



THE FOREIGN SERVICE  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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Dear Mamma,

I wish you could make it to come down here for your birthday, but I suppose You would have said so if it had been possible. Your room is not at all finished yet, but at least the curtains are all up! I have yet even to start the bedspread, tho. It's quite a task, but after looking over the price of bedspreads, I believe it's worth it. Mrs. Hoppe (mother of my main sitter, and the kind lady who did my basted dust ruffle on her machine) said she saw some dust ruffles displayed at Garfinckels or some such place, and they began at thirty dollars for a double bed. Twin beds would naturally come higher. We had to pay twenty dollars to get two twin bed spreads of the Chadwick type at Sears Roebuck! But I just couldn't face making three bedspreads, somehow, in addition to the dust ruffle. Dear Laurence John immediately found a use for the dust ruffle, as soon as he saw it installed on the beds: "That's to keep the squirrels out from under your bed, isn't it, Mamma?"

As I said, the curtains are up. I bought a swinging type of curtain rod, so that in the daytime the curtains can be put as they are in the dining room are, making the windows look wider, while at night you can swing them around to cover the windows for privacy. We have ordered some metal venetian blinds for the living room and bathroom only, since they are so expensive (about seven dollars per window) and I think they will add greatly to the appearance of the living room, - and the privacy of the bathroom! But to get back to your room: the chaise longue is still cluttering things up in there, and will until the slipcover is made. I think you will not fail to find me lucky in my choice of material there. It's a wonderful rosy darkish red, about American ~~hanky~~ Beauty color really, and will add warmth to the room, which is now all blue and white. But I do love that room, even now! Everyone envies me the beautiful old chest of drawers, and I love it too, and polish it every day of the week. Well, there's the chaise longue, and the wing chair (I'm going to have that done in dove grey twill) and the three trunks still cluttering up your bedroom to such an extent that it's really difficult to get into it and very hard to measure the bed for the bedspread, so I've been putting that off so far. After all, you can still sleep there just as well as you did before, especially now that we have blankets and curtains! But I should like to have it nice and more finished for you, though. The chest of drawers is all painted, and I think the peacock green, shiny black, and grey walls will look nice together. I just hope that the curtains and bedspread won't make too much peacock green, but it's too late to worry about that now since I've already bought the material to make the spread with.

L. J. is now awake and outside playing in the clear cold weather. My, but the woods are lovely! The colors I see as I look out the dining room window are simply delightful. I suppose those woods of yours are really aflame by now. It's my first American fall in a long time, and it does seem to be a wonderfully lovely one.



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I just heard L.J. crying violently, the way he does when it's something serious, and when I went out he said that he had fallen on a stick and hurt his tummy. I brought him in and rubbed it, so he was soon all right and interested in the typewriter. I told him I was writing to grammamma, and was there anything he wanted to tell his grammamma. "Tell her that I hoort, mamma." So here I am, telling you as he directed. But he's all right now, out pāaying once more.

We had the Gunninghams and the Rewinckels in last Friday night. Had the usual chicken and peas in curried wine sauce, plus a mixed salad, biscuits, and brown betty for dessert. I think the Rewinckels are very nice people indeed, kind people. We hadn't known them at all before, until they invited us to dinner a month or so ago after we'd seen them at a couple of parties. He is a ForeignService Officer, the class ahead of William's, and she is a very, very pretty and attractive Bulgarian girl. You know they are letting them marry foreigners again, now that Roosevelt is dead. Well Milt Rewinckel (who is a very good looking, quite big man himself) met his wife in Sofia, Bulgaria, when he went there right after the war. Since she was of the higher classes, they anticipated (and found) trouble in getting her out of there. But by a lucky chance the Soviet officers in charge of the case issued an exit permit to her under the impression that the Bulgarians would then deny her one themselves, but Milt had not told them that the Bulgarians had already, just the day before that, issued an exit permit themselves, thinking that the blame for not issuing one would then be on the Soviet officials! They both outfoxed themselves, as Tebby used to say, and you can bet that Milt Rewinckel and the entire Embassy wasted no time in getting her on a plane and out of Bulgaria before the two sets of officials knew what had transpired! She is now working hard on her English, and studying American history so she can pass her citizenship exams with flying colors. She is a sweet girl, as well as pretty and attractive. Her father and mother were killed simultaneously in an air raid during the war, so she has no fear of retaliations of her family.

I just finished writing a letter to Ottavia, so this has really been letter-writing day for me. I also just finished the dessert for tonight's supper- butterscotch tapioca pudding. I have found to my delight that Laurence John will eat almost anything if it's mashed up fine and put into a souffle! so now I can give him vegetables and eggs in that form and he will eat them. I mustn't overdue though, or he'll get tired of souffles. I'm hoping the cold weather will give him more of an appetite- he was really not eating much at all up to a week or so ago.

William and I were thinking that the day must soon come when we must give a big cocktail party for the Venezuelans, but we have decided that the best thing to do would be to wait till the time when L.J. is up in Flemington visiting you, thus out of the way while preparations are going on and noise abounds. I dread the thought of that party, believe me. I'll have to ask around and find out how people do it, and whether it's possible to hire some help at fair prices.  
no more twist..... LPK