

MRS. JOHN V. N. DORR
WEST BRANCH
WESTPORT, CONN.

Tuesday morning early.

My Dearest-

How far these warm and sunny skies are from
our beloved fields — yet what secret longing draws
me back to winter. It doesn't show in my
face — and I politely exclaim on the new
moon over the Eastern sky — no one
guesses but that I am all here — but
you and I know that the best of me
is with you — in front of our beloved
fire — or in my kitchen with Pat —
and Anna — or walking with Monday
pulling my cloak. This is not me. (7)
I even feel empty unless I can pour
from that running-over vessel which

2 is Johnell — and which is by your
side and in our home. I know sometimes
I have cried out when the "John" became
an avalanche, but storms all have
their part in life and make for more
beautiful shapes and contours. I never
feel so completely one union as when
I get off a little distance — and when
I look at the beautiful face and know it
is my husband — a part of me. Help
me John dear one to see your face when
I am near — let nothing get in the way of
it.

There was a lovely little moon last
evening. I walked down to the Bay.
Mother is so pathetically happy & content.

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3.

she pulls my heart strings continually
altho' she never knows. — her dear white
face with the blank eye — Lord I could
cry quickly if I did not kiss them
instead and tell her how I love to be
near her. I am all heart and no head.

The Hospital world is always filled
with heart-pullers. The smell of ether in
mother's room gives my stomach a turn
each time I go in — but by night time I
have forgotten it. I don't know where the days
go — such little things that you would
not even see them — yet these makes
up her life now — a bird at the

Window - a flower on her Tray -
a letter - a game of Casino - and
talking and talking. Oh yes and the
radio. What ever did people in Hospitals
do before radios? Each one goes off on
some magic beam carrying the
listeners into another world.

Tomorrow I go to St. Petersburg.
I will see Bushie and make plans.
The Doctor says mother will be here
until March at least - fourteen weeks
already lying flat on one's back -
well, I try to fill each second I
am here with - what? - I don't know
that it is except myself - that is all she
wants now. God bless you my beloved husband -
I am proud & happy to be your wife. H.