

Bethesda, Sat. Feb. 18, 1950

Dearest William,

We have come and gone and been, and now we're back. It was a wonderful break in the monotony of this month. It was such a pleasure to be able to write off five days from the calendar in the kitchen! Now there are only nine more days to wait, if all goes well. We shall give you such a welcome as you have never in your life had, my darling man! It's better now than it was at first, but each moment of each day I know you aren't here, and it leaves me dry and purposeless and lonely.

Pop and Helen are looking younger and more healthy than before they left, I'm happy to say. Their ship didn't come in at the time or on the day the Export line people here in Washington told me that it would, with the result that I spent two days in the hotel before they arrived. However, since the cold that had been threatening me finally arrived, it was just as well. All I had to do was stay there in my room and order what I wanted to eat. Ruth Havey came and brought me books, too, and was generally as nice as ever. I couldn't go to the boat when it finally did arrive, because it was snowing and cold and I had a slight fever, but I saw Pop as soon as they were installed in the Grosvenor Hotel. I didn't go out again till that night, when we went over for a pleasant supper at Ruth's, with Aunt Lill and George Wells and the three of us. Next day we talked and ate at the hotel. Talk talk talk. Very pleasant. I went to New York on a Friday and left the next Thursday. I had carefully calculated my money to last from Thursday till Tuesday, but as it turned out I had calculated all wrong, and in any case dear Pop paid the staggering hotel bill himself, so I came out all right after all. I went out one day and bought some cheap shoes at Beck's, a cheap pocketbook, and some nice artificial bouquets at Bonwit Teller's for mother, Gail, and Mrs. Mills. I wasn't feeling good the entire time, which cut down on my spending, fortunately. When I came back I felt even worse, though it was nice to be back. I went to the doctor yesterday and got myself shot with penicillin, with the happy result that I am better today, and without that nagging little fever. I expect it had something to do with my tonsils, again. Laurence John witnessed the happy spectacle of his mamma being shot with a big dose of penicillin in her fanny, and was pleased and amused as could be.

It's late, since I thought I'd better write to Pop first, so I'd better close now. Mrs. Ellis wrote to say that your Aunt Nanny would not want to see you because of her face, and asked me to tell you. Have a good time, sweetheart, and come back to me as soon as you can. I love you with all my heart. Just as much or more than I did seven years ago.

With a big kiss,