

Did you get tickets for Green Pastures? 9.30 Sunday night.

NELL KOONS . 400 EAST 59TH STREET . NEW YORK

NELL KOONS

WICKERSHAM 2-2189

Blessed - Home again to the little room - quiet - and you. The kids are being haunted to night and I am alone - to-day was heavenly - a hint of Spring - we packed a little lunch from here and picniced - then went over to see Ethel at Normal hospital. The little Barbara is like an exquisite ~~little~~ pink bud - too lovely to touch - only to make you want to cry. ~~that~~ I came home with the miracle in my heart - of life - and its mystery - beauty and eternal challenge - Ethel's face with its wonder at the miracle - all somehow outside of the problems of living and itself a proof of ^{life} I wanted

to make reservations right
then for a bed! No luck!
Anyway it all comes home to my
little room - all the sweetness and I
wish I might put it into magic
words and share it with you to-night.
If only I knew the words -
You are probably being quite social
to-night in White Lion. I can
see how beautiful you look. Seems
as though you have been gone
a week at least and it's only two
days - horrible!

I took Paul up to 1040 to see
the bath room and he was simply
delighted - thinks it should be
published somehow and receive
publicity - that it is absolutely
a triumph. This pleased me

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because he would not say
no if he did not mean it
and because he does know. He
thinks there is no reason in
the world why I should be afraid
ever - bless him.

I wish I could bring you fame, dear.
I wish I could bring you riches ...
or success ...

Or interest in your investment, even -
So far, I can only give you the
song in my heart -

or perhaps the little ribbon I wear
in my hair.

Will you keep them, until I can do better?
(I do feel full of songs somehow tonight
if only they were sale-able.)

I wonder if you are going
fishing in the morning - you and
your movie camera. And don't
forget my white coral if you
find any. This is being writ in
bed on a very wobbly penec.
maybe you can't even read -
but anyway it is sweet to write
you. I miss a special pillow!

A shoulder was meant for a pillow - -
A head was meant to lie down

Then why am I sitting up straight, dear -
with so many pillows in town?

A shoulder was meant for a pillow..

A head was meant to lie down

And why should your pillow be empty..

With so many heads around?

(That's a special pillow song - just between
us - and so good - night! dear -
Bliss you. 2