

Thursday night
June 7, 1946

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My precious one -

Gosh, do I itch?! You know I think I itch cause I was out in the sun all day & have a slight tan! The weather was lovely, for a change!

I was "tickled pink" to receive your air mail of the 26th, because, of course, that meant I rec'd the snapshots. Honey, your new jacket looks stunning on you; but, I still wish you'd put on more weight! You are a handsome guy - anyhow, I think so! I got a "big kick" out of the picture of Nick. Gee! - kept sending me snapshots - I enjoy them so very much. A couple of nights ago, I had a very vivid dream - I was a WAVE, & doing some sort of personnel work. You were very proud of me & in my dream I felt so very satisfied with myself. As you know, dreams sometimes mirror the unconscious mind, & gosh, my darling, I do feel a little frustrated for not having joined one of the services. Your cablegram came today for Eunice & most, & uh, rec'd her cablegram from you. Honey, she really

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was "touched" & I don't
mean maybe. That was
just about the sweetest
thing you could have done,
& she cried all over the
place!

Mrs. Yost came out to-
day -- she seemed quite
pleased with the place.
She's very anxious for
all directors to attend
the meetings for Dr. Langdon.

Honey, we're having a
few new entries in school
& a few withdrawals of
older children, i.e., Dickey
McMan. We're "numbering"
35 children so far! Well, we
got a new little boy, Lance
Righter, 3 yrs. old, who looks like
a magazine cover child -- blue
eyes, blond hair & speaks beau-
tifully plus being a very
curious child. But he's an
unhappy child -- his mother
is a cold & rigid person; &
his father is in the service. So
top it off, his ^{grand-}parents are
strict disciplinarians. The
poor child is so depressed.
Honestly, honey, I wish I
could adopt him -- I
have so much love & warmth
to give him! But -- that's the
way it goes!

I love you, dearest &
can't wait to have your child!
Do you enjoy clipping Good night beloved --
3:00 PM. Edith