

My Dearest -

9.30 Monday morning and the mail man brought me two letters from you — one mailed 10.45 am $3/1/46$ — to-day is $3/4/46$ — it undoubtedly came on Sunday and was not delivered until to-day. Taking a birds eye view of our affairs, I see a fairer scene than a year ago this time, or even six months ago, in spite of the world unrest. Somehow the threat of war seems more real however and that is inconceivable to me. Well I must not let fears control me — if I can help I will put my heart and soul to work — if not, then I do actual harm.

To-day is a warm spring day, with birds singing and flowers blooming — the plum, peach and pear trees are in blossom outside my window and the faint sweet smell is in the air.

Yesterday we motored almost to Ft. Worth
to spend the day "a - visitin'" at a Texas
farm — Lee's sister's family. It had a
real flavour — the guinea hens, the great
horizons — the warm, balmy breezes — the simple
scrubbed look to the house, the homely delicious
dinner, the dear mother and father who have
lived their entire marriage under the same
roof, and his mother & father ^{under the very same} before him —
the tall tales of early days, of his grandfather,
—— and then of young Phil who is a
flier and has been in the Pacific for
three years — and a delicious eighteen year old
girl, Rosamond, who has her flier's licence too
and who is to be married in June to a
young Ohio lad — it was Americana at its
best — like a Grant Wood. I must buy
Rosamond a white night gown — just because I
must. I do love real people. This must
catch the next plane for the realist person
I know — and the dearest. Ever, D.