

March 26, 1953.

Dear Amon:

Some three weeks ago I heard that you were in St. Joseph's Hospital, whereupon I wired you. Since then I have been wondering how you were getting along and hoping you were up and about again. It isn't so much that I expected a letter from you -- I would much rather have one from Minnie any day -- but the absence of any report has made me anxious. At any rate, do have someone drop me a line and let me know how you are.

Here Mamie and I are trying to keep up with the limitless demands that are made upon us, and impatiently awaiting spring weather. Today we arranged to have an official luncheon on board the Williamsburg -- in the hope that it would be sunny and mild -- and of course it is cold and windy and disagreeable.

We have had the grandchildren with us for a couple of weeks, which is always a joy. They will stay here at least until after the "Egg Roll" which comes the day after Easter, and is something which I face with trepidation.

Do let me hear from you.

As ever,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be the initials 'DZ' with a flourish extending to the right.

P.S.: Mamie and I again want to tell you of our thanks for your thought in sending us those delicious steaks.