

Tuesday, June 20, 1950
Bethesda

Dear Abuelito and Putty,

Before I can get your letters in this envelope I shall probably have to remove them from their own envelopes. I trust you will excuse this liberty. I hope I shall receive your new address soon, also.

We have been busy as a whole hive of bees in the weeks since you went away. William finally decided he would have to take the whole week off before the party, and as it turned out he was quite correct. We both worked on the bank, I pitching in as soon as I thought I had my own work under control, and he from the beginning. I found to my horror that I can work faster on that bank than he can, which should mean in all logic that he should mow the lawn and I should do the bank. Oh ill-starred day! Although we had taken Laurence up to Flemington the weekend before, we still found no spare time what with all the projects we had in mind. The permanent accomplishment of the week was the removal of that dreadful length of conduit which Mr. Mucha had set up as a bird-bath and general mosquito Lying-in Hospital. It is gone for good. Also, I set out forty two ivy plants with their roots fully developed, in what remained of the bare spots around the terrace in back. In short order we should look very nice indeed there in back. The party was a success, I believe, and although it rained in the afternoon, by party time it had cleared and we were able to have it on the terrace, with the result that our furniture remained spotless. It was smaller than we had anticipated, due to the fact that many people had planned to week-end at beaches, and the additional fact that the Colombian Foreign Minister was in town. However, as William always says, if they don't come we've still got the credit for asking them without the price of the whiskey. We went up to Flemington again the Saturday after the party, having taken advantage of our freedom to go to see the British film "Tight Little Island", which was delightful indeed. We also went out to dinner, sitterless, which was such a wonderfully cheap sensation.

We brought Leslyn back with us on Sunday, John having delivered her on schedule at Flemington, and she is currently with us until Saturday, when John will come down here to collect her. She is certainly a darling, and has been relatively no trouble at all. Laurence and she play remarkably well together, and he is so happy to have her here that he won't let me talk about her daddy's being about to come and take her home. Of course they fight too, now and then, in which cases I'm sorry to have to admit that Laurence's delicate ego is usually to blame. I think Leslyn will do him some good, though, in making him realize constantly that he can't always be first, nor get his way at all times. And as I said, he really is happier than ever before to have a nice little playmate on hand from early morning to late at night. You would be delighted to see what marvelous fun they have in their joint bath. I plunk them in dirty, wriggling and screaming with delight, and the only struggle is to get them out half an hour later. I make it a bubble bath, with lots of detergent, and you would hardly recognize them for the same children when they come out. The tub is filled with trucks, boats,

-2-

arms, legs, bubbles, old mops, old plastic bottles, and much-neglected wash cloths. The entire bathroom is soon wet through, in spite of constant admonitions (or is it because of them?). Leslyn is a well-adjusted child, on the order of Betsy, and the two girls immediately started in being friends. I am sorry to have to report that Leslyn almost always says "them things" and "me and Laurence"- much to my unreasoning terror. She will profit by a month with Abuelito in that respect.

This letter isn't getting written fast, because of short periodic interruptions by small fry of all sizes and descriptions.

One other thing upon which I worked during the week of Williams "vacation" (he was delighted to be back to the nice, quite clean office) was my scholarship applications- a heart-breaking task. Each youngster seemed to deserve the money as much as the last one did, till I felt like saying what the banker in the story did- "Take this man away, he's breaking my heart!" I was to have attended the final meeting last night, on which occasion we were going to choose the successful applicants from among the lists we had each made. It turned out that I couldn't be present, although I naturally sent in my list with a few comments. Before the party- it was Thursday, I think, Mr. Miller invited us to dinner at his house for Monday evening, so I had to call up the head of the scholarship committee and tell him my predicament. He said he realized that it was quite impossible for us to decline the kind invitation of Assistant Secretary of State and Mrs. Edward Miller, Jr., so we didn't. The next blow was that it was a black tie affair, and I had to think of some way to get myself an evening dress quick, when we had already had our time budgeted down to the last minute. Not to mention the money angle, which is too ghastly delicate to touch with a feather now. As it turned out we were able to finish the bank Thursday evening by working like fiends, and on Friday morning we got up very early and went downtown, to Mr. Garfinckel's. I bought a long black skirt and a lame blouse, with the thought the the skirt will go with other blouses to make a change now and then. I should have bought an evening dress long ago, but the occasions are relatively few, and other types of dresses are so much more useful. Well, we enjoyed the Miller's party very much. They live way back in the woods in a lovely rambling home belonging to Norman Rockefeller. As cool and woodsy as if you were 20 miles from the city. A terrace overlooks a steep bank, which evens down to a prospect of woods after the lawn ends. There is nothing more delightful to a hardworking American housewife than having a beautifully served dinner in an exquisitely appointed dining room lit by candlelight and rendered glamorous with the décolletage of ladies and the gleaming black and whites of gentlemen's evening clothes. Oh, enchanting decadence! I sat next to Congressman Flood (D., Penna.) who delighted me by rambling on about the sad plight of the over-worked and underpaid Foreign Service, and on my left was a Baron de Something or other of the International Bank who was worried about Bolivian labor- but it didn't worry me. After dinner I had an interesting light conversation with The Ambassador of Colombia and Senora de Zuleta Angel, who speak very little English and allow me to practice Spanish on them. All very nice, and Mr. Miller as kind as ever to me. Ah, it was all delightful! Cops, reality! And no more paper. Love to both.