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Dear Page,

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Your letter was a most welcome surprise, and you were quite wrong to think I would have to be reminded who you are. I remember most vividly the ~~the~~ days you were down in Coral Gables with us, and how much we enjoyed having you along on excursions. Examples of your photographic skill are in my album now, and they bring back the whole delightful atmosphere of Matheson Hammock beach. I wish I were down there now, it's so cold up here! It was very, very kind of you to write to me, and I enjoyed your letter very much. I was only sorry to read that dear "Uncle Ted" had been in Washington last month without my knowing about it! I expect the letter took a longer time to reach us than normally it would have, for it went all the way down to Caracas and then back up here again. It's my own fault, though, for not having let the Blisses and Uncle Ted know that we had been transferred. I just wrote them a Christmas card with a little note on it telling them what we've been doing, but of course they haven't gotten it yet. It provokes me no end to think I might have had the pleasure of seeing him if I had written them only a month sooner!

We were transferred from Caracas after four years there last May, and then we took two months home leave before William had to begin work at the Department. He is working in the American Republics Affairs division now, and in all probability we will stay in the United States for the next three years or so before being sent out to the field again. Our two months leave were more than a little hectic, due to the presence of little Laurence John, who is two and a half years old and objects strenuously to changes of any sort. Then we had to look for a house to put ourselves in, and that was quite a problem. We finally had to dig up the buried treasure and up-end the old sock, in order to buy a house, for we could find none to rent. So now here we are in Bethesda, and I am seeing what life for an "American Housewife" is. Well, it's good for the soul, that's sure! We like our new little house, and our only regret is for the perpetual baby-sitter we had down in Caracas - a nice Italian nursemaid who left us free to come and go as we pleased. But we have two things here which we didn't have there: 1) a guest room always available, and 2) our friends much nearer & hand than formerly. That's why I am so sad that your letter didn't reach me in time to get in touch with Uncle Ted - we could have had him out here to stay with us for a while!

I was interested to know that you are so fond of San Francisco. I know several people who have had the same reaction as you did. They came, saw, and were conquered. I was only there once, when I was six, so the magic couldn't work on me. But it must indeed be a delightful place, since everyone who has been there for any length of time seems to think it would be a wonderful place to spend the rest of his life. I

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don't suppose we'll ever be lucky enough to get to know San Francisco, since it's so far from Washington, and Washington is the only place we ever go to in the United States. Still, you can never say what's going to happen in the future.

Dear old Pan American Airways! I still love it in spite of its faults, but I'm afraid it isn't a very good company to work for. I had a fine time while I was there, but I was underpaid enormously, so that I had to spend a small inheritance in order to get a little jam for my crust of bread. While we were in Caracas one of my old bosses came down there to be Traffic Manager for PAA. He had worked for them about ten years, and was considered one of their fair-haired boys, but when PAA decided to retrench, he was fired with a months pay and a slight murmur of thanks. Which is not my idea of the workings of a good employee policy. Still, I certainly did enjoy working for them! I loved the excitement of the airports, the comings and goings and great stirrings. However, in my old age I think it would take more than ninety dollars a month and the promise of some excitement to make me get up at three o'clock in the morning to be on the job! Page, it certainly is nice not to be young and flighty any more. It's so much more comfortable this way. Good old stodginess! But I'm happy to see that Uncle Ted hasn't lost any of his old verve, as is witnessed by the fact that he is willing to dash all around the continent in a bus, of all vehicles! I wonder if the flat you mentioned is the same one he had when I was down there- over a garage, or something of the sort. If it was, I'm sure it was a most delightful flat with or without ~~xxxxxxxx~~ hot water, having been impregnated with Uncle Ted's unquenchable joie de vivre. I envy you the chance of exposure to his happy attitude, because as I remember the walls themselves seemed slightly optimistic.

Once more, thank you very much for remembering me and writing to me. I hope that you will soon find a job to your liking, but if you don't and are once more wandering around, I hope your wanderings take you in the neighborhood of Bethesda. I should like to see you again.

Affectionately,