Dear Mama and Papa—

Here I was, calm and resigned and on the verge of forgetting all through of Lanhee, Lannure, and company, BANG! and we're off again. I was in such a state yesterday it was all I could do to keep both my feet on the ground. Here are the details (by the way, yesterday was the 29th!)—

Yesterday morning Mildred calls to ask if I'd seen this article in the paper the night before, and I knew nothing about it. Of course I didn't, so I called Lannure to find out. He, full of joy and enthusiasm, says he was just about to call me and make sure I was still free and able to do the part (Ha! Ha! Free, yet.) It seems he got sick and tired of Lester stalling and, quote, "undependability" that he canceled the contract with
The plan is now this — we start readings Monday or Tuesday, November 3rd or 4th. The original cast with Basehart as Lautrec. They want to open the very first week of December at the latest, with Laurence himself doing a good bit of the directing. (I read in Variety last night that they’re trying to get Mamoulian; wouldn’t that be something?) Anyway, this time it’s the “McCoy”. Laurence says they have the money for New York right now but he wants to run it here for about four weeks before heading East. So that’s that.

I have my cake and I’m eating it too! The play, staying home, X-mas en famille, everything! It’s almost unbelievable. Do you still want me to do all the legal business through the Burdick office, or could Borek wanna it for me — whatever you think best.
3.

I wired Mae, so they'll know about it there.

In the meantime I have been cooking away, having a wonderful time, and (I think) learning a little too. I'll have to show off a little when you get home.

I went to see "Don Juan" last week, or have I written that already? Anyway, I loved it except for our friend Boyer, whose English is just bad enough to make for strained listening. The others, of course, were magnificent.

Ilded came for lunch Tuesday - sends all her love. She invited me to spend the election day evening - she is having an all-Democrat buffet and radio-listing affair - Ethel Barrymore, the McKennas, etc.

Tomorrow is Halloween - the children in a frenzy of masks and pumpkins. I wanted to have a party, but Dot said better not. They are both going to
parkies their classes are giving at school, and then we'll take them trick-or-treating after dinner. They carved pumpkins today, and got some horrible masks which scared Alexander almost out of his tanpee. Pumpkin out When I am so happy you are both having a good time, seeing people and plays etc. I bet Mamita impressed the hell out of "those Frenchies" with the babka and everything. How are the Bénonvilles? Is Pierre still députe? Have you seen poor Regina? Give them all my love. How I wish I could have been at those Paris concerts and Portugal must have gone wild. It was nice to see Scripps again, but I realized that I really could not have gone back there. The atmosphere is so stuffy and small, the routine unbearable. I would have been a
having idiot after another year- (C hesitate to say "would have been"- one year nearly did it.)

We have been having the nicest times on Sundays. Usually some of the kids come in the afternoon. We make tape recordings or play back old ones, look at people's scrapbooks collected in little theatres all over the country during the summer. Kate makes cookies for us sometimes. Mary comes for Lali's lessons and stays for dinner sometimes, or Emily and Jaid. This Sunday Papa's film will be on television. Last Sunday there were eight of my friends, Mary and a friend of hers, and Broniek Kaper dropped in with the mame, so the house was bursting over with music and laughing people, children, and dogs! It was wonderful. No one
wanted to leave — I finally had to tell them to go away at 6:30 so I could get dinner on the table!

The Chaprows call and pop in all the time — so this time there is nothing of that house-in-mourning type of business. Having Lali at home is wonderful too, helps keep everything cheerful.

She is keeping up with her school work beautifully, and I help her with French a little — and of course in between she is always writing, drawing, cutting out, pasting, inventing, building! Never an idle moment. Just like Mama, lucky girl.

About Mama. You're right — I have not been trying as hard as I should. I get so tired sometimes and just give up, but that is pure selfishness — I really will make a little more effort. Kate is better, but those weekly
visits to the doctor are horrible for her. She keeps an eye on me, and is always there to be talked to or to offer a shoulder for whatever troubles I may develop.

My "love life" is varied and continous. This is all very new to me, and I am enjoying it thoroughly without being the slightest bit serious about anybody or anything.

I think that's about all the news, big and small. Of course the moment I close the envelope I remember dozens of things I meant to write.

Oh yes. Last night Emily invited me to see Rosenkavalier. It was marvelous in spite of that horrible Shrine. Tony Duquette patched up the sets and costumes and that is what the effect was - patchwork. But the music was wonderful all sorts of things.
and spent the evening singing and
laughing and giggling like children.
I am having dinner at Jack's to
night and I must run.

At last I can really say — I
can hardly wait for you to come
home, because I'll be here! Hooray!
I love you both, and miss you
so much, but I'm so glad you're
together and happy and enjoying your
selves in spite of all the boxes and
the traveling around. God bless you.
I love you — your

P.S.
Dot and Kate, Jack, and Emily all send their
Love — And Button!