

5208 Glenwood Road
Bethesda, Maryland
April 14, 1949

Dear Mary Lo,

The mail room at the Department of State has asked me politely but firmly to tell all my correspondents that we have left the American Embassy in Caracas, Venezuela, and are now in Washington on a three-to-four-years' assignment. All our mail has been going down there and then coming back up here again for the past ten months, so their attitude is understandable. My husband, Bill, is now working in the political section of the Department that deals with northern and western South America, and since we are not going to leave the United States for several years, we have bought a house out here in Maryland where young Laurence John, aged three, can run about.

We were sort of sorry to leave the eternally spring-like mountains around Caracas, but we had been there four years and restlessness had set in. While we were down there we saw Don Thompson, as well as another Swarthmore boy whose name I'm afraid I've forgotten. Don was working for one of the oil companies as a Labor Relations man, and later on his boss told me the company was very pleased with his work. Don came to our house one night, and the three Swarthmores had a long, happy talk. Don has led a most interesting life since leaving college. He told us all about his adventures in India with the British Army during the war, and showed me a picture of a friend of his from those days, an imposing looking African who came from the same part of Africa where Bill and I were married- Lagos, Nigeria. Don was as enthusiastic and outspoken as ever, and from an evening's talk with him I should say that even if he is working for one of those capitalistic oil companies, he certainly hasn't sold out to the interests!

Also while we were in Caracas I think I can lay claim to having sold Swarthmore to a prospective student, Barbara Woodson, who should be a sophomore by this time, and I imagine an excellent one. I worked on her quietly but persistently, feeling that she would like Swarthmore and Swarthmore would like her. I am becoming quite a proselytizer for what I consider a good cause!

Recently I managed to place Laurence John (commonly known as the Whirling Dervish) with his grandmother and take a few days off in New York, where I was very pleased to see my two ex-roommates, Peggy Tebbetts Frantz and Ruth Ray Graham. Tebby is still her wonderful self, though I missed the dirndls which used to adorn her less dignified days. She and I were quite proud of Ruth Ray, who looked prosperous as could be. We like her art and would dearly love to be able to afford some of it, but as it is we shall just have to bask in her reflected glory. Why didn't I think to pick up a few of her sketches while we roomed together? Hindsight!

Is there anyone else I should inform of our change of address, so the Department's Mail Room will stop hounding me?

Sincerely,

Philinda Campbell Krieg (ex-40)