

Sunday, Sept 29, 1940

Hello My Sweet,

Just a line
to say that all is well. I have
been working over the literature
of shock again in preparation
for the paper I am to give
on October 10,

I sit now on the
eleventh floor of the Y.M.C.A.
and thank my stars that this
is only a transient abode, that
I have a home of my own, that
you are there and Bebe is
there and it is cheerful

bright, happy and comfortable
A single little room always seems
to hem me in so tightly.

I'll be busy here but I have
just been thinking how terribly
busy you are there and after
pay day, even more so. All
the bills to pay, the curtains
to fix, the covers to make,
the studio couch frame to
get built, another chair to
find, scatter rugs to find,
a baby carriage to get, new
clothes to purchase, you

abdominal muscles to tighten up by daily exercise, your food to get (enough of it) and the thousand other details of running the house you wanted to be absolute boss of. Of course you'll spend some time missing me as I did you.

During the month of October I may not be able to get to Washington for I must have the bloody examination on the 28th. But after that

I think we ought to plan to
be together at least every other
week end, first you up here
then me down there. By that
time Grace will be home and
about and mother can keep
Betty. It should be great
fun, especially your trips
up here for then we can do
some of the things together we haven't
had a chance to since your
first visit in June a year
ago. I look forward to it
with all the eagerness of your
first visit. Until tomorrow

Charlie