

Elbow, Sask

Dec. 31st.,/57

Dear Sputnik:

The things I miss are things I miss about you:
A good-nite kiss is not a kiss without you;
The dimpled smile is not a smile,
A fond caress dont seem worth while
And all the world is out of style
Without you.

Others charms are not the charms about you;
These empty arms are longing arms without you;
If every star could be my star
Yet if they are not where you are
Then every star is far afar
Without you.

Well Sputnik! I guess I had better get back to earth and somehow or other try and get a message across to you. But then who knows, maybe I just dont speak your language; Yet, with that hope which springs eternal I hope you'll understand. If while reminiscent I should speak aloud and you should hear me asking of the rose why it withholds it's fragrance; or of the Lilly why it refuses to be plucked when well I know that flowers too are precious and must wait for hands more worthy than are mine, I hope you'll understand. I hope you'll understand why fools rush in where Angels fear to tread, refuse to be content, to stand aside and but behold the beauty of the flower.

And yet again, I hope you'll understand the passions of the breast, the jealous heart fanned by the flames of fear for the unknown, the frightfull fear that love if not returned will find another orbit of it's own.

In another vein- I had a nice trip home. I dreamed while wide awake and you were with me all the way. That nite I laid the rug while I was waiting for the place to warm up a bit and then sat back and watched my handiwork with just a little pride because it was my own. With my pride there also was a tinge of loneliness which comes with the realization that television, rugs or tidied rooms could never take your place or make a home.

Yesterday I helped your mother and the boys with the floor. We got all the red spots in the right places; (at least we found places for them.) We had to wait until eight for supper because we didnt get the stove back in time and then I had to rush home to a council meeting which starts a 7.30.

I went back to day and helped finish the job. Your mother wanted to pay me in cash for my help but I insisted on taking it out in trade for something more animated than gold. She was at a loss to think of anything so I suggested, she might have a something which started with the letter D; " But, she says, We hav'ent got a dog!") After choir practice tonite I went back to help measure the bathroom and took some charts with me. I plan to help the boys with that also. After that I may suggest that she may have something under G but she might hand me a gun and tell me to use it. (a bitter end to a noble pursuit)

Another noble pursuit would be for me to desist with this noble art and seek the golden slumber of repose.

Please greet Norman and Eunice. My thoughts and prayers are often with them and I am always thankful for their friendship.

And to you, a very pleasant good-nite
With all my love,

James
James

*Please also use
Box # 277
or see my mail
my mail.*