

June 12, 1944

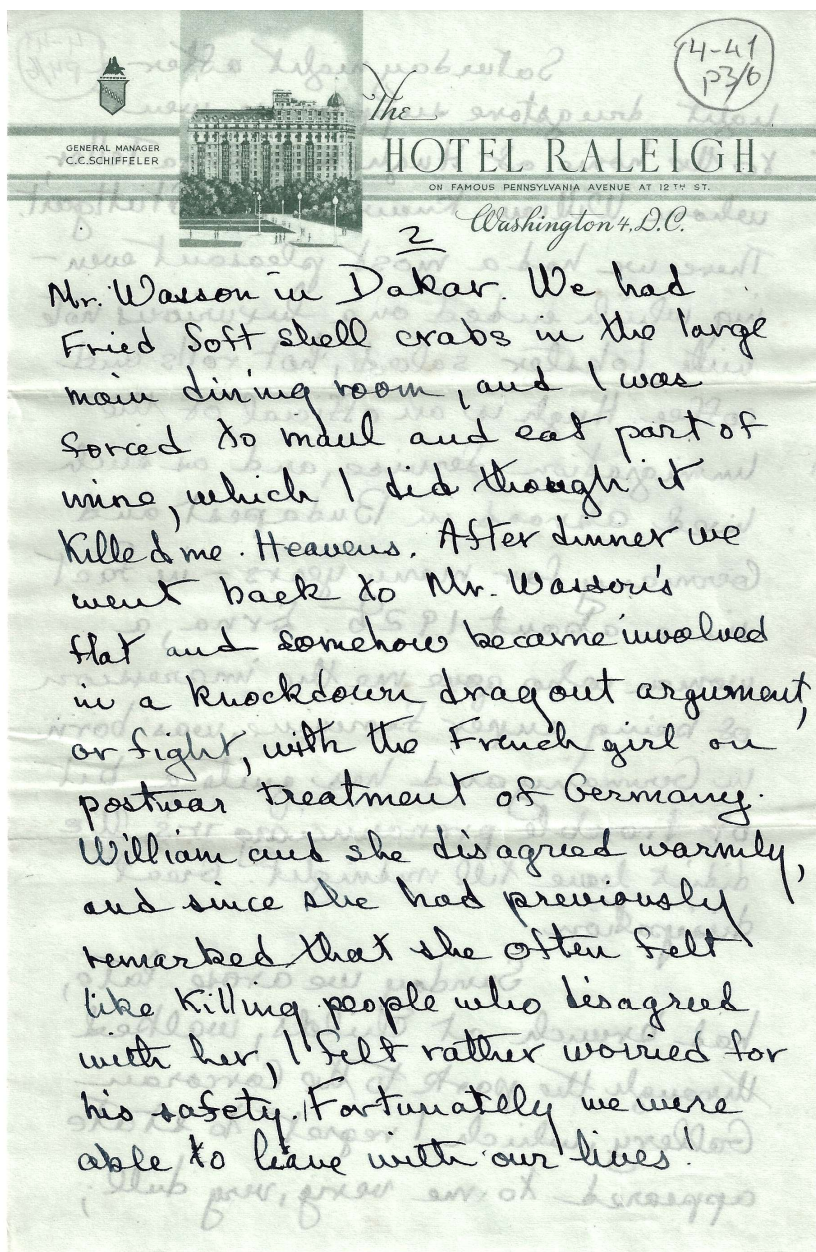
Dear Mother and Jimmy,

The high hopes we were nourishing, for getting away sometime this week or next, were dashed to the ground by the news that the draft board had not gotten around to reviewing William's case. The woman who handles the State Dept's liaison work with Selective Service now says that this coming Thursday, the 15th, will be our next chance, since the volunteers who serve on the board meet only that night. If they take up his case then, she says that he might get his exit permit in about five days thereafter. So here we are.

Our social life has been comparatively active. Last Friday evening we went out to the Kennedy-Warren Apartments across the bridge over Rock Creek Park (where the Jesters also live, and which

