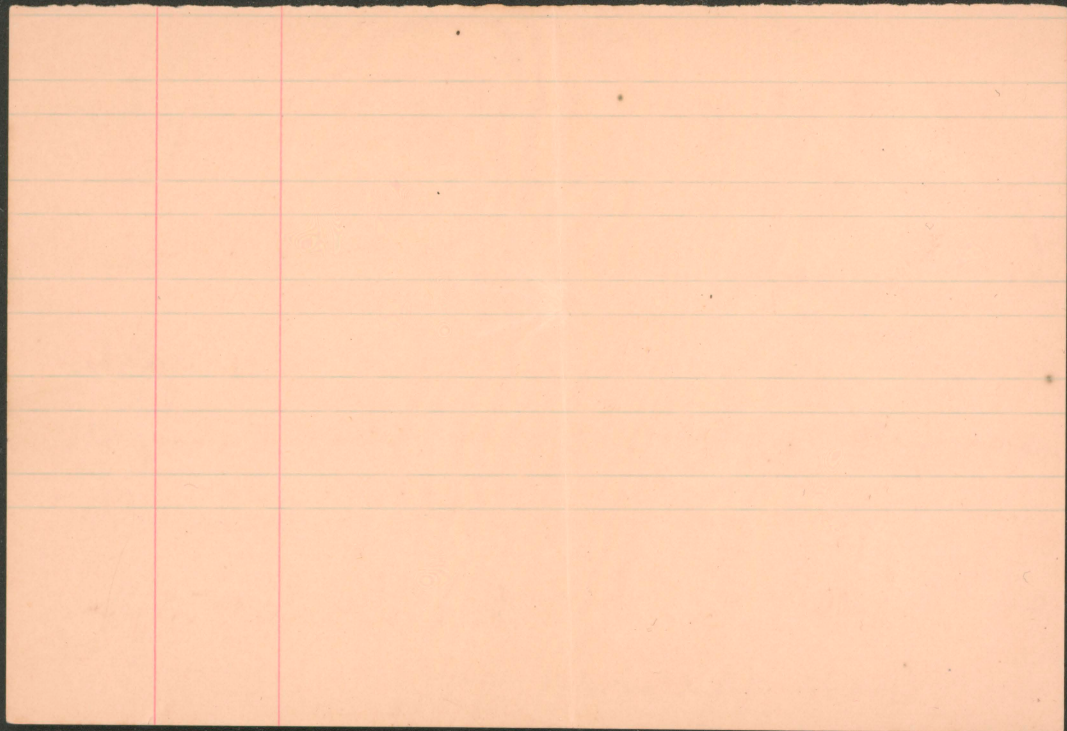
between us that is only possible
where love is true and deep. Some-day,
sweetheart, we can stand together
and be alone with nature. I have a
yearning that amounts to a positive
ache to see you and touch your lips
without the background of upholstery
and bric-a-brac that I have always

8.

even about you. If I could only kiss
you in a raging thunder storm, or
hear you say "I love you" to the accom-
paniment of Niagara's roar; or gather
armfuls of dewy, young grass daisy stalks
and cross your face with it, while the
sun flecked through the leaves of
a bird-fluttered tree - I think the

as

2-12-4



9.

Love I hear you would seal itself into
a more perfect form. If because of Nature's
approval.

Are you amused at all this
rhapsody?

You do Mrs M. a cruel injury -

2-12-5

tree in taking her mention of you in
the spirit you do. She has frequently
used those terms to me in conversa-
tion. By calling B.T.W. the present,
and you the father she says that
he represents the present or known

condition, while you make the beginning of a new era, a future condition knowing no — oh, I suppose you understand. You misint too hastily and impulsive dear little boy.

Do you you why I didn't finish the above sentence? For some unknown

reason I laid down my gun and began to picture myself wrapped close, close in your arms and you kissing me in every imaginable way. Its about the fiftieth time I've done it to-day, which is very nice for Ash Wednesday, isn't it?

I have been wanting to tell you for
 some time of Mr B. J. W.'s comment on
 you to me. He said he couldn't ima-
 gine a better match, and said I
 deserved to be congratulated upon
 possessing your love. Then looking at
 me keenly he said, "Mr. D. has been

fearfully misrepresented."

I asked him how.

"Why", he replied, "I've heard so many tales about him being such a hard drinker and so dissipated, I don't believe a word of it."

Oh - Paul I could have hugged

13.

him on the spot. He went on to say
that he could tell a hard drinker at a
glance and he could tell that you
had been leading an exemplary life
for at least three or four months. He
likes you very much, and spoke so
nicely of you when I went back to

2-12-8

the supper table after you had gone,
that Mrs. M. says I nearly jumped
out of my skin.

Now - I must kiss my own, dearest,
truest, noblest husband good-night.

With my heart, my soul, my
all -
Your own wife.