

5208 Glenwood Rd., Bethesda  
Monday, March 14, '49

Dear Family,

We have been passing through a very quiet period, with little or nothing happening, but a low, persistent noise of noses being blown running through the week like an obbligato or whatever the musical term is. Our colds are not bad, they are just steady. Firm. Unyielding. If there is anything I dislike more than a tea party, it's a cold.

On Friday we had a party. Among those present were the Silvas, of the Venezuelan Embassy. Otmaro and his wife have been married almost two years, and are working on their second child now, consequently. Poor little Mrs. Otmaro is four foot eight of nine in height and appears to be at least nineteen. She had never left the shores of Lake Maracaibo before coming here, and while a pleasant girl, had apparently never heard a joke of any sort before, either. She speaks no English, and brings out all the maternal in me so that I have to spend hours with her whenever we meet. Well, also among those present were a Miss Muna Lee, a lady of indefinite years but very definite personality. She was formerly Mrs. Munoz Marin, and is a grandmother. Her former husband is now Governor of Puerto Rico. She has a good job in the Department dealing with cultural relations, and since we were speaking Spanish during the evening, we all had a chance to admire Miss Lee's extremely fluent, colorful Spanish, which she speaks with a deep Southern accent. I liked Miss Lee enormously, and found her humorous, witty, and smart as a whip only nicer than most whips. Also present was Mr. Spencer King, a bachelor, young but quite, quite bald. Laurence Johnson immediately was interested in that, and asked Spence right away what he had done with all his hair. Luckily for us, Spence has a great many nephews and nieces, and without turning a hair (-but natch!) he answered that when he was a little boy he hadn't heeded his mother's warnings, and had neglected to finish too many suppers, with the sad result that his hair had all fallen out. L.J. was much impressed. Spence has the Bolivia desk in William's section, and speaks perfect Spanish due to having been brought up in Puerto Rico.

On Saturday night we went over to the Dawsons' house, and stayed too late as usual just talking, talking, talking. Little T.C. is now a year old, and came down to see us in the middle of the night, nonchalantly grabbing potato chips the while. The Dawsons are all excited about where they will be sent after Allan finishes at the War College in June. Heaven only knows, but they hope to get Santiago de Chile. We will certainly miss them when they go. They are coming here next Friday night if all goes well.

We took L.J., the Melaney children, and little Suzie for a ride yesterday afternoon, ending up at an ice cream parlor by popular request. The Melaney mamma had gone away for the weekend, leaving pappa in charge. L.J. and all were delighted by the adventure, and no bones were broken in spite of my worst fears. L.J. had not taken his nap, and was in a foul humor.

The only other news is that I got 99 out of 105 on the Time News Quizz, and am about bursting my buttons with pride. Break 100, is my motto!  
Love to all,