I have dubbed the Kennedy Rabbit Warren (4-41
 because of its enormous human content) (P2/6)
 to dine with Consul Tom Wasson, a
 rather mannered bachelor in his middle
 forties, who would have been William's boss
 had he been able to get to Dakar in 1941
 as originally assigned. Tom Wasson pre-
 ceded Perry Jester in Lagos, and is famous
 throughout the Colony for having caught the
 largest barracuda on record. The Lagos
 Rod and Reel Club presented him with a
 silver cup for his feat, which he displays
 prominently in his two-room apartment, along
 with ebony heads, elephant chairs, and other
 souvenirs from Lagos. He lived above the Consulate
 there, as we did. He gave us a delicious Old-
 Fashioned very reminiscent of Nigerian days,
 and introduced us to his other guests, a
 little grey man and his Bahston wife who
 are proceeding to Jidda (the port of Mecca)
 in the near future, a very nice girl named
 Gould who went to Vassar and is the daugh-
 ter of the Consul General in Casablanca,
 plus a very pretty French girl named Féraud,
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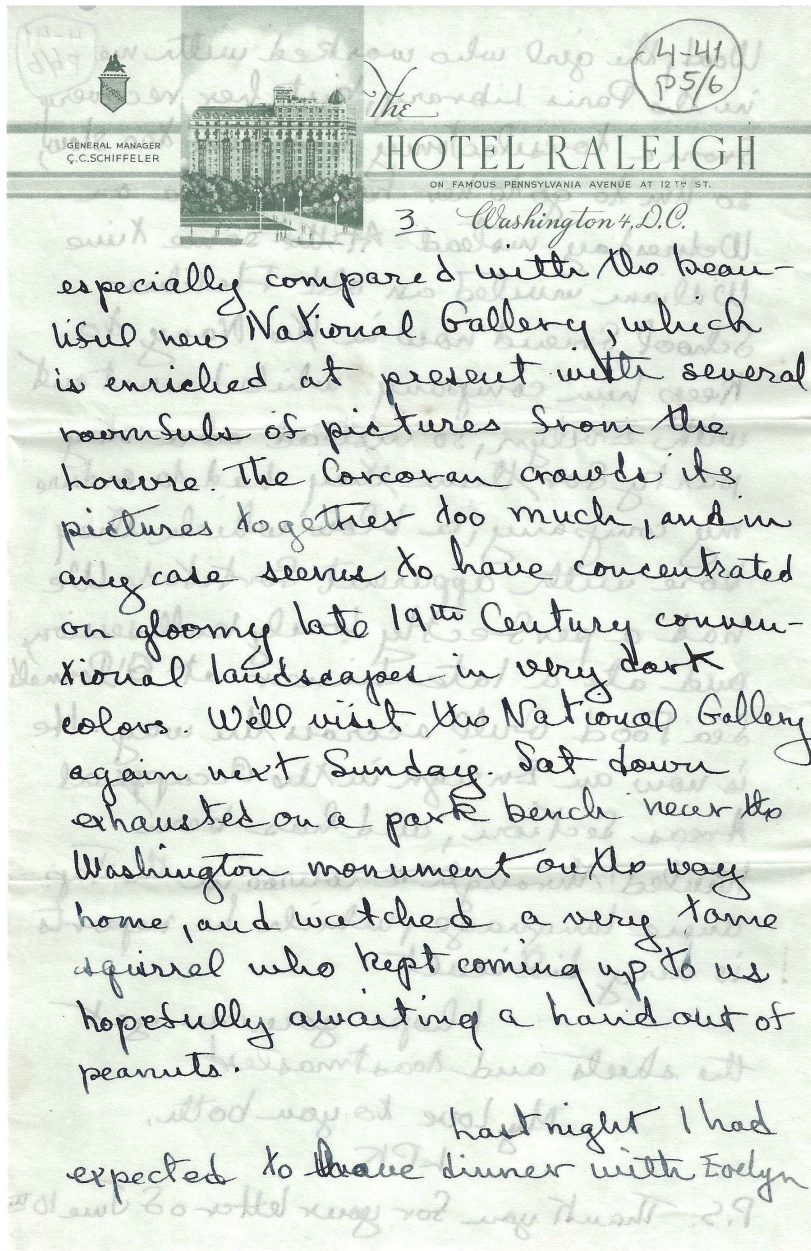
Mr. Wasson in Dakar. We had Fried Soft shell crabs in the large main dining room, and I was forced to maul and eat part of mine, which I did though it killed me. Heavens. After dinner we went back to Mr. Wasson's flat and somehow became involved in a knockdown drag out argument or fight, with the French girl on postwar treatment of Germany. William and she disagreed warmly, and since she had previously remarked that she often felt like killing people who disagreed with her, I felt rather worried for his safety. Fortunately we were able to leave with our lives!

Saturday night after a ⁴⁻⁴¹ _{P4/6} light drugstore supper we went to the home of Hugh and Erna Teller, whom William knew well in Stuttgart. There we had a most pleasant evening which ended on a luxurious note with lobster salad, hot rolls and coffee. Hugh is an official of the Immigration Service, and as such lived abroad in Budapest and Germany for many years - in fact since about 1925. Erna, a woman who gave me the impression of being super feminine, was born in Germany and has quite a bit of trouble pronouncing v's. We didn't leave till midnight. Great dissipation.

Sunday we arose late, had brunch at Childs, walked through the park to the Corcoran Gallery, which I regret to state appeared to me very, very dull;

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especially compared with the beautiful new National Gallery, which is enriched at present with several roomfuls of pictures from the Louvre.

The Corcoran crowds its pictures together too much, and in any case seems to have concentrated on gloomy late 19th Century conventional

landscapes in very dark colors. We'll visit the National Gallery again

next Sunday. Sat down exhausted on a park bench near the Washington

monument on the way home, and watched a very tame squirrel who

kept coming up to us hopefully awaiting a handout of peanuts.

Last night I had expected to have dinner with Evelyn

Wood, the girl who worked with me in the Paris Library, but her recovery from a tonsillectomy had been too slow, so I'm to go to her house for tea on Wednesday instead. At the same time William invited an old Fletcher School friend now in the Navy to keep him company while I went out with Evelyn, so instead of a stag party for them they had to endure my company, a blow which they bore with apparent fortitude. We had a perfectly lovely bull session and ate a late dinner at O'Donnell's Sea Food Grill across the way. He is now an Ensign in the Occupied Areas Section, and has been hauled through a course in the Japanese language, which he reports is very difficult.

I hope you can get the sheets and toastmaster!

My love to you both,
LPK

P.S. Thank you for your letter of June 10th

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