

November 9, 1965

Dear Annie and Boris:

Both Bill and I have been feeling guilty for a long time, because we have not written to you. As a matter of fact, the last letter we had from you was from Fryksos, and you mentioned that you would be leaving Sundsör for Zug about September 15. You would have heard from me in September, if you had signified that you would be in Sweden the latter part of September--the reason being that our very nicest neighbors on this block, Allan Wilson and his wife Vera, were planning to leave for Sweden about 17 or 18 September. Allan is from Nebraska of Swedish parentage, and even speaks Swedish as he learned as a baby and small child from Swedish maids, but he had never been in Sweden. He was so excited about the trip that he took Swedish lessons at the Embassy and polished up his speech. Both of them have been in Europe many times, but never in Sweden. He had to go over for a meeting in Vienna--no, Munich-- so it seemed the logical step to take to go to Sweden first. So since I was sure both wives and husbands in this case would "hit it off", as our American slang puts it, in your case, I was really sorry that you could not meet.

Here we had a simply frightful summer--there have been higher temperatures before, but the humidity broke all records. September nearly killed every one off. October was a decent month, now we are having very unlikely mild weather for November, so of course we will pay up for that, beginning any day now. Since there had been almost no weather for months when Bill could go outdoors, we were planning to enjoy October's usually good weather. But unfortunately one of these ghastly flu germs or a virus laid him low for three weeks, with the result that he has only gone out the last six days. The long illness with the wracking cough have made him so weak he can hardly navigate.

With the weather being so frustrating here, I have been arguing again for getting out of Washington, so we discuss and discuss. He does not feel strong enough to get clear away from the United States or even too far from here. There is no year-round equable climate in the U.S. except possibly in San Diego, California--which is very close to the Mexican border. The combination of ocean and mountains there as they reach the tropical area, seem to combine to make an average that sticks throughout the year. So we have given up the idea of finding a whole-year-round climate. And I suspect if Bill has his way, we shall not leave here. At the moment he has sworn that I shall never get him back to Europe again, at least we have progressed that far. (Which reminds me, he would like to tell him how to go about getting the money of his which is in the Zug bank back to America. He has the cheque book and can write a personal check for the amount there, but we cannot be sure of how much there is there. He has record of the amounts withdrawn, but his figures might err in some way or other. Should he sign a cheque leaving the amount blank and send it --and the cheque book itself, of course, for closing out the account-- perhaps to you? If that would not be too much trouble for you? Or should he send it direct to the bank?

Wednesday morning, November 10. I assume you have heard of the gigantic power failure over Northeast U.S. last evening, covering 80,000 square miles (including the part of Canada affected also) and affecting about 20 to 30 million persons. I am not superstitious but I have a feeling the enormous "grid" system for power in one great

wide-spread area, particularly covering the most populous area in the entire country, is a kind of "tempting fate" proposition. If foreign powers ever developed some supernatural means of affecting the atmosphere in an invisible, layk-of-touch-contact manner, we are lost. Bill and I think U.S. has "got too big for its breeches", to use an old country saying--the country has gone absolutely mad over computers. The dratted machines are doing everything. But they can only do what they are told to do, and they can "slip a cog", as well. So who knows?--Perhpas this ghastly, literally-UNBELIEVABLE experience is the fault of a computer.

Well, we were out of the area. So we are only bystanders. For which Thank Goodness.

We do hope Annie is very much improved and rested after the summer and that your plans for Locarno are going well. As I understand it, your Locarno residence will not be ready until spring? And that then you plan to seal the apartment in Menton? (Now there is a place I'd like to own!. But Bill, as I said before, is not for "becoming an expatriate", as he puts it.) (ofcourse that apartment is not only too expensive for us but also too large.)

We have a letter recently from Stuart Hedden. They spend the entire year in their Florida home now, and have sold their Connecticut house. Their daughter and husband live in Albuquerque now and so Stuart and Mabel travel east and west in the South and do not come north at all any more. He had just flown to New York on some business before he wrote; but I think Mabel has not been north for more than two years. As for Florida as a place for us, it is much, much too humid in summer--even more so than here, although the winters are a great improvement on this area.

I can't tell you how often I think of Zug, as well as all the rest of the places in Europe which you have made so pleasurable for us. We long to see you both, and do hope you will be coming to the U.S. soon.

All our love,

WFF wrote P.S.:
 Dear Boris, according to my account the amount of 6951.85 Swiss francs shall be credited to my credit in the Swiss Credit Bank in Zug. I had with that money, on the assumption we were coming back -- but now I feel that is very dubious -- I just don't feel well enough to travel and I don't know what is wrong. I feel very badly about not being able to go through with the idea of leaving the U.S. for good. When I'm able to, I'll write you more in detail. Please forgive me for all we failed to do in the way of ~~the way~~ ~~in the way of~~ keeping our oral promise in regard to