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May 19, 1945

Dearest Lee:

Don't be alarmed, your mother doesn't have the leprosy, or any other skin disease. It was the fault of the photographer, or the film, or the subject, or something. The paper called the other day and asked if I would come in and have a picture taken that they might use in connection with yesterday's meeting. On a few minutes' notice I left the office just as I was and "sat". Bernice says she was embarrassed beyond tears at the result, but maybe you won't think it is too bad.

Thursday evening Mrs. Metcalfe, yesterday's speaker, arrived from Pittsburgh and spent the night with us. For dinner that evening I also invited Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Phipps of Grace Church, and Mrs. Kirk from McCabe. Of course yesterday was a full day, with an executive meeting at 9:45, luncheon at 12:30, meeting at 2; but everything seemed to go alright and I went to bed early last night. I was named to go to the Ocean Grove summer school the last week in June, but I had them name an alternate, for I am always thinking that you might be dropping in at any time. Mrs. Tawes was up from Crisfield and asking about you.

This afternoon at 4:30 daddy and I are going to Bill Johns' wedding in St. Andrews Church. There will be a reception at the Century Club later. Ben is here for the occasion, as he will be best man. Mother said he was out to see us yesterday but none of us were home.

Dr. Long, president of Dickinson Junior College, has asked daddy to have the invocation at the graduation exercises next Sunday. I think Bernice and I will probably go up on Saturday for class day.

Tomorrow we are having graduation exercises here at 6:30. Dr. Howie will be the speaker. Following this the boys will give "Beautiful Dreamer" a musical play. Kenneth, our houseboy, has the leading part and Pilot is supposed to be in one of the scenes, with the boys sitting around the fire in front of a log cabin. Pilot has been practicing, but I don't know what will be the result with an audience, especially should she spy any of the family. I shall be keeping my fingers crossed.

We haven't heard anything else from Olaf Larson. This is the day he is to report to Atlantic City, I believe.

A note from Chaplain Irving Carpenter came this morning. He was in Paris for the VE day celebration. He is still hoping to see you, he says.

Love to you, dear, and write then you can. We haven't heard for two weeks.

Mother