

April 3, 1946

Dear Sumner:

The real news for the past two days has been the weather and that has been something to talk about the world over. Friday (I was in Boston that day) Portland had the hottest weather of any place in the country. The temperature reached 86 degrees. Yesterday, Tuesday, it snowed and last night it snowed. Of course the snow does not last the entire day, but when you start out in the morning from the house you have to wear rubbers and ought to return to the heavy winter overcoat because of the chill in the air. This is the type of weather that Mark Twain would have done justice to.

While Mother comes first, there is really nothing to say except that from day to day she is gathering more strength. She wears the pinpoint glasses and we keep hoping and praying that time will prove very kind to her left eye. I talk to her every night and am making plans to spend this week-end with her.

Helen is fine and Aunt Selma is definitely on the road to recovery. Uncle Louie talked to her last night over the telephone and the fact that she could speak from her bed at the hospital is to me indicative of the fine progress she is making. May her only hospitalization from now on be due to accouchement.

I shall expect your telephone call Sunday morning at York Street and hope by that time you will have something to say which is more definite on your discharge.

Affectionately,