

March 10, 1967

Dear Boris,

I am annoyed and disgusted with myself for mislaying your note of February 23 to Bill asking for his signatures in two places on a sheet of notepaper. At the time it came he was not feeling well--which after all is not surprising--he never fdoes-- but at that time his hand was so shaky he vowed he just could not sign. Then I mislaid the letter! Oh, me! Then after your letter to me came I hunted and hunted and found the earlier one, and he did sign although you will see his hand is still quite shaky. And then I mislaid it again!

You will think I am falling to pieces--which I wonder sometimes why I don't. We started last autumn to complete the checking, the indexing and expanding of the bibliography of his library and he has so little strength that he can only work at most four hours a day, usually only three and a half at most, sometimes less. My own working day has sometimes been as much as 14 or 15 hours, not counting the little jobs around the house that I must do daily. (We have the maid only two days a week now, for the cost of living in the States has leaped to the moon). And the reason I mislay and misplace things is that I cannot work upstairs in the library while he lying down, which he does everyday--he of course does not get up until 9:30 or 10, and returns to bed at 1:30, for two to three hours rest. So I am constantly carrying and fetching up and down and consequently, some things get misplaced or just plain disappear. Bill would be so much better off in a better climate--both the extremes of cold and heat here are unbearable--but so far I have not been able to budge him.

Right now we are having a very warm spell--we are told it will be 75 today. But four days ago it was almost to zero.

Until the checking of the library is completed, I think Bill will not be able to say anything in regard to duplicates. I am sure he will do what he can.

We are so glad that your sweet and charming daughter-in-law- is with you at the present time. And that Margareta is joining you soon. Our Boston grandchildren were here for 1 and 1/2 days on their way home from Florida recently. in just a year and a half since we saw them last, they have grown until they are quite a little taller than I, even our 11-year-old granddaughter.

We think and speak of constantly and wish you everything that is good. And I apologize most heartily for my stupid mislaying of the paper to be signed!

Very affectionately,