

August 25 in the muddled dawn

Dear Anthony; I cannot tell you how honored I am to have been invited to your 21st birthday party. I made your papa swear on any number of gods that it was your idea, not his; and have been swollen with pride ever since. You are the nicest 21 year old I know, also the tallest. And I see that you are gifted and courageous, for any man who would tackle and bring to triumph so complicated and elegant a feast as last night's, can and will tackle with cheerful bravery anything at all that comes up.

When I return, I do want you to come here where you will get a less delectable meal but thank God for Dial-a-Meal and the Cochon Rose, the aids for the incompetent.

And how very nice and lively and sporting is your India-traveller-almost-architect; and your girls are heavenly, and look happy.

Thank you most warmly. It's a fair treat to see that generation gap bilge not operating.

Charita