

6:30 P. M. Monday, April 7, 1942

Dearest;

Nellie is staying out at the apartment with me, though of course she is not contributing any on the expenses, except a part on the grocery bill, I expect. I asked Mary to move a small suit case out and spend a week or so with us if she thought it would be fun--and she could just pay me for meals like she would pay out. I do not know whether she will want to do this or not. If there was a good chance of following our original plan for at least a couple of months she would move out of the Dodge with us right away--but the possibility of your coming back and being here permanently seems too real for me to advise her to give up her room in the Dodge, which she certainly can not get back.

After we finished talking to you at three o'clock we could not go to sleep, so we all sat around and discussed the various possibilities of the next few months until about four, and then Nellie and Mary went to sleep and I alternately read Time and tried to go to sleep until about six, when I did go to sleep--but, alas, seven--my getting up time--came on the wings. So now I am leaving early and will catch up tonight.

Otha Ree left today and I have hired a little girl who "came highly recommended", who will not live in, who seems very willing, and about whom I make no predictions. Otha Ree surely hated to go and said she wanted to come back in June if her mother would just let her.

Today I took Malcolm Bardwell's wife and a little friend of mine from Jefferson, Texas to our delegation luncheon. I like Virginia (Mrs. Bardwell) very much and she seemed to appreciate and enjoy going. I can't possibly overemphasize the help Malcolm has been to us. Also I see a very great improvement in Malcolm's own state of mind and spirit--he is alive again and living up to all the promise he ever had--he sort of slumped for awhile.

Must run now; all my love,