

Oct. 28, 1949
5208 Glenwood Rd.
Bethesda, Md.

Dear Aunt Queenie,

I was so sorry to hear through mother that you haven't been well lately. I do so hope you'll pick up quickly and be your old cheerful self again as soon as possible! Emily's being there must be a wonderful help to your morale as well as your house-keeping, although from Emily's letter to mother I gather she is just as fond of housekeeping and just as much of an expert at it as I am! She has my deep sympathy if she had to flounder around only half as much as I did when I first moved in here. I was so abysmally ignorant and so sadly helpless about things that it became positively funny- though not for several months was I able to see the faintest gleam of humor in the situation. When I finally realized what a dope I'd been not to learn the elementals of house-keeping long ago, I sat down and wrote an article for the "Foreign Service Journal" (what you might call our house organ) confessing my sins and errors in that matter in what was intended to be a funny way. In any case, since very few people write things for the magazine, they were willing to publish my article, and when it appears I'll send it to you, hoping it will cheer you up and urge Emily on to more and yet more domestic endeavor.

This poor typewriter is our one and only, and Laurenceohn considers that it is just as much his as anybody's, with the result that all sorts of queer things are wrong with it. It won't write the letter between I and K in the alphabet at all lately, and from the state of the ribbon one would think that it had been used to tie up the hair of his little friend Betsey down the street. He himself has a crew cut, tow head, and manly attitude now that he is nearing four. He goes to nursery school in the morning, and is able to write his initials very well on the typewriter, and very poorly by hand. He aims to be either an engineer or a garbage man when he grows up, he says, and intends to marry Betsey, whom I mentioned above. He is alternately such a little darling and such an infernal nuisance that I can't say off hand what he's going to settle down as, but nevertheless we are awfully fond of him. So much so that I can't resist sending you this picture of him. It's a good likeness of him, as he looks up and with innocent curiosity asks such questions as "Why does mamma wear such a funny hat?"

William and I are both busily enjoying life in the United States while yet we may. And though I certainly do miss my dear departed nursemaid, I still think it's a wonderful place to live in. The stores, the electrical gadgets, the hot running water, the frozen foods, etc. make up for a lot. Here in Washington we finally meet all the people from all over the world whom we thought we had said good-bye for ever to, in Paris and Lisbon and Milan and Lagos and Caracas. It's a wonderful feeling to see old friends again. We have a guest-room always ready for the first person who calls us up, and I wish more would. All of which is a broad hint to both of you people, in case you are able to get anywhere near Bethesda, Md. I should love to see you both, so I hope I'm not hinting in vain.

Best of luck, love, and a speedy recovery,