

Friday, June 2. [1961?]

Dear Ken,

I took my last exam today, followed it with a voice lesson "chaser", and then found your letter waiting for me, as effective as a Soma holiday!

I spent Tuesday reading, sunning myself, and playing a terrible game of tennis at Sebago Beach. I'm not sure whether it's sunbuen, windbuen, or frostbite, but I did lose my "nightclub palor."

It has been suspiciously quiet around here. Today is Henry's birthday and I'm sure that 42 relatives are going to pop out of the closets when I'm not looking.

If you happen to receive a loaf of rye bread in the mail, don't mistake it for a displaced "Care" package - it would more likely be from my mother. She misses serving dinner to you, but not possibly as much as I miss being with you. I love you, I love you, I love you.

Eden

p.s. the package hasn't arrived yet - I can hardly wait.

My love to you, darling - Eden