

Santa Fe, N.M.
Dec. 10, 1960

Dear Laura:

Last night the temperature dropped to 10, but today it is lovely and clear, and warming fast. There is a lot of snow, but I expect it will melt before long.

By now, we hope you are on your way to Merida, with no more obstructions, though we heard on the radio of the snow in El Paso. Since all plane service was suspended for a day or so, we've not received your letter, but it may be there today when I go to the Postoffice.

Betsy seems pretty well. She had one painful day, took a pill and rallied the next. I am enjoying being here, and am just getting settled into some of the writing I want to do. I hope Bill will have some definite word for me after the Board meeting today.

You will be amused to know that Shush has taken a fondness for Sombra's bed, which I set up at the foot of your bed. So she sleeps there, and Sombra has been relegated to Shush's, or elsewhere if she prefers. They get along splendidly, and have a fine time going out in the snow and barking with voices remarkably alike.

The birds get fed daily, the fire burns sometimes in the living room making it very cozy, we have plenty to eat, and today we go to the Birthday party for Sallie and Elizabeth, so what more could one wish?

Miss White's cards, nor the other prints have not come yet, but they may be in today. Nor has the package from the Polaroid Company come. All delayed by the air transport being grounded, I expect.

Enclosed are a miscellaneous batch of things, mostly bills. I deposited the money received from Packard, and the deposit slip is enclosed.

Love,

Margie