

From: Paul Dunbar

To: Alice Dunbar Washington, D.C.

Jacksonville, Fla. Sat Morning, April 6<sup>th</sup> 1901

Dear Heart;

It is glorious here today and I am cheerful in mind if not better in body. It is warm, the sun is very bright but a sweet cool breeze is blowing. Heavens, I can't help it, I am just plain homesick for you even though you tell me how bad Washington is and I know that our walk to the Home & our hill would be cut off. Think of it, I haven't seen a hill since I have been in Florida. My eyes ache for the sight of a little rising ground if nothing more than a hilltop.

If the wind does not come up too much, I shall probably go out on the river today, on the beautiful St Johns, if not that a ten mile drive along its banks would send you home a baby alligator if I were not afraid that you wouldn't know what to do with him and he might get out and breed a whole race of alligators in the Polonnas.

I am going to try and begin a Post story today though I have no hope of finishing it or of their taking it where it is due. Give me my love, I hope she got her flowers

Love,  
Lovingly, Paul Dunbar

P.S. My girl and I got along all right by outwitting the opportunist.

