

Jokes

Thursday -
January 7, 1954

Dear Eliot;

Last Sunday I unhappily came back from two weeks of skiing in Aspen, trundled in the front door, turned on a few lights and proceeded to feel very sorry for myself. Mother was still in Aspen because she had no eight o'clock history class on Monday morning, but I was in Winnetka where the weather was horrid and warm and rainy, and only wishing violently to be back in the Aspen sunshine. But there was a huge stack of mail for cheering purposes. Cards from people I'd long given up for dead, and one package from New Mexico. I knew what it was, and was all excited with thinking how lovely and unforgettable you are, but I didn't imagine that it was wrapped in green Christmas paper with a note on it. So, what excitement - and I had no one to shout at or show, so only the walls heard how nice you are. When someone's nice, you've just got to tell another person about it, and I had to wait till Wednesday when Ma came in, moaning about the weather. But I got to be excited all over again, and even more than the first time, because Ma helped me along. So, my belt is so beautiful and so splendid that I have to keep it. I was, or I wanted it so I could give it away, but now it's for me, because I'm the person who likes it the best of all, and I don't know anyone anymore who could possibly like it as much as I do! I've worn it several times and people have said things.

Christmas was beautiful! It wasn't Christmasy at all, but it was even better. I was hired to take

the Harvey O'Connor children out to Aspen for two weeks, and stay with the Clouds, Millers and Robbians in Mr. John Mangward's little Victorian house in "the sunniest part of Aspen." There were 25 of us - the youngest being seven and the oldest being Ma - and we had a splendid time. Aspen is a lovely town, the snow was simply perfect and the sun shone every day but one. Now I'm saving to go back in the spring. To ski all day for weeks, in such beautiful weather, is the closest one can get to Paradise, probably. How nice.

Ma gave me your portfolio for Christmas, so now Gertie Loeb's Siamese cats will have to come down, at last, off my walls, and Elliott's birds will take their places - but probably not till after skiing in the spring - but they will be up some time soon. The Ruby Crowned Kinglet looks so good over the bookcase in the playroom - gooder than he looked in the Art Institute, even.

Well, Mr. Porter - to tell you how nice you are and to say just "thankyou" thousands of times seems so little - but really - even Aspen was wiped out completely when I saw my belt. I love it, and you're nice, and thankyou, and I wish I had a belt to send you!

Best to Alvin and the smaller people. Thank you so much.

Love,
Bobby