

welcome home.

Tuesday Aug 22nd

Dearest -

One week to-day since that horrible last day in London when Bet was so doleful over her embroidery and I spent my time bathing my eyes so that I could see the page where I was writing. It will seem a long way toward a new deal when you read this but as it is being written it is so fresh that there seems nothing else to write about. Bet keeps saying "For heaven's sake what can you write about - you haven't even gone yet — oh me!" and that doesn't help me either. As a matter of observation there is no limit to what I could write to you — or say to you if I am given one ear — and it doesn't depend on news either. It's the old-new story of you-me — with its infinite variations on the theme. It is like thinking — only without thinking — for

if I tried to sit down and think "now what shall I tell John"? — well, I couldn't — but just to sit quiet with my pen on the clean white page and it goes flying across the lines before I can catch it. The best part is to know that your dear eyes will catch it and hold it in your heart. Who wants to hold just news to his heart? We will hold truth close to our hearts — and laugh at the news. you will have so much to see now — see it for me too — it is ours even though I sometimes feel it belongs to you & Jeffie. — I will be sending you special messages to-day across our Cedar lot — running with the wind through the pink grasses — you will see me and hear me and know that all is well. Keep playing the game and keeping score. We will both have the joy of hard muscles and rested, quiet minds — I shall send you messages up stream — with silver fishes to take your line — the while I dream — and baze in the sun (Bet & Hitler permitting).
Ever — ever — thine W.