

Sunday, Feb. 18, 1948.

Dear Cecil, Hews, & Iris -
You would become ^{of} our rich relatives! What with
the devaluation of the ~~frank~~ ^{frank}, whose influence on
your lives describes, and your letter of February 3 so
aptly of increased benefits to veterans attending schools
and you will shortly become pampered plutocrats,
and Capitalists! I don't see how we can continue
you to associate with you, since we are plugging
with all our might for Wallace & the People's Party.
Sunday, we had a most thrilling experience. With
Harry & Libby, and Gordon & Natalie Kashin, we went to
the Harlem meeting for Wallace. The newspapers had
given it no publicity whatsoever, and it was held in
a great barn of a negro recreation center that was in
very bad repair, and whose heating system would
not function. Yet it was filled beyond its 2000 capacity
and there were crowds for three blocks, trying to get
in range of the amplifiers that carried the speakers' voices
out doors. The chairman was a young negro minister
who was one of the cleverest M.C.'s I have ever met.
The crowd was so enthusiastic, especially after fiery
little Marcantonio talked to them, that when he took
up a collection for the Wallace campaign, even the
press, the news photographers, and the members of
the band chipped in — an unprecedented pro-
cedure, you may be sure. Imagine reporters! Then
Paul Robeson came — and sang "Water Boy" and
"Joe Hill". There was electricity sparking between
hall and stage then — and then the band
started "Gloria, Gloria, Hallelujah!" and Harry Wallace
came marching up the center aisle. The crowd
roared and stamped and stood up cheering. And
then he talked — simply, unaffectedly, and
vigorously — and everything he said made
sense. You know, the papers have been trying to

make people believe that he is a tool of the Communists. He spiked that in his speech by saying "I hereby pledge myself to refuse the support of any group that would destroy or attack democracy, the civil rights of any group, or the constitution of the United States, and I challenge any other candidate or party to repeat this same pledge." You can just see any of them repudiating the southern states that refuse the vote to the negro!

Just by way of contrast, Monday, at 11 a. m. we went to the Waldorf-Astoria, as Harry's hubby's guests, to hear the Metropolitan Opera Guild Gala Concert, with arias by seven of the top-flight artists. It was superb. At the luncheon which followed, I found myself next to a handsome young Englishman & his wife. He introduced himself and talked about everything under the sun, finally told me he was a grand son of Charles Lever, & was much surprised to hear that I had read some of his novels. Then I asked his name, which I hadn't caught when he introduced himself & learned that he was Lord Reville! Wait 'til I tell Phea! And Dora!

We saw a terrific play last week done by an experimental group who call themselves "New Stages". It was an adaptation of a Sartre story of a lynching in a southern town (how did he learn the types so well, I wonder?) and brought to the favorable notice of the critics a young actress named Meg Mundy who is undoubtedly going to go places. The play is called "The Respectful Prostitute" and its impact is something épatant, as you French say! We also saw four one-act Chekov plays that were beautifully presented by a group of actors who started their own company by each putting up \$150⁰⁰, so that they could choose their own vehicles, & so far they have had a successful season. That's the wonderful thing about this

city. All sorts of things happen here — to
here. And you can find any sort of job
you want doing that you always have
wished could be done. Nothing is impossible,
it seems.

Just a little while ago I received
a very pleasant message. Leonard & Viola
are flying in Friday morning to join
us. I wish you could do the same!

Lee & Eli were here last week-end and
we loved having them but with Harry &
Libby on the entertainment committee was a
 hectic period. H. & S. think an evening isn't
a good one unless you do at least three

things, like dinner, theatre & night-club. Some-
times they start with cocktails somewhere at
five o'clock. That's just too much for
Grandma! I had to stay in bed a whole

day after the kids went back to Cambridge.
Has Lee had a chance to tell you her
big news? She "expects" in early September
or late August. She wouldn't have told

it so early, but Eli's mother was
visiting her when she began to suspect
that maybe she wasn't dyspeptic. So

they made a rabbit-test. From the way
I da reported it to me, I think she
thinks it's going to be an Easter egg —

since they had to go to a rabbit about
it. Poor soul is all a-titter over the
prospect of her first grandchild (reg. I from
my superior position — but not blasé) (over)

I guess I'll have to use the other side, for I'm sure the stamp I've stuck on the envelope won't carry more than these three sheets + encl. I sent little Ceete a cab to-day, and would like you to buy her something that she has seen & expressed a desire for, for me.

Now that the food (staples) situation seems to be easier for you, I wish you would send me a list of things that you would enjoy receiving. Have you all the clothes you want? Do you want things like anchovies or sardines?

It seems sort of dumb to send them back across the ocean, unless you really can't get them there. Do you want wool for knitting? Or dress material? Stocking?

I'll send you some more butter and powdered milk this week. What about the egg-powder from Dennery's in New Orleans? Did it ever reach you? And was it worth the \$8.00 it cost? Did you ever get the box of Ann Page Fruit-cakes?

Do you want some millinery flowers for Easter hats? Or do they make better ones than we have over there? By the way, isn't there someone in Mourmelon who does beautiful embroidering & hemstitching? Maybe you could have some done for blouse and for baby-clothes for Lee. If you

send pieces not made up, I believe there
is very little — certainly less — duty on
them.

Guess I'll stop now and let John
have some space.

Lots and lots of love, darlings,
from the one who misses you
a lot!

Mommy - Fanny

Dear Cecile and Steve

We can from now on send you parcels
by airmail and insured - I am toying much
with the thought of a quick trip to France this fall.
So these two thoughts seem to bring us somewhat
closer together. Only I keep the trip idea as yet a dark
secret because it is entirely to vague to get your
mother started. She is so anxious to be with you all

we are rather active politically, what

Your mother failed to relate when speaking about last
Sunday Wallace meeting was that it was a rally prior to
the election held day before yesterday (Tuesday) to fill a vacancy
for U.S. Congress from the 11th District of the Bronx -
Mrs Roosevelt spoke (against) Wallace etc. Prediction:
plenty that Wallace's candidate would be on "also ran"
well the combined Republican and Democratic vote
was less than 1/3 of the total vote for Haascon, (Wallace
Candidate who had 60% of the total vote -

The papers are still having headlines about it

affectionately

Pops