

5208 Glenwood Road
Bethesda, Maryland
July 24, 1950

Dear Francesca et al.,

Thank you for your nice letter from Trinidad. It was good to hear from you. We miss you, because you all are pretty well irreplaceable. However, such is the Foreign Service, and Rio de Janeiro is the gainer.

Mrs. Chalmers just called up about something else, and I took the opportunity to ask her about how the scholarship awards went. How happy I was to learn that Sheila was given half of one of them! There were so many deserving girls and boys among the applicants that you may feel real pride because she was chosen. I thought she deserved it, but not being among those present when the decisions were actually made, I had to wait until today to find out that the other members of the committee thought the same as I. I was so pleased and excited when she called that I didn't think to ask which scholarship it was she will share, nor how much is allotted to her. I suppose you will have been informed. It all goes to prove what my Pop always used to say, that virtue is not solely its own reward!

William and I looked into the matter of those clothes you left with us. Unfortunately all the places I had thought of taking them are closed for the summer. But I was lucky enough to call the Bethesda Thrift Shop just at a time when one of the volunteer ladies happened to be in, and she told me what to do. She waited while William dashed down with the clothes, picked out the ones which she said could not be sold on commission, and told him to bring the saleable ones in next September. The non-saleable ones she suggested we donate to the Thrift shop, which I take it gives them away to deserving people. The ones she thinks can be sold will be taken in the fall, and the Thrift Shop will try to sell them on a percentage basis. I hope this is all right. Since the other places are closed tight as drums, we more or less had to take this lady's word for it. She was a highly respectable lady, so we don't feel so bad about it.

All is quiet on the Bethesda Front, and I take it nothing unusually unusual is happening in NWC. I daresay the Far Eastern people aren't having to resort to twiddling their thumbs, however. Laurence is looking forward with intense delight to daddy's vacation, when we have promised to take him through New York City on his way to Abuelito's place on Long Island. He becomes tense and glassy-eyed with anticipation when he thinks of the wealth of buses, subways, tunnels, and ferry-boats that await him in the big city. Grandmamma's new puppies and Abuelito's beach can't compete double-decker buses and real subway trains. /with

Well, dear people, I'm almost as happy as I suppose you must be about Sheila's scholarship. Long live the Mills!

Love,