

Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training  
Foreign Affairs Oral History Project

**GERALD A. DREW**

*Interviewed by: Self*  
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California School of Mechanical Arts  
University of California; University of Grenoble; University of Madrid  
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Postings in Foreign Service:

Belem, Para, Brazil	1928-1930
Port-au-Prince, Haiti	1930-1934
San José, Costa Rica	1934-1936
Guatemala City, Guatemala	1936 (temporary)
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(temporary)	
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## INTERVIEW

[Correspondence and Early Journal Entries of Gerald A. Drew]

October 20, 1919

I went to Lux for orchestra practice. We're getting ready for the '19 Senior Farce. This afternoon Miss Glass spoke to me, saying that Mr. Merrill had rescinded his order keeping Johnny Stone and me off the debating teams. Had a long confab with Glass and Strachan about it. We decided to get Eppinger and Lehrke off if we could and replace them with Stone and myself. I rang up Wank and Ep and spoke about it. Ep seemed too keen on the debate to go off. Worked on English report. Papa says that Lapocket is getting plans nearly finished [for the proposed house at Stinson Beach]. The dog is sicker than usual. New suit home from Atkins. \$40.

Tuesday 21. Decided to let debating teams stand as they were. I started an account at the Humboldt Saving Bank with \$22 from my interest. We went to the riding school again.

Thursday, October 23. Knipe had orchestra practice for the farce down at the hall. I came home to lunch and then went to school at 1:00. Lesson [cello] with Villalpardo. He gave me 2.05 min. Zowie. Uncle George came to dinner and afterwards went with Mamma to lecture by Barrows. I got Scott at his place and we went home and worked out a plot for the stunt.

Friday. Smith and I read plot for play to Miss Strachan. She liked it. Blinking rain starts today I guess. 19X Senior Farce. It was "The Amazons." We fooled around in his bus, then home.

Saturday October 25. I went to George's pretty early so I could get over to see the Cogswell game at 2:30. We won 6-0. Fooled around with Buck afterward. Rode out to beach. Went on scenic RR. [Mt. Tamalpais]. In the evening we all went to see John Stellard in "The Great Lover."

Sunday. Went to show with Buck. "Wagon Tracks" at Strand. Also ate, then to beach & into Sutro's [famous baths at Ocean Beach], but not to swim.

Monday. In the evening went to Angel Island with Rosekranz orchestra for YMCA. We came home by way of Sausalito. Ate on Rosekranz at Kaas. Went to Coffee Dan's with Cooper, Johnson, Alter. Home 1:30.

Tuesday. In the afternoon went to riding class.

Wednesday, October 29. Debate with Mission [High School] at Lux. Wank & Ep lost, 2-1. Ditto & Knapp went down town in bus to ring up Glass about debates. Koyt's. Met Ed Kessler there.

Thursday. Went down to Sherman Clay for tickets to Hamlet. Got 32. In the evening, bunch from school saw it. About 45. Edward Rainey lead. The acting was fine, but Misses Strachan & Glass evidently tired, as they left early. Sort of a riot between acts. Took Karigan, Bram, Wank & Knapp to eats, etc. Missed cello lesson.

Friday 31. Show with Buck. Pals for grub. Rivoli, "Broken Blossoms". I was out so late (1:00) that Pa got sore and took my keys away.

Saturday, November 1. Went to George's. He annoyed me while I was working on the books. We passed a few remarks. At about 2:30 we went in the Pierce Arrow down the highway to the Sequoyah Country Club. Strolled around links before dinner. I got home at about 9:00. Jack & Imelda Dollard were here to dinner.

Sunday, November 2. John & I hiked up the devil's slide to the top of Tamalpais. We picked a dandy bunch of red berries and after we packed in miles & miles down the mountain a fool ranger made us put them down. We took the train back from Ross.

Monday. After school I went down with Wank & Buck to see about getting jobs in the Post Office. No luck. Went out to Marine Hospital & played with Rosekranz bunch.

Tuesday. Riding class. I started auto shop. Seems simple to do it when I don't have to.

Wednesday, November 5. George over to dinner. [The George often referred to is probably Uncle George, Jerry's father's youngest brother. ]

Thursday. Lesson with Villalpardo. George to dinner. He took Mamma & Aunt Elizabeth to lecture at Native Sons Hall.

Friday. I went to a meeting of the Debating League at the H. Sch. of Commerce. Wank went in Florence Hill's place. He, Buck, and I went to Strand. Hayakawa in The Dragon Painter. Shot in Yosemite Valley. Went to Compton's for eats.

Saturday, November 8. I had to work around the house in the a.m.

*[Note: Here we have quite a gap. He probably got busier than usual over the holiday season.]*

Thursday, February 26, 1920. Last Tuesday I was absent. Aggie sent me a letter

and Eppinger took it off the rack and read it. One hell of a dirty trick. I got the letter today. Epp, Anderson, Scott and I went to the Orpheum. Took the dog out for a walk and got some eats at Dusy's. Walked over to Humboldt and met Will. Mamma is out to some Aid Society meeting.

February 27. Agatha came home today. She had been in quarantine for 5 weeks on account the flu. I went over to a Debating League meeting at Humboldt. Went to Strand. Lew Cody in the theater. Townsends.

February 28. I went over to Pop's [the Drew School] in the morning. We rustled out some large counters from Goldberg Bowen's to the school. Went down to Fillmore St. with John & Henning and Pop to lunch. John & I renewed the insurance policy for the auto at CSAA. We went to the Calif.

Monday, March 2. Took the 6:00 boat to Berkeley with Scott & George Boardman. Met John [probably his brother John, who would already have been attending Cal & Leon & went to the Big C Sirkus. Awful mob. Kinda punk. Met up with Quark Thompson. He & self slept with John & Leon at J's place. Rained heavy in A.M.

Tuesday. Rain. Late to school. Came back with the "Doc." At noon Miss Tucker and I decided to call off the quartet because things were jazzed up. Phat Young can't sing. Anna Springer can, but Helen Estredo was absent today so we called it off. I dated up with Claire T. for Thursday with cello, etc. but stop to work Physics. Had a lesson today. It went damn good. Wrote a letter to Teddy & Mabel Morgan tonight. Mom and I took a walk with the dog. Things are getting duller than hell.

Wednesday, 4th. In the evening I went out to a Miss Wellish's house. Rosy and I and some fellow practiced his trio. I went out to the park to play tennis with a fellow named Cobby but he did not show up.

Thursday. I went out to Miss Tucker's in the eve to play. She's a little bit of all there. Home sort of late. I bathed in aft. Ma was home late and raised hell because I didn't put some spuds on to cook. [Grandpa Drew always required a baked potato for dinner.]

Friday, March 6. In the afternoon I went downtown with Eppy in Uncle Will's machine. He had it out to shop because he stripped his master gear. Went to Calif. Top Works with Thompson, then we went out the park to the beach. We helped some women out of tire trouble. I was coming home down Fell St. when she ran out of gas. Bot 1 ½ gal. Dwyer had finished the plans for the WC house [Willow Camp was an earlier name for Stinson Beach] so he stayed over to dinner. He stayed on talking to us. Ma & A [sister Agatha] went to Kellys' with Pop at 9:00 when Dwyer went home. I went to bed at 9:01.

Saturday, March 7. Uncle Detmold to lunch. [Detmold Fredricks was Grandma Theresa Drew's brother.] J, Ag, self and Imelda went to the Orpheum mat. Bot some pop music after. Doris Hunter, Ag's roommate, asked if she could come out, so she came down to dinner. We went to Terhan's to dinner. [This is the first mention of Jerry Drew's future wife, who was then in her freshman year at Dominican College in San Rafael. Her family was still living in Sacramento at this time. Doris was 2 ½ years older than Jerry, his sister's age.] Scott and his folks sat next to us. We went home to talk over the plans with Dwyer. I took Imelda home.

Sunday, March 8. Up 5:30, mass 6:00. Took 8:15 [boat] with Will K., Margaret K., John, Ag & Doris. Mill Valley and out Cataract Drive to zig zag. West Point. Ate lunch at Mt. Theatre Trail on old stage road. I carried Dodo across a mud swamp. Some lady. Willow Camp. Lay around beach. Root beer from them damn be-camps at 25 cents a bottle. Back over Dipsea. Margaret had kind of tough going. She cried some. Doris hikes well. Home about 9:00.

Monday. I went to Mission in the morning and took Will's car to school to be fixed. [Uncle Will was the principal of Mission High School for many years.] Picture for life in aft. downtown.

Tuesday. Lesson. Bad. In eve. I took the plans etc. over to San Anselmo to Dwyer.

Wednesday. Out to fix up Seidden's motorcycle with Quark Top Works and found out that the machine would not be ready for 6 weeks. We went to Haas's and the library. Started a drive for Pop to get a new machine. I think it's kind of cold turkey. Scott rang up to get me to a show with him. I was going to Willow on a hike but changed my mind on account of bad weather. Mr. & Mrs. Dwyer were over from San Anselmo to talk over the bid on the WC house. Left at 12.30.

Sunday. Damn Rosekranz. He woke me up at 10:30. Went to 12 mass at St. Agnes. When I trickled it was raining. Went to Rosy's place. He wanted me to play in his orchestra again. Maybe I will. When Pop went to Grandma's, Ag, John & I went to a show. I hadda go to the Mechanics library so they got off at the Tivoli and I went on. Helen Gardner was on the car. She is a girl I say and no damn blubber. First class. J & A didn't wait; when I got to the Tivoli I beat it to the Calif. Saw Clara Kimball Young in "The Forbidden Woman."

Thursday [March 11 --no entry].

Friday. I went to the Portola with Mom. We ran into Uncle Will after, in Haas's. Took us home.

Saturday. I painted desks for Pop in a.m. I went out to Thompson's and helped him with the motorcycle. Dwyer came over. We agreed to give him the contract at \$7,435. Pretty stiff, but Pa thinks he can make the grade. Dwyer is a likeable chap

but very crude. Claire T. weighs much on my mind. I'm going to see her again soon. Friday I received two letters, one from Teddy and one from Mabel Morgan. They are dear girls but I think very immature from their letters. Women don't ever get mature, I think.

Sunday, March 14. I went down to the Sunday Rotten! Dwyer signed the contract. At last, thank God, we can . . . not our hand with the Willow Camp affair. For many years now we have procrastinated about building. It's going to cost us enough in increased prices. Let's hope she goes thru. I rang up Will K. He has a cold. Working in Shewe's now.

Monday March 15. Rain., Went to rehearsal at the Players' Club. Home 12.00.

*[Note: The following letter is the only one in my collection written during the time young Jerry was traveling in Europe, after graduating from Cal in 1924. I'm not sure who his traveling companion was--possibly Kenny Bell. Jerry was also in Europe to study French at the University of Grenoble, and Spanish at the University of Madrid. At some point in 1925 or '26 I believe his parents came over for a visit (from the looks of some unlabeled photos) and he also saw Doris, who was studying art in Paris. He liked to tell us that she was only in Europe to chase him.]*

Monte Carlo, October 31, [1925 or '26] (Halloween's)

Dear Dode-

Altho that lone card has probably kept you going so far, thot I'd spruce you up with something a bit more extensive. Last night we had the best laugh of the trip. We were surrounded at the station (here) by about 10 hotel porters. Of course that was not new. They eventually settled down to four, all pulling at us & the grips, handing us cards, and all shouting. We went with one to a hotel near the gare to leave our grips while we searched for some mythical friends (a hotel, actually). As we popped out of the dive a soft voice wafted its way down--"This way sirs!" We looked up to see one of the disappointed ones draped angel-like over the rail of an embankment. Ignoring him we pushed on, only to have him at heel, elbowing us into his place. It doesn't sound funny, but how we laughed!...

...in a description of the sentiments of an American who stopped at the hostel indicated above, or some other of like ilk. That because of a few details such as a charge of 50 cents for filling his pen, 20 cents for a sheet of paper, not enough covers, & lukewarm water for shaving, to be brief. In other words, Italy may have raised Dante, Mike Angelo, Caesar and others, but it never produced a good hotel or anyone who could cook. We both heaved sighs of delight when we crossed to France. The most exasperating country! [ Still referring to Italy, presumably]. Elevators don't run, it rains, streetcars are like snails, well--you may want to go there sometime, so I won't discourage you. Go ahead--I dare you to.

Yes, the trip has been lovely. For details, please see Baedeker on Switzerland & Italy, specifically--Geneva, Lausanne, Montreaux, Milan, Como, Venice, Florence, Rome, Genoa... [Back in Monte Carlo:] Beautiful parks, women, etc. We stood on one foot, then the other, in the well known casino today. Nothing exciting. Haven't seen the prince or Erte yet. Half expected a fusillade of pistols as they blew out brains of unfortunate gamblers along the terraces. Alas! It is rather interesting to watch the gambling. If one wishes it is so easy to philosophize one's way into abstaining from gambling. Just realize that money you win is more recklessly spent than money you have; having an even chance to win or lose, what you lose means more than what you win. Q.E.D., don't gamble.

The people here all seem hard, jaded to thrill-seeking. There's something elusive

about them. It's a parasitic place. While I love the spot, yet it certainly supplies nothing for the world's good, if one discounts pleasures of a frothy nature.

Naturally enough I am now feeling an aversion for pleasure-seeking, having sought same for some time. Ascetic-like, my hole in Grenoble is to be pulled in after me. Altho I won't live atop a tower, it will be nearby. I've spent tons of money and have decided to forego the pleasure of a spell in Paris. (Subject to revision) At any rate, much of one. Of course, if the folks crash thru with an Xmas check...

I've been procrastinating long enough. It's work now, and there's so much besides lessons I'm hungry to learn. If nothing else, Italy has given me a desire to know the history of various things and a bit of the men she's had. At the same time it's shown me my sad lack of knowledge on no end of subjects. Howsomever, I feel young tonight. I crave an adventure. Of all the traveling I've done --to not have had a single romantic episode! Allah knows best in all things, tho. There's no use crowding him.

I hope you are working as hard as I plan to. There's hay to be made. Give my best to the Macs if you should see them...

*[Note: The following letter, dated April 28, 1926, is to Jerry from Doris, who was then living in New York at 270 West 11th Street, and making her living as a fashion illustrator. She shared the Greenwich Village brownstone with at least four other women--her sister Mary Lee Hunter, who worked as secretary to the editor of Harper's Bazaar; Olive Otis; Si Morton, who was soon to get married; and Lillis Talbot, who worked as a medical secretary and never married. They called themselves the Village Vixens, and kept in touch for the rest of their days. In 1926 Jerry Drew was back from his travels in Europe, and visiting his parents at 67 Pierce Street in San Francisco. (This was a couple of years before Grandpa Drew built the house at 200 Pacheco Street, in the Forest Hills area.) Jerry was about to move to Washington, DC to prepare for the Foreign Service exams.]*

Dear Gerry (superlatively so) -

It is now May Day! The evening of the twenty-eighth I had letter-writing ambitions but *pas assez* physical strength with which to follow thru--so succeeded merely in addressing the envelope and writing the salutation.

The weather? The news in brief? Or what wouldst thou have first?

Si's John has taken to wearing his beret on the sidewalks of New York. She doesn't think it appropriate. He doesn't know this. He likes his beret. They are to be married sometime around the finis of May or in the first round of Juin, mebbe. (But don't tell California--because New Yawk has not as yet been definitely informed.) Nevertheless things now look very certain--for they have rented an apartment & John is moving in from Connecticut, soon to take up his residence therein. Also and moreover--dishes arrived today all wrapped in messy excelsior and brown paper. Mrs. Morton thinks that a real wedding with ushers and wedding marches would be quite in order, but Si prefers an obscure justice of the peace. Don't know what John's ideas are on the subject.

Si & J have gone to Philadelphia for the weekend - Dick [Mary Hunter] is stepping forth to Venice, the Lido, or Montmartre, whilst I? (park chez moi).

Oh! I haven't had a job for a week and don't know when I shall. The Cheney [Silk Co.] posters are finished so there will be no more work of that sort until work is begun on the fall line of materials. One month...maybe two!

Was extremely gay last Monday morning--so sallied up 5th Ave. in quest of a Sundae suit. Bought some gloves and some AAA Hanan shoes also. A coat (not the kind that had once prowled the dark & fearsome forets by night - but just a coat)

Am so glad that you managed to stop in New York for a few minutes anyway. Tis nice to have one's friends turn up. (One is so apt to lose or misplace these valuables in moving about so much.)

Have seen a few plays since "Cradle Snatchers." "The Great Gatsby" (from F. Scott Fitzgerald's book) and Ina Claire in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney." Both enjoyable and full of clever conversation--(the kind that grows only in books & on the stage) Marilyn Miller in "Sunny." I don't get much time for reading in these turbulent days - but am now preoccupied with "All the Sad Young Men." Amusing title, wot? The critics have been turning cartwheels over it --but I can't see that the stories are so much better than those in Flappers & Philosophers. And all of his women are Rosalinds. All women are not like that. Nay, nay! It annoys me.

Am afraid that you are a little disappointed in the way that I turned out. The winter has been hectic and I was quite morbid for a time. Am better now--so do not worry about any of the foolish new ideas I seemed to have imbibed. I was talking thru my bonnet. I still have some conservative old thoughts and a few moth-eaten illusions. These I am fond of so shall save them as I did the old squirrel. Yes, of course. [The squirrel referred to was probably her grey squirrel coat from college days, later transformed into a jacket she was still wearing in the forties and fifties.]

Where is Gertrude? Where is the girl-of-the-boat? Answer if you wish. Anyway--you see, dear--I still manifest a lively interest.

The weather? Oh, yes. I nearly neglected it. Spring is so timid that it hasn't appeared at all. Summer will be on the stage with some hot stuff before we know it. They say New York summers are not bashful.

I envy you greatly in seeing all of our old mutual friends--Pritch, Claire J., Ag and San Francisco--& Lincoln Park. If you and Mrs. Vecki [the self-same "Pritch," who had recently married "Dutch" Vecki] should go out there some morning I shall go with you in spirit & we can have a threesome.

What news of Miss Gabriel & Miss Strachan? (Can't spell it--never could) My best to them when you see them again.

Am tired for no reason at all. Eyes are weary from too much of that Cheney business, I suppose.

Write & tell me what you're doing--whether or not you like it. Please do--I wish news of you. Many thanks for the enjoyable aft. & evening we had together.

Oh--Florita [Doris's mother] is coming east in September, maybe.

Very much love from Dod(e)

Remember me to your family and tell Pritch that I shall write!!

January 29, 1927

Dear Dod--

Your letter received--contents noted. What are these thin-letter charges you bring? Quite unfounded.

Just went out to the kitchen to add up the grocery checks. We were nervous--about a six-inch stack, but considering that three of us plus one husky maid and sundry unknown inhabitants of darktown have been feeding for a month, the total wasn't bad. I am very well pleased with living conditions in Washington. Molly keeps my socks darned, which is a lot.

