



Miss Elisabeth Deaver  
Hemingway  
S. C.

MISS

Thomas J. Graywick, Coxe, S. C.



Monday - 3:10 P.M.

My Darling ~

It is just about the time when I usually begin to get ready, or to think about getting ready, to come to see you. I find myself filled with yearning and restlessness, so even tho this letter won't get to you many hours before I do, I must write to you. I just have to talk to you.

I hope by the time you get this that your mother will be feeling all right again. Give her my love and tell her I'll be there before long. Mother is very concerned at her illness and asks that you give Mrs. Deaver her best wishes.

I guess you got the card that I mailed you from the hotel last night. As I said, my trip home was uneventful except that the place beside me was empty and it was truly an aching void. It is not good for me to be away from you. When I am with you, I am enveloped in a strength and serenity that I draw from you and all is well. But when you are not with me, my mind is apt to go off on a wild goose chase into the most unlikely corners of my imagination and disturb me very much, losing sight of the fact that the only important facts in this life are that you are you and I am I and that our love has made us one. But anyhow, I do believe that my missing you so last night helped keep me awake. During the last twenty miles or so my eyes blurred as they always do a couple of hours after putting those drops in, but it was not enough

to be dangerous. It was just annoying and caused me to irritate them a little more by rubbing them

I didn't sleep much, if any, this morning after 5:00, tho I lay down <sup>until</sup> 7:00. I called Hattie promptly at 8:00.

This morning I went over to Cope on an errand for Mother and stopped in to see Jackie Felder a while and told her all about us. She and her mother both told me that Bess (John's wife) said that she liked you so much and that you were very pretty as well as attractive. Jackie said for me to bring you to see her.

When I got back from Cope I went to Orangeburg and went straight out to the hospital. That was the emptiest, strangest place you can imagine without you. Hattie wasn't there then and I'm glad she wasn't, for I would probably have wept on her shoulder. I had a lump in my throat as big as my fist. Before I left town I went back out there and Hattie and I consoled with each other over our absent lovers. She ginned like the cat that swallowed the canary when she told me that Dubber was coming over Wednesday and that she'd heard from him this morning. She said she missed you, too, but she was getting used to it now, for she had hardly seen you for two months. I met Red at the desk and almost embraced her right before Walter and everybody. Somehow she seemed to remind me of you more even than Hattie did. Walter said, "Well, you took her away and came back without her, but you just had to come out and see if maybe she wasn't around somewhere." I admitted it and told him I hoped they were getting ~~along~~ along better without you than I was.

John Rousseau wrote this morning that he didn't be-