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Doris Holmes Blake - Correspondence with Doris Sidney Blake, January - March 1947

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Arlington, Va.
6 Feb 1947.

Dear Doris:

We are having a steadily deepening dark day here, and on the radio they predict snow by night, but it seems hardly chilly enough. I hope it rains. A bunch of yellow crocuses is ready to open out front if the sun ever shines again. Inside I have a great display of forsythia bloom.

Dad's cough and snuggle gained momentous yesterday after his party of Friday and today he stayed abed till late and is occupying for the most part the couch next to the window, altho he has frequent excursions upstairs and at present down cellar that can't do him much good. After lunch I expect he may be prevailed upon to take a nap. He slept thru a good part of Il Trovatore yesterday afternoon. It takes a good opera or symphony to keep him quiet!

I have been washing windows and airing draperies myself. Otherwise Sundays seem like so much lost time. Mr. Williams is doing some cement work after delivering his young ones to Sunday school, and Peggy's father appears to be having some excavations in his rear parts, judging from the loadfuls of dirt that spin past frequently. He seems to regard that as Sunday work, - maybe he is intending an addition. With that tremendous and growing family I should think he'd need to.

The Douglasses have had a spell of muzzling their barking setter. I wish they would do away with her altogether. She has gotten on Mrs D.'s nerves even for I see her go out with a newspaper rolled up to slap her frequently.

We had a nice party Friday after work at the Smithsonian, with loads of food and ice cream and punch, and everyone we knew was there Dad didn't arrive for a half

Arlington, Va.
16 Feb 1947.

Dear Doris:

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