

5208 Glenwood Rd.
Bethesda, Md.

Dear Piet and Albert,

People ask me, now and then, how are the Caan family coming on, and I often wonder myself. I hope that the long and dismal silence from your side doesn't mean that you found things in a state of chaos down there on your arrival. I hope little Michael and big Bill are as fine as ever, and that Michael has lost his taste for unusual beverages. I hope their poppa and momma are working hard but not to the point of exhaustion or near it, and that they have sparetime in which to kick their heels a bit or just contemplate infinity. I hope the weather in Caracas continues idyllic, and that you haven't had to put on any snow suits recently. I hope you have found some good people to know down there. Etc. etc.

Due probably to my not having written for such a time I find little to say about ourselves. I am pleased with summer, and hope it will last unusually long this year. We have driven up to grandmamma's farm two times, and left the boy there for a few days while we gave a (for us) huge cocktail party for Jane and Allan Dawson, who have been assigned to Santiago de Chile. It is Allan's dream post, so I'm so glad he got it. He will be Counsellor down there, and as he adds always, a bankrupt into the bargain. William hasn't been investigated by any committees so far and life is fairly peaceful. All we really lack is some more Caan, right near by. We are as always ready and eager to receive any and all Caans and Terpenings on their own terms. I hate to be maudlin, but the fact is that in my opinion there is NOTHING or NO ONE like a Caan.

But if it wouldn't be going too much against your principle, I would settle for a short note.

Love from us all,

