

8 de Mayo de 1950
5208 Glenwood Road
Bethesda, Maryland, U.S.A.

Cara Paiya,

Estabamos muy contentos todos de recibir su carta el otro dia, porque todas las cartas que habiamos mandado antes a Venezuela habian vuelto a nosotros marcadas "No se Conoce" sin ser abiertas por nadie. Espero que usted a recibido las medias de nylon que le mande por parte del Sr. Mann, en Caracas. Hemos nosotros recibido su gentil paquete que contenia el traje para Lorenzino de lana, etc., y le he escrito inmediatamente despues, pero no creo que usted ha recibido esta carta tampoco.

Lamento mucho que usted ha sufrido tanto del salud en Venezuela que tenia que volver a Italia, sobre todo porque nos parece que Venezuela es de veras el pais de Oportunidad. Sin duda era el mal clima de San Lorenzo que le hizo tanto mal- el clima de Caracas no es asi. San Lorenzo debe ser terrible de tropical. Que bien que esta restablecida ahora!

Lorenzino es todo un hombre ahora, y tendra cuatro anos y medio el once de junio. Va diariamente a una escuela tipo "jardin de ninos", de nueve a doce. No le gusta mucho, pero le ensena a jugar con los otros ninos, y me deja a mi las mananas libres para hacer las tareas domesticas. Hay mucho que hacer, porque no tengo ayuda sino una vez por semana- la costumbre norteamericana. Lorenzino acaba de entrar en la casa (estaba jugando afuera) y ansiste en que le digo de una vez "Lorenzo manda un bel baccio!" Ha perdido sus crespos, y entrado en la edad de "cowboy"- tiene sombrero de cowboy, pantalones de cowboy, pistola de cowboy, quiere todo de cowboy!*- asi son todos los ninos norteamericanos ahora. Sabe escribir su nombre (muy mal) y leer todas las letras y numeros, pero todavia no ha aprendido a leer verdaderas palabras. Le encantan los libros, es un chico inelectual. No se acuerda de nada ni en italiano ni en espanol, sino algunas frases como "pastillas", "Da la mano", "cuidado!" Pero al contrario es un experto en todo lo mecanico- es gran autoridad en camiones, autobuses, trenes, tranvias, autos, maquinas de construccion, vapores, etc. Sabe mas que nosotros en esa materia! Su vocabulario en ingles es enorme ahora, y cada dia nos hace reir por como habla en gran hombre crecido. Le mande a San Lorenzo una foto de el ano pasado, pero temo que no la haya recibido. Ahora no tengo ni una foto que mandarle, por disgracia.

Bueno, querida Ottavia, espero oir muy buenas noticias de usted y de Pietro dentro de poco .

Con el baccio de Lorenzo, y mis saludos mejores,

Translation: page 2

May 8, 1950
5208 Glenwood Road
Bethesda, Maryland, U.S.A.

Dear Paiya,

We were very happy to get your letter the other day, because all the letters we had previously sent to Venezuela came back to us marked "Unknown" without having been opened by anyone. I hope you have received the nylon stockings we sent by way of Mr. Mann, in Caracas. We ourselves received your kind package containing the woolen suit for Laurence, etc., and I wrote to you immediately afterwards, but I don't think you've gotten that letter either.

I am so sorry that you suffered such bad health in Venezuela that you had to go back to Italy, especially since it seems to us that Venezuela is really the Land of Opportunity. It must have been the bad climate of San Lorenzo that caused you so much harm – the climate of Caracas isn't like that. San Lorenzo must be terribly tropical. It's great that you're reestablished now!

Laurence is quite the man now, and will be four and a half years old the eleventh of June. Every day he goes to a "kindergarten" school, from nine to twelve. He doesn't like it much, but it teaches him to play with other children, and it leaves me free in the mornings to do the housework. There's a lot to do because I don't have any help except one day a week – as is customary in North America. Laurence just came home (he was playing outside) and insists that I tell you immediately – "Laurence sends a nice kiss!" He has lost his curls, and is in the "cowboy" phase – he has a cowboy hat, cowboy pants, cowboy pistol, and wants everything "cowboy"! – all the American children are like that. He knows how to write his name (very poorly) and read all the letters and numbers, but still hasn't learned to read real words. He loves books, and is an intellectual kid. He doesn't remember either Italian or Spanish at all, except a few phrases like "pills", "give me your hand", "careful!" But on the other hand, he's the expert on everything mechanical - a great authority on trucks, buses, trains, streetcars, automobiles, construction machinery, steamships, etc. He knows more than we do on those subjects! His English vocabulary is enormous, and every day he makes us laugh by talking like a big grownup man. I sent you a photo last year to San Lorenzo, but I'm afraid you haven't gotten it. Unfortunately, right now I don't have a single photo to send you.

Well, dear Ottavia, I hope to hear good news of you and Pietro soon.

With the kiss from Laurence, and my fondest greetings,