Dear Sidney,

I hope you can forgive my silence. I think of you very often, and followed your Mexican adventures with fond attention. But I have worked, and my health has been rather worse. I was disappointed in the reception of a story I believe in and worked hard with —

And I'm a deplorably lazy creature.

But no more excuses.

Mea culpa, dear friend.

The bookends are delightful — they

doze at the ends of the books on my bed table.

I don't understand why I am still ill. I walk very badly and my arm is like this

I long for bodily strength. I dream of skiing in the Alps.

I told you something about my husband. He is now completely non-alcoholic (not even beer or wine) and he is as he used to be when first we married. Delicate, gentle, and endlessly kind. He comes out every week end

and has been a real comfort to me.
He has a good job and has helped me
pay all my debts, & wish I hadn't
talked with you as I did. For soon
I hope you will know him and be
fond of him.

I am happy that you have
found a friend whom you like.
Do write me more about your
Army work and your life in Washington.
How is the sailor patient at the Va.
hospital? Do you now have
interesting patients?

Tennessee is coming at the end of this week and I must begin the finishing work on my play.

We try to come up and see one as soon as you can get a little holiday. I may go to Italy later in the year — but it is still very problematical.

Tell the Clocklays I count on them stopping here when next they come New York way.

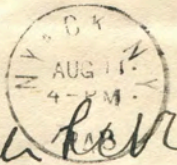
I don't have ask you to write soon — But I would dearly love to hear from you and have the new address.

Tordly

Larson

5
cl

131 S. Broadway
Nyack N.Y.





Dr. Sidney Eisenberg
1769 NOBLE DRIVE
ATLANTA
GEORGIA

Please
Forward