



THE FOREIGN SERVICE
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

October 22, 1948
Bethesda

4-60 p.1/2

Dear Mamma,

Well either yesterday or today was your birthday, and I always thought it was today. Aren't I right? Well, in any case my dear, ~~xxxx~~ I have a little verbal bouquet to send you from Laurence John for your birthday. Two, in fact. The other day as I was watching him eat his lunch he suddenly said, "Remember GRAMMAMA? Wasn't she a NICE gammamma!"

But this morning he came forth with a real bouquet for you. We were having our breakfast, and as I remember it this is how the conversation went:

"When is gammamma going to come and SEE us, mamma?"
"Pretty soon, I hope. She said she would as soon as she could get away from her puppies and chickens long enough."
"She'll get in her truck, and Jimmy will get in his truck."
"And then what will they do, Laurence John?"
"They'll START THE MOTOR, Brmm, Brmmmm, BRRRRM, and Numa will bark."
"But where will they go in their truck?"
"They'll go to WASHINGTON over a big river and ride and ride and Gampapa Jimmy will drive his big truck to see us."

Then a little later:

"You're not my gammamma, are you mamma?"
"No dear."
"Is gammamma still my gammamma?"
"Yes, dear, she still is."
"When is she going to come and be my gammamma again?"

...So you see where your duty lies, as far as your exigent grandson sees it. If you are to be a true grandmamma to him, you must go into the business actively again.

john dear gran, mm_a, please come to our house, with love L^urence

He typed the above all by himself with only a little assistance from me.

For the past three Thursdays I've had to go to the dentist in the afternoon. He made a crown for the tooth that lost its huge filling, and of course found another hole to gouge out. It wasNSt at all bad except for the middle visit, when he was doing all the gouging, and when I had to sit there for two hours and six novocaine injections. Quite a bore. But I now have a magnificent gold-plated tooth in the back of my head to show for it. Next visit, when he puts the gold in the other filling, should be my last. Dentists should pay you, rather than vice versa.

William has to go to a stag dinner tonight given by the Speaker of the Venezuelan senate, and I am having my friends the Hoppes over



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after dinner. Next Friday we are having dear Mr. Shantz, and William's old pal Jack MacSweeney to dinner. Mr. Shantz gave me away when I was married, if you remember, and MacSweeney was the best man. It was he who gave us that pretty round mahogany coffee table. The latter has been in Russia most of the time since he left Cairo, which was his next post after Lagos and Accra. Mr. Shantz has been all over the globe since our wedding - notably Australia and Yugoslavia, and wherever he has been he has left the same fast friends and admirers. He is a man without an enemy in the world, I think, and on the contrary everyone we have talked to who has worked with him or for him has been loud in his praises as a man and an officer. So I'll be happy to fix the best supper at my command, and we'll try to make it a really happy evening for them. Mr. Shantz now has a very important and rather hush-hush job, in the Department. I don't know how long he has been back in Washington.

My slip covers still haven't been cut out, and I'm more than a little provoked with the shop which is to do it. If the colors and materials hadn't just suited me I should have asked for my money back by this time, for almost three weeks have passed since they promised to do them immediately. If I were in Venezuela I would understand it.

L.J. is on my trail again. He finds it most annoying when I sit down to type a letter, and always wants to be around to "watch me" do it - which hardly helps. I just caught him as he was starting to empty all the apples out of a bushel basket I bought the other day and left in the garage to keep cool. I now have so many apples I don't know what to do with them all. I've been having apple salad, brown betty, baked apple, and eating apples till I'm about to turn into an apple, and I only hope they will last, as the man told me they would, for several months.

Well my dear, I'd better get about my housework. Now that William won't be home for dinner tonight I'll have more time to prepare things for the visit tonight and for the week end. Week ends always seem to be so busy I don't know which end is up.

Much love to you and Jimmy,