The Graves has been down here nearly a month now. Abbott [George Abbott, who was also to be Jerry's housemate in Paris in 1945] & I stand each other's company better when he is around to lighten the steady diet.

I leave for Para (see Atlases) about the middle of April. I'll have 30 days leave before then. Plan to leave here for S.F. the 10th of March. Why couldn't you live [a little closer to] Calif. so we could have a week or two over at Willows [Willow Camp /Stinson Beach]? We might even organize a camping trip. I've written to John about it. Much as I crave to see you in Washington, I think it would be fun to be together in our native habitat again. Tell me what you think of the idea. I'm *tres serieux* about it. However, if this suggestion bears no fruit, I'm all agog about February 17th. If the exigencies of the Service permit, & I'll see that they do, I'll be at the station to meet you. Be sure to send me a wire to tell me when you will arrive. I'll put my address in here just in case we should miss--then you wouldn't have to walk the streets. I'd like to put you up here, but I fear to--Wash. is too small.

Saw Becky & John at a tea today. You were brot up. They are a sweet couple. John is writing a play the school is putting on in March. He is the class funny-man. [The school referred to was probably the Georgetown Foreign Service school.]

About Para. Yes, it will be hot & hotter. The coldest day ever recorded there was 66. It averages around 89--with humidity about the same. Heat has never been a friend of mine but I imagine I can stand it for a couple of years. It is  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch from the equator--right at the mouth of the Amazon. Half of the year I'll be in charge of the office at Manaos--1,000 miles up the Amazon. There I'll be all alone in the office--with 2 clerks. There is one American in the town but a handful of British. Para is a little better--there are two American families there. I'll chatter more about it when I see you.

Ten inches of snow fell here in a few hours a couple days back. I revel in it. Storing up memories for my exile.

I'm a bit hangoverish today. Went to the Italian Embassy ball last night. It was a good party. Never saw more or better food in my life. Nor champagne. We adjourned to someone's house for scrambled eggs. Home about six. We've had some swell parties here--public ones, I mean. I'm going to everything in sight while I can.

I've been hours over this. I stop & moon--read some of your more recent letters--write --no, not for you, deary. Graves & I were looking at a lot of Grenoble pictures tonight. Perhaps that explains the mooning.

Dod--my crack about your staying with friends was unintentional. Mebbe if weather is fine February 20th I could take leave and picnic with you somewhere. No Hunter. No Mike or Leggett girl. Not even a vegetable garden girl. Who would be Mrs. Consul in Para? I fear no one.

This is not one of my letter moods, so I'll shut up. But let me know if there is any chance of your staying over. My mother said L.C. [Doris's father] looked years younger & healthier & stronger, & D.H. was charming & Florita quite quite. She seldom enthuses. Methinks she is beginning to worry about never having any grandchildren. [If "she" is Grandma Drew, she already had one grandchild by 1927--Agatha's first-born, Frank Dollard.]

Mlle.--my card. Pin it on you when you arrive in Union Station in case you lose yourself. I expect one short one between now and der Tag.

Love love love love  
Jerry

April 29, 1927

Dear Dod--

Back east again. Yes, passed the exams. Made 87.34, which it seems is fairly high; third highest as far as I know. Now for the orals, not to mention a physical examination.

As for my doings since leaving you--they were few and not too interesting. The trip out home was only slightly less boring than the return trip. That largely because of certain liberties enjoyed over the border. Didn't do much while home. Went down to Glendale for a few days [where Agatha was then living]. Ag is well--slightly thinner. Her affairs seem to be going along fairly smoothly. Saw Dutch Vecki. He is quite thin--said Marian was almost well. He didn't ask me to call in spite of an opening. I suppose he is fed up with the sight of her old friends--beaux & otherwise. Ag has seen her occasionally. Kenny Bell is still as immaculate as ever. My emotional status remains as unsettled as ever. How's yours?

The day I left I went up to Sacramento early & had dinner with John & took the Overland out from there. Wanted to go call on your folks but could not reach them by phone. At that I might have made some damaging admission. John is as jovial as ever, and as plump.

Orals come May 16. I leave for Germany the first of June. Coming? Unentangled, of course. [A reference to her recent romance with Myron, the wealthy, alcoholic cad she'd met on shipboard.] When you write you must bring me up to date on all that. You have seemed so much farther off since I learned the worst. Not from any but my own illogical reactions. Wish I hadn't learned. At that, tho, I can't imagine ever being entirely divorced from an active and personal interest in your life. I have never been able to delve at all deeply into its whys. With you, the part of your self that is walled off is so much more extensive than chez most of us. In my moments when I hold with the transmigrationists--yes, I have them--I think that you have lived oftener and been going longer than most, and have hence had more experiences to store up and hold back. Deny it.

Had a line from Squire Knowles, who is apparently at home. [Squire was a friend of Doris's in art classes at Berkeley, and later became a long-term housemate in Haiti.] Spent a pleasant evening with Mel. Seems to be quite the model husband. They are restless. She is only 19--quite an appealing child, very naive. Said "I love Mel, but I want a divorce and some lovers--he's the first one I ever had." She married at 17.

It was rather hard to leave home this time, not because of any person, but rather the tug of so much in the way of material comforts--an assured future and all that. Life out there really is so much easier. Especially when one has a few hot days

here.

Graves is going over with me, if he passes. I may not wait to hear the results if they are going to take more than a fortnight... I plan to put in about 2 months studying somewhere in Germany and an equal time cycling around. If all goes well, I should be back for the school about October first.

This is a stupid letter, but don't wait too long to let me hear. Say whether "The Man" is around, as it might enter into any plans on time to be spent in New York.

Dickie, as a free spirit, I can still love without reservations. You could tell her so. And do you intend to visit Louise or Philly cousin or anybody? Spread your stuff while you can.

Love,  
Jerry

1418 - 20th St., Washington, DC

Washington  
Thanksgiving - 1927

Dearest Dod--

This is a lap letter written abed at something of a dark and blowy morn [morning]. Strangely enough I don't feel full of turkey and things--only wild thoughts to go places and do things. Rash, reckless deeds they would be--the air is heavy - portentous. Leaves swirling around you--not in bed but when I was walking shortly ago--scurrying cracklingly after you like evil sprites, making you peer over the shoulder and quicken the step.

Where were you the night before the big Berkeley fire [of 1923]? It was just such a night. I'll never forget it. How hot and awesome it was. Like the day of Thunder on the Left. Sometime I'm going to do a monograph on the influence of weather on human conduct. We scan over our recent menus to discover the source of our unusual feelings--urges to murder & rapine--when a shining row of barometers, thermometers & gadgets would tell the true tale. Nearly all wars start in the spring. All our wars have opened in April. Is it the new sap of spring surging . . . or has April some mystic baleful influence on us?

But this is not an auspicious moment for that monograph. Today has been a worm day--you know--"Nobody loves me, goin' to eat some worms." George's old girl--(young--but left over from last winter's stock) invited us for turkey a month back. We turned down other feeds on the strength of it and then heard nothing more of it. She had a friend of ours out to make it the more pointed--a cuff for falling off in attentions to her & mamma. No--not nice. I spent most of the day cello-ing--in fact, my finger tips are a bit raw. I had some exercise shaking cocktails and went to see some football men--rah rah rah!

What are you up to? Is life being kind to my Hunter? Making many shekels? When am I going to see you? How about coming down to our nation's capital for a weekend of good wholesome fun, anyone can play it. We could dance Saturday night, see sights Sunday, & send you home Monday. You could bring Dicky if you'd feel safer. We could sic Bro. Abbott on her. He's a nice clean American youth. Backbone of the nation type. Now answer this proposition. It is definitely not a "Do come & see me sometime" invitation. And another thing. Have you friends in Cleveland or environs--whom you could descend on for Xmas? It looks like Cleveland for us over holidays. Lake Placid is out unless I have a windfall. Poppa Drew exhorts me to save monies. It is to laugh.

You could arrive at Union Station around 4:30 or five, to fall in my loving arms after a jolly little trip through the slums & back yards of Philly, Newark, & all points west. I work Saturdays, gudamitall. I'm getting all excited about this scheme. Truly it is the product of a master mind. Who but the great Drew could beget such a plan?

I am bored here. If I knew a better 'ole I'd go to it. I expected more fun & females. I have been doing some teas & things but they pall. The women are in two types: The dregs of previous deb vintages or the comers-out--My deah, I simply mean it's too wonderful, I really do.

Geo, and I are staging a tea to work off some of our social obligations. It will probably degenerate into a cocktail party. One of our colleagues had a tea--the last guest was taken out at 1 in the morning. We have something to shoot at.

What of Graves? Does he ever rally 'round? He says he's in the market for a new girl. He's young but handsome. I'll give him a good character reference in case he applies.

Now I'm getting sleepy. One must either get sleepy or be in an awful hurry, my dear, to simply must close a letter. Now Hunter--let the watchword be--On to Washington! Come soon with all your trappings. Let me know what would be a good weekend for you.

Incidentally--a thoroughgoing rebuke to you for sending me insinuating libelous clippings in lieu of a letter. The nerve of you--comparing me to a sea lion. Simply too revolting of you! You're a gazelle and a sloth that hangs by its toes & lives in an attic & draws with its tail and an anteater that moves its nose, and a--and a--so there now.

And wear your purple dress and bring a blue hat that's for constancy.

All my love---  
Jerry

Why write? Western Union.

Para - April 11 [1929]

Dear Dod (Dicky may read over shoulder)

Thou hast reason--I have been lax. T'were ever thus. It's the humidity! Some say the alkyhol that one absorbs--but No! You do a spot of work--drink till dinner--one or two after--Then you feel like doing a Simmons [reference to Simmons mattress]. Am getting fed up! This is the nut season (meaning Brazil nuts), meaning dozens of boats sailing and thousands of invoices to sign, and what-not. Have worked after grub to midnight the last 3 nights--all sorts of quarterly forms & accounts--Now it's the night before sailing (or mail day)--hence a quickie only.

No strings, but don't stew--have found a supply in town and at that only played the thing about twicet since arriving. [He's referring to cello strings.] Living in a hostel, as I am now, damps one's style.

Nothing happens here. Some days you get drunker than others--am getting fat and unhealthy with pouches under the eyes and around the soul (?), like a bloated banker (which bank?) but no fat hands yet.

Today I am particularly fed up. This is the place with less doing than any. You can see Tom Mix in *Terror of the Plains* (1919)--spend a quiet night in a whorehouse--work, or sleep. Do brains ossify? Mine feels like it. Also my liver. Very few Yanks in town--occasional drummers or beachcombers. Mostly 3rd rate limeys. None inspiring. As for the wimmen--cheest! Many are good but few are chosen.

On arrival made a few feeble passes at one, but detecting one of those "What are your intentions, young man" looks in her old man's eye, I *fouted le camp*. The ladies of the evening are even duller than the good gals, and not so healthy. They go in for dances now and anon, but one sweats. Kripes, mother. Then too--many chaperones--but no Aunt Liz's two blocks down the hill. I have a monkey--fear he's an invert.

Well--am running out of dope--but this one doesn't count as a letter. Am going to retire to my plage some week and write to you... Even the heart girl quit writing last November.

Still I am alone in the office. Have three clerks--one steno (cute), one janitor (cuckoo) and one janitress--black--pensioned mistress of some former consul. Keeps me busy trying to keep the staff working. O Senhor Consul ofttimes wishes for a boss and someone to take some responsibility--the Department thinks otherwise.

This is getting tripey. Dod--Thanks for letters. Tell Dicky to have a good time in Europe. No more Myrons. Save some money to meet me in S.F. in 1930. You

owe me a bicycle trip at least. (Might even be in late '29). Remember the Maine and adopt a parrot if you get too lonely--

G.

*[Note: The foregoing is the only letter I could find from Para. However, many details about Jerry's life in Para come to us from Elie Negrine, a Greek/Jewish/Egyptian whom Jerry befriended in Para, and ultimately helped in his long-held goal of emigrating to the U.S. I have included this long essay almost verbatim in the following pages.]*

*Jerry did indeed get together with Doris/"Dode" in San Francisco in 1930, when he came back on home leave. By then she was pretty well fed up with the single life in New York and was ready for a career change, perhaps marriage. Her parents, with whom she was staying, had moved back to an apartment in San Francisco after many years in Sacramento. Jerry and Doris's long friendship had turned into romantic love and they had decided to get married, but hadn't been able to nail down a date before Jerry had to leave for his next post, in Port-au-Prince, Haiti.*

*Their letters from this period began when Jerry left San Francisco, and are included in my earlier memoir of Doris, "Sunrise on the Andes, Sunset on the Alps." I made a dozen copies of this opus and distributed them to my parents' eleven grandchildren, keeping one as a loaner. Ten or so years later, my nephew Jerry Sweet scanned his copy onto a disk, so I was then able to revise it on my Mac computer, and reprint it--five spiral-bound copies.)*

*Jerry Drew made a trip back to New York from Haiti for his wedding to Doris on June 20, 1931, his 28th birthday. Only Mary Hunter (Dicky) and his friend Stewart Grummon were in attendance. After a brief honeymoon on Cape Cod (where Jerry only spoke to the Portuguese fishermen, said Doris), they sailed to Haiti and took up residence in a large Victorian house in Petionville, a pleasant suburb of Port-au-Prince, where they were soon joined by Dickie and Squire Knowles and maybe others hoping to escape the Depression.*

*Deirdre came along in April, 1932, and I in November 1933. Doris left a little ahead of Jerry for their home leave in April 1933, when the letters resume. She had been suffering from allergies that she always called her "hay fever," and was hoping for some medical help.*

Gerald A. Drew, U.S. Consul

*An essay about his good deeds by Elie Negrine - May 27, 1971*

[Note: Elie Negrine was an Egyptian of Greek/Jewish background who emigrated to Brazil in 1928, at the age of 24. There he encountered Gerald A. Drew, the U.S. Consul in Belem, Para, then 25 and serving in his first Foreign Service Post. These reminiscences were occasioned by Drew's death in September 1970, which Mr. Negrine read about in the Washington DC papers. I have edited them for greater readability, but have not tried to condense. This essay was sent with a cover letter to Robert W. Dean, then the desk officer for Brazil at the State Department, who forwarded it to me, one of Gerald Drew's three daughters-- Judith Drew Wilkinson]

Foreword - March 1919, a few months after the signing of the armistice on November 11, 1918. It was a Thursday afternoon, and the principal of Aghlion High School proclaimed the rest of the day off, and took all the students and teachers to the American Cosmograph, one of the best movie theatres in Alexandria, Egypt, to see the cessation of World War I hostilities and the triumphant arrival of President Woodrow Wilson to Rome, Paris and London. Prime ministers Lloyd George of England, Georges Clemenceau of France, Vittorio Orlando of Italy, and Eleferios Venizelos of Greece were also featured.

I was sitting next to the history, geography, French, and science teacher of the junior high school class, and in front of him sat the principal of the school, Hugo Farfara, a Jewish Italian intellectual who was also a lecturer at the Free University of Alexandria. Mr. Isaac Beaty, the teacher, seeing President Wilson descending from the coach in Paris, told the principal, "Here comes the president of the United States with American diplomats, innocent people to deal with the conniving foxes," meaning the four prime ministers mentioned above, "who for sure will not hear his advice, and a German revenge may take place in twenty years. Since the American Independence--July 4, 1776--American diplomats have been above reproach, having an overdose of honor and dignity in serving their national interests and God's commandments at the same time." At that time I was a boy of fourteen, and wanted to come to the United States, a desire I realized fifteen years later--March 24, 1934. I realized how true his words were when I became acquainted with four American diplomats whom I consider great Americans.

I owe a sincere debt of gratitude to retired Ambassador Roy Tascoe Davis, who in 1931 helped me secure a position as room clerk and cashier at the Central Hotel in Panama City, Panama. I am also grateful to the American Consul in Panama City, O. Williams, who reassured me, after I had lost all hope of entering the U.S., that if I could locate some relatives in the U.S. to send me affidavits, he would try to have the American consul in Athens grant me a visa in two to three years. I am also sincerely grateful to the Honorable Lewis Hoffacker, presently American

Ambassador in Yaounde, Cameroun, who, when he was the [U.S. State Department] desk officer for Egypt in 1956, helped me bring my relatives from Alexandria as refugees/escapees. And my sincerest gratitude goes to the late Ambassador Gerald Augustin Drew, whom I had the privilege of knowing in Belem, Para, Brazil, from 1928-1930, as he was starting his career in the Foreign Service. The following true story is dedicated to him.

Unable to receive an immigration visa to enter the U.S. in January 1928, as a second best I decided to emigrate to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. I had no trouble securing a position as interpreter, in the different languages I learned in Egypt, at the Hotel Avenida, one of the ten leading hotels in the city at that time. At the hotel I met many American guests to whom I explained my difficulty in obtaining an immigration visa to enter the U.S., but none of them could help me, as none was a member of the U.S. Foreign Service. Several months after I had saved enough money, I decided to venture into the Amazon River part of Bolivia. The travel schedule was to take me through Belem, Para, where I was fortunate in meeting the American consul, Gerald A. Drew.

The day I arrived in Belem, after registering in a boarding house, I took a walk around the city. As I passed by the Grande Hotel, I saw a former guest of the Hotel Avenida, accompanied by the American consul. My acquaintance told Mr. Drew of my desire to come to the U.S. The next day, after walking around the city, I noticed the sign "American Consul" and decided to enter and ask whether my registration with the American consul in Rio a few months earlier could be used from Villa Beni, Bolivia, where I was planning to go. As I was requesting this information from the clerk, a Brazilian, a young man with a blond mustache, who was sitting in the adjacent room with the door open, invited me to come into his office and take a seat near his desk. He started the conversation "You are Mr.?" and I replied "Elie Negrine." This was the first time I was addressed as "Mr." by a distinguished gentleman. He continued, "You were born in part of Greece during the Ottoman Empire's occupation and have an Egyptian *laissez passer*. You arrived yesterday from Rio de Janeiro." I answered "Yes, sir."

Continuing the conversation, Mr. Drew said, "You were very lucky to have found a position in a leading hotel a few weeks after you arrived as an immigrant from Alexandria, Egypt. Do you realize immigrants are not always able to find suitable positions with good pay and good meals, like the one you had at the Hotel Avenida? Why did you leave such a good position to go to Bolivia?" My reply was, "Could it be a friend of yours brought this to your attention?" He replied, "You guessed right; a friend of mine and a friend of yours, who cautioned you not to leave your position at the Hotel Avenida and venture into the Amazon area." Hearing these words, I knew who had told him--an American, Mr. Arthur Smith, who was a guest at the Hotel Avenida. "Is Mr. Smith in Belem?" I asked Mr. Drew. He answered, "Yes, and he's staying at the Grande Hotel, and he wants to see you."

