July 24, 1920

Dear Boy Blue,

I did not intend to start another letter to you so soon but really what can I do when so many wonderful things happen all at once? I just have to tell my precious Pal right away. You see when something perfectly scrumptious happens to me it seems twice as lovely if I tell you about it; and when something painful happens it seems only half as bad as it really is it I confide in you. That’s one of the advantages resulting from having a Pal – he doubles the joy and halves the sorrows.

First of all, little boy, look at me! Say: “Cross my heart, hope to die, if I don’t believe in fairies.” Hustle up! ‘cause if you don’t declare your faith in fairies I can’t take you with me to Fairy-land. Are you ready? Then let’s follow a moonbeam out to the Milky Way and sit down on a hillside of star-dust where I can tell you about the gifts the fairies have brought to Marjorie Daw.

I spent the day at the Museum and had a long talk with Dr. Matthews. He explained how the delay came about in my appointment and was altogether most pleasant. He says I may begin whenever I want to, in the middle of August or not until Sept. and that the appropriation can run over into next year if necessary so that I can have full five months for the Cuban work. He states that he wants to have me later on for a research associate, like Dr. Gregory, on the regular staff of the Dept. of Vertebrate Pal. to undertake succession invertebrate research problems which arise in connection with the vertebrate work. But he cannot at present offer me this position. He said some things about Pussy that I won’t commit to paper.

Now guess what! For these five months my title is to be “research assistant to Mr. Brown” and I understand that I am to consider him my boss to report to and confer with him and be responsible to him alone. Don’t you feel set up at having the exclusive rights of a research assistant all your own? No other curator has a special, private assistant to work up his material. I hope you won’t mind having me thus thrust upon you. And please, Mr. Man, will you be a very hard task master? Will you make me toe the mark and be good and call you Honorable Curator? Will you little boy? But indeed I need no harder task master than my own self.

Pal I do hope you like the arrangement. For me – I am overjoyed. I know of no one else whom I would accept for a scientific “boss”, but I shall love to work under and for you. It will make me very happy and I shall give you the best there is in me. I know that it was through your efforts that I’ve gotten this chance to be connected with your dept. and I want to produce good work so that you can feel proud of me and have no regrets at having stood sponsor for me.

My return to the fold was a regular triumphal march. I haven’t seen any of the women for a long time on account of working there at nights only. So my appearance seemed quite sudden to them and they were all of them lovely to me. I was kissed and embraced and congratulated on my return, while “sprees” and luncheons were planned for, making me think that I must be popular. Everyone said that I was looking extra well and I was asked if I’d been away in the country. I received piles of compliments on my appearance but modesty bids me refrain from repeating them. However they must all be true because no woman ever says a nice thing about another woman unless it’s true ten times over. And everyone noticed that I’m getting fat. I’ve gained in pounds – isn’t that dandy? Last winter, and all this spring I was so pale all the time that I thought I’d lost the roses from my cheeks for good but now my color has come back good as ever. Pal I like to have the women feel friendly towards me. I didn’t used to get along with other women and I didn’t care whether I did or not. But I began to realize that there’s something wrong with a woman who can’t get along with other members of her sex, the ability to get along with other women is an art which can be cultivated the same as any other and it’s a great social asset. Knocking around as I have this past year has helped me to learn how to get along . . . “

[NOTE: Letter ends in the middle of the sentence. No second page.]