28 June 1920

Dear old far-away chum, you never seem to be so distant as you are. I never before missed anyone in just the same way as I miss you. As a rule, of course, I’m like you. I don’t miss persons, I don’t care whether I see most of my friends only once a year or not. I find my chief companionship in nature and in books, for the former is steadfast and eternal and beautiful, the latter are always the same through all vicissitudes, failure and sorrow – they never fail one. But a few persons have come into my life who have meant so much to me that their absence seemed to leave a great hole in my existence. The missing of those persons has made me blue, despondent, lonesome. You I miss in quite a different way – not less, only differently. I am so happy over the wonderful experiences that you are having that I couldn’t possible feel blue. I think of your success, your good times, your dreams come true and how could I possible feel despondent? So I enjoy the anomalous sensation of missing a person in a happy way. As long as everything goes well with you it doesn’t so much matter where you are.

I guess I might as well stop. I’ve put only thoughts into this letter and to a man of action probably the meditations of a maiden in her study don’t seem very lively. They are rather tame after your Arabian Nights Entertainments. Some day I’ll explain why my letters at times have to contain only thoughts and dreams and make-believes.

Little Boy take good care of my precious Pal – life wouldn’t be worth living if anything happened to him. Always your devoted Pal.