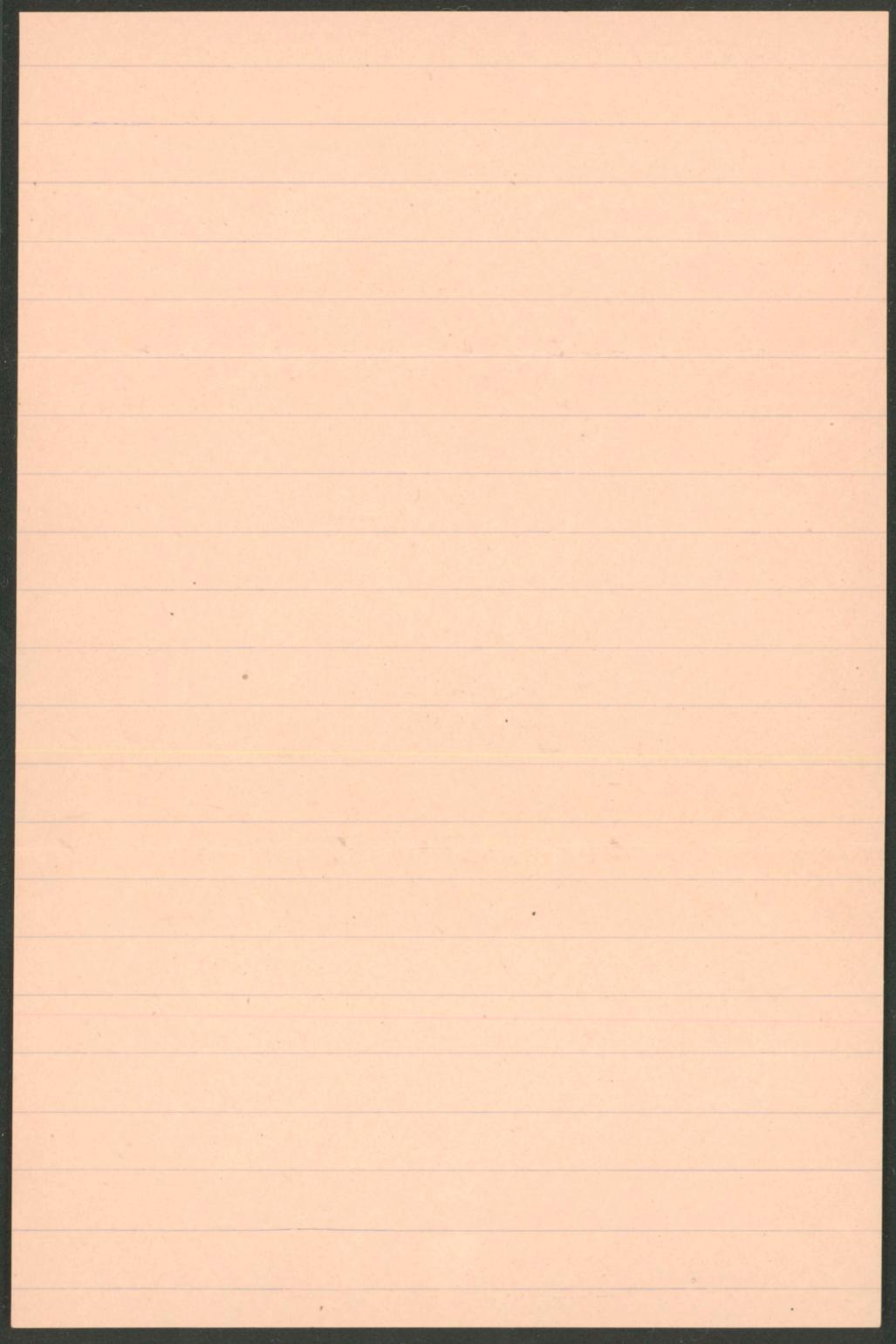


Washington D.C. 9/26 - 97

My dear Little Wife-to-Be: Here
I am just a longin' for you
to beat de band. Beautiful
friends, (I mean beautiful city)
old friends, good times - nothing
satisfies me because you are not
here.

