

Thursday Evening

Dearest Moms:

Thanks for your nice letter which I received tonight when I got home. I meant to write you last night or the night before, but have been so tired when I got home, that I just flopped and tried to get to bed early. It is a nervous strain on a new job and I certainly was tired. Hope to goodness you will get this Saturday, even tho I won't mail it til I go out tomorrow morning.

The new job is simply wonderful. And I think it will get more so as time goes on and I get more familiar with the place. The set-up is a bit different from what I had expected, but I like it nevertheless. Mr. Baldwin's office is on a floor where all the top writers for the Times have their office - about 12 or 15 offices on the corridors, I should say - all behind closed doors, but very few of the offices are occupied. I understand a lot of them do their work at home, and then a lot are also over seas. Don't even see many secretaries around. About the only people I come in contact with are the mail boys and a receptionist on the floor from whom I get desk supplies. Right now, I consider myself mostly Mr. Baldwin's private secretary, as I seem to do more for him directly than I do for the Times. He gets lots of letters "for" or "against" his articles and he answers them all, dictating them to me, and some he lets me answer, just a sentence or two of acknowledgement. Also, I do reference work for him - going to the Library at the Times to look things up, or digging out articles, etc. His articles that he writes for the paper he types out himself. He has an article in every Monday, Wednesday & Friday and in the News of the Week Review Section on Sunday, with occasional articles in the Magazine Section and Book Review section. There will be one in the latter this coming Sunday, I think.

He is a very quiet, serious type, but very nice, and I like him very much. He is tall and thin - 47 yrs. old. His oldest daughter is going to enter Smith this fall. He has written several books and is a very well-known and well-thought of authority on affairs military. He has 3 large maps of Korea on the wall, one of which he keeps marked up 2 or 3 times a day as to the progress of the battle. He has a whole closet full of books, I should say every one that has been written on Army, Navy, Air Force, weapons, etc. etc. is there. Of course, I make lots of phone calls for him, take messages, etc. I think it is just the kind of job I would like - working for a nice person, well-known, doing interesting, vital and "alive" work. I am substituting for the only other person working for ~~xxxx~~ him - a man, called his "assistant", who also acts as his secretary. There is no girl secretary. I have just a feeling that I may be in on trial as a secretary, for I gather that both Mr. Baldwin and the man have more to do than they can handle. And Mr. B. told me that during the war he had a staff of 4 or 5, so maybe with the Korean war and things like that being of such vital interest these days, they could use a gal. I have two more weeks to go after tomorrow, so will give it lots of thought - and perhaps hope that I am asked by Mr. B. himself to stay on. He is a very smart man, no doubt of that, and a very fine one, too - a perfect, quiet, gentleman-type.

I didn't see Ted Thorne until today, as he was out of town, but we had a nice chat together after work. He is going to take me around the

place on Monday. Mr. B. will come in Saturday but would rather I come in Monday to take phone calls for him - his day off. He said he would give me lots to do tomorrow to keep me busy on Monday. Today I left at 6. He himself said I could come and go pretty much as I please, so that is nice.

To go back to the weekend. It poured both days. Saturday I did lots of reading, washed the slip covers to the chairs in the machine, drying them in the boiler room and ironed them. Had an early supper by myself and went to see the movie "the 3rd Man". Took an 11 AM train Sunday out to Levittown. We couldn't do much on account of the rain, but Fred, Susan & I took a drive in the afternoon. I thought he might be buying a different house, but it is one of Mr. Levitts - although it will be an entirely different location - don't know where yet. They don't either. The little girls are so cute. Susan is a dear and my favorite now. I told them they better love her most. She is a darling. Such beautiful big blue eyes and long black lashes. ~~And~~ And her hair! While it is getting darker underneath, the top was a mass of golden ringlets - due to the dampness, beautiful. And can now understand a lot of words she says, and it is such fun to hear her. She talks all the time. Can't get most of it, but a lot of it you can. The little one is cute, too, and she just loves Susan. The minute Suse is in sight, the little one laughs and Suse plays with her so nicely - for a few minutes. Guess the little one is Sally. Susan calls her that, also "titter". Susean also says "Aunt Julie" - in her fashion, but it is understandable, so that's what counts. Susan looked fine, I thought. She isn't fat, but looked all right. She is on the go so constantly, she can't gain much fat. She ate better, too, than I had seen her recently. Peggy has lost weight, I think, but seemed fine, as did Fred.

Monday was a glorious day here. I went to the bank and had a nice luncheon with the Compton people and saw others, too. Came home and did a machine wash of clothes and then went up to Sis Palmer's (Compton) for supper.

Guess I will take it easy here this weekend. Have lots of reading to do - NY Times, etc. on World Affairs. Must be intelligent, now. Also, have done no cleaning and the apartment could stand a bit. Will plan, however, to come home for Labor Day weekend, but will write you again next week about it for sure.

Was interested in all the clippings you sent. Missed entirely, reading anything about the fire on "our" boat. Horrible. Guess we would never go now - glad we got the trip in.

Must go to bed now, dear. Am more used to being alone this week than I was last. Just a question of getting accustomed to it. Want to get to bed early. I find I am apt not to get started early enough when I am alone, but must tonight, as I am tired.

Write again soon.

All love,

Julia.

No new word from the girls. They will be in Switzerland this week.



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