

4 even one's very own grand-children. ^{Robbie}
I have to smile to myself. Children's
books love him, and he insists on
Nature Magazine, Wild Life, National
Geographic - Natural History -
or books on Anatomy ect. These
he never tires of and demands to
know the Why of every thing (many
of which poor Dorry doesn't know).
His mind is a constant joy to him -
and to me.

What kind of love letter is this -
talking on about one's grand-children?
But let me raise dearest - for you love
the kingdom of the mind as well as
I. It is ours to-gether.

Let me tell I am getting a special
film for the little cowboy! Kiss
Shirley for me - put the pillows to
our bed - where our two heads have lain.
Ever - D.

Texas.
Friday Feb 21

My very dear one -

How young must one begin to learn
the sad lessons of Life? Robbie said to me
this morning. "Dorry, I'm never going to let
you go away from me again, ever, ever!"
Poor little Robbie. How sad his face looked into
mine when I explained how Dorry belonged
to so many people - Pater first of all, just like
Daddy belonged to Mummy. But how could I
belong to Pater - when I belonged to him? ??
How could I? I certainly belong to him -
flesh of my spirit - and spirit of my flesh.
Already I sensed the tearing it apart -
and begin to take care that he does
not allow my roots to grow too deep in
him, for fear of hurting him when I must pass out
of his world. But his roots are already
deep in me - and the pain is part
of the joy - I cannot tell where one
ends and the other begins.

3.

No letter from you to-day — but
it is a joy to write you — to tell
you over and over and over
the thing you already know — yet
love to hear. With every breath
I breathe the name of my beloved John.

There is no news — The Spring is
here — in the air, earth and sky. Texas
Spring — Mockers and cardinals proclaim
it the best ever — but they have
never seen New England.

Guinea Pig seems to survive —
and even thrive with an overabundance
of everything — what a happy thought
the was — much more successful
than the poor bird, which could not
be carried about in one's pocket! He
is happy as a king with a new
kingdom. Robbie + his Guinea Pig.
What a difference there is in

2.

Mayo gave Barbey for Valentine
a most beautifully toned Stromberg-
Carlson Radio Victor — with a
voice like the Radio in my room.
So I gave Robbie the "Hansel and
Gretel" opera records — gave
Mayo, Drojak's "NEW WORLD Sym-
phony" — and gave Bob, Beethoven's
Pastoral Symphony —
which is playing now. It takes
me to the Sweet House — and
the distant sweep of mountains and
all the singing hills.

One is forever parting with
a part of one's very soul — and
music is the only country where
all is reconciled — all all
all.