

Dear Annie and Boy,

We hope that we have not caused you too much concern over our long silence. I feel sure that your son Bo must have written you that he finally got in touch with us after finding out through a neighbor of ours that we were both in hospital. (I shall digress here to state that it was Nelson Moore who told Bo the name of our neighbor, so that Bo could telephone her, and now Nelson Moore is dead. It was a dreadful shock to us to learn last Saturday evening that Nelson had died of a heart attack on Friday morning as he was walking from his car to his office. It was his first intimation of a heart condition).

I was feeling absolutely allright when we left Switzerland for home. Bill was depressed, and seems to believe that "home" could do smething for him. However when we got here ad he learned "Home" did not help, his nervous tension increased to an almost unbearable degree. When I finally persuaded him to see his doctors here, they too himm off of all the medicines he had been taking, and substituted others, after he was hispitalized on Sept. 28. Five days afterhe entered the hospital, I was stricken with two diseases: one was abdominal, caused by diverticuli (sacks or pockets in the lining of the i testinal tract) bringing on spasm in the sigmoid colon; but the even more painful disease which was not diagnosed until a week after I was hospitalized from the other but which had been present all the time, is HERPESZOSTER--the most painful disease known to medical science. It is not a fatal disease, but it has a long course or duration. Now at the end of six weeks the agonizing pain has abated, but the flesh of my left back and hip is "dead"--because the nerve roots and nerve ends have all died, from this dreadful virus. I am told that it takes perhaps as long as a year for the nerve roots and ends to come alive agin, so I must go on with this disability with its discomfort and surface soreness and pain. Bill and I have been here at home since October 31st, without help except two or three days a week, when our former maid comes and not only does all the necessary laundry and house work but enough cooking for two meals a day for every day so that I have very little to do on the days she is not here. So far we have managed to do a few minor chores in the way of Bill getting the house ready for winter, have paid our bills, and written three or four business letters. But we are anything but "full of pep". We try to live each hour one by one and get through each day, and try to act as if we felt normal--in the hope that if we act normal long enough we shall grow to feeling normal. But it goes mighty slowly, I can tell you. Needless to say, we are doing no writing.

We do hope you had a wonderful time while at Menton, and that you will have a most enjoyable week in Vienna. We had a charming note from Miss Edith and Vera, also one from Kirsten and Gunnar.

Here is hoping you are and will forever be spared from such ills as have beset us this autumn. And that you will have a good year all the way through.

Our love and thanks again to you both for all you did for us.