

Wed morning.

Darling - No letter Monday - no delivery
Tues - so I am quite desolate to hear
from you - I hope the postman
staggered under his load today. I am
late today - I did not get up till 8
It is raining rather softly - but before
noon there promises to be sun. The
softness, the greyness is culling to the
eye: and when one leaves the house
and the noise of faucets and stoves
and steps into the silence - sometimes
no wind - no voices -

Noon sun - letters from you - Two
of them - a magnificent afternoon and a call
from Helen with the terrible news that her brother
Bobby had run over a child and killed it -
Bobby almost insane from grief - Really terrible
it happened yesterday on Johnson street - kids
playing Indians. Helen is afraid her brother
may lose his mind he's in such a state
Helen in a real state too. Ah Tell
Anthony the train, the old freight is

still with us. it is coming in now.
God what an afternoon - blue blue
Just magnificent - It's wonderful
to work in the house - I shall be happy
when you push me out ^{though}. Come when
ever you will darling - with me it is
being sure of mind that counts that
I am now so dont worry about my
ever being disturbed -

Trust Pauline not to want to miss the
Mardi Gras - I shall go down and pay
Days + Duncan later on and buy
a bottle - But first at four I go for
a walk with Mary + Powell - It
is just magnificent out. Yes I feel
Neal and John will get along - Trust
Miss Auet never to like any of our friends
Tell her she's miss Salousie - for me
I have not seen Wayne's friend again
but when you return will let
you loose on him. Yes darling
I count the days now Joe and John

Should be able to manage nicely between them to get you back. Yes that 21st of March idea can be easily squashed via Pauline - I don't think she could travel so soon. Do you? No come as soon as those Queens get their fill of the south. Which won't take long. Try to see grande elle before coming back - get Neal to drive you down with John Johnson & Anthony.

My green jacket looks wonderful. Now I can be the grandest tiger in the jungle till you come home. Get the flannel for a skirt now or you'll regret it later on. I'll write Don about the blue.

Yes darling. It's real every once in a while I have to be reassured by my own ^{lonely} need of you how TRUE it is. But true it is. God how big and true.

See that the Zoftraums fluids get off. Rest some too as there will be worlds for you to do still on your return here.

Tell the family we want them to
have Christmas here next year and
we'll visit them for Jan & Feb. It's a
good exit line anyhow - we'll have
to go down and see them for some
time each year, that's obvious - So leave
my grey suit well packed there and I
guess the other two too - see that they
are brushed well & tightly closed -

It is yours now - no more news -
Nothing except my love to you and to
my small ones - (I'll write Pauline tonight)
But my love to you my darling my
kisses and embraces - I love you most
tenderly and most deeply and ---

My love
Fitz