Mr. Drew continued the conversation: "The Amazon states and the Bolivian and Peruvian sides of the Amazon are depressed areas. Instead of buying the passage to Bolivia, buy a passage back to Rio de Janeiro and I will be glad to advance you a hundred or two hundred milreis to have for expenses before presenting yourself to the manager of the Hotel Avenida, who for sure will be glad to have you back, or to the manager of another hotel. After working a while you can mail it back to me." Such generosity! I wondered, Was I in the presence of a mortal or a disguised angel? I asked, "In whose presence do I have the honor to be?" The answer was, "I am the American consul, Gerald Augustin Drew." I politely declined his offer. "Mr. Consul, please forgive me for not accepting your generous offer and for not following your suggestion. My heart is in the United States and there I want to go." His answer was, "We have a quota and you must wait your turn. I cannot help you in this. First come, first served." I departed from the American consul's office more determined than ever that someday I would enter the United States, where there are kind-hearted people.

A week later I left Para, en route to Bolivia, and when I arrived, as I was warned by Mr. Drew, I found the Amazon side of Bolivia a depressed area. There was no hope for substantially paid employment, and I didn't have the capital to venture in business. I returned to Para. Struggling to find a job, I became acquainted with a certain Mr. Patrick, a Yugoslav who was editing a city directory and asked me if I could find subscribers. This I did. After finishing his book, Mr. Patrick found employment as an assistant to Mr. Drew at the American Consulate. I found a job in a factory which was starting to manufacture rubber tires for automobiles. The pay was five milreis a day, or five times 12.5 cents in U.S. currency at that time, 1928.

The factory was just starting up. The entrepreneur was a Syrio-Lebanese man, Philip Farah, and the technician an American, Mr. Burell. One day Mr. Drew visited the factory and saw me at work cleaning machines. To the surprise of Mr. Farah and Mr. Burell, Mr. Drew came toward me and spoke a few words, saying "I am glad to see you working." The entrepreneur was unable financially to continue his experiment and the factory closed. I found another occupation, unloading coal with a Greek skindiver who with his helpers had brought up to the surface a small cargo boat that was sinking. The American consul, passing by the dock, saw me at work, although I didn't see him this time. At his office Mr. Drew told his assistant, Mr. Patrick, "It hurts me not to be able to grant a visa to a hard-working person on account of his place of birth, Greece, when I am granting visas to people of lesser value. And he is not the only one I can't help."

In Santarem, Para, the Ford Motor Company had a concession to explore and manufacture rubber products. The interpreter at the Grande Hotel, the only first-class hotel in Belem, resigned his position and went to work for the Ford Company. The next day I presented myself to the hotel in hopes of securing the position left vacant. As I was standing near the room clerk, Mr. Drew was going out to his office and left his key with the clerk. Naturally, I greeted him, taking

my hat off. The hotel manager, Amaral dos Santos Pinho, noticed the American consul's response to my greeting, raising his right hand lightly with his customary smile, which made him the most respected representative of a nation. Later the manager asked Mr. Drew if he knew me. The American consul replied, "He is one of the many whose heart is in the United States but the immigration quota prevents him from entering." Mr. Pinho misunderstood Mr. Drew's statement and answered, "If he can't enter the United States, for sure he can't work here." Mr. Pinho had returned from the U.S. after completing a college education in business administration three months earlier, and succeeded the former manager, Mr. Alberto, who secured a higher position in a first-class hotel in Rio de Janeiro.

Mr. Drew, on hearing this statement, was shocked, and asked Mr. Pinho, "What have you learned in the United States? Not only have you not learned the value of a human life in the U.S., but you forgot the Brazilian motto of 'Order and Progress.' This man is not rejected nor unwanted in the U.S. We have a quota, and according to his place of birth he has to wait his turn and receive his visa in order to enter the U.S. My assistant, Mr. Patrick, recommended him to the president of the Jewish Community, who wanted to help him, but he refused any handout, submitting himself to work for a tenth part of the salary he was earning in Rio, and working hard. His hard work is the best recommendation a person can give."

The next day the hotel manager came to my workplace and had a talk with my employer the skin diver, who asked me to stop work, take a shower, change clothes, and go with Mr. Pinho to the hotel for a clerical position. He wished me good luck. Arriving at the hotel, Mr. Pinho asked me to go to the dining room and have lunch. After finishing lunch I was to go to the front entrance and stay with the room clerk. The American consul, coming in for his noon lunch, saw me at the desk and with a smile wished me good luck, adding, ""Now you can be as happy as if you were a clerk in a Manhattan hotel." I replied, "Thank you, sir." Mr. Pinho had told me on our way to the hotel the conversation Mr. Drew had with him, and added, "I admit that I had seen little of the United States as I was occupied with my studies, but I hope to go back and acquire additional education."

At the Grande Hotel the food was wholesome and nutritious; Mr. Antonio Martins, the proprietor, offered me a nice room so I could be present whenever a ship arrived and go to it to greet the passengers. It wasn't hard work; most of the passengers were destined for the Grande Hotel. My earnings were good, but with all this, Belem, Brazil, was not the United States, and the Grande Hotel was not located on the ground of that great nation. After seven or eight months I managed to save enough money to pay my passage to the U.S. and have two to three hundred dollars for expenses on my arrival. One day, arranging the magazines in the reading room, I noticed an American magazine with some historical articles, and the American flag. I said to myself with a sigh, "*Oh, bon Dieu*, or Oh, Good God." Mr. Drew was behind me, though I hadn't seen him; but hearing me and seeing what I was looking at, he said, "Tomorrow when you pass by my office,

step in; I want to talk to you." The next day I did go to his office and he told me to write to Rio de Janeiro and transfer my application for a visa to his office. This I did, and a week later I received an answer, went to the American Consulate, and gave Mr. Drew the letter.

The American consul told me, "I shall take a chance on your case, and both of us will be the winners or both of us will be the losers. I shall recommend you to the American consul in Athens, Greece, the only American official who can grant you a visa." My answer was, "I am very grateful to you, Mr. Drew." As we waited for the answer from Athens I nearly faced a dilemma, but Mr. Drew came to my rescue.

The former interpreter who had gone to work for the Ford Company concession was disliked by the Brazilian workers, and the Belem press started to criticize him. The Ford Co. had to let him go, or he was forced to quit. Mr. Pinho approached Mr. Drew to ask him what he thought if he were to reinstate the former interpreter in his former position and place me on a floor to clean rooms. He added that the former interpreter was a European and that I was from southern Europe or the middle east. Mr. Drew again asked him the same question: "Mr. Pinho, what have you learned in the United States? How would you feel if Mr. Alberto, your predecessor, were to return and Mr. Martins gave you the job of waiter?" The hotel manager answered, "Mr. Drew, I am very sorry to have had such an idea, and I apologize for not learning what the United States is about when I was there."

Before telling me the answer from Athens, Mr. Drew tried his best to get me not to take it to heart. One day, doing him a small service, Mr. Drew handed me a twenty milreis tip. "Mr. Consul, I haven't done anything to deserve this tip," I told him. "Tips are part of your earnings," he answered. I thanked him. Another time, he was invited to dinner by a well-to-do Greek businessman who was married to a Brazilian, and whose children couldn't speak a word of Greek. He asked me to go with him. I answered, "Mr. Drew, you are the American consul and I am almost a servant." He replied, "And with these ideas you want to go to the United States? Let us suppose you were in the U.S. and I asked you to come see me at my office in the State Department Would you refuse to come because you might be working in a hotel or a restaurant?"

Mr. Drew kept his word. In 1952 I phoned him at the State Department, mentioning my position as a guard with the U.S. Government Printing Office and reminding him of our acquaintance in Belem in 1928-1930. He invited me to come to his office, and when I got there, acted as if he were seeing a long-lost brother. He spoke of his stay in Belem, and of his friends and acquaintances of those years. As I was leaving, Mr. Drew asked me if he could help in any way. My answer was, "Yes, sir, wish me luck to stay in my present position for twenty years, until I retire." "I hope you'll make it," he replied.

Let us return to Belem, at the time Mr. Drew asked me to accompany him to the Greek businessman's house. After his question I decided to go with him. The host was a Cypriot by birth and had come to Brazil just like any average immigrant, without any money. His son was American-educated and being the same age as the American consul had much in common with him. After dinner they both went to a combined office/library for more conversation, and I stayed with the host, who told me his life story and how he made good in business, cautioning me that Brazil is a land of opportunity for a person who believes in working. An hour after dinner the host's son drove us back to the hotel.

A week later the American consul asked me to come see him at his office. Sitting to the right of his desk, facing him, I noticed a sheet of paper and a pencil on the desk, as if it were there for me to use. Mr. Drew took a letter out of a file and handed it to me to read. "Fifteen thousand Greeks waiting to receive visas ahead of me. Three hundred to be admitted every year." I stopped at that paragraph and did what Mr. Drew was expecting me to do. I wrote down fifteen thousand and divided it by three-hundred. The answer was fifty years of waiting. Reading the end of the letter, "Assure Mr. Negrine this office will give every consideration to his application," I had a big laugh. As I wrote down fifty plus twenty four, my age at the time, it equaled seventy four. What surprised me was Mr. Drew seemed more hurt than I was. He told me, "Forget the United States; Brazil is also an American nation with a great future for hard-working people. Only an extraordinary event would open the doors to the many thousands ahead of you, and to you. If there's any way to help you, I will." My answer was, "Mr. Drew, you have been very kind to me. Thanks to you I have the position of interpreter with the Grande Hotel, and thanks to you I was able to save enough money to leave Belem, as the climate is not too favorable. I am very grateful to you and shall never forget your kindness." He replied, "I'm glad you feel that way." I left his office with a handshake.

This took place two weeks before Christmas 1929. I continued working at the Grande Hotel until March 15, 1930, when I left Brazil for Central America. I was unhappy not to be able to see Mr. Drew and thank him again before leaving. Mr. Drew had jurisdiction of the American consulate in Manaus, the capital of the bordering state of Amazonas, and was out of town at the time of my departure.

From Belem I went to Managua, Nicaragua, having made a few short stops in French Guyana, British Guyana, Trinidad, and Panama. In Nicaragua I remembered Mr. Drew's advice: America is a land of opportunity when a person works hard. Nicaragua is in Central America, and I decided to sell ice cream from a pushcart. My earnings were good, but ten months after I'd started the business, on March 31, 1931, an earthquake shattered my hope of a future in the Central American nation. I came close to losing my life, but was lucky to have my money deposited in a bank, so I was able to leave for Panama City, Panama. There the American Ambassador, Roy Tascoe Davis, helped me secure a position as room clerk and cashier at the Central Hotel; and the American consul, Mr. O. Williams,

promised me that if I could find some relatives to furnish me affidavits he would do his best to convince the American consul in Athens to grant me a visa.

While I was working in the Central Hotel, the insurance company discovered my family in Alexandria, Egypt, and my oldest brother answered all questions about me favorably. As we started to correspond, relatives in the United States were discovered and affidavits were sent. Mr. Drew's statement that only an extraordinary event would open the doors to the many thousands of Greeks ahead of me on the list of aspirants to enter the U.S. did come true: It was the Depression, and many of those ahead of me chose not to come to the U.S. My turn became available, and the letter Mr. Drew wrote on my behalf in 1929 spared me from going through the usual rigorous investigation. The American consul in Panama City told me when he granted me the visa in 1934, "You should be thankful to Mr. Drew, the American consul in Belem, who highly recommended you to the U.S. consul in Athens." I replied, "Mr. Drew was a godsend to me and to many other people, whom he helped to the point of saving their lives." Mr. Meyer, the consul who signed my passport, said, "I heard of Mr. Drew helping sick people after he was transferred from Belem to Central America." I was glad that others knew of the kindness of Mr. Drew.

After I arrived in the United States, life was hard. After struggling for almost three years as a vendor, I joined the U.S. Merchant Marine, and after Pearl Harbor was attacked I joined the U.S. Navy. It was during my Navy service that I heard even more about the kind deeds of Mr. Drew. When the news came out in 1944 that he was appointed U.S. consul to liberated France, I was stationed in the South Pacific theatre, and heard one of my commanding officers tell another officer, "When Mr. Drew was in high school he used to help students who had difficulty with their studies." I wrote Mr. Drew a letter, and he answered me: "I am very happy to learn you are an American citizen and serving in the Armed Forces."

It might be interesting at this point to review briefly some of Mr. Drew's subsequent career, including his last appointment as ambassador [to Haiti, 1957-60]. according to local papers and to people who have been beneficiaries of his good actions.

In Haiti as the U.S. ambassador, Mr. Drew faced a critical situation, and a short review of Haitian history would help us understand the serious condition he was in. Regardless of having two thousand whites of foreign nationality working there, Haiti has since its independence from France in 1804 been a black-oriented nation, with restrictive laws in economic matters for non-black people. In spite of this, many white people contributed to the development of the nation economically and culturally. From 1915, with the U.S. Marine Corps occupation, conditions for white people in Haiti became more favorable. From July 1931 to March 1934, the period I was working as room clerk and cashier at the Central Hotel in Panama City, many Haitian residents of foreign nationalities registered at the hotel in transit for the United States or for visits to their native lands. Many of

them--Syrians, Lebanese, Greeks, and Scandinavians--were businessmen, and their trips were to purchase goods for their businesses.

The American occupation lasted up to 1934 [at which time Drew was ending his first tour of duty in Haiti, as Second Secretary at the U.S. Legation, 1931-34]. Relations continued to be friendly with the United States, in spite of the fact that after the Marines left the relaxation of restrictive laws for non-Haitians started to become less relaxed. In 1951 President Paul Magloire encouraged foreign capital investments, and in such circumstances the restrictive laws were relaxed but not abolished. At the time Mr. Drew was accredited the American ambassador to Haiti, Paul Magloire was overthrown and the restrictive laws for foreigners were back in effect. Foreseeing the danger, Ambassador Drew helped many Americans, Haitians, and people of other nationalities to escape. [In 1957, when Drew arrived in Haiti, a triumvirate which included Dr. Charles Duvalier had replaced Magloire, and Duvalier soon ousted the others and consolidated his power as the infamous "Papa Doc." During the unsettled time of the triumvirate, a Lebanese American businessman named Shibley Talamas was clubbed to death at a police station, ostensibly for violating the curfew. The Haitian government eventually paid reparations to the family, but the "Talamas Case" soured relations with Haiti for many years.]

At the time he was ambassador to Jordan [actually he was the first U.S. minister to Jordan, 1950-52], Mr. Drew to the best of his ability protected Jewish people residing at that time in Arab countries. He cautioned the Arabs that the Arab nations have much to gain by having a Jewish nation among them, and if at peace with each other, Arabs and Jews would grow together culturally, industrially and economically, not needing any great power to assist them. He reminded the Arabs that Arabs and Jews were of common ancestry, similar to Americans and Canadians; and if both were to adopt the Latin alphabet, they would be able to understand each other just like the U.S. and Canada. While he was U.S. minister in Amman, he influenced other Arab nations to relax their anti-Jewish laws enacted in 1948 during the establishment of the state of Israel.

In Hungary [1947] and Greece [1947-50, on loan to the U.N. Special Commission on the Balkans, or UNSCOB], Mr. Drew took care of American-born citizens whose parents had let their offspring's citizenship lapse. Mr. Drew helped them establish their U.S. birth and return to the U.S. from their ancestral countries. One of his greatest concerns was with the survivors of Nazi concentration camps. Mr. Drew went beyond his duty as a representative of the United States; instead, he acted according to the Christian precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He went to the rescue of many people, helping them return to their native lands; or, many of them having had relatives murdered by the Nazis and not wanting to return to their native lands, helping them come to the United States or to other Western nations of their choice. His name became dear to many--Greeks, Hungarians, Jews of different nationalities--whom I met in the United States and Canada. Our gratitude to him is beyond all words.

At the time Mr. Drew was appointed U.S. consul in liberated Paris, I was serving with the U.S. Navy in Noumea, New Caledonia, as a petty officer specialist first class. My duties were as translator with the counter intelligence and base censor's office. New Caledonia is an overseas territory of France situated in the southwest Pacific Ocean and comprising the Island of New Caledonia and a number of other islands. New Caledonia Island is about 875 miles east of Australia, and has an area of 6531 square miles. The population in 1962 was 78,000, including about 25,000 Europeans, and Noumea's at that time was estimated at 33,000. During the war Noumea's population was smaller, but numbered three to four members of U.S. armed forces to one Noumean--according to professors at the French College in Noumea.

My favorite entertainment in those days was to go to the French Court in my spare time and hear the lawyers debating civil and criminal cases alike. I made some friends among the French judges and lawyers, and one day I was invited to Maitre Coursin's--an elderly retired lawyer--for dinner. There were about six other guests, some of them recently returned from military service with De Gaulle's Free French armed forces. All of them had returned to their positions with the privy council, or the governor's second office.

At the table Mr. Drew's name came up in the conversation. One of the guests had spoken to him in Paris, and had the kindest words for him. "He does not act as an American consul; he acts more as a physician trying to heal the wounds of people who had been oppressed by the Nazis. Escapees and survivors from concentration camps are his first concern. He pays attention to how food, supplies and medical care are handled. Another guest said, "He's a good Christian." Another said, "No, I think he's a Jew in the way he's helping Jewish survivors." A priest who was among the guests then took the floor: "Gentlemen, as I understand it according to this conversation, whether this gentleman Mr. Drew is a Jew or a Christian, for sure he has the noble characteristics of the Jewish person whom we worship, Our Lord Jesus Christ." I didn't say a word, but hearing such comments I was as happy as if they were made about my own father or dearest brother.

Now let us return to Belem, Para, Brazil, where I had the privilege of being in contact with Mr. Drew for twenty months. I was told of his kind deeds even before I met him. According to the waiter, Nicasio Martinez Call, who usually waited on him at the hotel, when Mr. Drew arrived in 1927, after getting acquainted with other nations' consuls and Brazilian officials, he started arduously working to help people. Mr. Drew spoke Portuguese perfectly and needed no interpreter; however, for a guide, he would take with him the waiter, who was a Spaniard from the province of Galicia, where the dialect is similar to Portuguese, or sometimes another hotel worker. They would visit the poor sections of the city, noting the various diseases that people were suffering from. At that time the Rockefeller Foundation was very active in the area, and often Mr. Drew would invite to dinner a physician, officials of Para, and officials with the Rockefeller

Foundation to discuss the possibility of bettering conditions among the poor of Belem. He offered to submit the many cases in writing to health agencies in the United States to get some diagnoses; and thanks to answers from the U.S., some of the diseases were controlled and started to diminish.

At that time Air France and the NYRBA line, an independent American airline which was later absorbed by Pan American Airways, made frequent flights to and from Belem, and [medical and public health] information soon came from the U.S. and was quickly put to use. When people learned how their suffering was relieved, Mr. Drew's title changed from "The American Consul" to "The Good Consul." In less than a year he became the most respected person in Belem, and people passing him in the street would doff their hats and greet him with a respect equal to that given the governor of the state or to the president of Brazil.