I thought of you all the way
here. It was a pleasant journey
except for the inconvenience of
my cold. There was a fine
sunset, the sky was splashed
with red and here and there
were patches of the most dream
blue, shading away into the
gold. I looked on and tried
to make poetry. But all I could

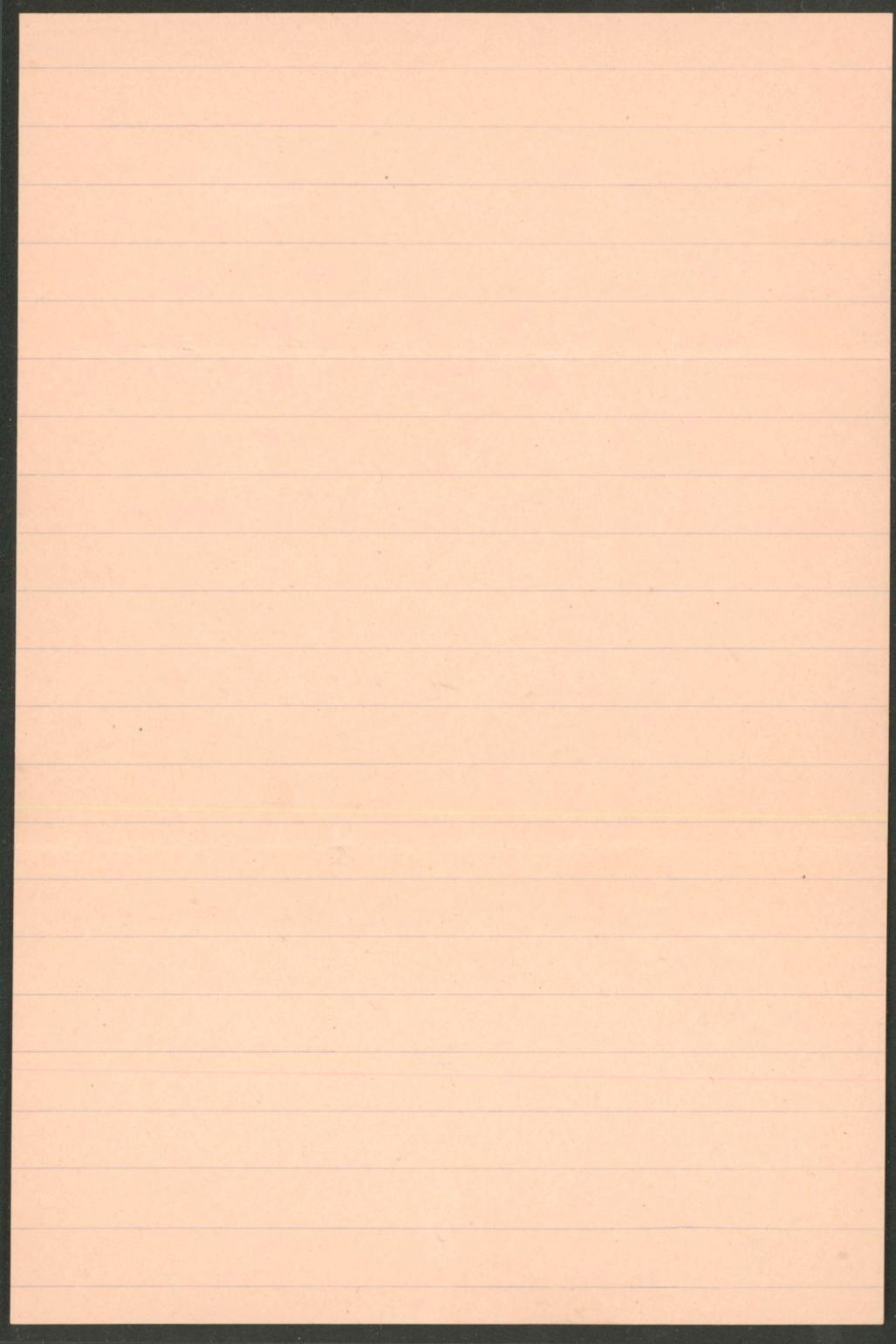


think of was you. Of course you are
a poem, but I cannot see you
and millions would not try you
if I could.

Tomorrow is the momentous day
and I do not know what the out-
come will be. Whatever it may be,
I believe that you are right in
thinking that we should not mar-
ry for two or three years. However
much we love each other, we are both
young and can afford to wait.

I await with anxiety, neverthe-
less the answer from your mother.

