

some of the unimaginative politicians' heads.

I have had a frightfully busy winter, and in fact done up, and should like to crawl off somewhere for a while where I could "just set" and not even "set and think." It seems that the more one does the more one is expected to do - and can. There are times when I remember what you once said here - "I don't care what people say about me, as long as they don't say I'm dead." One can't please everyone, so I suppose the best thing to do is to carry on the best way possible and not worry.

We are at the beginning of a hot political campaign and some of us are trying to get a few people out of office and others in who will give us better things. I hate politics and publicity, but some one has to do the work, and I have more time and fewer ties than some.

My sister and her three children have been here ever since February. The children are all dears. Pat, now four is the age you saw John, and looks exactly as he did then. John is quite grown up, and just graduating from second grade, while Jane, who is two and a half is an adorable prima donnaish "Paly". I drove them to New Orleans Saturday and started them back to Los Angeles, then spent Sunday and part of Monday in Pass Christian with Mrs. Don Rafferty, the New Mississippi Director. I won't say it is a small world. It isn't, but surprising things do happen, and I found her to be a girl I knew