

Honey,

Just a note to say how much we all miss you and Anthony is about ready to come aier you there---he says you are gone four weeks. Johann is not too good yet, but not really sick. He has no fever, but is quite listless, and no appetite. He has a bad cough and it bothers him when he sleeps at night and I hold him over the teakettle but it does relieve him much, only a little. However he smiles and is sweet and lo and behold has produced another double tooth and there seems to be the fourth one coming in soon also--so I feel that is at least half if not all his trouble. The weather is so stormy---no one goes anywhere, except A. No schools today, but he is out. Yesterday it snowed and he was out in it all day with his friend David, who has not only a rabbit and chickens but an old wreck of a car to play in.

John Snow lost by 108 votes---very close indeed, maybe if you and Hofmanns and a few of the fisherman who were out had gotten in, he might have won. But he is only 29 so can try again--they don't feel too bad---Molly turned out to be the really politician of course. By the way, I told her about the salami and that she probably wouldn't get it and she said tell him to bring the slami, and we'll give him the new car! The zoning also got defeated.

There was a very nice letter to me from your father yesterday with \$50---\$20 for Mrs. Freeland and \$30 for Mrs. Haskins, then the mattress came, \$16.50--it is like new and guaranteed---I wrote Wanamakers--he said he thought

they might make an adjustment. I saw the leather for the table top and it is a really beautiful hide. Really good.

I have not cleaned the house or even bathed---I am a sloppy mess, have sewed until I have a very sore finger. I am going to write your father and mention that you are so exhausted in N.Y. you should have a rest before even thinking of N.O. I wonder just what you can do about that---I really don't quite know, maybe summer would be better. Anthony would go, I think, if you wanted him to. He could tell them he wants to spend next winter in N.Y. or something. This certainly is the far-off life we lead---imagine eating dinner at noon instead of 9 p.m.

Well, my darling, I have but one envelope so please apologize to Iolas for outting the two letter together. I hope you can get home in another week anyway. Love, love, love,

J.