Mr. Drew's desire to help people did not extend just to masses of people, but also to individuals, and he often paid physicians out of his own pocket. On Christmas Eve of 1929 I was invited to dinner at the house of Mr. Martinez Call, who not only was a waiter at the hotel, but was also my companion in going to the docks to greet passengers destined for the Grande Hotel. At dinner Mrs. Martinez Call acted happy and couldn't stop repeating thanks to the kind consul, the good consul. Martinez explained, "My wife couldn't eat; her stomach was upset and no doctor could help her. I told Mr. Drew of her sickness and he asked me what she eats. As I was telling him he took notes, and asked me to take her to Dr. Roffe, his physician. I took my wife to this doctor and after a month she was cured, eating a new diet with plenty of vegetables and soup once a day. And here we are eating a good dinner, and thanks to the kind consul my wife can eat very well." Mr. Drew paid the physician's fee for her and for the wife and mother of two other employees.

With his fellow consuls of other nations, Mr. Drew did not flatter wealth or boast of his own position (representing the most powerful nation in the world) or achievements. The other consuls were the Bolivian consul, dean of the consular corps, who was approaching seventy; the British consul, a man in his forties, who never missed an opportunity to boast that he was the consul of the mightiest empire in the world; the French consul, the Comte de Legue, who dreamed of France's past greatness; and the Peruvian consul, who was a very busy man, since Brazil and Peru had a lot of business with their Amazon River border. Other consuls, not always nationals of the nations they were representing, were businessmen and honorary consuls.

Mr. Drew always considered the Bolivian consul the first among equals. The city of Belem had at that time a good system of trolley cars, but from the suburbs or beyond it was not easy to get a taxi. Mr. Drew, considering the health and age of the Bolivian consul, asked him when far from home to let him know, and he would send a taxi or a friend to take him home. Mr. Drew's relations with the French consul resembled a comic cartoon of those days, "Bringing up Father," in

that Mr. Drew was a young man of twenty five or twenty six, and if it hadn't been for his mustache would have looked younger. The French consul was in his mid-fifties, and had a heavy workload. French Guyana, which bordered Brazil, was a penal colony, and convicts often escaped to Belem. Brazil and France didn't have an extradition treaty. Brazil granted asylum to the escapees, but if any of them misbehaved, Brazilian authorities would deport them on the Amazon River vessel *Oyapock*, which once a month made the trip to the French Guyana border, the Oyapock River. From the Brazilian side the deportee was taken by the Brazilian authorities in a small boat to the French side.

Not all the deportees to French Guyana were still prisoners. After serving part of their terms in prison, some of them were released, provided they stayed in the colony on probation until the end of their terms, after which, if their conduct merited it, they would be permitted to return to France. During their probation period they were free to work, and many of them became well-to-do, even wealthy, by the colony's standards. They could marry, and some of them married sisters and daughters of the gendarmes, and some went to France and returned with wives. Free to travel, many of them took trips to France or neighboring countries.

One day, when I was at the dock to greet passengers of a transatlantic vessel, the *Oyapock* was docking at the same time, returning from the trip to French Guyana's border. To our surprise, my co-worker and I heard someone calling "Grande Hotel! Grande Hotel!" We rushed toward him, he asked to come to our hotel, and we got him a porter and a taxi to take him there. When we got back to the hotel, this gentleman, Mr. Francois, was already in his assigned room. The next day he went to the French consulate, probably to fix his passport, and the French consul, visiting the hotel two or three times in subsequent days, was cool toward him, making believe he didn't see him. A few days later Mr. Francois visited the American consul's office, requesting information about manufacturers in the U.S. so he could get in touch with them when he returned to Cayenne, the colony's capital, for his business. Soon after, Mr. Drew, coming from his office for his noon meal, saw the Frenchman walking toward the dining room, and invited him to sit at his table. According to Mr. Pinho, the hotel manager, who overheard the conversation, the French consul later asked Mr. Drew what he thought of Mr. Francois. Mr. Drew replied that Mr. Francois was a gentleman, a businessman in a French colony, and one of his citizens who was entitled to his protection. The French consul took the American consul's words into consideration, and the next day he came with Mme. de Legue and invited Mr. Francois to dinner at their home. After that the French visitor and the French consul became good friends, and parted with regret that they couldn't see each other a little longer.

One of the most interesting stories about Mr. Drew's tour in Belem was how he managed to turn the Comte de Legue from an unhappy to a happy man. One day the French consul came to the hotel very upset and unhappy. He started a

conversation with the hotel manager about how life is nothing but disappointment. Mr Pinho had had his share of disappointments, and his words were no consolation for the French representative. It was like a hungry man telling another hungry man, "I am hungry." Fortunately for both of them, Mr. Drew came in then, and the Comte de Legue rushed toward him for advice as a father might rush to his adult son who had surpassed him professionally. Mr. Drew obliged and took both of them into the adjoining room where guests and visitors could relax and converse. They separated after about fifteen minutes and half an hour later they met again and went into dinner. A few days later Mr. Pinho told his friends how Mr. Drew cured the French Consul by telling him that regardless of how many times we face disappointment, people need to get along with other people; and if we were to take to heart every disappointment, then every disappointed person should try to live by himself; and if he were to try, it's doubtful how long he would live. Mr. Drew reminded the French Consul of Aesop's Fables and the poems based on those fables by Jean de la Fontaine (1621-1695), who wrote to the Dauphin (heir to the French throne) "I am using animals to represent people in a comedy of a hundred different acts, and the stage is the universe." Since they were originally said by a Frenchman, Monsieur de Legue repeated these words often to his friends.

Although resembling the comic "Bringing Up Father," the relationship of Mr. Drew and the Comte de Legue was far from comic. M. de Legue's thinking followed the pattern of the 1920s, which did not follow the French motto of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Evidently Mr. Drew taught the French consul about equality and Mr. Francois about fraternity. In Cayenne, while I was waiting a few days for the vessel Biskra to take to British Guyana, I visited Mr. Francois in his factory. He was very courteous, receiving me and two fellow passengers. He spoke of Mr. Drew as the one who taught the French consul, and taught him at the same time, how to respect his fellow men. Mr. Francois was born in Cayenne at the time his father was a gendarme, and reared in France. He admitted that when he returned from Belem he changed his attitude toward his workers, most of whom were free, but not able to return to France, and others who were paroled to him by the penal authorities. He was paying the penal institution twenty to forty francs a month for each one, and some wages for their livelihood. This was the general practice in the area then.

When he heard of people going hungry, especially people traveling through northern Brazil en route, eventually, to the United States, Mr. Drew was disturbed. It was not as if they were American citizens and it was his duty as the American consul to help them until they returned to the U.S., when the U.S. government would take over and reimburse him for their upkeep. Rather, he helped these people in the spirit of God's commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" and "thy neighbor" is any person in need. Many times these people, living in small hotels and unable to pay for their meals, would try to be contented with coffee and bread in the morning and fish and bread in the evening. When this was brought to Mr. Drew's attention, he would immediately send word

to the restaurant manager to feed these people two nutritious meals a day and he would pay the bill from his own pocket. Some local businessmen, such as Lebanese, Spanish, Jewish, or Portuguese, discovering that some of the beneficiaries were of their race or creed, would ask the restaurant manager to thank the American consul, and they would take over helping these people find work, or to leave Belem for larger cities where there would be more opportunities for work.

Mr. Drew's generosity was extended to everyone in need, regardless of race, color, creed or national origin. During the mid-twenties the Ford Motor Company acquired the concession in Santarem, Para. The rumor somehow spread in the British West Indies that American standard wages were being paid, and one day in 1929 fifteen to twenty black West Indians, British colonial subjects, disembarked from the Amazon River vessel Oyapock, hoping to go to the Ford concession for work. They embarked a few days later for Santarem, and two months later they returned with patched faces and broken noses. They had quarreled with the Brazilian workers and the American company had to let them go. The Ford concession was not an American colony, and the Ford Company's American management had to obey the nation's rules by paying minimum wages of five milreis a day. This applied to native Brazilians and foreigners alike, although if an employee had a special skill he would receive higher wages. The British consul, seeing them returning from the Ford concession, didn't want any part of them, wanting to be on good terms with the Brazilian people.

Two to three weeks after their return, the West Indians were threatened by hunger and eviction from their sleeping quarters. Mr. Drew, seeing their plight, stepped in to help. He consulted with Mr. Pickerell, who was a businessman and formerly the American consul in Belem. Pickerell was amazed to hear Mr. Drew's decision to help the unfortunate West Indians, and heartily joined him. Mr. Pickerell immediately sent word to the manager of the restaurant that was feeding them to serve them nutritious meals, and to tell the West Indians that their upkeep was guaranteed for a few weeks and that he wanted to talk with them at his place of business. He asked them if they wanted to return to their homes. They said No; they wanted to join their relatives who were working for British utility companies in Rio de Janeiro and in several other parts of Brazil. The American consul and Mr. Pickerell jointly intervened with the Brazilian Coastal Navigation Company for reduced fares for the men. Several weeks later Mr. Drew and Mr. Pickerell received letters of thanks.

Rescuing people from danger was another of Mr. Drew's activities. One hot day in January 1930, a vessel of Panamanian registry arrived in Belem with a Greek captain, Greek and Spanish officers, and a mixed crew of Greeks, Asians, and two Blacks from a Portuguese colony in Africa. Someone approached me and asked if I were the Hebrew who could speak Greek. He addressed me in Greek and I replied Yes in the same language. He asked me if I would go with him to the Maritime Police to help him interpret to the officer the case of the two African

Portuguese who went to him requesting asylum, as they wanted to leave the ship. I agreed. The maritime police officer felt very sympathetic to the Africans, though he was a white Brazilian of Portuguese parents, and allowed them to stay there for the night, as the Greek captain refused to advance them any money without an official settlement. The captain asked me if I could meet him the next day at the same place, the maritime police. I replied, "No Sir, you have Spanish officers on the ship who could handle the case better than I.

When I returned to the hotel, Mr. Drew asked me what the Greek captain wanted. When I explained, the consul immediately phoned the maritime officer, who told him the two Africans were not under arrest, but were staying there because they didn't have the money for a room in a hotel. Mr. Drew told him he would take care of their hotel room. He phoned the proprietor of a small hotel-restaurant, asking him to go to the maritime police office and take the Africans to his place and feed them. The next day the captain, hearing the American consul was interested in their case, paid them every penny of their earnings and asked the maritime police officer to send one or two policemen to escort the two Africans back to the ship, where they wanted to pick up their belongings, to prevent any attack on them by the Asian or Greek members of the crew. Two weeks later the two men left for Recife, Pernambuco, where they had relatives.

Gerald A. Drew's death in September 1970 was a great loss to the United States. In addition to being a fine diplomat and noted [if unpublished] historian, he was an enlightened political scientist with much knowledge on the formation and stabilization of new nations. One time, before the end of the academic year, some college students in Belem went to Mr. Drew and asked him if they could meet with him to ask a few questions regarding history, forms of government, and the creation of a nation. When Mr. Drew was told how many students wanted to come, he told them there was no room in his office for so many, but he would arrange to have them come to the movie theatre located in the Grande Hotel, which was in use on weekends only. Antonio Martins, the proprietor, was so happy to let Mr. Drew use the auditorium that he offered complimentary coffee and cake and placed the waiter Nicasio Martinez Call at Mr. Drew's disposal. I was invited by the students to join them; naturally I was an observer and listener. Mr. Drew asked them to bring certain reference books, such as encyclopedias and histories. At the time Mr. Drew was fluent in Portuguese, as well as Spanish, French, and English.

Most of these students, unlike their American counterparts, were not used to working their way through college with janitorial, cafeteria, or library jobs. Mr. Drew was asked what life was like after graduation. His answer was, "Life is an uncompromising competition, similar to your struggles to pass exams with high grades. But humane feelings and conscience must prevail. The respect of the rights and property of one's neighbor is the basic foundation of peace." Mr. Drew reminded the students that the United States (1776-1929) and Brazil (1822-1929) were both young nations, although strong and powerful. It would take many

generations for the ingredients of the melting pots of both nations to blend, Brazil with its Iberian Portuguese heritage and the United States with that of England and northern Europe. He gave examples of how the nations of Europe, especially the big powers, are of mixed ancestry. He asked them to open their reference and history books to see that his statements were correct.

At the end he was applauded, and each student was served coffee and cake, just like the coffee hour after a Sunday service in most churches. The students surrounded the American consul, expressing admiration for the United States. Our great nation was built by great Americans, and Gerald Augustin Drew, the American consul who later became an American ambassador, was one of them.

## A Note about G.A.D.'s Ministers:

**Dana G. Munro** was U.S. minister to Haiti during the first years of Jerry's tour there, 1930-32. He had been a professor of Latin American history at Princeton, and had been appointed minister to Nicaragua while the Marines were still there. Dana and his wife Peggy were very fond of Jerry and Doris, and they stayed in touch with each other throughout their lives. Peggy wrote a wonderful *Haitian Journal*, which her daughters made a few copies of, giving one to Tia, which I now have. They had a very long and it seems happy life, Dr. Munro going back to Princeton after Haiti. I had a wonderful visit with them there while I was living in the Philadelphia area in the early 1980s, thanks to daughter Peggy Jr., who looked in on them and did their grocery shopping once a week. They were well into their nineties when they died, within a short time of each other, and I believe had gone on living in their Princeton house until the end.

**Norman Armour** was Jerry's next boss in Haiti, 1933-34, the last years of the Marine occupation. I know very little about his background, except that he was very charming, witty, and patrician, came from New Jersey, and had met his wife Myra, a Russian princess, during the Russian Revolution while he was stationed in Moscow, and helped her escape. I was very proud that he was my godfather, and kept me supplied with wonderful watercolor paints and other art supplies throughout my childhood and teens. His delightful account of meeting and greeting FDR on the president's official, very brief visit to Haiti, is included here. Later on can be found Jerry's account of that visit, which he also played a part in, as Mr. Armour had come down with dengue ("breakbone") fever. They corresponded a bit in 1969-70 about the idea of merging their two accounts and trying to get them published in the *Foreign Service Journal*, but finally decided it might be too much trouble. I've also included Mr. Armour's hilarious epic poem about Jerry's life (especially his days in the Brazilian jungle, where a Baptist missionary came his way) on the occasion of the Drew family's departure for their next post, San Jose, Costa Rica. And lastly, I've included the eloquent letter to the *New York Times* that Mr. Armour co-signed in 1954 with four other distinguished retired Foreign Service officers, about the damage that Joe McCarthy was doing to the Foreign Service (without mentioning McCarthy by name).

**Leo R. Sack**, a political appointee, formerly an executive of the Schenley Whiskey Co., was Jerry's minister in Costa Rica. He was a difficult man to work for, as he had no experience for his job and wanted to micro-manage everyone else's job. He was insecure and also lonely, and wanted to be friends with his staff, but his coarse manners put everyone off, especially the Costa Ricans, our mother said, who were such refined people. She told us about an episode on a Sunday afternoon when she and Jerry were napping, and suddenly realized the Sacks were in their bedroom, looking for some company. Mrs. Sack was going through Doris's lingerie drawer. Horrified, Doris and Jerry pretended to go on sleeping, and nothing was ever said about this strange episode.

Jerry's other ministers during his short-term assignments in Central America—**Allan Faye Desportes** in Guatemala, **Boaz Long** in Nicaragua, Mr. **Keene** in Honduras, and **Dr. Frank Corrigan** in El Salvador—are described in his many letters to Doris in 1936-37. **Jefferson Caffery**, Jerry's ambassador in Paris, was a shy man who depended on Jerry and a few other staff members for speechifying duties; and on their wives (especially Mrs. Douglas MacArthur II, Sen. Alben Barkley's daughter), for hostessing duties, as his wife didn't like them. **Selden Chapin**, Jerry's minister in Budapest, was a good friend and probably the man who asked for Jerry to serve with him in Paris before the ambassador arrived. I don't know where they originally met or worked together before Paris. The Chapins were very kind to us in Budapest, as were their visiting college-aged children, Helen and Fred.

#2

Wednesday October 14, 1936  
Guatemala

Dearest—

Enjoyed your letter from Mazatlan. Hope you reached cooler climes before long. I know that when I went up on the Chaumont, we had cool weather, at least two days out of San Diego. Congratulations on winning the prize. You neglected to say what it was. Perfume? Do you remember that I pointed out a man walking around the deck & said I thought I knew him? It was Summerlin. I have never met him but must have seen pictures. If those stupid oafs had been able to dig me up a passenger list, as I asked, I would have spotted him, of course. As it was I almost went up to speak to him. The son came around to the Legation here that day looking for me. I had met him in San Jose, C.R.

All quiet here as before. Have been dragged around to play bridge a bit more than I would like, but otherwise all quiet. Dinner and bridge at Myers Saturday. Sunday I took Mrs. Schlasier out to the lake in the morning. Played bridge here with Mrs. Des [Desportes], Tewks [Tewksbury, who later served with Jerry in Ecuador.] and Mrs. Hodgson all afternoon & evening on Sunday. Quite a session. Monday George Echeverria had a lunch which lasted until six, when we (Irma and I) went to a k.t. [cocktail] party at the Cornews & then back to join the luncheon party. It lasted until one a.m., when we wound up eating black beans at a Mexican restaurant. What a day! Last night Mrs. Des and I were asked to play bridge with the Myers/Davis/Fordham/Armstrong club. Drinks at Davises', dinner at Grace Inn, & bridge at Myers. Pouring rain, as it has been ever since you left. Everyone says the dry season will soon be here, but no real signs yet. They all claim to have seen ducks flying south. About the day after you left San Jose—the port [in Guatemala]—was flooded by sea and rainwater, and no cars could get into it. We were lucky.

While I think of it, don't forget to send flowers —a plant or whatever you like—to my parents for their anniversary, the 18<sup>th</sup>. Of course you may not have this by then, but if you do... I am really quite comfortable here, though I haven't yet become accustomed to the narrow bed. Have I told you of the many fiendish noises emanating from the military school across the street? The sentries clap their hands every five minutes, all night long, though people say they can do it in their sleep. The idea seems to be to show they are awake. The first bugles go off at four a.m., when there is a slight let-up until six, when they really hit their stride until about nine. During the few intervals in the bugling one hears the shots of target practice going on. Several mornings a week they add variety by having a full band execute airs. I actually slept until 8 this morning, but have been getting up at six as a rule. Don't see how Mrs. Des stands it.

