Darwin FAMILY!

Love → overflowing.

Didn't have time to answer Mamie's note with her present in it and the sweet written-up menu from everybody - when today arrives the next edition of the Record and more letters!! You can't imagine how morale-liftup every word from you is. I read every word twenty times!! Sometimes what you are doing seems almost more real than my own doing here - talk about escapism!! Mamie got a load of books and some cute and terribly necessary (ha, ha!) clothes with you present - also two more biscuits as my Deauville one has worn clear through. THANK YOU!!

Hard to believe we've been here a month and a day already! Sad.
only 2½ more to go. A propos
the impetigo - it seems to come and go -
we get a bit here, a bit there - it goes
away and comes back. We have some
goo to keep it under control. Then
to keep us busy in between Amy
and I get prickly heat. It's a lovely,
horribly itchy rash which appears in
all the joints and creases and hot
places - back of necks, under chins,
all around clothes edges and friction
places - (bra - ha.) with hazel and
cornstarch. Then there are the little
invisible bugs which leave 20-30
bites on each leg - when, where, how?
Hoo arith. Hazel - so you see we
have no time to get bored. It's either
time to douse somebody with some-
thing - or give Alex his anti-diarrhea
stuff, or David his appetite-giving
drops, etc, etc! I know I will
laugh about all this November 1st
and will feel very ashamed for all
my griping - I hope you are taking
it with a bit of salt or I wouldn't
I do tell you all this! Actually things go from gruesome to delightful every fifteen minutes or so— it's just the lack of continuity which is frustrating— and I am spoiled. But it is maddening that of the three or four times I have been out at night since we got here, twice the kids got throwups and twice they had not gone to sleep and all the neighbors had taken turns trying to get them to stop yelling and banging on the walls until midnight. Adele had long since given up. Last Saturday we went to a movie and to the Hilton for a drink and came home to find that our nice young neighbor (whom Amy adores) was called in to stick them back in bed after they'd wakened David etc., etc. They were so surprised that they stayed!! Maybe I'll hire them! Too bad he's not more interesting.

Sunday we all went to Liquid because Bill can't go any other day.
I felt really too crowded, messy, and noisy - but he had to see it - I was surprised and rather depressed at how just plain ugly the people were - also pathetic - they lose their teeth so young from bad diet - rice and beans and oodles. On week days there seem to be mostly American families, or service men from the Antilles fleet. We saw the whole fleet coming into harbor from the beach the other day about noon - then at 2 30 while the kids were sleeping I went to the old city - saw a bunch of sailors throwing up all over the sidewalk - didn't take them long! lovely impression we make. Also in hotels bars, etc. Always the loudest, most suggest, most demanding, rudest, most patronizing turn out to be "our folk." Between that and reading Vance Packard's "The Waste Makers" I feel like becoming a citizen of Lower Stolbora and here we sit surrounded by all these poor Cubans who had to run like rabbits with only the clothes they were wearing.
I, without even time to lock their house, not that it would have done much good. They lost everything. One of our neighbors is a woman with a young daughter - both father and son are in prison in Cuba. And I complain!!

Bill is flying off again to Washington tomorrow for a couple of days. It is so difficult to get information back and forth correctly. This is a big and timing and sometimes very frustrating job he has got here! Getting equipment for the camp so far he is getting more cooperation from the Girl Scouts than from the Navy, which was supposed to help supply things. He wastes more time because they are so stupidly pedantically methodical (they - the Navy) that they will not do something the easy, obvious way if it was typed out on a plan to be done some other way (by someone who didn't even know what the problem was!). It's no wonder the Russians are skipping rop in the cosmos while we are concentrating on some way to keep juvenile delinquents from stealing our planes in mid-air! It's a wonder we ever even set off the ground! And now that we've
I got the door slammed on us in Berlin. We had better wake up. It's so depressing to go Europe as jumpy as U.S. Do they think this too shall pass away? All I know is that if and when I get back to New Haven I'm going to put a little work into our basement—water steepers, books, pillows—

I am amazed at how lucid Amy is as to where she is, and who who isn't—she knows exactly who is in New Haven, even which toys we didn't bring. Never a bit confused as I expected. They are busy training a large (one of many) lizard, who always comes out of his rock when they are having lunch, under the tree. They feed him bread and each day he comes closer and now eats it right there instead of grab and run. His name is Don Jose. Also there is a lovely bird (black with green-yellow breast) looks like a big hummingbird. Has a nest in the lime tree.

I gather from the Review that Paul made it through his two
weeks and has not been sent to
Berlin - Any other bulletins? - I love
the "is at the moment employed in..."
Katie sent me a note from because
I am not sure if that means the
more is made, but I don't think so.
She sounded exhausted - they had a
terrible heat wave all over the east
cost - I'm glad she ran off before
she dropped.

Mr. Lee's nephew is giving a party
for us the 26th. It will probably
be Paul-ish. But he's mentioned it
too often there was no way out.
Don't let me lose you - how
along in Luzern? What is hotels in Greece?
I love you —

just walked in


I wish you were here more
here - probably won't be better! Etc.
been wonderful! Puerto Rico - beautiful!
and the Peace Corps problematic.
Please Kame the address and publish
the Peace for finding so much news.

Muchos cordial es, dear

Momma & Papa in love! Bill