

9/3/62

Dear Nell,

When you came to meet me, our
clematis was in full bloom, and
before you entered my home, you
lingered a moment to look at
him. Within two, three months
he will bloom again, but there
will not be your look to rest
on him. There will only be,
in my heart, the remembrance
of that sweet day - and the
hope that it once may come again.

I cannot write you more, there
is too much I have to finish before
the end of this month. This is
only a sign of life.

Ever your
Werman