Nothing new about my movements. Think I told you the new man is due about the

18<sup>th</sup>. I'm skeptical—I seem to be the only person able to make fast moves. All the others I have known manage to dig up leave or some reason to delay them. After this session I am going to get hard-boiled and let other people worry about my vacations. Let me know how you get along on funds, though I would rather not have to send you anything until after the first, when I get my pay again. Living here is certainly cheap, and I haven't been using my own car much. Bridge has been rather profitable. In anticipation of Managua I am putting in an order for some WHITE shirts (get it), pyjamas and undershirts. I know how it is in the tropics where one sweats more. We can order direct from the Arrow factory much cheaper than through Emily [Plaidell, Dodo's friend and personal shopper in New York], as they give us wholesale prices. Chacon the packer is through with Mrs. O'D's stuff and I'm having him start tomorrow on the china, etc. She only had 72 cases—she is so d\_\_ efficient about everything it has been quite a nuisance. If only she weren't so bossy and high-handed! Mrs. Des is furious at her for the way she has been ordered around by her. She [Mrs. Desportes] hasn't her red hair for nothing. Still as sweet as ever. If she were a few years younger you would have been taking a risk at leaving us together.

It really is a shame about Birney [the Desportes' son]. He is a nice lad but his sole interest in life is tap dancing. He doesn't seem to have a single friend—sees no one but his mother and the servants. I can't even persuade him to ride downtown with me. As for his lessons—not interested. Well, it's none of my business.

Heard from Campy. Am writing to [Willard] Beaulac to get some assurance that the Dept. will give him a chance to tell his side of the story when he gets up to Washington. He sounded pretty sick and blue. Really, his case has kept me awake nights.

This has been most disjointed, but I have been stopping every two minutes to sign mail or dictate things. Pouch going out. Shall do better in my next. Of course I miss you already, sweet.

All my love-  
-G.

Dear Deirdre—

How are you and Judith & Joan? Can Judith speak any better English now? And can Joan walk? [Joan would have been 17 months old by then] How was the trip on the boat? Did you have your orange juice at the bar every day? Was it hot? Mama said you were a very good girl. You must write soon and answer these questions and tell me all about yourself and school and the new little house. [The “casita” was a two-bedroom apartment that Grandpa Hunter had built over the detached garage, probably with extended visits from grandchildren in mind, which was now happening. The second bedroom was actually a screened sleeping porch that opened to the redwood grove. Dodo must have had fun decorating it with Central American items, and painting tropical fish all over the bathroom walls. Where the Casita and garage once stood is now a full-size house; the new owners also added on a wing with a chateau-like turret -----formerly the maid’s quarters—and the redwood grove is gone, to make room for more houses, presumably. Land had become too valuable by 1991, when my cousin Suki and I stopped by the house.] Tell Lola I send her my saludos. [Lola Espinosa was Joan’s nanny from Costa Rica,, who eventually became a problem with the Hunters’ housekeeper and had to be sent back.] Give Judith and The Chub a kiss for me and one for you too, and a big hug from me to Momma.

--Your loving father

#3

Wednesday, October 21, 1936

Dearest Dod—

I am tempted to start with a slight tone of reproach, as I was disappointed not to hear from you in the mail which came in Monday, but having in mind all the fuss and bother you must have had getting from the boat to Ross, and once there, installing your *famille nombreuse* in the new quarters, I shall refrain from more than expressing the hope that tonight's airmail carries some word from you. The last letter from you was written on the boat on the 11<sup>th</sup> as you were coming in to L.A., to the accompaniment of hymns from the passengers and I think very possibly with the additional handicap of a goma (hangover) from which Madame seemed to have been suffering. It sounded as though the Saturday night had been a very gay one. If you managed to have such a lovely time on the boat with 3 babes and Lola around your neck, what will you do when you can park them all safely in Ross under the six watchful eyes of the Hunters?

No startling developments to report here. Work in the Legation is actually nil. Last Saturday the Wells had a party—supposedly a “surprise” for him on his birthday. Tewks – Davis – Denby – a Guatemalan married to an American girl, and Burbank and his beautiful blonde wife. We bridgers shouted our way through the din from the nons—who played some game that sounded like a world series baseball effort. The Wells all have strident voices, and with a few snifters under their belts do they let go! Little Mildred is a too precocious brat for 13. Hope none of ours get to be as bad at that age. She was the leading spirit of the party, running the card game & telling one and sundry just where to get off. I brought them a box of miscellaneous groceries from the stock left over—caviar – olives – beer – tomato juice – some wine, etc. Dean was as tickled as a two-year old at Xmas. Had lunch with Denby one day – Did you know Mrs. D. had been operated on for appendicitis soon after she arrived in S.F.? She was at the St. Francis Hospital but I imagine has gone home by now. If not, you might send her some flowers or go see her when you're in S.F. He was apparently much concerned—phoned to her several times. Seems really devoted. Despite anything they may say about his past, I really like the fellow.

Had a bridge evening with the Davises the other night. They—and particularly he—held every card in the deck—one slam after another—but as we—Mrs. Post and I—managed to get in some juicy sets, we only lost \$2.30 each. Did Aileen love it? She rubs me the wrong way. Mrs. DesP wants me to go to Antigua with her. She has never been—but Mrs. Davis has invited herself along, and I don't fancy being at such close quarters with her for a whole day. The Robert Smiths had a k.t. party the other day. I arrived to find only Schaeffers & Herreras—later the Lynches came, and that was all. Strange, no? I believe that is a true and complete account of my social activities since I last wrote. Not quite so heavy as the week before, and much more to my liking.

I'm taking Mrs. Des to see *Anthony Adverse* Sunday. The American Club is having a hard times party [a favorite kind of costume party in the thirties, with people dressing like hoboes], but I think I'll skip it. No one in particular I crave to go with, and it will probably be quite a brawl. Mrs. Des and I have been housekeeping vigorously, with painters around and actually getting some work out of the staff, including lazy Julio, much to her amazement. She really had let things slide terribly, and seems to appreciate my help in jacking up the servants. I wish she would take a little more interest in the cuisine. Juan isn't such a nifty cook in my opinion, and gets no advice from her. He only goes to market once a week, and then I don't see how he can spend more than a few dollars. Hardly any vegetables appear on the table, and those canned. Chicken every day because Birney likes it. Never a decent roast. One particularly tasty dinner consisted of canned broiled tripe, cold beets and grits—the latter a southern dish we get daily, which looks and tastes like thick cream of wheat. Haven't had a salad, but on request have managed to have a couple of avocados served up. I can't understand it as they all seem to like their groceries. I wish they would take in Angelina. As it is, the government is paying for every last one of their servants, and when Manuel has to go out we can't even get one of them to switch-hit in the office for a few hours. I shouldn't complain about the fare, though—as it is free, and better than I would get at the hotel, and of course I am ever so much more comfortable here. She is unfailingly considerate and kind. I think she has been lonely, and welcomes company.

Pappa Marsh is back. Bears no particular news. Tewks is all steamed up about going to Korea. You will probably hear from him. He will be in S.F. from the 8<sup>th</sup> to the 25<sup>th</sup> of December. Told me of all the flattering things he had to say about DesP and me at the Dept. Maybe. Seems to have lost some of his dislike for O'D. He saw Joe [McGurk] at the Dept., who only left for Japan at the end of September. I wonder if he got in touch with any of my family. Don't repeat to anyone you might write to here, but the old boy plans to get married in S.F. to a widowed cousin and take the bride with him. Why not? He must be lonely and if she has known him a lifetime & still loves him it might work.

I believe since my last to you I have had word about the arrival of the new Secty. [This refers to the title of a Foreign Service officer serving as third, second, or first secretary of a Legation or Embassy—not to the clerical secretarial position.] He may take a Grace boat out of New York on November 7, arriving here the 17<sup>th</sup>, but probably won't sail until the 21<sup>st</sup>, which wouldn't bring him here till December 1<sup>st</sup>. If I then have to stay on with him for two weeks it is going to hold up my arrival in Managua. It doesn't particularly matter to me, but I don't want to be held down here until too late to get leave before I go into the Dept. Am going to try to cut down my time in Managua & Tegoose (Tegucigalpa, the Honduran capital).

Don't know about staying here all that time [meaning the DesPortes house], though Mrs. Des says I must stay. Think I shall pull out to the hotel when he

[DesPortes] comes back the middle of November. What thinks you?

Shan't try a 4<sup>th</sup> page. Don't expect another letter for a week. Wednesday seems to be the best day to write. Tell Deirdre I received her very interesting letter and to let me have more. Hope this finds you all well.

Love to Mary and the family, and of course to you.

– G.

#6 (4 & 5 seem to be missing)  
November 4, 1936 – Guatemala

Dearest-

What with helping FDR get elected I put off this now weekly effort until today, and then got tied up with O. Gaylord on guess what? Rugs—of which I am buying \$100 worth—until now it is six o'clock and this is going to cost me double—all of 33 cents. But then you are really worth at least that—even so far away. The dry season must at last be upon us—it has turned cold and windy and has that wintery snap in the air. I'm stepping out to Simpsons' tonight and fancy I shall wear my heavy blue coat at least. Last night Mrs. D. had some 20 in after dinner to listen to election returns. Mostly official family plus Bob Smith & Fordhams, who seem to be greatly interested in the results. It certainly was a landslide. I am really pleased. I have hopes he will cut out some of the foolishness now, spend less and accomplish even more than during the last 4 years. I would love to send a radio to Myers (off for a cure at Hot Springs, or maybe to get away from Margot, who stays behind) saying just "raspberries." To get back to the election—the party bridged and radioed & drank & ate at midnight & went home about 2:30. You can imagine how tickled Mrs. D. was. She had threatened to get herself lit but didn't.

Marsh has a letter from the consul in Teheran about [real Persian rugs] with prices. Believe it or not, a 9 X 12 for about \$14. Freight might double it. They are so low he thinks there is a catch, but we can't see what it is. Anyhow we are going ahead—Mrs. D. & Irma & O Gaylord-- & putting in an order. I am ordering one 9 X 12, one 8 X 10, two 6 X 9 & six 3 X 5. The works won't cost \$150, and I think it's too good an opportunity to be missed. He will make it plain what we expect and trust to luck. It is hard to pick your colors. I am not specifying much except for soft tones of blue, green, & blue & rose. We should be pretty well fixed for Washington. Sorry I won't have a chance to consult you about prices, colors, etc., but if we don't like them we could sell them for 5 or 10 times the cost, or exchange them there. Hope we find there is no catch. They can be stored here until my stuff goes to Washington.

Haven't done much dissipating since my last letter. Took Miss G. out to Amatitlan to the k.t. party to dedicate the new club house of the light company. It was cold and drizzly. That night—Saturday—had dinner with a friend of Geo. Echeverria—four men—Guatemalan food—good but hot & heavy. Stayed up burping until 3 a.m. You should have been here—some of my best. My tum-tum by the way has been much better. Almost no burps—can you believe it?

Poor Campy! Had the most pitiful letter from him. Wishes he had died under the knife, etc. etc. My letter was the first and only word of cheer he had had. I wrote Beaulac, you know, pleading for a chance for him to get squared—tell his side of the story & perhaps get his army record clear. Beau was on vacation & turned the letter over to [Larry] Duggan, chief of L.A. [the Latin American Division at State;

Beaulac was Jerry's predecessor as Central America desk officer], who at last wrote me "Dear Jerrying" me to my surprise, & noncommittedly said he didn't know whether the Sec. State would be able to see Campy if he came to Washington, & they were all sorry, etc. etc. A typical State Dept. letter, but I'm afraid I'll be that way myself one of these days. It's a wonder my soft heart—Did you know I had one?—hasn't got me into more trouble than it has. At that, I hope not to lose it. By the way, Campy now plans to come up the West Coast on an Army transport on his way to Wyoming. I wish you could put him up at Ross for a few days. Give him a good time. Let Nell [Mary Lee/Tia/Dicky] (not you) make love to him & try to cheer him up. Why don't you write to him c/o Gorgas Hospital, Ancon, Canal Zone? Be cheery and tell him to let you know when he's coming, etc. If you have to spend money on any hot-spotting [night club sorties, etc) I might even be able to raise the week's allowance—my blood money, as it were.

Have seen the Lynches a bit—both very friendly. She is as Pritchish as ever and his face as red. [*Pritchish* probably refers to their mutual Cal friend Marion Pritchard, "Pritch," but I don't know what aspect of her persona this "adjective" refers to.]

And what of D's tonsils? Will be glad to hear when out. Don't like the afternoon temperature. If it continues have her examined for TB. I don't think there's a chance, but--!

I've asked John to tell me what he thinks of her general appearance when he next sees her, but I specifically told him I didn't ask him to intervene in any way. I think it is unfair to him & besides, you & your family have made all arrangements about doctors, & too he isn't a baby doctor. Do you agree? What are you going to do about all these question marks, or will they be like the arrow that fell to earth I know not where? I hope not!

And what of the strike? So far the United Fruit & Grace boats seem to be coming in here, but I imagine it won't continue long. You might send me an occasional clipping on that or any other subject you think might interest me. My dear one—your letters all sound so distant - aloof - hurried, written in snatches while Dicky waits, or in doctors' offices. Can't you do better? If you sometimes have something not for prying eyes (get me?) you could send it to the Dept. in Washington, marked "Via pouch to Guatemala."

Orders! Attention! Please buy me one dozen plain, cheap white hankies, with or without a "D." Also, what about some of those woven names. I am going to be moving about & in hotels etc. and it might be a sound idea. If not too expensive what about ordering me a gross. Either initials or name, as you like. What with my new shirts coming, white suits, etc., I can use that many. Also—keep an eye out for pyjamas. In sweaty Nicaragua I shall need more than I have now and I seem to have lost several trousers. Remember, woman, no damn collars—I take about a

“C” I think. Try Hastings. You can charge things there I am sure as I and John are old customers. I have a good friend there whose name begins with a B--& might be Jewish. An old student of my father. Ask John. For help in pyj. size, I wear a 42 undershirt, 16-34 shirt & 34 drawers, and like my women hot. Don't buy cheap ones. They are always skimpy & don't last. If in doubt buy me one pair... I could stand about 2 or 3 more. If you like, bill me for any items I may order – or charge to Hastings or Atkins. You might like to keep straight on your allowance, and besides then you won't have any alibis. I can send you \$125 until the operation & doctor bills are paid anyhow. Also, as to pyj. colors, white, blue or tan. Suit yourself, as you may have to sleep with them some distant day.

How's the stomach? Work on it please! I have had to deny that any blessed event impends. Blushes. Is everything still all right? No miracles. Don't stand for too much from Lola. Threaten her with deportation at her expense if she gets too tough. When you do get to writing letters, don't forget we will be in Washington someday & write some of the old friends there—Blanche – Maggie – Katherine – Louise Heath – Young – Helen Daniel, etc. etc. Well, babe, here goes my thirty cents. Must bathe & dress. And now some real letters—

All my love—  
G.

#8

Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> [November] - Guatemala

Sweetness—

Just had your post-operation letter and am so glad it is all over. Must have been as hard on you as on her [Deirdre's tonsillectomy]. But it doesn't sound as though it was very serious. Should think a few upset days could be expected. Hope she continues to pull out, and do have the check-up made that I spoke of. No harm done if it comes out favorably.

Just finished getting news over the radio & having a session of double solitaire with Mrs. Des—at which she invariably takes my money. Doesn't seem possible, but this is the second quiet home evening in a row. Tomorrow she is having a dinner of 12, and Sunday the fair starts off at 8 p.m. What a blow.

Tubby Silliman got into town today—just passing through. He heard other versions of the Campy affair not as favorable to him. Also the other side we have heard. Don't know what is what, but in any case I have done just about all I can for him.

Ben Zweig is back in Tegoose. He flunked the exams. Leslie Johnson passed. Brains don't seem to tell. Sorry about Ben but I had no hopes for him.

Heard from Wm. [William] Corcoran, now in Sweden, who received our wedding present—an old faience candelabra which Rovira bought with the ten-spot. It arrived the day before the shooting broke out. It is still in the Consulate safe at Vigo—as he practically had to flee for his life. He was too active in the affair & the Whites [Russians] suspected him of supporting the Reds. Just like him to get in a jam of some kind. He is wild at the Dept. for transferring him, but it may be as well they did.

Denby came to say goodbye this morning. He is flying up for a brief visit with his wife. I promised to phone you, as he may have done before you receive this. Despite any past I really like him and I think he is very fond of her.

While I think of it—Have you any ideas for a present for Mrs. D? I would like to give her something decent when I leave. It would seem banal to give her any of the local articles except possibly some sort of an antique table or what-have-you. Think it over and keep an eye out when in S.F. No silver, as she has so much already. Maybe \$15-\$20.

Speaking of silver, I have been mulling over the idea of going by train from Guatemala to Mexico City when I am ordered to the Dept.—or rather, when I go on leave—principally to get a look at the country. That idea set me thinking about maybe picking up some bits of silver there, and then the big inspiration came to

me. Maybe you could park the chubs & meet me and do a week or two in Mex. City & environs & home. How does it sound? All very far off but worth keeping in mind. If John could get away he might drive you down & we could motor back together, etc. etc.

Still no news about future movements. Am getting very restless to move on. Will soon feel like a traveling salesman. Gibson, the sec. in Tegoose, has been assigned to the Dept., which makes me wonder if they may not renege on having another C.A. (Central America) man there next year. In any case I imagine they will send me there [to Tegucigalpa] from here rather than to Managua—to help out until a new sec. arrives. Doesn't matter to me as long as they don't keep me there. Every report I hear on the place makes it sound worse.

I hear that SRL says he won't be in Costa Rica long as he expects a big promotion. Hope he gets Spain. He talks about being the first ambassador to Colombia.

Got bill for Wedgewood. About \$70. Did we forget to order demi-tasse cups? It is almost midnight and I still need to catch up, so shall finish this in the a.m. It is really an extra one anyhow. In my next—on Wednesday—I shall be able to give you news of the new sec. I still think he is stiff-necked, from his letters—but we shall see. Until morning, my sweet.

Continued Saturday noon.

Re rugs: Don't get excited. If you don't like them we can sell them for several times what they cost. The price quoted is about 10 cents per square foot, when they ordinarily cost at least one dollar per square ft. in Persia. Figure it out. They are so cheap it is hard to believe, but in ordering them we made it clear that we only wanted them if of the usual type, standard quality, etc. etc., otherwise to return the money. Denby ordered \$500 worth. One more crack from you and I won't let you even look at them.

You might put the enclosed note for D. in the envelope so she will think it is just for her. I do hope she is all right when you receive this. Am sure she will be.

Note: When taking pictures of the children, don't put their faces in the bright sun. Put them in shade but with plenty of reflected light so they don't squint.

Must close to give this to the brave Manuel. Lots of love and my best to the family.

--G.

#9

November 19, 1936 – Guatemala

Dearest,

We have just had the snappiest little quake I have felt for a long time. It lasted quite a while, so we finally trooped out into the street in back of the office. No damage done, but it was pretty stiff. It always makes the heart turn over no matter how hardened one is to them. [And both Gerry and Doris had experienced the San Francisco Earthquake & Fire of 1906, although at the tender ages of 3 and 5.]

