Sunday Morning 2 AM
April 16, 1939

My Sweet,

Man at his best is an odd creature and I as the least of men am the oddest of creatures at best, but never have I, even at my worst, acted as strange as I have for the past week. For years I have done little but work, plan and dream of making myself a good docta, an able surgeon and in my wildest moments perhaps also playing some part in establishing a real school of thought among Negro physicians and guiding some of the younger fellows to levels of accomplishment not yet attained by any of us. I have known the cost of such desires and have been

quite willing to do without many of the things that one usually regards as but natural. Then I met you and for the first time mistress medicine met her match and went down almost without a fight. Life suddenly widened its horizons and took on new meaning. I knew clearly just how lonely I had become, just how badly I needed <u>some one</u> rather than just something to cling to, some one to work for, rather than just a goal to aim at, some one to dream with, cherish from day to day, and share the little things with, the smiles and if need be the

tears that will sometimes come.
When I first kissed your hand
it was almost reverently done for
even then I felt an inward surge
that was inefficable. When
you walked I felt lifted by
the graciousness of your carriage;
when you talked it was your
gentleness that struck so deeply;
when you smiled there was
sweetness that only a fortunate
few can carry over from an
unspoiled childhood to full
glorious womanhood; poised
but vibrant, there was something
which responded in me and
left a glow which still suf-
fuses my whole being and
warms my heart. It's a grand

feeling Lenore. The only rash, unplanned, unpremeditated thing I've done for years is already paying dividends in a thousand delightful ways.

Like Elizabeth Browning I feel that a new source of strength has come to me, and I am grateful.

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light.
I love thee with the breath, smiles, tears
Of all my life"

And so

My love

Goodnight,

Charlie