

May 23, 1950.

Dear Mrs. Walker,

I could never tell you how I feel, and doubt if I can write it down, either. I think you and I have "Kindred spirits" in loving our respective homes as we do. It's a woman's privilege, they say, to change her mind. And I'm taking advantage of it. This is my "dream house" and I'm sure you feel as I do about leaving yours. So we don't want you to worry about getting out of it this year, possibly next <sup>year</sup>, when the boy grows

and needs a room of his own, we will have to make some kind of decision-

You mentioned selling some of your things one day we were there. If you decide to sell some of those old dishes, please let me know.

yours sincerely,  
Bernice White