

Dear Annie and Boris: We have had two fine letters from Boris during the summer and autumn, and we have been very, VERY remiss in not having replied. If I had written each time I thought of you, you would have been showered with letters and sick of me, no doubt. Now I am not even sure where to address you but I shall telephone Bo before addressing the envelope.

The plain truth is that we have been thoroughly displaced since August, and are still not settled back into the house and in order sufficiently to find things--such as your letters, for example. To tell the misfortune as quickly as possible: On the last week in August, our living-room ceiling fell (we were both in the room, I leaped out of the way, and Bill was saved by the wings of the chair he was sitting in). There has been so much heavy-truck traffic on this street during the past two years due to the freeway and highway construction south of us, and this is a hollow street--that is, there are about 18 inches of pavement on top of a street-wide tunnel, 40 feet deep. You can imagine the vibration caused thereby, and the consequent cracks in walls and ceilings. On examination by proper experts it was found that it was only a matter of time--days? weeks?-- until ceilings on other floors would go likewise. Everyone of the contractors who came to see, refused to touch the job unless we were evacuated and they could do the whole house. That meant moving out with every single thing down to the last sheet of paper. Lucille and I started packing up. After three weeks of work (I am sure no ditch digger worked harder) we were ready for the movers. We ourselves went to the nearby CORONET Hotel, into a 2-room-furnished apartment, from whence I could come to the house 1 to 3 times a day and oversee the job--for in a house more than 100 years old, unexpected problems always arise. Finally it was finished, and the house is practically a complete interior reconstruction, ceilings, walls, floors re-finished. We came back into it exactly 3 weeks ago yesterday. Lucille

length of time it can be just to have some more and get things done
 place, and I am still a long way from being finished. Bill, bless his
 heart, works away every day at trying to get some order out of chaos in
 the library, and gets awfully discouraged too. He can not do anything,
 even shaving and getting dressed, without getting an attack of tachy-
 cardia (breathlessness) and he must sit down or lie down and take the
 pills for relief. ~~XX~~ He cannot stoop or lift, of course, and he constant-
 ly berates himself because he cannot help more. But I am cross and
 out of sorts also because this has kept us from going away from this cli-
 mate, before the winter started. Which reminds me--I recall in your last
 letter you stated that you were seriously considering coming to the U.S.
 in February. Surely you will not overlook Washington, even though we
 do have nasty winters here--no cold dry sunny days like Switzerland, but
 wet, slippery, penetrating and cloudy and windy--nevertheless we do hope
 you will stay with us. We have the two rooms and bath on third floor
 (elevator carries you up ONE flight). And if you go to West Coast first
 and then come back to Washington, we still urge you to stay with us.

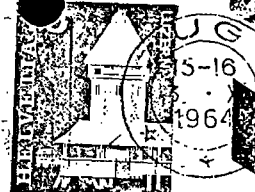
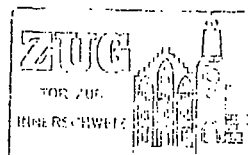
It is a shame you missed our wonderful autumn--it was exceptionally long,
 beautiful, and mild. It was the only thing that consoled me for having
 had to stay in Washington during this house mess. Autumn is really the
 BEST of all the seasons in Washington.

Bill, poor darling is still struggling with depression. He has had so
 many physical ailments this past year--two severe attacks of coronary
 insufficiency, operation for skin carcinoma, intestinal disorder, im-
 pairment of the circulation--for months it seemed we went nowhere except
 to doctors and laboratories.

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We hope you have both ~~xxx~~ well, and that trip is forthcoming and that
 we shall see you before too long. Do have a nice Holiday Season,
 wherever you are. And much love from both of us to both of you.

Affectionately,



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