Well, the new secretary and family are here and are quite all right. I got up at 4:30 Tuesday and drove down with Julio. Went out on board where they were waiting. It took some time to get the car ashore, but we arrived here about 2:00, having lunch with Mrs. D. at the Legation. He is 40ish, tall, rather serious and I think rather on the efficient side, but I feel will do very well. Speaks quite decent Spanish. His wife is jolly and natural—very pleasant—and the 17-year-old daughter a knockout. About the prettiest trick I've seen in years. Beautiful blue eyes and light brown curly hair. Sweet & immature, but in a few years—I'll take ½ a dozen. Two nice boys, 13 & 10, as lively as a pair of monkeys. They are in the hotel, looking hard for a house. He seems to worry a lot about funds. Considering that he has almost \$100 per month more than we did, I don't see that he has to. As he is two grades ahead of me, I would have had to turn over to him, but the Dept. wired that I was to remain in charge until the Minister's return [DesPortes], which will be on Sunday the 22<sup>nd</sup>. The same wire also said that I would soon get orders to proceed to Managua. When Mr. D. arrives I am going to take it easy and let them worry about the office. Hope to get in a couple of trips—over to the Salvador border & possibly one to the Mexican border.

Received your nice long letter with one from D. Yes, you are doing much better by your hero & I have no complaints. So glad D. is better. I worry though about the afternoon temperatures. Don't let it go. And please stop worrying about the rugs. If we don't like we can sell for plenty more than we paid. The money has gone anyhow, so it's too late to stop it. I still think it wasn't a bad move. Said letter of yours—postmarked the 14<sup>th</sup>, 4 p.m. in Ross, was delivered at the Legation the evening of the 16<sup>th</sup>—about 48 hours. Not bad. They have changed the airmail schedule again just as I had about memorized the old one. I think the loss of the Douglas in the crash left them short of planes. It now appears there will be 2 trips to and from the north & 4 south, using red Fords twice a week. I'm going to hold out for a Douglas when I sail to Managua. Anyhow, I'm tossing this into the mail with hopes it will leave sometime.

Well, I suppose I must come clean on my schedule since my last. Let's see—no, no battleships or movie queens have come my way. You told all except how or when you got home, but I'm sure you were safe with Whitey. Was he plastered as of yore? Saturday Mrs. D. had 12 for dinner—Lynches, Steins, Mrs. Armour,

Simpsons, Mrs. Jessup, & Mr. & Mrs. Colombia. Usual thing—bridge, etc. Sunday at 8 I had to be at the opening of the fair—the Prexy arrived at 9:00. Tuesday after my long day I was out with the bridge club at the Davises' until about 2:30. Quite a session. I got so furious there I almost walked out when they all, led by Mrs. Meyers, started razzing Kitty over you-know-what. Also Mrs. M. announcing that she & Charlie were going to take out Canadian citizenship on account of the election. I was wild—all in front of the Fordhams & Armstrongs. [These people were undoubtedly not FSOs, and the Fordhams & Armstrongs may well have been British; it would have upset Gerry to have them hear such disloyal talk from Americans.] Since Tuesday all has been quiet. Mrs. D. and I stepped to the fair last night. It is quite good. The scenic railway & other attractions are having “un succes fou.” Unfortunately it has been cold & nasty with smatterings of drizzle and rain ever since it opened. I've had to pile vicuna rugs on me at night & heavy blue coat for going out nights.

Not to be read out loud: My father wrote rather wistfully that he hadn't seen the babes since they arrived, but they hadn't been asked to come to Ross. I agree it is foolish of them to stand on ceremony and of course D. has had all the tonsil trouble, etc. But do try to arrange for the family (mine) to see the babes once in a while. They could always drive over on a Sunday as it would be easier than for you to drag the brood over there. Say nothing, of course.

As for my commissions, don't worry about mail. Just send them to Dept. via pouch, as they will know where to forward things. I suppose it would be simpler for me to order from Emily. Shall do so in the future if you prefer.

Otherwise all is quiet here. All offices have been closed since Monday. Haven't gone to the races as they invited ministers only to sit in the Pres. Box. So I have just stayed away, being a mere charge. Rather a strange procedure, but I shall recover, as I have never been too keen on the ponies anyhow. Aileen D. has of course been betting furiously, & probably successfully.

From now on don't expect my letters to be very regular, as I may be tripping, and of course may be off to Managua any day, plus disarranged plane schedules. You see I'm springing my alibis in advance. Once again Manuel is champing at the bit [to take the mail] so shan't try to fill out this page. Not to mention the fact that the well of news seems to have run dry.

Thank D. for her nice letter, which I enjoyed very much. Tell her I hope her throat isn't hurting any more.

Give my love to the chubs and your family and much of same for you.

All my love—  
G.

#11

Guatemala – November 28, 1936

Dearest—

I feel as though I was cut off in the middle of a sentence. I refer to the abrupt ending of my letter of Thursday when we had word the Borders were on the plane and I had to rush to move things out of my room and depart for the Hotel. Mrs. D. pleaded with me to let her fix up a back room but it would have been a bother & the guests might have been embarrassed if they found out I had given up my room for them. You may remember Borders—a little fellow from Mexico who has a little stutter or hesitation in his speech. At any rate, I did a presto-changeo & cleared out, with Mrs. D. inclined to be very upset. He also urged me to stay on. In a way I felt better about leaving after nearly 2 months as the star boarder. I wanted to leave when Mr. D. came back, but she wouldn't hear of it.

We had a Thanksgiving dinner here for 18, including the minister to Paraguay, one Finlay Howard, Gentry, 2 Tewks, 3 McKinneys, 2 Davis, 2 Wells, etc. The usual evening mit bridge. Tonight I'm taking George, Irma, & Mrs. Schlasier up to San Rafael for dinner. Tomorrow George is having a big dinner somewhere—apparently for me. After that no dates until Managua. Am very bushed. Went to Schaeffers for dinner last night. It was quite amusing, to my surprise. She is very jolly. We teased Ernesto, Tewks got to kicking chandeliers, & even Mrs. Kraske (wife of German minister) did a rumba with him. It was late. Haven't slept well in the hotel. Apparently I miss the bugles we have here all night long.

You ask about Xmas presents. I really have no ideas. Do stay away from anything bulky, pliz, as I shall be living out of trunks for quite a while. I could stand a few neckties. Also, there is a book I would like—*The Caribbean since 1900* by Chester Lloyd Jones, published by Prentice-Hall Inc., N.Y., \$5.00. And second choice, *The American Language* by H. L. Mencken, Knopf, \$5.00. You might mention books to my family (if they ask).

I almost got reckless and bought a new morning suit, but they are rather high here and the one I have can do until Washington. If I need one there I can get a ready-made one for less. [This is the “striped pants” attire, worn with top hat, for ceremonial diplomatic events.] Also I may fly down to Costa Rica for Christmas/New Year session, where I could have one made cheaper. Mr. DesPortes is going to take a trip through C.A. & may join up with me. Sounds like a gay time in the old town, no?

Just had an interruption from a fat Jewish tourist friend of DesP. My Saturday afternoon calm was rudely interrupted. I got a new Panama [straw hat], quite a good one. If & when I receive shirts ordered from Arrow and your shipment—hope it went via pouch—I will be all fixed.

I am about to tear out and make some PPC calls [*pour prendre conge*, the

goodbye calls on fellow diplomats, as mentioned earlier], and then to the Post Office to mail this & one to the family. Not as long as I expected, but plus the last one with check should hold you till I catch my breath in Managua. Let me hear about Thanksgiving. Hope D. and all are well.

Much love, sweet - G.

#14? Not too sure about numbers anymore.  
Managua, December 29, 1936

Dearest—

Full seven o'clock of a Sunday morn and here I am, home again from my travels, safe and sound except for a very choice collection of bug bites which require occasional scratching, thus interrupting any flow of thought which might make an appearance. On my return from the trip yesterday I found your letter dated the 13<sup>th</sup>, I believe, as well as one you had sent to Guat, in which you refer to the missing check, etc. Glad to hear the babes are better. I think the two littler bears can stand more in the line of colds than D. It is as well that she has thrown hers off first. You make no further complaints of Lola, so I take it she has been behaving better. I was rather concerned about her acting up because you would have a hard time finding a decent maid at a reasonable price I am sure.

Have re-read your letter and find no questions in particular to be answered. Yes, received underwear and pyjamas—all very satisfactory. Have seen Gini & Lyerlys but not Calverts, as she has been staying at the hospital with her boy who had an appendicitis. Also the young Lieut. & wife, Barteth. He is a thorough H.A. & more or less the butt of the community. Ray & I played bridge with them one night. Before we started I asked the stake. They said 5 cents. I said, per person or per family? They said per person. They lost about 4 cordobas (One cordoba equals about 50 U.S. cents.) and then tried to claim we had only been playing 5 cents per family. We were quite annoyed and didn't hide it. They are that way.

Haven't been very social here. For one thing, have been out of town at least ½ of the time. The American colony here is small, but all seem very friendly. None of the knifing we had in Guat. Also the Nicaraguans seem more friendly than any place I've been in C.A., and more inclined to mix with the Yanquis at k.t. parties, etc. The social atmosphere is really quite pleasant, but it only offsets a little the shabby aspect of the dusty dirty tumbledown town—not to mention the climate. This is the cool season—about like P.au P--perhaps a bit hotter if anything. Your description of the bag you picked for Mrs. DesP. sounds very nice. She really deserved a personal gift. While he was very nice she really did more for me, and I think she was running the house out of her own funds while he was away.

You shall have more money soon. I just received a check from Maegli for \$800. Shall probably have to pay about \$100 for duty. In addition I have about \$6 in the bank and am spending about nothing here. Probably shan't spend over \$100 per month. Ray [I think Guy Ray, Jerry's roommate in Managua] lives very simply and we don't step out much. A little quiet drinking at home now and then. I like him as well as anyone I've met in the Service—barring Joe and Don [McGurk & Heath] of course. We talk far into the night quite regularly and seem to laugh at the same things. Anyhow—I can afford to raise the ante if you think you need it. If you do save anything, so much the better, though I don't expect you to.

Have I told you of my proposed jaunt to C.R.? I have a reservation on the plane south for the 25<sup>th</sup> & return January 3<sup>rd</sup>. [This letter is dated December 29, so maybe he wrote the wrong date on it?] It may be an extravagance—I shall probably spend \$100 or so, but I feel I have a little fun coming. I shall call it my Xmas present to myself. Incidentally, why don't you write me as soon as you get this—address care of Legation, San Jose, and tell me if you want me to do anything about having Lopez make the dining room table. We can afford it, I think. Let me know about plans and pictures. Does he have them? If not you had better send a sketch of what you want. Also what about ½ a dozen dining room chairs, if not too expensive. Perhaps like Mary Coffey's—to fill out the 6 ladder-backs. Let me know what you think.

It now looks as though I may have to go to Tegucigalpa soon. Keene wants to go away on leave the middle of January for a month or so, and he has written to ask if I can come up to take charge while he is away. I have said Yes, though I would like to come back here for another month or so. From what I hear of Tegoose, I prefer Managua as the lesser of two evils. As long as I have to go there eventually it doesn't matter much when it is. I will get a little charge pay [charge d'affaires, the title of the acting minister or ambassador when he or she is away] and probably be able to live in the Legation [residence, as opposed to office building] and save some money.

About the trip—shan't endeavor to give you a full description of it now. Later on I plan to type up an account of it and send the family a copy. Not that it is of great historical importance but it might amuse them. It was the most uncomfortable trip I have ever taken. From San Carlos we went down the river to San Juan del Norte in a fast sea-sled—outboard motor—the sled is about as big as the average bathtub & Boaz and I were jammed in with gasoline tins, baggage, and what-have-you—in the rain about ½ of the time, soaked to the skin. No cushions, curled up on the boards, etc. What a life! [Boaz Long, the U.S. minister to Nicaragua, was later also Jerry's boss in Guatemala in the forties.] I don't crave to do it again, but wouldn't have missed it. We were on the water 66 hours out of 100. Boaz is a character. Doesn't know my first name yet. The most un-personal (or impersonal) man I have known. No interest whatsoever in people. Things and ideas yes. Over 60 but indifferent to discomfort. Completely egotistical but not offensive. Simply negative. We would go hours without exchanging a word. I believe he neither likes nor dislikes anyone in the world, unless one should interfere with his consuming passion, which is road-building just now. Also mildly interested in soy beans.

You have been a very good girl about writing. Keep it up. How about asking John or some doctor about exercises for the stomach. You promised to lose it before Ulysses returns. Don't forget to write to me in San Jose about tables & chairs. Lopez is busy now, I understand, but is taking orders for next March. Also if you have any other commissions there, let me know. LRS [Leo Romanski Sack, the

minister to C.R.] heard somehow that I planned to come down and invited me to come to the Legation. I wrote and declined, but he came right back and said he understood, but I must have Xmas dinner with him. He may be learning to like me now that we are apart. DesP wanted to fly down with me but Leo cabled him that it would not be convenient. Can you imagine it? He probably was afraid DesP might steal the limelight during the fiestas.

If this arrives by the 25<sup>th</sup> it carries all my love for Xmas. I shall miss you more than ever darling, even if I do have a Lyon or two to console me. I seem to retain a wee bit of sentiment about trees & toys at Xmastime. Hope you will all be gay and babes well. Convey my greetings to Nell and the parents. [Mary, Doris's sister, had an abundance of nicknames—mainly Dickie and Tia. Nell was Jerry's name for her, short for "Battleship Nell," a reference to her popularity with the U.S. Navy in Haiti.] All my love to you, sweet—I shall be thinking of you.  
-G.

#1

Managua, Nicaragua – January 9, 1937

Dearest-

You have been getting pretty slim pickings recently I realize, but barring acts of God or other interruptions, I shall try now to bring you more or less up to date. I'm not in a particularly good mood for it, as my much-needed Saturday afternoon nap was rudely interrupted by the zealous young vice consul, who aroused me after a bare hour to ask some fool questions about signing something in connection with the departure tomorrow of our gallant minister for the U.S. However, we shall see what we can do.

To begin at the beginning and tell all—As per schedule I left here on Xmas day. I had deliberately refrained from letting anyhow there know definitely about my arrival, so that I could be securely ensconced in the hotel before LRS swooped down upon me. It worked according to schedule though he did get in touch with me about as soon as I arrived. I had Xmas turkey dinner at the Legation that afternoon. Flexer, the secty. from Panama was there, also Mary, crazy Claudio Carranza & Tony Satterthwaite. Afterwards John & Mrs. Flick, Mrs. Canero (the Peruvian) & Espriell (Panama) dropped in. I was feeling very low & turned in that night, dodging a big party at the Lindos. I'm afraid I can't tell it all in chronological order, but I had lunch a deux with Mary Coffey—she seems quite happy in her snuggery, as I call it. Of course she had a lot to tell me. Really she is a swell person. Adelaide [Satterthwaite, one of Doris's best friends during their time together in Costa Rica] is in the U.S. to have an operation on her arm, which went bad. Tony is due to be transferred he doesn't know where. He had John Lancaster staying with him—Dorothy & Poppa still in England. Tony had a k.t. party after which we went out to the Chittendens for one of their chicken curry parties. I managed by careful skullduggery to snatch DesPortes away from Leo for the first & last time and drag him along.

Edward Janey is back—arrived 2 days after I did. Poor fellow had an operation on his nose—the doctor—French—put the needle in the wrong place & he was left totally paralyzed for months and is still slightly so. Very depressed mentally. Not the same Edouard. The Cox had me to dinner the night of the 25<sup>th</sup>. They were exceedingly friendly. Afterwards went on to Lyons—the usual Xmas party complete with Pigeonneaux flyks, Boxball Marson (fat as a pig), etc. The Lyons still seem to think we are wonderful. She remarked a propos of the Simpson affair that of course if Edward had picked an American woman like you no Englishman would have minded [The Lyons referred to are probably Cecil B. Lyons & wife, she the daughter of Joseph C. Grew, who figures prominently in State Dept. history. I worked with their beautiful daughter, Alice, at the CIA, till she quit to marry Hugh D. Auchincloss Jr., Jackie Kennedy's stepbrother.] I saw Rex—alive & happy—spending the winter in C.R.

The interruption occurred right here. Ray & a friend came in from golf making further efforts difficult for the moment. We have friends coming in for dinner & bridge, which probably means the rest will have to wait a bit. Later. To carry on with my Costa Rican adventures. Called on Purdy—same as ever. Saw a little of Flick, but was afraid of tempting him to drink too much as he had a bad spell with his heart recently and isn't supposed to do much of it. Had dinner with Lindos—very friendly both. Their daughter was with them—Bunting—nice gal. Rather sleek but not too pretty. She (Mrs. L.) urged me to eat & drink with them all I could. They tried to get DesP. away from LRS, but it wouldn't work. DesP. had two or three invitations, but Sack simply said “Well do what you want, I know if I were staying in your Legation I wouldn't go out without my host.” DesP. left town on the plane with me, thoroughly bored and disgusted. He made a desperate attempt to stay in the hotel, but S. said it would embarrass him, so he gave in. He ruined DesP's trip all right. Had lunch with Reeds. Both fine—she quite pretty—tamer and more genteel. They both have been quite ill but now O.K. I never saw Collins—he was in the hospital in Panama. Nothing very serious as far as people know. Probably too much steady drinking. (Next day:) Mrs. Collins has been in the U.S. for some time. He is very fed up, they say, and anxious to get a transfer. Superficially, at least, they—Collins and Leo—seem to be getting along. He is very unpopular with both Costa Ricans and Americans from what I heard.

I heard the Campanola case on every hand. Tried to avoid it but everyone wanted to discuss it. Opinions vary, but most feel sorry for him. He did apparently call the lady a whore, which is pretty bad, one must admit. Leo is very worried about his part in it and spent hours justifying himself to me. Every day he would ask me several times what people were saying, what do they say about me, etc. etc. The feeling against him seemed worse than it had ever been. Partially on account of the Campy affair and then just general principles. I was amazed at my own popularity there. It was very flattering, as I hadn't realized how many friends I had. From old Carter on up. Couldn't walk ½ a block without meeting an old servant (saw Don Paulo and Luisa) or a streetcar conductor, or what have you. All hands implored me to come back. Of course I realize a lot of it was only comparative—based on the feeling toward Leo & Harold M. News that Leo was resigning was pretty well around town, though it didn't come out in the papers until the day I left there (the 31<sup>st</sup> December). Also went to Henry Keith's for a large buffet supper. The usual gang—Gurdien – Harrington – Piza – Facio, etc. Union Club later.

