

Sunday, Nov. 6, 1949
Bethesda, Md.

Dear Pop,

For a week or more I've been hoping to have an opportunity to write to you the very next day, but it hasn't happened till now. Today we were going to go out to Buckeystown and call on William's old Aunt Ella, but the Colombian situation is bad, so William is staying at the office instead. Therefore I have a chance to write you briefly.

I was very, very pleased to think that I may have relieved your mind somewhat on the ohn front, and also that he had finally written to you himself. I was certainly interested in his new sub ect, and I wish I were able to go up there and talk to him myself. I have a few ailments I'd love to have cured in one easy lesson! By the way, I read an article somewhere shortly after I received his letter, telling about a man out in California who is a "practicing hypnotists" and claims, as do his patients, to be able to rid you of headaches, patently psychosomatic complaints, and such odd random ills as the nausea of pregnancy. If someone would please rid me of the nausea of pregnancy the next time I am pregnant I would be wonderfully grateful. My next suggestion is that the hypnotists get to work on colds, and see if they can make me feel more like a living hoo-man bein' when I am suffering from what you insist on calling an S.N.C. As you may know, I'm planning to leave my entire fortune for research in the so-called common cold. I'll leave it to the hypnotists instead if they can do away with that ghastly ~~st~~ feeling colds give you.

William mailed you your copy of the Foreign Service Journal yesterday, which contains My Article. One of the reasons I haven't written to you sooner is that I have become so darned lit'ry lately that I'm working on another article to be entitled "The Well-Stuffed Shirt". It's a moot point whether My Publishers will accept it, however, unless I manage to control my feelings on the sub ect. But I've been having a wonderful time writing and thinking about that new article. So much so that I have twice neglected to put the coffee in the coffee pot before applying the boiling water, and done a whole slew of other absent-minded professor stunts. I'm afraid I shall have to recognize the fact that either my household and my correspondence or else my Art will have to suffer unless I make up my mind to wait till we next get to the field to do my writing.

Re the recognition of Spain, William communicates the following information, in hurt tones: In 1946 or 1947 the United Nations got together and decided upon a policy for Spain. The Slavic bloc wanted Economic sanctions, and most nations wanted something or other to be done to show Spain that people had read about the deals Franco was all ready to make with Hitler and Mussolini during the war (had H. and M. been willing to give enough in return). The United States delegation felt that economic sanctions were far too strong, and suggested as a compromise measure the withdrawing of Ambassadors. This was the final agreement made in the United Nations, and nothing more has been said on the sub ect since then. If we decided to send an Ambassador now it would be a unilateral matter outside the United Nations and contrary to our agreement with the United Nations then. We obviously can't do that, and I even doubt

-2-

if there would be the slightest chance for the succes of a new agreement restoring full diplomatic representation. Because more people than Walter Winchell have a grudge against Franco. The British Labor Party aren't fond of him, neither are the Mexicans, the French, the Cubans, and a whole bunch of people not attached to the Slavic bloc. Needless to say the Slavic bloc would once more rear on its hind legs at the mere suggestion. So that's why there is no Ambassador from the United States in Madrid, and not because the State Department is afraid of Walter Winchell. End quote from William. I'm glad that the economic situation in Spain has become so much, much better than it was when William and I passed through there in 1941. At that time Spain was the saddest, sorriest, hungriest, dirtiest place either of us had seen for a long time. I remember particularly being struck with the fact that the dogs could be seen only in profile, they were so thin. The country obviously hadn't recovered at all from the civil war. I daresay that being neutral at the time of the second World War had a great deal to do with the country's finally getting back to prosperity. I read some of the documents from the files of the German Foreign Office concerning Franco's talks with Hitler (they were published in Foreign Affairs Magazine) and found them really fascinating. Franco is a most astute man- he outsmarted the Germans at each move, but he never did manage to get them to give him as much as he demanded as the price of entering the war on their side. Nevertheless, I was amazed at how well he played his cards. While I read them, I wondered if he hadn't memorized the remarks he was going to make at these meetings. The remarks of the German Foreign Office men and of Hitler were very obviously extemporaneous, but Franco's were so flowery, flattering, and fluent that they seemed too good to be true. Franco was able to say "No cashee no laundry" in such a beautifully subtle way that the Germans must have marveled. Nonetheless, he was constantly repeating that he was perfectly willing to bring Spain in whenever they would promise enough concessions. This naturally doesn't make the French and British love him dearly, let alone the Russians. Old Peron and Uncle Harry would be his only friends if we decided to forgive and forget.

Laurence ohn was telling us what the word "doggle" means, because we asked him why he kept referring to doggles. A-doggle, says he, is an animal without eyes and without mouth. It also has no body. "Well then, what does it have?" It has wings, and it's flat. "Are there some round varieties, too?" "No, they are all flat, and you can't hurt them at all" William asked him if they are like boondoggles. "Heavens no! There is only one kind of doggle." And yet, soon thereafter the boy asked me to pour some doggle on his oatmeal, much to my surprise. I asked him how I could pour a flat, winged doggle onto oatmeal, and he replied, "Oh, this is an extraordinary kind of doggle, that you can pour." The situation has remained static since then. He has a new bathrobe with a belt that he calls his Lion Tamers whip. Needless to say, he immediately nominated me for the post of Lion, and spends a good deal of time keeping us both in training. His favorite words now are "situation", "Soto speak", and "Oh, that's ust a figure of speech!" He can write by hand P, E, H, L, K, T, O, and A and C. Since he dropped the typewriter on the floor and broke a part off he has been concentrating on his hand writing at the blackboard. He dropped it violently in a moment of pet, so there was no alternative.

-3-

William says that it is "in the cards" for him to take a month's trip through Colombia, Venezuela, and Ecuador sometime before next March. He is going to try to put it off till then, leaving possibly at the end of February or so. I asked him to try to arrange this, because I am hoping in an admittedly rather forlorn way that you two may be coming back sometime around then. As I say, it's a forlorn hope, but I thought as long as it could be done on his side, we might as well try it. I plan to be terribly brave and cheerful about his going away for a month, but by George it's going to take a terribly big effort and everyone is going to have to be extremely sympathetic. I shall feel very sorry for myself and very lonely and be a general nuisance all around, so that people will hate me. If I only had a silver-blue mink coat to sell I'd sell it and go with him on the proceeds. That not being the case, I'll have to content myself with being objectionable, morose, weepy, and horrid. However, I'd be as gay a little ray of sunshine as one can see on a May morning, if it happened that you would be coming back during that month. Now don't write and tell me that I mustn't make William feel bad about going on that nice trip, because I've thought of that, and am taking the firmest steps I can in order to hide my True Feelings. And you know what a remarkable Poker Face I am!

I have delayed waking the boy in order to finish this letter, and if I don't get him up pretty soon he won't sleep till midnight tonight.

Much, much love, old dear, from your loving