

Bethesda  
Feb. 6, 1950

My dear love,

Niet's Bootery reminded me today at breakfast that this is our anniversary. What would we ever do without Niet's Bootery? They sent us a luffy card all done in pink and white with lace paper and such like. Well, I'm sure they never sent an anniversary card to a happier married woman than me, so there! Seven years with the same man and I'm far too old to change now, and anyway I like you- very much.

I'm happy to report that all seems to be well on the home front, although what dragons lurk around the next corner I couldn't rightly say. Laurence is more or less over his cold, and although I keep getting a sore throat, I haven't got the cold to go with it, so that bucks me up. Laurence went to school on Friday and again today (Monday), bringing home in triumph a paper object with a handsome gold star on it which he identified as a duck, luckily, for it was not too identifiable otherwise.

You have been so very kind and good about writing to me, and I've been pleased to get each letter, naturally. Especially the last one, which arrived at lunch today. I wrote to Quito the first time, being timid about trusting the airlines to take the letter fast enough to reach you at Lima. Apparently I should have been more confiding, for your letters reach me very quickly. However, if it's like it was in Caracas, the delay will still be down there, rather than here. I'm glad to see that everyone is treating my darling right and taking care of you. I love you so very much, and miss you more than I can tell on one sheet of paper. However, the missing business isn't as bad as it was just at first and I hope it will get less and less bad as the month goes on. I should only like to reiterate that without making an enormous effort, I'm afraid it would be rather difficult to manage any interest in life without you. I should also like to point out an interesting phenomenon in connection with the alleged shortness of the month of February as compared with other months. It isn't shorter at all. It's longer, no matter what they say.

Mother and the boy and I are getting ready to pack up and leave Bethesda on Friday morning. As I did last February, I shall leave mother and the boy off at Trenton and go on to New York, where I hope to get a room at that hotel where we stayed in the summer of '48. I went to the bank this morning and cashed a check for 125 dollars, which I have figured should see me through the weekend and perhaps another day or two without too much effort. Father's ship is due to land on Saturday morning, at eight A.M. unless it is off its beam. I have the name of the people to call about it once I'm in New York. If the telephone strike is on I trust the dial telephones will still be working, or if not I can go down to 39 Broadway in person and ask if the schedule has been changed. I will speak to Mrs. Howse about keeping an eye on the house, etc. I am looking forward to going to New York. When I return I shall have to concentrate terribly hard on the cleaning. I am sending away the rugs and curtains before I go, however.

We both love our darling daddy very, very much, and are saving up two big enormous bear hugs for him.