



THE FOREIGN SERVICE
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Bethesda, Md.
Nov. 7, 1948

Dear Pop,

Well my dear, we haven't heard from you in a long time, and wish we had. No letter since the one right after you came back from Norge. I suppose we will receive one soon.

It's a glorious warm, clear day- the pleasant aftermath of what was practically a tropical thunderstorm yesterday, and the warmest day of November sixth since the weather bureau started interesting itself in those matters. We went out for the first time in several weeks, to see a revival of "Henry V". How well it was worth the price of admittance and of Carol the Sitter! I was fascinated by the illuminated-manuscript aspect of the whole thing- the odd perspectives, the out-of-proportion sets, and the Fairy Princess feeling Olivier put into the production. The small revival house was chockablock, and although we were there a good deal before it was officially necessary, we just managed to acquire title to two not very good seats in spite of our fore-handedness. The rain was so heavy on the roof that they had to turn up the sound track. Justlike Caracas!

We had the Davises and the Fishburns out to dinner last Friday night, and enjoyed ourselves a great deal. The Fishburns were both at the Fletcher School when William was, and he is now in the Department. I like them both very much, and find them happily enthusiastic- a great recommendation, for me. I'm sorry to have to announce that some of William's Fletcher School pals tend to a variety of highly respectable and worthy dullness, tho' I don't know why they should. Naturally the talk centered on the elections, and what fantastic elections they were! Montgomery County, in which we live, went Republican like mad, but nonetheless a good many people I've spoken to seem strangely elated over Truman's victory. I think no one can help rejoicing over the triumph of man, or a horse, or a greyhound who was considered a sure loser. I'm also pretty sure that no one became affectionate over Thomas Elusive Dewey, even his supporters. Good old Ickes! What a wonderful remark that was! I admire a phrasemaker as powerful as that. I suppose Time Magazine will tell you about the Washington Post's invitation to the Crow Banquet, where editors and poll-takers will gather to eat breast of tough old crow en glace while Uncle Harry eats turkey- except that he won't, it appears. Laurence John was soon conversant with the situation, and told our guests on Friday night, when asked who won the elections "Uncle Hawwy did!"

Laurence John has been as ever, busy with his concerns. You should be flattered to learn that the other day he remarked "Isn't Abuelito Campbell NICE? He gave me this BOOTIFUL racing car." Yes, some of the toys and books you brought down to Caracas last February still survive. He has become very fond of the "Train that Lost Its Whistle" book, and of course he always did greatly favor the Mr. Small books. He still plays with the little fireboat in his bath, and the spring is leading an important independent existence on its own, since it fell out of the interstices of the boat itself.

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His conversation is as usual, strange and wonderful. We went over to see the fine new-old house that B.C. Hart and his mother have rented in Alexandria last Sunday, and on the way L.J. was talkative in the usual way, and we paid as much attention as we usually do to his ~~chaotic~~ chaotic stream-of-consciousness stuff. He was going on thirteen to the dozen when all of a sudden it dawned on me that he was shouting "But it's so stupid, that's what I can't understand! Can you beat that? It's so stupid! Why do they do it?" We never found out what he considered so ill-judged, although I made tactful inquiries immediately. I gathered that it probably had something to do with the fact that there are several bridges over the Potomac River, and he only thought it necessary to have one bridge—the one we went over on. But I'm not really sure at all that that was the cause of his outburst. He and Virginia Davis had a little talk on Friday night, on which occasion L.J. was able to set Virginia right on certain points. She had on a silver foxcape which interested him. "It's a nice, soft little bunny, Laurence John," said Virginia. "No, that's not a rabbit." "Then it must be a hop-toad," said a chastened Virginia. "Hop-toads don't have fur" announced my son. "What do they have if they don't have fur?" asked Virginia. "They have skin, and I have skin, and dogs and bunnies have fur." After that Virginia retired from the argument in complete rout. Laurence John was delighted at the rain last night at supper. "It's raining daddy. You can't go out to the moving pictures." William reminded him that we would go in the car and not get wet. "But it's raining HARD, and Carol wan't be able to come out in the rain, so you can't go EITHER!" I went out to do my Christmas shopping yesterday, and came back with a book for him. But while he and William were shopping for groceries L.J. fell in love with and bought a book about a train entitled "Tootles", so when I told I also had a book for him he said kindly but firmly "No mamma, I already HAVE a book. While I have "Tootles" I don't need another book." And that's the way he always is about toys and books. He makes up his mind immediately as to what he wants to purchase at a store, and refuses to let me buy him any other thing.

Talking about the Christmas shopping, I gave up waiting for a word from you re Helen's desires and/or needs. So you will soon get a package from Woodward and Lothrop containing an assortment of miscellaneous goodies and cocktail accessories. I was hard put to think what you might be lacking, but settled on things which I thought would probably not be stocked in a PX grocery store, basing my choice on the assumption (spelling?) that you probably have the sort of things that are current in an A&P, and no frills. Merry Christmas, my dears!

It's now high time to make Sunday dinner. Acorn squash and the perennial favorite, hamburgers. Fortunately, we like them very much.

Love,