

5208 Glenwood Road, Bethesda, Md.  
March 1, 1949

Dear Piet,

I wish I could have gotten on the Santa Rosa with you. It looked delightful, and we could have taken turns with the infants. I was so glad to see that Michael wasn't afraid of the whistle, which was just one more dreadful hazard for us on the boat coming up. I trust also that Bill and Mike were immune to sea sickness. I grant the doctor on my ship the point that most children don't get violently ill. I trust the next time we take ship we will be equipped with dramamine for both my patients.

You should be delighted to hear, in a snide sort of way, that spring has not arrived in sunny Maryland. It snowed like mad the day after I got back, and with William's delicate condition in mind I set to and cleaned off the driveway myself, which was inordinately noble of me. In fact I've been a restored and revived woman ever since I returned, and finally got around to cleaning out the utility closet! The old place looked different to me, as if I'd been away for a month or so. L.J. and I are quite chummy and William looked even handsomer than before, if possible. Nothing like a change of air. I owe it all to you kind people, and I'm grateful as can be. Someday I'll buy you a star sapphire or a block of AT&T stock as a little token of my appreciation.

From the looks of the Hoover Commission report William and I may be having quite a different sort of life than we thought, with much more time in Washington on a low salary. You can imagine how delighted we'll both be when that goes through. Nobody loves the Foreign Service, so I suppose there's little chance that it won't go through. All the people in the Department who ever wanted to be in the Foreign Service will now be able to enter it without the F.S. exams, and they will probably all be First Sec'Y in Paris, Buenos Aires, and London while the dear old F.S.O.s are assigned as Consul General in Mozambique, or maybe if they're the lucky type, Porto Alegre. But in any case, we're to spend half our time in Washington. I'm gloomy, children, gloomy.

After you had departed I saw my two ex-roommates at college and had quite a time going over the whereabouts of our friends. I also had dinner with Ruth Havey, who sent her fond regards to you people. She asked me what my father planned to do, and I asked her right back, but we both seem to have the impression he might be returning some time this year, and perhaps even to the N.Y. area. I'd certainly be pleased.

I was magnificently clever, and went and had my hair done on Friday afternoon, thus keeping away from the shops till four in the afternoon, by which time there were only two remaining hours in which to spend my money. All I bought were two cheap cotton dresses, so the finances survived my trip, as I was afraid they wouldn't.

It's time for the whirling dervish to wake up. Every time you think about the horrors of life in Caracas, think also about the horrors of putting on and taking off snow suits, and you'll be happy. Give yourselves big kisses for me, and accept my heartfelt thanks for your kind, kind generosity.

Love,