

July 18

NELL KOONS

400 EAST 59TH STREET

11.30 p.m.

7th floor

NEW YORK

WICKERSHAM 2-2189

Dearest - I've gone through
a long, hot day with the
sound of your voice in my
ears - like a cool sleep
pool for me to bathe and
rest. "Goose!" you will say. Yes
dear, I know — I am! You
are about to marry a goose, girl -
do you realize fully? Do you
want to back out? I wish you
were here just to scold me
to night — make me stop
trying to work everything out,
and sleep a bit. I can't sleep -
it is awful - the nights get so
bizarre and morning finds me
exhausted from just trying
to get to sleep! I am hoping that

just confessing to you will
help - ~~that~~ I can feel you
gently scold - then quietly
stroke my hair until I forget
all but the quiet stroking -
and fall into sleep and
peace. I think I could sleep
dear - if I had my head on your
shoulder.

Well enough of this -
I was with Edward Cross all
evening. He is such a darling -
to-morrow night Billy is coming
in to see Bob - and I told
Jensen that Bob, Billy, the Bishop
and I would have dinner at 1040
in the little library - then go to
show. - He is an ~~dear person~~ and
scolded me as only darlings can!
Well enough of this! What can I tell
to you about. It all gets back to my
missing you somehow no matter how I

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start. I'm too tired to be
anything but truthful - yet here
it is sailing into the 19th day
of July - and only a few
weeks left. Any, but it was sweet
to hear you dear - forgive me
once more while I say it.

and yesterday I wept over his
letter - his flowers - and his
check - Oh dear what a letter
this is turning out to be -
I won't dare to send it
if I read it by morning light -
by night - it seems easy
to confess one's weakness
moments. Horrible thought - this
may reach you on one of
those strong mornings - when
you will have forgotten

so many things -
I think I should not write you until
morning.

You will be having dull care
about the time this ~~catches~~
you - I will be with you
all that is possible - let my
Poor touch dear Charlie on that
day somehow won't you dear?

I must not write you to night - I
am utterly weak and
sentimental. I can think of
nothing except that I miss

you - miss you - miss you -
a whole lot - just that I miss
you. silly, isn't it? Nothing seems
to matter. nothing seems important
enough to even mention - except that
I am tired - and I miss you.

Good night dearest.

m.