I am hoping for the best
issue on tomorrow. I have seen
my friend Petchok and she is al-
so hopeful. I think I had best

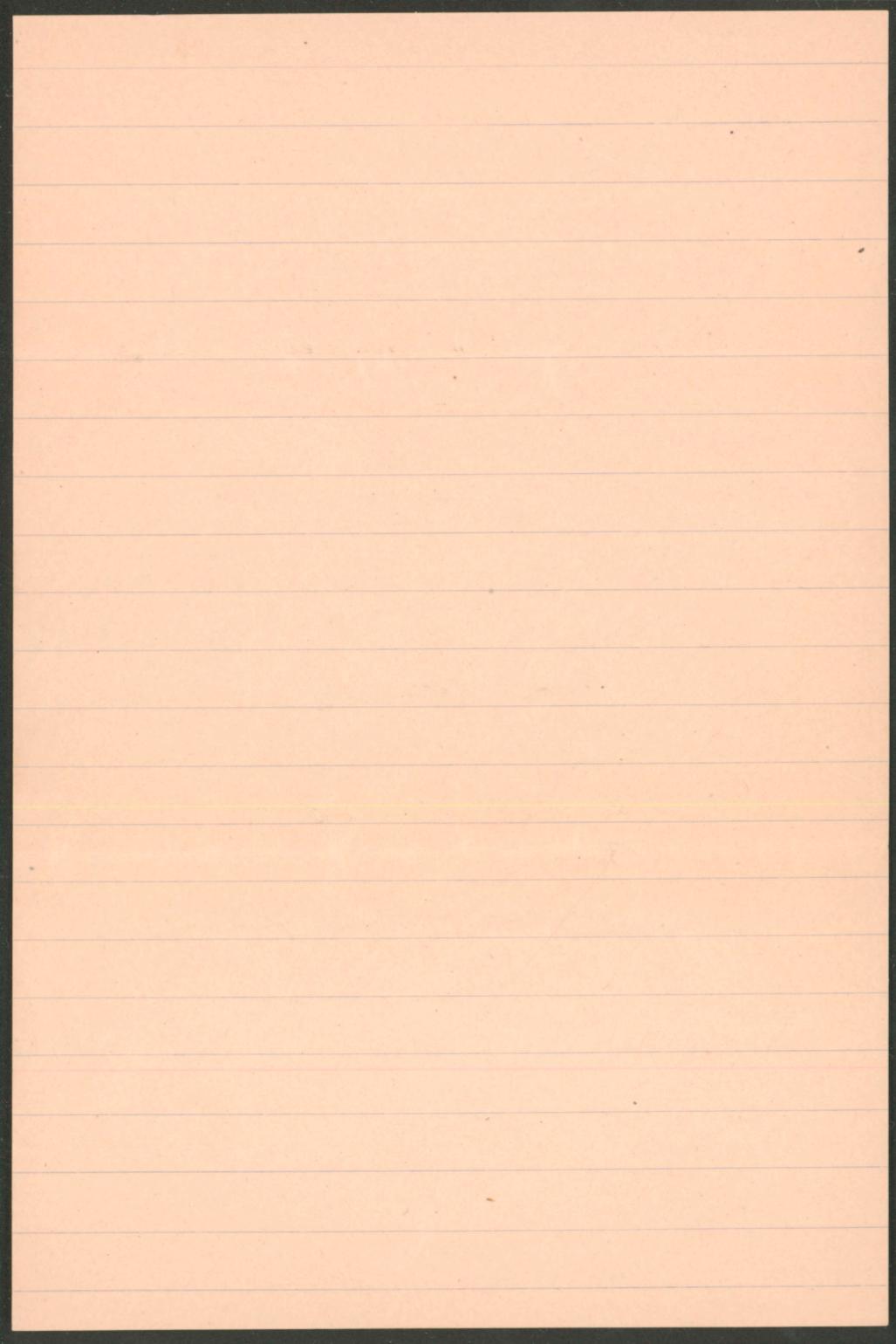


not tell her of our engagement just
yet.

Do you know Napoleon Bonaparte
Marshall, a Harvard boy. He has
been raving over you today, and an-
other young man introduced your
name saying that he was the
friend of your best fellow, Frank
Steward. It was very funny.

But it was mighty nice to
hear my little Alice, my own dar-
ling being rhapsodized over.

If you look at today's journal
you will see and despise of
the fruit of my Fiederloni
stories, but go on disapprov-
ing dear, I am getting



money for it that means keep
toward a cozy nest for my little
singing bird. I am getting
soft now so I'll quit. Beyond
and write me a long, long let-
ter at once -

Give my love to Mrs. Matthews and
Julia and a thousand kisses
and my heart's devotion to you -
see. Believe.

Dear You Your Love

Paul (DUNBAR)

609-71" N. W

c/o Lewis A. Douglas.

