Darling Manita & Papa,

Hooray! Just a few more days and at least one of you will be jetting home and Papa soon after. I can't wait to see you. I am hanging on to little poole for all I'm worth, but he keeps giving me false alarms which are absolutely maddening! Your sweet wire on Thanksgiving reached only us — Johnny had something flu-y and pretty contagious a few days earlier and we thought it would be better not to risk it all around. He's fine now, so don't worry. Actually Bill got a much needed rest and we had some time to be alone — relaxed and with no deadlines. It was quite wonderful. The past few weeks have
been particularly hectic - millions of people in the house. There was almost a solid week when there were guests at every single meal including breakfast. Oof! I don’t know what I would have done without my wonderful Sonya - she is really an absolute angel - my back is really so bad that I would not be able to do anything as far as entertaining and having people over night and so forth. Mama, I can really sympathize with all your years of back troubles. At least this will go away (at least it won’t be nearly as bad) after little pool comes -

Lady sweet Amy is developing divinely also acquiring a temper - she has three teeth and quite a few more on the way, her hair is curly but not very blond. She says dada dada and other similar things but has no idea what anything means - except no-no! which
hurts her feelings terribly! I can't wait for you to see her. She is starting to walk—she'll go two or three steps into someone's waiting arms—so it won't be long before she's tearing around by herself. She and Bill are going to be great pals. I just hope she won't be a brat so I won't have to be the ogre when Lini came home I went down to New York to see her and hear all the latest—but all she had to say was that everything had been "fine"—when Johnny came I tried again. This time I just leaned back and let him talk—for nearly three hours he gave me a vivid and complete account of the whole summer. It was marvelous. Nothing escapes him—and he has such a feeling for just the way to describe an incident so
I almost felt I was there with you all - he told me about poor Jas' burial - what a horrible freakish thing! Is his wife going to be all right? I can just imagine Ada's reaction - and now Rodzinski - I suppose Halina will stay in America now - where does the boy go to school?

I had a sweet letter from Paul - he says he will be in New York around Dec. 28. I can't wait to see him. It's been a long long time. I feel almost as though I have to get to know him all over again each time I see him.

I just re-read the New Yorker article. It's really wonderful - and hardly any mistakes, considering it's 50 pages long. Everyone seems to have read it and enjoyed it enormously - I am taking for granted you've seen it - in case
you haven't I have several copies.

Jean Stein's wedding is this Friday - it kills me to miss it but I've been too tired for any more running around - I have just enough energy to get through a normal day, and Bill has to go off on an 8-hour drive to a preaching engagement this weekend - he has been asked all over the East coast to preach, speak at big conferences, lead discussions, etc. Everybody wants him - he's even been asked to the synagogue in New Haven!! Last week he was back at Williams, where the chapel was jammed full, and a busload of 40 girls from another college had come specially to hear him! After all the uproar last year it was really terrible. The man they have up there now is unfortunately named de Boer (rhymes with "the bore" as the college paper pointed out rather humorously) and made himself pretty unpopular from
the very beginning by giving a sermon 40 minutes long the first Sunday. It should never be longer than twenty minutes, but he was so nervous it just seemed to get longer and longer. Poor man.

There is so much more to tell-

but since this will barely catch you, as it is I'll save the rest for when I see you. I CAN'T WAIT!

Bill and Housewife send their love, and so does your big-bellied, leaping, weaving

Ciska — ❤️

PS Mama — I loved the story you sent by Johnny — BUT I WON'T LOOK AT HIM FOR ONE SOLID YEAR!!!