I left town before the big ball as I felt it might be taken amiss here if I absented myself from inauguration here of General Somoza—held on the 1<sup>st</sup>. Receptions, k.t. parties, reviews, picnics & all the rest that you can easily imagine. It is just about over now, thanks be. Between the trips in the interior, my C.R. excursion & the inauguration, I have been having a pretty strenuous time of it since I left Guat. I now crave a spell of rest & quiet which I bid fair to get. We all like Long—a pleasant, very decent little fellow, but he does manage to keep things in pretty much of a turmoil around the office. He is off for a month or so of leave this morning—I remaining in charge. There is nothing very exciting going on here, &

at least as long as Ray remains there won't be much work for anybody. He has been transferred to the consulate in Porto Alegre, in Brazil, and hopes to leave in 2 weeks. I hope to get away soon after Long returns, but there is a fair chance he may not come back, in which case I would be stuck here until one or both of the new men arrive. We shall see. I don't really mind it here for a short while—the people are friendly & the most charming of Central America. Everything is run on a friendly, informal, hit-or-miss basis, but in a refreshing manner. This is the coolest time of the year—a bit hot, about like average weather in Haiti but dry and dusty. The most popular means of conveyance is by horse & buggy with the result that the prevailing odor & atmosphere is heavily saturated with horse manure. I am not due for Tegoose just yet it seems.

About Xmas: You did very well by me, my sweet. Ties, bathrobe, Yardly items (Dicky) & book (Florita) all duly received and muchly appreciated. Found large stacks of packages awaiting me on my return from C.R. I shall write direct to the above to thank them. By the way, give me Nell's address in Riverside, plizz. [Nell/Dicky/Tia had gone down to the Army? Air Force base at Riverside, California, to help out when Warren & Suzanne's son Tommy was born on January 4. Their daughter, our cousin Suki, was then 2 ½.] In your last you report on the John/ Gretchen situation. Well, well. Glad to hear all the babes are well again. I note you make no further complaints about Lola, so assume all goes well in that quarter. I'm not too keen about your being alone there in Ross while your family is away. Did they leave to escape from so many visitors? Mrs. Allen Jones will get in touch with you soon, I understand. You might have her, or someone, stay with you. Old Lola wouldn't be much help in an emergency, *valiente* as she is.

Have never heard from the rug deal. I am inclined to think I will get my money back and no rugs. I tried to see Lopez in C.R. but he was closed most of the time and then you didn't answer my questions about the table. We could still negotiate the deal by mail. Incidentally, no cups—demi-tasse—came from Wedgewood but they did have some teacups, which I imagine are for my mother. Everything is there except the gravy boat (I think) and coffee pot, which are being shipped by parcel post soon.

Did you get my Xmas wire? You made no mention of it. Did you get my last check for \$150? I mailed it about January 2, along with a brief note. Please answer. I think I can afford to keep up that ante for a while, if you promise to be a good girl & put some away under the kitchen floor. Incidentally, you can consider the extra as paying off the \$100 on the rug. Campy wrote me about the curtains, asking whether you wanted them back, as the Cohens wanted them. I feel they have chiseled about enough out of us. Campy mentioned the green ones in the dining room. They sold the rug, by the way, for \$100 again. You see, my own, that rug aren't such a bad investment. [It sounds like the Campanolas must have rented the Drews' former house in C.R.]

I must away to the office, even though Sunday, as Boaz has some tasks for me. Could write more but will hold it. Incidentally, I am all at sea on numbers on letters so will start life anew with no. 1 above & see if I can keep the record straight. The time when I will see you again seems to be stretching ever farther. I am very bored at being without you. Maybe when the damn strike is over you could make a brief visit somewhere. Hurrah for the exercises—stay with it.

All my love, sweet, and write soon.

G.

P.S. Try to see Mrs. Ray sometime. She will be leaving there soon. I am curious. Thousands from C.R. send you love and greetings. In my next I shall send you a list of all Xmas card senders for you to acknowledge & mail baby pictures.

#6

Managua, January 21, 1937

Dearest—

This will probably be another short Sunday note. I am still in pyjamas and this goes out in the pocket of Guy Ray, who takes plane to Mexico about 1 hour from now. I am writing in the “staff house” —on the hill at Chico Pelon hard by the aviation field. We moved out of our “town house” yesterday. I think I shall like it here. The house is more American style—decent baths—screened—ice box and plenty breeze. In fact, last night I slept under a blanket. The house overlooks the lake—not as picturesque a setting as it sounds, though—on a sun-baked hill with a scattering of trees. In fact the name—Chico Pelon—means the little bald one. I shall probably live here as cheaply as with Ray, as will have no bills for rent, light, ice, water, etc. The great advantage is the quiet. The other house—my room right on the street—was getting me down. Pigs – oxcarts – roller skates – wood chopping – squawling babies – playing children – all under my windows.

Here we are quite removed from any streets. I am near the railroad, but only an occasional train goes by. Have brought out our same cook – a peach – and laundress. I had to bounce an old witch who had been dug in here for years. Apparently no one has had the nerve to throw her out. It is rather far from town but I hope to have the more peace and chance to read, rest, etc. I have an old broken-down taxi that will shuttle me back and forth for about a dollar a day. I’m glad now I didn’t spend the \$175 or so it would have cost to bring my car down. Only one or two roads out of town and most of them so rough and rutted that only the old 1929 high-riding Fords manage to creep over them. A new car would be shot here in no time. I still haven’t paid duty on ours. Miss Gentry says they have never had a similar case—a departing diplomat trying to pay duty—and so they don’t know how to handle it.

By the way, the rug deal is off and I got my \$125 back. Are you happy? It seems the dumb consul there gave us prices per square meter or something and forgot to mention it.

I received your number 4—you said 3 or 4. Glad to hear babes are coming along. What an ordeal. [Here Jerry is probably referring to the whooping cough, which we all had for many weeks in early 1937.] My sympathy doesn’t do you much good, but you have it anyhow.

Had a card from Merritt Cootes—said he talked with you on the phone. You didn’t mention it. My mother says she phoned you—she seemed upset that Ag’s illness kept her (my mother) from going over to help you.

Must stop to bathe & shave before going over to the airport. May add a page later if time. Apparently no time. Much love and best luck with babes—

G.

#12 – Trump that, my beauty  
Managua, Nicaragua

February 19, 1937

Dearest One—

How long can this tremendous burst of letter-writing continue? I feel very smug about it. And before I forget, I have a [compliment] for myself from no one less than Mrs. Somoza (President) herself. She announced to the assembled dinner company the other night that I was a model married man—that she had watched me at dances & parties and I didn't make google eyes at the girls. In fact was "un hombre muy serio." Put that in your pipe or something.

Well, our Bo and Eleanor are with us [the Longs]. In this morning by plane from Tegucigalpa. Last night the government had a dinner at the roof-garden club for the visiting firemen—the aviators. So dull I almost screamed. About 4 Nicaraguans who speak no English at all – 15 aviators – Carrigan & self – not a woman in sight. They had the entrance to the club crammed with soldiers because the commanding general was there and I think the usual Thursday night crowd, always including a few flappers, were frightened away by so many guns. Anyhow, to have on with my story, during the dinner they handed me a telegram from Honduras somewhere saying that Bo was stuck on the road and I was to send help by car or plane or what have you. My reaction—which turned out to be correct—was nuts. Just as I figured, he blew in. She is quite a bit on the big side—glasses and a giggle. Seems very pleasant.

But what a man! He goes home for almost a minute, then off to the office. He has stacks of mail. Does he look at it? Not even a peep. Roads, roads, nothing but 'em. They are practically in my hair. Not a word out of him about his trip – who or what he saw or what they said – has no gossip – hasn't even mentioned the new ¼ million home he's to get. Just roads. Are you beginning to get the picture? It is swell business, really, but after all there are other things in the world. Not even interested in what may have transpired in his absence. He broke down this morning and almost turned me a compliment. Said he, "Well, I'm delighted you are going to the Department. Maybe we will be able to get something accomplished with you there." I almost swooned because he doesn't hand them out freely.

Well, to go back to my gallant aviators. A big shot general was supposed to come along with them, but at the last moment didn't turn up. I knew a few of them. Do you remember a boy named Flint Garrison who used to rush Hilda Lyon? He and a few others & some Lyons & other gals were at the house in San Jose [C.R.] one night and began tossing my cello around, and I had to grab it away. An amusing lad. I had 3 of them in the house and put 6 more in the Longs' place. Nothing startling about the visit. The #1 man, a captain, more or less passed out after we

got home. The man I put in the other bed in my room wore black silk pyjamas and had me nervous—shades of little Mac. But he behaved—a lad named Scott from Georgia who had been in S.J.

Continued Saturday February 20: I just got my gallant aviators off for Costa Rica. They had a big time with DesPortes in Guatemala. Well, to return to Bo—I haven't definitely tackled him on the question of my getting away. I'm almost sure he will want me to stay on. In a way I don't blame him, as he would be left with only Carrigan, about whom he doesn't enthuse anyhow, and he had to give most of his time to the consulate. He—Bo—did say that in Tegoose and Salvador they had asked when I was coming and that he had replied that he would keep me here as long as he could. Doesn't sound very encouraging. Even if I could get away from here at the end of this month—at the rate of 2 months in the other 2 places—I wouldn't get home until some time in July. Hell. I might be able to cut Salvador down, though. Anyhow I am writing Beaulac to see what can be done.

Your last, which you number 7, was again more cheerful about life. You reported a walk and a full night in bed. Would I had been with you, I might even say on both occasions, if I may be permitted the sally. My, how Nell hates Lola! Says she is a bad influence on the babes, etc. etc., for about 2 pages. It's up to you, and if and when you decide she has to go—*Usted manda*. However, I would give her warnings if things go bad. She might snap out of it if she knew she could be out ge-shipped? Tell me, does Tote [my early nickname, for Toty] still spik Spanish or is she forgetting? I suppose they all more or less have to spik to communicate with Lola. Do you try to make her correct & help you? It might be useful to handle it a bit better, even in Washington.

I had Irma G. send down by Longs ye iron and 2 sets of table what-nots, with napkins. Have been using paper ditto & Ray's iron. Great cheers from the laundress. And so to lunch. To be continued.

Sunday the 21<sup>st</sup>: What with a rather long stretch of evenings at home with the cat I am rapidly getting myself read out. No wonder priests and monks get to be well read. That's what I am feeling like these days. I wrote to Pappy Legett about the art books you lent his daughter. Heard from Collins, who still seems to think I am coming back there so he can leave. That only makes about 5 countries where I am expected. DesPortes has an idea I may be needed there. I say Nuts to all of them.

This has about reached a dead end. Shall have to wait a few days for more news to build up. X x x x for your birthday. Love to babes and you—

G.

P.S. What am I to tell Alex Cohen about curtains?

Dear Deirdre:

As I promised, I am enclosing a tiny medal for you. On one side is the Virgin Mary and the other side Saint Theresa. I got it at the festival in Dariomo. Lola may know where it is. The medal is supposed to bring you good luck. Maybe it will help cure your cough, if you have any left. How are Judith and Joan now? Thank you for all the lovely valentines. That was very sweet of you. Give Mommy a big hug for me. Be good girls and get well soon. All my love to you, Judith and Joan.

-Your father

#13

Wednesday, February 24<sup>th</sup> – Managua

Dearest—

The real purpose of this is just to keep my record clean. I have spoiled you during your troubled days [with children's whooping cough] and now I suppose I have to keep it up. Received your latest yesterday and it really sounded quite back to normal, for about the first time. And did you finally step out with the "Siberian Monk?"

I shall bite all nails handy, finger and other, if you go to Camp [Stinson Beach], I'll be that jealous. Of course my family would be glad to have you use it—they hardly ever do. But take my advice and wait till the babes are quite recovered because there is no furnace and it can be a draughty hole. If weather is good I agree it would be a swell idea. Why not take your family or some friend along for company. Aunt Liz [Jerry's mother's twin sister, who never married and retired - from teaching - to Stinson Beach] might help you line up a cook or bottle washer at least.

I am suffering this morning from the lateness of the hour of departure of H.E. the Minister of Foreign Affairs. There was a k.t. party at the Palace yesterday from 5-8 for the Prexy's cute blond sister-in-law (a matron), and some of us went places afterwards. The Foreign Minister and wife took me home and of course came in. Left about 3 a.m.

Longs had a "staff" dinner Monday. Nothing startling. Otherwise all quiet on all fronts.

Thanks for the explanation of "winged chairs," etc. All is now clear.

I am ze insult. Do I have halitosis? Or why the sen-sens? Is it a subtle hint that I touch liquor? Explain yourself, madam.

What of Ray? Hope he gets over to see you. So glad babes are better & Momma can now start on hr stomach exercises.

Keep up the good work—on letters—and much love. Rushing for airmail.

G.

#14!! In 2 months - not so bad, eh?

Managua, Nicaragua – February 27, 2937 (Whose little birthday is this?)

My sweet—

And have we a little artist in our home? It begins to appear so. She at least displays a certain amount of imagination, even though the technique is a bit shaky. I am not yet prepared to predict a career for her, however.

News item of the week: Your bank account in Washington Loan will be \$150 richer by the time you read this, so you can be guided accordingly. You might break down sometime and tell me how large it is—purely academic interest. Don't think I expect you to have a very big one or that I'm asking for an accounting. I know how things have been. After all, I am spending less all told than if we were together, though at that I am just about caught up with the extra expenses in connection with our move to Guatemala. Prices here are shooting up rapidly as exchange goes down. Cordoba now about 2.50 to one dollar (par is 1 to 1), but living here is still comparatively cheap. I now have about 2 grand in the bank and no bills outstanding that I know of. In the next four months I should be able to save a bit more. Of course \$800 of my balance is from the sale of the car and really doesn't count.

Your letter was the first intimation I have had that all was off between Ooch and Suzanne. [Doris's brother Warren, who had married the beautiful Suzanne Gerdine of Athens, Georgia, in March of 1931—a few months ahead of Doris and Jerry's wedding]. Dicky didn't breathe a word of it. What made you think she had told all? As far as I knew all was well and Suzanne going East just as Nell explained, to rest for a while. Your letter is very vague. Is anything wrong with his mind or is it just drink? You speak of the last auto accident—which one I'm not clear—as having affected him mentally. Are women involved? Naturally I am curious but I don't ask for any details you would rather not give me. After all, it is really a concern of your family. Like you I have seen very little of Ooch since a lad, and little enough then, but I always liked him—a healthy and exuberant animal, and refreshing. I don't think I ever met Suzanne until 1933, when Merritt [Cootes] stepped out with us, but she is an attractive wench.

Too bad for them, but most of all for your parents. I was so pleased your father had a grandson of his own name, and all that. What a pity. Also I don't understand what you say about “would never have let you exert yourself trying to help Ooch out under the circumstances.” Please explain. Is he in Dutch with the Army? All fliers seem to drink a certain amount—some more, some less—but if he is at it so hard it broke up his home he can't last long. Of course I won't tell my family anything about it. Don't tell them much as it is. I have told you things about Ag and Frank [Dollard, Agatha's husband since 1923 or so, from whom she was eventually divorced], for example, which I'm sure you haven't repeated. Strange—perhaps more like the great American average, I should say—that of 3

marrriages in our families, 2 have gone on the rocks, the 3<sup>rd</sup> one never will I know. I can't imagine life without you—I've had a taste of it and want no more. I may be bad at times but can't imagine ever quite exhausting your really wonderful store of patience. If near 10 years of tropics hasn't given old man rum any greater hold on me than it has I am sure nothing ever will.

The next source of trouble—women—has yet to rear its head—and while the dangerous forties—or is it fifties—lie ahead, I think I can weather the shoals with a bit of help. Is there no chance of their patching it up? Decent of Nell to see her [on her way East]. I think you all are taking it marvelously. It must have been quite a blow to your parents. Maybe if we can act like two gay young things in love—and why not—when I am home next summer—it may make them feel that all is not lost. With Nell feeling she is out of the marital picture, we are about their white hope.

To turn to more cheerful subjects: There have been a couple of 100% bores in town promoting some lousy exposition in Texas. There are thousands of them all over the landscape, one of which threw a k.t. party –I getting out the invitations, etc.—following which Prexy gives a family dinner for him—including Bo and Mrs. Bo & self. Nice, as usual. I arrive home at about 11 p.m. when at, say, 1 a.m., enter some Nicaraguan friends (?) plus wife of our young vice consul, demanding food and liquor. Figure it out. They were officials and all that, so what to do. They started out by dropping kersmash! a full bottle of whiskey—raid ice box, etc. After easing them out about 2, arrives another contingent at 3:30, which I refuse to allow in. I might just as well have been out painting the town myself.

Mrs. Jones is in town. Also Dr. & Mrs. Molloy. He is up on a Rotary convention. Mrs. J. promises to give me the latest [gossip from Costa Rica] when there is a chance. She is living with Mary Coffey so of course is close the horse's mouth. Seems that the Poobah [Leo Sack] is or claims to be sick most of the time with the result that nothing gets done around the office, etc. etc. They seem to think that I am coming back there soon. Ha! That only makes 5 countries that seem to need me.

You ask about Tony. It was a funny mix-up. I ordered an airplane bag from Alex Cohen in Panama. He sent it as far as C.R. with Campy's successor, trying to save expense. Not finding anyone coming up [to Nicaragua] to bring it to me, Tony finally sent it air express and sent me a telegram to let me know it was arriving; but as the wire was sent over national system, it was garbled and arrived reading that *he* was coming—it had "Ilego manana" instead of "Llega manana." He never had any intention of coming. Is all that clear? I have asked him to come up to see me and when I saw him at Xmas he talked about doing so, which made his wire sound quite logical.

It may be just as well if I move on soon. I fear Mrs. Bo & I would never gel very well. She fancies herself as vera vera Social Register. Of the clubwoman Helen

Hokinson type. He and I get along quite well, but it would be hard not to. He is a human dynamo but is quite willing to go his way and let one alone. Later: I just had an after-dinner call from Bo—wants to go down to the office to work tomorrow—Sunday. I say Yes, naturally. He has found the exchange situation adversely affecting his road hobby so has decided to take an interest in it—which he hadn't before, to any great extent.

Tell Deirdre I enjoyed her drawings and thought them very good indeed. You can ad lib further comment. How about looking through a few of my latest efforts for unanswered questions. Such as what to tell Alex about curtains. Will admit you have been pretty good about that, though. Well, bunny, no more for now. So sorry to hear about Ooch and Suzanne. Do as you like about answering questions on that. Glad babes are recouping. My love to all four of you. I wrote Ag to send you some flowers today. Hope she did. They brought my love.

—G.

#15

Managua, Nicaragua – March 2, 1937

Dearest—

Today has been like Mr. Cohen on the telephone—de windt she blew der roof off—or however it went. It woke me early this morning and has been steadily at it. People here say it promises an earthquake. Don't see how the plane landed today. I saw it side-slip its way in. It makes more dust but keeps things cooler.

