

Dec. 20, 1949

Bethesda, Md.

P.S. The trivet arrived yesterday, and I love it! Thanks a million for getting it.
Dear Mamma,

Heavenly days, only a few more days to go! This is the time of year when all the mamas are working over time being Santa Claus. We've also been taking every available minute to write Christmas cards, but it seems that no sooner do we think we have them all taken care of than the postman comes with a dozen more from people we hadn't thought to send one to ourselves! In addition, our cards were very late in arriving from the printers, so we didn't get the early start we should always get in order to have our cards arrive on time in Saigon, Caracas, Cairo, and Melbourne. I have to start tomorrow making candy to give away. Last year it was cookies, but this year I'm going to make fudge instead. My list of people to take it to is growing by leaps and bounds, too. The tree arrives the twenty-third. I guess all the wives and mothers get that harassed feeling about this time of year.

At least I won't be making Christmas dinner. The Parkes kindly asked us to come over and have turkey with them on Christmas day, so that's that. We have the toys all ready, but I haven't had time to wrap some of the things as yet. Brownie is going to get a little pot of honey and a playmate, a small brown dog.

We went over to Virginia Davis's for a cocktail party on Sunday. She had the Venezuelan Minister of Foreign Affairs, here for medical treatment, plus a lot of the Venezuelans I hadn't seen since we left there. Mr. Miller, the Assistant Secretary of State for Latin America, was there, also, and pleased me enormously by complimenting me on my Spanish (he was born in Puerto Rico, and so of course speaks it just about perfectly himself) and also on my husband, saying that while he was Asst. Sec'y. "Bill is going to stay right here with us in ARA". Of course that won my heart completely, but Mr. Miller had already entered into my good graces by saying he had been amused by my article in the Journal at a cocktail party at the Colombian Embassy last week. I'm now thoroughly in favor of Mr. Ed. Miller.

Pop sent me a nice check for Christmas, with which I purchased a Claire McCardell dress in a kind of reddish-gold color with the new permanent pleats, in wool jersey. It has Empire or Greek lines, with small slightly puffed sleeves, a small boy collar, and it ties with thin round wool jersey strings that have a permanent wave in them also! You can see a dress by Claire McCardell which is almost like it (except for color and neckline) in the December Vogue, page 14. It's an advertisement for Stonecutter, really, but the dress is just like mine below the neck and shoulders. I simply love it, and had a wonderful time buying it. I also found a nice new hat that suits me, so my morale is way up. I bought it at Garfinckels in Spring Valley last Saturday, William kindly taking the boy to the library meanwhile.

Sent a card to Susan at the Hotel Chastleton. Well wd l!
Laurence complained to day he hadn't seen "his dog Sheba" for a long time. Oh-oh- thar she blows! Anyway, have a good Christmas!