Sunday, Sept 29 1940

Hello My Sweet,

Just a line to say that all is well. 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 dress 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, your

abdominal muscles to tighten up by daily exercise, your food to get (enough of it) and the thousand others 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 pass 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 Bebe. 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