

Cuba

John my darling John - you would be surprised to know how I miss you! Or would you? You are so wise and understanding - knowing that while my separate antenna may be swaying in the breeze - yet deep are the roots that bind us each to the other. Every hour here is one of color and sparkle - with friends and friends' friends descending on you with sweets. It is a whirl. To-day Mrs. Orange comes to take me to their farm for lunch - it should be restful and at least only the two of us! I am allergic to women's luncheons! In any country. Mrs. Hedges had a luncheon yesterday - about forty women, all chatting like magpies and eating - oh! oh! oh! No wonder Cuban women are fat. I have met all the Embassy - and many charming and interesting people. I am constantly being struck with the fact that Cuba is fabulously rich. I never saw such a scale of spending - nor such luxuries. Alfred tells me tales of the politics here that make our Tammany Hall look like thirty cents - they talk of millions as we might thousands - or even more! It will take time to tell you.

I am entertained night and day. It would take a Secretary to write it all, and then I'm not sure it would do it justice - so we will wait — for quiet evenings to gather when it can be the question and answer kind.

A kind, hospitable people - like children of an enchanted Isle.

They seem to have avoided Income Taxes even - I never cease to marvel!

It would be dreadful in the Miami equivalent - but here there is charm and ~~naivete~~ and a certain right of Kings - with such chivalry and joy in spending that it does not excite anything more than wonder.

And the food! They eat enough in one day to feed an English family a week - yes more.

They seem to have absolutely no "knowledge of" - or "responsibility" for the hunger of Europe. Perhaps it is the Island that insulates them.

But we are all on Islands - only larger!

Meanwhile I enjoy it without question - except to you. I think

What a serious and never ending thing the earning of money is at home - it is as if it were a Lottery Ticket here!

But I would not change for all the gold in the world.

I must save the Christening to tell you - it would be difficult to put in my poor words - any such pageantry is out of Spain or some other world. I found myself as in a trance holding this royal infant in its priceless face - holding it for the Cardinal in his priceless face - with priests to right and left - and the altar one mass of P.P.s. But oh John, the Cardinal has a beautiful face and voice and eyes and hands - so so beautiful and fair. He gave something not of this earth and which I received humbly -

There were only about sixty five guests (very private) and afterwards champagne, flowers, alk water and refreshments.

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