

President is supposed to be here, but it is only a rumor so far. No one will probably know he's even left Washington until he is safely home again.

Everything blossomed out in Mesquite while we were gone. He hardly knew our own street when we came to it. Even the lilacs that were frost-bitten early in March got new life and blossomed out.

I meant to ask you when we saw you, do you still have that photo of Myrl that I had bent in two. I know you don't want it, do you? And gosh, for all I know now, you might not even want that lil picture of me anymore. (I am still puzzled about the "new" you, I guess.)

Write to me, anyway, will you?

Regards,
Jad.