

Bethesda, Feb. 9, 1950

My darling,

Nothing much has been happening, but since we plan to leave here tomorrow morning I thought it would be best to send off another letter to you before I get caught in the whirlpool of New York. I expect to return here on Tuesday Feb. 14, but if I am enjoying myself a great deal I might stay over another day. However, I must be back here by Thursday, when Leola comes and I must start my spring cleaning. The dear old Hanna Ayoub people arrived bright and early this morning, leaving barrenness behind them as they left. Alas, I see now all too clearly that I shall have to Varsol and re-wax the floors!

Laurence is very excited about tomorrow, because I arranged to have Mr. Gloyd take us down to the station tomorrow. The thought of being privileged to ride to Union Station in the same taxi that has just taken the other poor little mites to school is so precious that he has been savoring it lusciously ever since I first told it to him. However, to show that he holds Mrs. Ward in no personal way to blame for things, he laboriously wrote out her name on an envelope and enclosed a valentine with his name spelled out along the bottom. I have been trying to get him to write a word or two to you, but he has refused so far. In fact he hardly ever will talk about you, which leads me to believe in a round-about sort of way that he misses you a great deal, but also realizes that there is nothing he can do about getting you to come back to him quickly. He has placed you in "Santiago to Chile" and tells everyone who mentions your name that that is where his daddy is. He corrects me firmly when I say you are now in Lima or Quito. Betsy told grandmamma the other day that her daddy had gone to the same place as our daddy had, and then refused to elaborate on the subject, so we still don't know what prompted the remark. She also kindly offered to come along with us to grandmamma's farm, but was coldly refused permission by Laurence himself.

Everyone has been very nice to me, and I've had offers of help and assistance from all quarters. Up to this point I've not needed any more help than ever, but just gone my usual way to the A and P on the usual days. Mrs. Cowse last night kindly said that she would come down and meet me at the station if I come back Tuesday evening after five thirty and send her a telegram to that effect beforehand. But I don't know whether it wouldn't be simpler to come back by taxi and not have to worry about missing the train, bothering her, etc.

It occurred to me that while you are in Caracas you might get us the best supply you can of Elixir of Nembutal, capsulas de nembutal, and sulfato de benzedrina. The price isn't so much higher, and the doctor's fee is avoided. Also while you are in Caracas, give my love to Piet and Albert and Cynthia and Guillermo and Rosette and Alex, etc., in case you get a chance to see or talk to any of them. How I wish I could be with you in Caracas, especially, so I could see those six people and their assorted children! Well, see what you can do about the drug supply. We can use both things very well indeed and you know how lax they are there, especially in the smaller farmacias. I imagine the ones in the center of town are mucho mas formal.

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I had Virginia and Harry out again on Monday for dinner and Canasta. Bain was going to come of course but developed a cold. So grandmamma rushed into the canasta breach, enjoyed herself tremendously, and with Harry's openly kibitzing assistance and partnership, managed to clean up on Virginia and me in the traditional beginner's fashion. We had a wonderful time. Harry is really a very nice fellow when you get to know him, kind and thoughtful. Too thoughtful. He brought me a delicious box of chocolates.

Last night mother and I got dear gangly Butch Diebert in to sit and went out to a delicious roast beef dinner at Gail and Jim's. How kind Gail was to ask us! We both enjoyed ourselves. Mother had been very unwilling to go out when invited, but Monday's canasta evening fun sort of loosened the strings a bit. The Lobenstines had invited another poor lorn lonesome spouse in to balance me, so this Mr. Forman and I compared misery while mamma and Gail talked away to beat the band. We came home early because I seem to be on the verge of maybe possibly starting that cold that my sore throat has been hinting at all week. However, nothing short of pneumonia can stop me from going to New York now that I've made up my mind about it.

I have paid all the bills without any hitch, and called up Jos. Wilner to tell them to restrain themselves about that suit of yours. They have sent me three postcards saying it's ready, don't you want to try it on? The young lady thanked me and said she would make a note to the effect that no more post cards need be sent.

Jim Lobenstine says the office is in such a mess due to all the chopping and changing and redecorating and rearranging that noone can get any work done anyway, so you might just as well be enjoying yourself down there in South America as sweating it out in NWC. Plaster in their hair, eyes, nose, paint all about, desks being moved from under their feet, etc. Seven people in one room, tripping over the carpenters, I gather. Jim said he'd almost, but not quite, rather spend the working day at his peaceful home with all three boys.

Well, it's eleven thirty now so I'd better start lunch, Old dear, I feel a little like I think Laurence does about you. I'm all right as long as I don't think about you, and how much I love you and how terribly I miss you. Take good care of yourself, my darling wonderful fine good kind sweet handsome charming entirely beloved man, because you are the love of my life. MMMmmmm!