

With Carl I always felt that sense of rushing forward as if we were racing against some mysterious, exciting destiny. How different was Bob—young, carefree, relaxed and easy-going—nearer, indeed, to Jackie in his outlook on life. With him, I could feel that life was leisurely, and something meant to be more peacefully enjoyed. Life with Carl was an unending succession of records set and building accomplished, rewarding and enduring, but tormenting to the nerves of those who raced and those who built.

Once, after Carl left me, I was so overwhelmed by that sense of haste, that I felt that I might never again have time to thank him for all he had done. I sat down at my desk and wrote him, the words hurrying on the paper:

Dearest Carl:

You are so generous and, oh, so difficult to thank. But I not only must thank you, but you must know and understand how grateful, how appreciative I am. First, dear, thank you for my beautiful carpets—if you only knew how I love their softness, how serenely quiet they make all the house. Thanks for my wonderful radio. It is thrilling to get all the stations in the world, London, Paris, Rome, China. Thanks for sending my horse, "June Rose." Jackie sends thanks for his pony. And thanks, dear, for the fine electric refrigerator and for giving me the beautiful dining-room furniture. Thanks for the station wagon and for the Packard (which I hate to admit rides better than my stylish Minerva)—and last, dear, for my home and for the new home in Miami Beach, dear, which I hope is going to be near yours. I've enumerated all, because I want you to realize every little thing and all the big things you've ever done for me. How it touches me deeply. I also, dear, appreciate your including me in the wedding present to Hal Talbot. What did you send? It is such a lovely day, I wish you were here. I hope you are feeling better, dear,—it is my constant hope that your liver trouble will be cured. Why not go to Johns Hopkins—if you like I will go out with you, Bob won't mind. Listen, do be careful what kind of a cook you hire—perhaps you had better wait until I come down to find one for you. My love to you, dear.

Jane.

One morning when he drove over Bob was away. "We'll have an old-time flirtation and breakfast under the apple trees," I told him.