

2. But like the old song - "wasn't it wonderful
While it lasted - didn't it end too soon"?

I slept in the new room with great
comfort in the wide bed with four
pillows and an electric reading
light! I missed the breathing and
stirring of someone I loved. I listened
to the gentle breeze whispering in
the Whittier pine and wondered -
and wondered if men's words are
more sensible than the voice of the
wind.

Now it is morning. Bright faced
Dad was knocking at my

PINELANDS
CENTRE HARBOR
NEW HAMPSHIRE

My dear one -

You are gone - I came back to
the dining-room after your taxi pulled
away and your chair still seemed to
hold the vibrations from you - Like the
surface of the water spreading circles
after the object has disappeared. The air
still held the echo of your voice
and in my heart I felt the answer to
your longing and loving. By such ways
are we bound. John my blessed other half - my
gay, bright, wise and tender other self.
I miss you dearest. The Lake will not hold
such complete magic for me without
your sunburned tummy on its horizon.

door at T o'clock saying could she
bring me breakfast in bed? I said
No — delightedly jumping out of
bed. The voice is no longer G g g e e h.
Why. Oh Why did I have to be so bound
in this our one little week together?
I feel ashamed to appear so badly before
you — who deserve something better in a
companion. Ah me — if I could only bring
you back!

Now Selina's mamma & papa
are going to the village so Daddel & I
are going along — so this will go on
its way to you pronto !

The best is always unsaid
between us anyway. Or maybe it is those
unsayable things — those Truly Poetical
words that the wind whispers to the
Whittier pine. God bless you my
beloved husband. Keep your sense &
value — — — ever yours
own M.