

January 20, 1950

Dear Pop and Helen,

I've held off writing till more or less the last minute in order to be able to give you the more or less last minute news about William's plans and mine. He is still going to leave on the 27th, a week from today, and will be gone until about the first of March, or perhaps a bit sooner. Therefore, I hope you will be able to come down here from New York as soon as you are conveniently able to do so, since the boy and I will be in a splendid position to welcome you.

Since I last wrote Laurence has been sick. It's a fairly long tale and I haven't much time before the Sleeper wakes, so I'll just say that his pal Dr. Norton diagnosed it as asthma, and cured him in about forty-eight hours. As Dr. Norton said, I'd rather it had been something else. I have been searching my mind and making inquiries at school to see if I could think of some emotional basis for the attack, and have found none. Now the thing to do is to try to prevent future occasions of, so as not to let him develop the asthma habit. He is not allergic to anything, and Dr. Norton was forced to conclude he must have been allergic to his own bronchitis, a bad case of which he had when he began to wheeze. Never having heard an attack of asthma in full wheeze, I was frightened when it suddenly began, and he obviously couldn't breathe properly.

I have asked a local real estate man (father of one of my sitters) to look out for a furnished house in this neighborhood for you. The nearest apartment locations are three or four miles away in the district, but I think I had better get a District real estate agent to look into them for me. It has been a week since I asked Mr. Smithson, and I haven't heard a word from him. However, the matter still isn't urgent, and you can stay here until you find what you want, especially since Mrs. Putnam won't be coming up for some time.

After all the excitement and preparation and what not, Grandpa Krieg's plane was grounded, he couldn't get railroad tickets, and decided to throw the whole thing up, sadly enough. It wasn't as bad as it might be, though, because that was the very weekend that Laurence was sick in bed, and we couldn't have devoted our entire attention to Grandpa. But the boy and the rest of us were very sorry, just the same.

I am not enclosing any negotiable securities, as you ^{see} see, and I hope you get this communication. I also hope you have a wonderful trip. It doesn't seem possible that in less than a month you will be in the U.S.!

Love to you both,