

Sunday April 19 - 1942 ^{25/4/42}
In the train to Berlin.

My dearest Dear,

It seems far more than
a week ago that you & Robert
drove away from Cottage No 2
with a wave of the hand. How
I have missed you, & how
often thought of you &
wondered how your various
medical alarms & "excursions"
were treating you - In short,
you have been constantly with
me, & we have all been at
Dunbarton.

As I think of next week,

when I expect to be there, & of
your thought of making a present
to D.O. while it is yet possible,
I wonder if you've considered
the replacement of the entrance
gates, of which we have previously
spoken. It is not nearly as
much fun as the Meliorande
steps, but it might be worth
thinking of. - Anyhow, they will
have to be replaced when teak
& labour are possible, so I'll
go ahead & see what costs
might be & whether it is
even possible or advisable
to think about replacement, now.

Chicago went well - Thursday
raging hot & ending in a
bombing thunderstorm, Friday
lovely & cold, Saturday "Chicago"
& to-day a cool spring day
with high clouds & timidly
budding trees & greening fields
& capering calves.

Max has gone on to N.Y.

& in less than three weeks we'll
be together again at R.P. a
good trip to look forward to.

Bless you my dear - ever
& always
Your
Trix