To: Alice Ruth Moore (Mrs. Dunbar) (1)
Brooklyn
From: Paul L. Dunbar

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Washington D.C. 2/17/98 Department.

My dear Wife:-

Unless you are very ill or something serious is the matter you are doing a most cruel thing. You evidently do not believe me when I tell you that it makes me ill when I do not hear from you; but it is true. My heart aches so now, that I am positively ill. I am sick with suspense and apprehension. What is the matter? It is not enough to say that you just can't write. A line on a postal card would be a relief and infinitely better than this taunting black silence.

I know that I must not protest, but if you knew all that your letters meant to me, you would be kinder and not keep me in suspense.

You know how I hunger for you how I long to be near you. This is

2-18-33

(2)

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denied me. Do not then also, destroy that spiritual contact which your letters effect and which is upholds me.

I must close.

Your disappointed but loving husband.

Noon and no letter and I've got sick headache - that's what I have. I can't sit down and cry like you can either.

2-18-34