[illegible] back on Dec 2.
ex: play Thanksgiving Day
on N.Y. 1955?

Hello darling —

On this day on which we are supposed to give thanks for our blessings I must truly give thanks for my greatest blessing of all, you, my dearest friend.

I had a note from Uncle Brook the other day in which he told me about the letters that disappeared — I know how furious you were — that is something to bash over the head for! He also said you were flying home Dec. 2nd. How I wish I could be at the apartment door to welcome you home. I have

been so depressed ever since I came home because I wasn't able to go to you when you needed me. It has discolored my whole life to such an extent that I seem to have no interest in anything. Perhaps that is extremely foolish but that's the way it is. Bob is still thrashing down in Coachella Valley — has done so many things he never thrashed before — corn, milo, alfalfa and now he is doing wild duck millet. He really has had a fantastic season but you know Bob he never has a dime! Oh yes, when I know you are back in the U.S.A. I will send you the $275.00 I still owe you on the car. Have had it safely in the bank since June but did not want to send it to Europe — the letter would have surely gone astray with my luck — so will send it to N.Y. when you are

Here.

When I come home I bought another Scottie! A female this time that I hope to breed next summer. She was only eight weeks old when I brought her home and she has been a little devil to raise — She has a very high class background!! Her name is Anise — at eight weeks she had already learned that name so I didn't change it — don't care for it and of course she gets called Annie and she was born on Aug 18th!

I was in Hopes Era issued but we have some word about the opening of her play as I would liked to have sent her my best wishes — N.Y. papers not being available in Beaumont I know nothing nothing about it — I know she has no time for letters but I would so like to know

how it goes.

The Lejnicks baby nurse writes to me frequently and things seem to go from bad to worse at the home. The girl who took my place is still there but has had to go for treatments for her nerves! The butler and the maids I had trained so beautifully all quit and there has been several coming and going - at present they have a colored couple from Texas who don't know the time of day Emil says. - How glad I am I got out of that mess when I did.

This day started out to be a beautiful one but an east wind came up straight off the snow - this cement floor is like

ice so have put on my brown llama fur slippers (remember?) Louise is fascinated with them & would give anything to tear them to shreds.

I hate writing on both sides of this paper! I only do it to please you!!!

Give Mr. Rubinstein my warmest greetings and tell him I love him too!

My dearest love to you

your devoted

Kate

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