

Fenwick, Charles County, Maryland,  
8 November 1947.

Dear Boris:

I was very glad to receive your letter of the 2d of November, and am answering promptly because I think I can relieve you of some anxiety.

I think we will have the business of the M-209's straightened out very promptly. It is certainly an error that any were put up for sale and somebody has slipped up in following out our instructions. When Stuart informed me about this I wrote him promptly and suggested that he make a quick trip to Washington to see various authorities and get the matter corrected. He followed my suggestion and was here last Wednesday. I wanted him to go to see certain people in the Signal Corps too, but the officer who is acting chief here now did not agree with me and advised Stuart against it. I think Stuart might just as well have gone over to see Bill Reeder as long as he had come to Washington, but he did not do so because this chap at our place seemed opposed to it, why I can't imagine. Anyhow, we got things started right away and I am sure you will not have to worry about the matter, unless we are sadly mistaken and some brand new angle comes into the picture to muddle things up. I am glad you notified us promptly about this, as our interests happen to coincide with yours in some respects and we never did want these to go on sale as surplus.

We had word from Art from the West, apologizing and explaining matters. We are looking forward to seeing them in December, as he expects to come here then. We were sorry to learn that Ingrid was not well after the crossing.

Stuart tells me that he hopes to see you in Paris or Geneva or somewhere other than in Stockholm when they go to Europe next month. He can explain more about the strip device then and maybe he will have a sample with him to give you an idea of what it is like. The situation presents some complications however, as to the making of the paper strips that go with the device. Stu will explain that too.

Elizbeth and I hardly know what to make of your query about the jam. We did not see any jam or hear about it and suppose that something must have gone awry about that. Another thing, I did not realize that the cookies had been made by Annie herself; the whole box seemed to be so well done up that I imagined that they were put up in that container by some Swedish bakeshop. It is all the more interesting to learn that Annie made them, they are superior to professional products!

We are all well. Barbara has a very nice job at the Bureau of Standards here and we hope that she will like it as well a few months from now as she does today. She is fascinated by it, she says, although we had to do a bit of persuading to get her to accept it to begin with. John is fine and we hope to have him with us for Thanksgiving. We are still at Pomonkey Point and it is beginning to look as though we will never go back to Que Street! At least, Elizbeth does not want to, and I would not either, except for the ride into town every working day.