



THE FOREIGN SERVICE  
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Bethesda  
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Dear John and Mona,

Here is Pop's family letter. Isn't it wonderful that he's having such a fine time! It's just the sort of thing he's always wanted to do- enough work, enough play, enough money, enough travel. He certainly is seeing everything in sight and a little beyond. Well, God bless him, he deserves it.

I'm also enclosing a check for my nieces' Christmas presents, having wandered through Woodward and Lothrop's store to no avail. I tried to think back to what I wanted for Christmas at those ages and was thoroughly stumped. All I remember is that I didn't like dolls very much- but that was no help, only a hindrance. I hope Mona knows approximately what they both want, and that this will help to get something nice for each of them. I wish I could see them, but in any case give each of them a kiss for their elderly aunt.

Wil iam has been stewing and fretting and working all hours of the day and night over his revolution. A very sad thing it was, too. The first popularly elected president of Venezuela in all its history turned out of office after only eight months or so by a group of self-seeking, military-minded army officers with no more than one or two thoughts between the lot of them, and those not good thoughts. All this entirely outside and beyond the capabilities or complete honesty of the boys who were elected overwhelmingly last December. They may not have been angels, and they obviously came to power in the first place by violence themselves, but they were kept in power twice by means of fair elections. Ah well, it's hard to say what to do next, but whatever should be done it isn't intervention, which would be the kiss of death for the elected government.

We just finished reading C.S. Lewis' book "Out of the Silent Planet". Perhaps not quite your line, but almost. If you haven't read it yet, you might be interested to do so. It was very exiting and well written.

Time to wake up the Whirling Dervish. Thank goodness it stopped raining after 48 hours of drizzle, or L.J. would have put me into St. Elizabeth's for sure.

Love,