

Thurs. Sept. 6 / 62

Oh Fletcher! How you  
make me wish I were a  
Dolphin. If we had, as  
you say - a brain, & a  
heart, & sense to combine  
the two, - no bills to pay,  
no socks to mend, no beds  
to make, & no meals to  
cook, - & only other dolphins  
to cope with, - how  
glorious! How free!

But then - his lacks!  
He could never have a  
letter from you. He could  
not

God bless your Project & Deekins. But don't  
turn your backs into fins. Your coming, bless

Know anything at all  
about the Maya Civilization.

(2)

He could never read any  
of the C.S. Lewis books.

And I could never show  
him my book of Puzzles for  
the Hospitalized Officers in  
the War. I read them  
over, the other day, & got stuck  
on the 6<sup>th</sup>, for a long time.

I miss you all very, very  
much. You gave me so  
very much extra time, - into  
Margie & Ethel & everybody  
away, - it was a wonderful  
week, & I miss you dreadfully.

I Love your letters. Keep well  
& free from those awful pains!