“Dear Pal,

 I’m starting in nice and primly just the way you always begin your letters. You wouldn’t change that salutation for anything, would you? You wouldn’t call me “Dear Monkey” or “Saucy Marjorie Daw” or “Dear Marjorie” without the Daw or anything else venturesome. Indeed not! You stick to the straight and narrow just like the good little boy you aren’t. Well, that simply means that I have to have originality enough for two, and I won’t begin a letter with a cut and dried “Dear Pal.” So now I’ll have to begin all over again.

 My very dear Boy Blue please note the wonderful progress I’m making in weaning myself. I haven’t written a word to you since – last night. Don’t you admire my self-restraint? Why do you suppose I always want to do the things I shouldn’t do, and what makes me want to write just the particular kind of letters that I do write to you? Other folks I’m sure don’t have such desires. I’m sure Miss Percy would never feel an overwhelming desire to write to you as I do and I’m sure she never would have even at my age. I guess some folks are just born good and other are born full of the old nick. I don’t take naturally to conventionality, primness, and sedateness the way most good mortals do. I’m likely to curl up on a chair when I ought to be sitting bolt upright with my feet firmly planted on the floor, but worse than this, I’ve gotten really chummy with a high mighty august Curator and I most always forget to dignify him with his proper title. Shall I hereafter address you “Respected and Honorable Curator” – shall I Sphinxie dear? Boo! But I’d like to play hide-and-seek with you tonight out in the Milky Way.

 I’ve been watching the papers every day to see if there were any wireless report of your steamer having passed any other steamer, and now I’m watching for your landing. There hasn’t been a word in as yet though its twelve days since you sailed.

 I wish that I could be in London these next two or three weeks to hear daily reports of progress. I feel so far away. The general economic and financial outlook seems to me to be mighty favorable to you. I’ve been following the oil situation throughout the world in the papers and Great Britain seems to be more keenly alive to the necessity of Government control of oil fields than does the U.S. They have rather quietly and without much comment been landing troops in the Caucasus to protect the Baku fields. The government has been negotiating to gain control over the stock of one of the biggest British oil firms, the Shell Transport & Trading Company, with the express purpose of keeping American interests from absorbing companies controlling actual or potential sources of Great Britain’s oil supply. The time is ripe to offer a new field. The British are far seeing and they are planning for the equipment of their navy. Last week the first oil driven ocean liner sailed from our shores. The British navy will not be slow in adopting the new fuel and that will mean a tremendously increased demand. While the English can get a good deal of oil on their little island they must ever be dependent upon foreign fields and cannot assume the air of aloofness which American interests have. Pal, if ever a project should go through yours should and I shall live in an atmosphere of expectancy from day to day awaiting the good news. I do so want you to win not alone because of the money but because it’s a big thing in all ways scientifically, economically and financially. The money would give you a blessed feeling of security and solidarity, and the power to do many things you have dreamed of. I feel so remote, so unable to help in any way, but I’m just always wishing you luck and all success.

 I was wondering if you wanted any of your mail forwarded – the business letters from oil companies, etc. – but I guess you’ve made other arrangements since all of your letters have been opened. I’ve been to your office only a couple of times but don’t think I’ll go anymore. It’s lonesome without you and anyway I don’t feel as though I had any right there. Someone has appropriated the large central table and has it covered with casts of brains – I guess Dr. Gregory is working there.

 If I do hear from Matthew I shall of course give up my position because I promised you I would. As things look now, I may not stay where I am after July 1st anyway, whether I go to the Mus. or not. My busy mind is full of all sorts of schemes for my future now that I’m going to be a bachelor maid for good. Constant association and working with imbeciles as I am now doesn’t quite fill the bill for Marjorie Daw’s future. I’ll tell you more about it in my next letter if there is one.

 Could I, since you’re 3,000 miles away, sign myself your affectionate Marmoset? That’s only a quotation from a Museum label in the Hall of Apes anyway.

----------