Dear Robert,

There were the golden years, when time meant the future and the present was only a passing increment — you, with your expectant eyes standing over the empty page.

There is no way that past can ever be recovered, except perhaps as a guide for others now too young to have ever been an over-flowing Paris word. You and I standing at the sweet entrance, saying: "Jean, can you imagine a hospital without a police ward? It's impossible! And I'm gonna do it!"

There is much less room to try to say in a letter. So much has
haply, as we all do, in our own personal way. We can both be happy in having accomplished some measure of our joint hopes: me, in a more private way; you, with world-wide acclaim and the gratitude that must come from every mother who bears a child.

I'm glad that you met my son-in-law John; to him and his a bit a comb you are his absolute devotion to his research.

Let's try to get to see them! Either you or I can take the plane and we in D.C.

Affectionately,

[Signature]