On the last mail I wrote to Beaulac slyly hinting that I might be ordered out of here soon & mentioned that the good ship Mayan sails north on the 19<sup>th</sup>. I haven't broached it to Bo. Today we heard from Ray who says Mrs. Castleman—a Spanish lady—says her husband has been told to proceed here forthwith—no leave, etc. It looks as though they may want me to stay on here until he arrives. It won't be so bad, however, as he should get here by April 1 under those circumstances—possibly by the 20<sup>th</sup> even. So all in all, business is looking up. Also via the same channels we learn that Castleman doesn't drink – bridge – poker – tennis – golf—just reads. He'll be a wow down here. Mrs. C. apparently isn't coming here at all. That doesn't please these people—most of our Legation wives seem to spend a large part of their time elsewhere. If I were boss I would insist on wives going along unless they had a good reason.

As I believe I mentioned, had the Joneses for lunch Sunday. They stayed too long afterward. Nice but dull. Since then I have hardly budged from the house, all of which leaves me peculiarly devoid of thoughts for the day. Don't even feel sentimental, though der vindt usually affects me that way. Lopez-Harrison is in town. Haven't seen him as yet.

Continued Wednesday - The muse was so totally absent I had to give up. And now the plane is practically waiting at the gate. Am getting itchy feet again. Don't know how I will stand several years in one spot again.

Glad to hear Squire is around. He is about as safe a beau as I could want for you. Momma seems to be bright-lighting it a bit. Guess you need a little change after your long struggle. Liz [Jerry's Aunt Elizabeth] probably was referring to an older brother of hers—Arthur—who died when I was about 8 or 9. He was an invalid most of his life. Did Ray & Mrs. ever show up?

Well, toots, am signing off. Much love. Shall do better in my next.

-G.

#17

Methinks you have been fudging on numbers. May have to check up on you.  
Managua, Nicaragua – March 13, 1937

Dearest—

Your new paper seems to be giving you inspiration to bigger efforts. Have just received 2 from you airmail, postmarked March 8 & 10, plus one of February 16 forwarding some miscellaneous letters to you and Nell. Quite a field day it was. Also heard from Ag, Ray, Ben Zweig, Beaulac, an unknown female in Mexico, friend of Carl Breuers, and various others. Practically a whole mailbag full.

Missed writing last Wednesday as per recent custom. Wrote about a page but it was too dull to send, the muse absolutely forsook me, so I tore it up. Hadn't heard from you since the previous letter I had written, and my activities had been of no particular interest.

Anyhow, Beaulac seems to think I can get away around April 1<sup>st</sup>, assuming that one of the new secties arrives by then, and that the time of my stay in Tegucigalpa and Salvador will be more or less up to me. I don't see how with conscience I could cut my time to less than six weeks, which would mean leaving Salvador end of June; or if it should average out 2 months each, end of July. I am just as fed up with the whole idea as you. It will be getting on to a year before I see you again. That is altogether too long. Really, though, I see no feasible way for you to come down to these parts. Even without the problem of the babes, it would be difficult to go long on the hit-or-miss basis that I have been and will have to go on following. I refer to my living arrangements. I hope there is no hitch now in their plans for these new birds getting down here. Beaulac confirms that Castleman will not be taking leave. Of course the delay will at least have the advantage of bringing us to Washington in September or October, which means we will miss the heat of one summer at least. October can have its hot days there but it is a beautiful time of year with the autumn colors of the trees in the parks and countryside. What a pity that we will be househunting and making curtains and what have you instead of strolling through the woods.

Last Monday afternoon I entrained with the Presidential party to Granada, where he went to decorate some doctor who had completed 50 years' practice. Ceremonies at a movie theatre with us diplomats on the stage—much to my annoyance, as I was busy imagining how easy it would be to have a bomb planted around. Then a reception at the doc's house – banquet – followed by a dance – breaking up about 5 a.m. I was staying at the home of the chef de protocol. The next day we, including the minister of foreign affairs & a few other officials, sort of eased around the house and wound up by spending the next night, Tuesday, and returning here Wednesday morning. Rather amusing, particularly to see the native at ease on his native heath. The c. de protocol had a woman living with him—wife of some man by whom she had 5 children, plus 2 by him. All quite casual.

She attractive withal. In the letter I destroyed – though not the reason – I raved about a “cutey” I saw in Granada. In fact there were several—the best I’ve met since C.R. Did I tell you that Lola’s niece appeared to claim her 5 bucks? A rather cute, spunky little thing, neat & starched like Lola, and appeared *valiente*. Brought me in a fancy “jicara” as a *recuerdo*. You can ask Lola what that means—too long to explain here.

Dined *en famille* with Bo and Eleanor last night, for no particular reason. Very agreeable they were. They are off to the hills for the weekend. Also dined with Mr. & Mrs. V.C. [vice consul]. He is the son or nephew of the Carrigan of Dunbar Carrigan & Hayden, an old S.F. hardware firm your father probably knows. [Because L.C. Hunter III’s entire working life was spent with the Fuller Paint Co., another old S.F. business] The local manager of the West India Oil Co., one Riddle, whom I knew in Santo Domingo, was of the party. He leaves soon for S.F. on vacation and has asked for the address of the Widow Drew as he knows no gals there. I shall let him have it as he is not a wolf. In fact may give the old gal a thrill. He is tall and handsome and is buying himself a new Packard there.

I have been gorging on lettuce and celery – present from the American customs collector here. A sort of DelaRue though now no official connection with us. He leaves soon for S.F. – seems to be the Mecca here. Of course to sail from the east coast one has to fly overland – no roads – over rather risky country, and in Taca planes which are likewise rather sketchy.

You seem to think I resented your not telling me about Ooch before. Not at all. The jolt of her leaving may snap him out of it. It does seem that flyers go that way. I think that many of these crashes could be traced to drinking if the truth were known. Please don’t worry about me on that score. I am indulging as normal, if not less. Now that I am alone and have no one to keep me company in bull sessions am consuming less than in Guat. Have my daily nip or two (and I mean two) when life is normal, with of course a few more when a party arrives in sight. I believe I shall always enjoy my nip and perhaps an occasional slip over the edge but never more. While I have never admitted that life in the tropics could be the cause of a man’s downfall, it certainly does offer the opportunity if one is inclined that way, and can bring out weakness in character. Considering my nine long years in such parts and some of the strains, I feel I am safe for posterity.

Sweet, what do you mean you worried about us in C.R.? I never did. I know I had my surly spells but I blame no one, certainly not you. I know we are going to be happy together – not only in Washington, but forever. I love you more now, sweet, than ever before – if not more, in a different way at least. Shall tell you all when I see you—in July? December?

Ag reports you and babes looking fine and raved about your appearance when you were at zoo. Confession: I am developing quite a corporation. Much food and no exercise, I suppose. We shall have to live a strenuous life—preferably on beaches

and mountains when I get home. Where, by the way, are we going to live? I should much prefer to arrive at the Department looking gaunt and martyred. It gives me a pain the way these lads all cry "“Sick” to the Dept. First Trueblood, then O’Donoghue. Ray didn’t but he certainly played up his separation from his wife – the new baby – and all that. I seem to be the perennial sucker.

Shall ease up now. Am about to shave before stepping out with Allen Jones to our local hot spot-- it being now 10 of a Saturday night. Shall add the adieux in the morning. (Next day – Sunday a.m.) Well, we searched for bright lights, but with no success. On Saturday nights one can usually stir up something but last night it was dead. Perhaps exchange situation. So we gave up about 2 and I feel much better than if we had found fun. Well sweet, much love until my next.

-G.

#?

Managua, Nicaragua, March 23, 1937

Dearest—

Such a bombardment of letters from you—2 and 3 a week. You are more than making up for the “whoops” period when I had you far outdistanced. They are greatly appreciated and shame me into picking up my faltering pace. At times I somewhat lag on ideas, particularly when I confine myself strictly to office and quarters for several days. You at least have the babes and your and my families to furnish occasional inspiration for news. I only have the cat. Also, much I would like to tell I hesitate about as I am a wee bit suspicious—nothing like other places we have been, but still and all... [probably a reference to his correspondence possibly being read]

First to dispose of the reproach: I am almost sure I told you about the minister’s accident. Are you sure you read through my tomes? Not that I would blame you much if you gave up after a few lines. I sometimes have to struggle to re-read my own stuff. Anyhow, it was not serious. The child leapt in front of the car according to all accounts, and had its leg broken. He [the minister] has paid hospital and doctor expenses, and there has been no publicity to mention. Everything has been dull at the office. I am down to reading over back files.

I approve of your idea of the tables. How about your writing Mary C. direct, or would you rather have me take it up with her? I think he could do a good job as both the tables you mention are standard. You should do up a careful drawing with all dimensions and leave no alternatives, as it would just mean protracted correspondence. I don’t think it would be anything like 600 colones, as that would be over \$100. Probably more like 3 or 400. Anyhow, we can stand it and it would be a good investment. I think the kind with leaves is best, but then why not have it large enough for 12? The extra leaf would do the trick and it probably wouldn’t cost much if any more. While 10 is an easier number to seat, one is more apt to have multiples of 4 for purposes of bridge. Be sure to take up all questions such as carving, fluting, etc. Lopez is too cagey to make any decisions for himself. If you wish you might send sketches, etc., to me direct and I could cast my master eye over and forward to Mary. I don’t think Lopez would try to gyp us as his prices are more or less standard. He has probably gone up somewhat, though. When I write I will have him include packing separately and have the government pay—yes?

I am pretty well recovered from last week. Sunday afternoon was spent at a swimming hole on a nearby *finca* [ranch]—no bassin ear yet—from where we went to a *finca* in the hills. The same one I went to Saturday night. As usual the crowd wound up at my house. At four a.m. I got fed up —strangely sober I was, too—and went to bed. They took the hint. Last night I had one foot in the bed at 9:30 when my lady writer friend came out with an aviator boyfriend—they left

about midnight. I have acquired a nifty hammock and have it slung on the porch in the coolest spot in the house. Simmons Beautyrests make for hot sleeping in the tropics. Tomorrow (Wednesday) noon I raise my drawbridge, as it were—not to be lowered until Saturday. The Carrigans may come out for Thursday & Friday. It is infinitely cooler and more pleasant here & they would of course be tied up as no cars net can move those two days. In fact it is frowned on from Wednesday noon to Saturday noon. Not even planes move for two days. [This non-activity may be due to Holy Week?]

Long and Mrs. still in interior. Probably not back until Saturday or Sunday All very quiet. He has me baffled—more than any E.E. and M.P. [Envoy Extraordinary & Minister Plenipotentiary, a minister's official title] I have known. Not that there is any friction—on the contrary, rather a sit-down or passive resistance, Gandhi-like attitude—like fighting a sofa pillow or putting the thumb on a drop of mercury. Many, many things that should be reported are not being. I have about given up. Can't explain here very well.

A thoroughgoing rebuke to Birdie et al at 200 Pacheco [Jerry's family's address in San Francisco] You should take steps. I felt that Reggie would turn up. I quite liked him. Charley Murray (Irene's husband) has been transferred to S.F. He was always crazy about it. You remember her, I assume. Must write Louis Fagan someday [a colorful USMC major who was a good friend in Haiti]. What is their address? Tell Nell to write me more—all about news of the Department, USMC, etc.

Strange how much better my health is in the tropics. I have put on about 14 lbs. Since I arrived here and believe it or not, never burp. You wouldn't know your old man. I really believe there is something in the theory that high altitudes upset digestion. The cook is quite good. Not up to Angelina but a "natural." Could be equally as good with any training. Anyhow, she loads on enough *manger* [Haitian Creole term for food, French verb *to eat*] for six stevedores, and I usually manage to worry down most of it. I once begged her to cut down on lunches and cut out so much meat. She occasionally eliminates the meat but instead produces eggs and six vegetables instead of four. She specializes in serving 2 meats at a time. I haven't had an ill day since I arrived and you remember I had several in Guat. Must be the climate. All food bills average me around one and ½ cordobas a day, including meat, bread, butter, staples, etc. etc. In dollars that is about .60 to .75 per day, depending on the exchange, and includes my two servants. I pay no rent, light, or ice, so you can easily see I am not living beyond my income. Toots—how is your bankroll? Any tendency to build up? I asked you before. Better answer or I will dock your pay. Really, if we were starting anew I would just as soon do two years here as in C.R. One could save much more—perhaps 50% of salary & living in this house where I am now wouldn't be half bad.

Too bad about Mitzi [Suzanne and Warren/Ooch's German Shepherd]. Did she live or die? You frequently leave out the essence of your reports. Consider

yourself rebuked. I feel sorry for Ooch. I hope he can stay in the Army. From what I hear he is already too old to get back with any of the big airlines. Maybe a year or so apart will do them both good and bring them together again. [It never happened. Warren went into the Flying Tigers in China, and when WWII started he flew supplies to England, based in Canada, where he died of pneumonia a week before Pearl Harbor. Suzanne was remarried about then, to Dr. Charles Kincheloe, an orthopedic surgeon., and continued living in the Virginia suburbs of Washington.]

A shame about the D's. You know who I mean. She is much too fine for him. Don't worry—she knew plenty if not all. Naturally we got pretty well acquainted there. She used to break down occasionally. She deserved better... He is going to come a cropper. She is really one of the finest characters I have ever known. The two months I was in their house she would always think of me first – do anything she could for me – with any encouragement would have waited on me hand and foot. While I was a perfect stranger, it was her idea of hospitality and shows her generous nature. He burns me up.

So glad to hear how well the babes came out of it. I congratulate you, Madame, on your nursing abilities. Hope Chub [Joan] gets straightened out. Maybe when stern Poppa gets there he can help on the discipline. I do think a man can often do more than any woman. We shall see. I suppose they are no worse than any youngsters with spirit. I imagine none of them will ever lack that. They must get it from some remote ancestor. No—I haven't received the Irish Setter. Boat mail has been inordinately slow. . . Shall sign off now—for my dinner—leaving the love and kisses for the cold grey dawn of tomorrow—mailing day. Not an idea this a.m. Thank D. for her letter. Shall try to write her one during my retreat.

Much love-  
G.

No number.  
Managua, March 27, 1937

Dearest—

Enclosed is a copy of a scrawl I knocked out during my Holy Week retreat for the benefit of the family. I had promised them some such account long ago, and finding myself short on news for a letter, decided to grind that out. I claim neither literary nor historic merit for it so it must be read in that tolerant light.

Love,  
G.

Did you ever get my pitcher [picture]?

#27

Managua, Nicaragua – April 21, 1937

Dearest—

This will be short to get it in under the wire. Have been rather rushed around here, as you can imagine. Our trip went off without incident. Long and I, Allen Jones, and the Minister of Fomento [Development]. It was a rather long and very dusty trip to Rivas. There we spent the night in a 4<sup>th</sup> rate hotel, leaving the next a.m. for San Juan del Sur by train, only one hour. It is a tiny village on the shore of a horseshoe-shaped lagoon. Really a beautiful spot with palms fringing the beach and hills surrounding the cove. Big enough for freighters to anchor. They dwarf the town. Went by launch up the coast to Brito, the mouth of the proposed canal—fishing en route. Huge mackerels—heaps of them—which we had for lunch and dinner later. After the launch ride a swim--cold water, almost like Stinson—lunch, a nap, and back to Rivas for dinner. Next day – Monday – up early to drive back to Managua. About eight hours.

Lunch yesterday with Minister of Foreign Affairs and some friends. Lunch today with President. Big dinner tonight by Foreign Office—stag, and probably a late dinner tomorrow at Longs'. And so on. My poor liver. I shudder.

My plan to go by boat is now shot as it has been delayed for several days and I don't want to wait around. So I am flying PAA on Saturday and sending trunks etc. by boat. Later on will have a chance to drive down to the coast & see what I want to see. Had a letter from Keene inviting me to stay with him. His wife is away. From reports on hotels there, it will be a break. Don't know if it will be for all six weeks of my stay.

Alex Cohen arrives Friday from Tegoose. We are putting him up. He will probably be full of dope [gossip/news]. Had confirmation about Lola being fixed up to enter.

Not making any promises about my next letter. It may be too [busy?] to write again soon, but hope you will bear with me, my sweet. Will write more details, some amusing, of our trip to Rivas. Love to babes.

G.

Tegucigalpa, Honduras – April 26, 1937

Dearest—

Your Carmel letter to hand. So glad you are to have a bit of a change and a rest. You must be ready for the strenuous life, which I hope will start by August one, at least. I think the cottage in Carmel a sound idea—if there are no wolves around. Tote & Nell should be sufficient chaperonage, I suppose.

As you see, here I am, tra-la! Flew up day before yesterday –Saturday—and am staying in the Legation with Mr. Keene, the minister. He is a very nice person—quiet, unruffled, sense of humor. Being of Irish extraction he would be. Wife is away. He leaves next Friday. I shall be charge during the balance of my stay here. Of course with the increased pay since my promotion I will draw \$25 less per month extra pay, but it will come to about \$100—all of which will be useful. The Legation is a huge old barn—offices for Consulate and Legation on lower deck, and quarters on upper. Somehow reminds me of our Herdocia house in San Jose. No garden, but a patio with a comfortable, broad corridor on all 4 sides upstairs. Huge bedrooms & johnnies. Quite nicely furnished—partly Keenes' and most government. He is not coming back—big secret—new post—but I'll be able to carry on as he is leaving a lot of his stuff to be shipped later. Of course Ben and I have been catching up on gossip. He is same as ever. Lia looks fine but very pregnant. The other secretary, one Wally Hoffman, has a large New Zealand wife, also that way. Must be the climate. That about completes the official family.

Left Managua in good shape due to a quiet night at home. Alex Cohen arrived Friday—traveling through C.A. with Lt. Col. Pate, the new military attache. He stayed with me and I used him as an excuse to dodge all parties the last day. I was successful in more or less sneaking out of town. Nevertheless the Min. of Foreign Affairs. threw a largish stag dinner on Wednesday night which wound up at my house—some six of us—till quite late. Pres. Somoza had a lunch—Mr. Long a dinner—etc. All seemed quite unnecessary to me, but there is nothing much one can do about it. I really liked the Nicaraguans. They are friendly and open and have a good sense of humor. The most charming people I have met in Latin America.

Had a letter from Beaulac saying they were getting out orders soon to have me move on to Salvador for another “six weeks” en route to the Department. He says there will be no further delays along the way. It is perhaps a little premature to be counting dates, but unless something unforeseen develops I should be on my way about the middle of July and home before August 1<sup>st</sup> even if I do tarry through Mexico. August & September at home should bring us to Wash about October one—really an ideal time to arrive there. A few hot days to be expected, but delightful autumn weather until the first cold spell. The climate here is said to be ideal, though it is still a bit warm. Had our first rainstorm of the season last night. Just about warm enough for white suits, though many wear wool. It is very

expensive here—particularly after Managua, though probably less so than Guatemala. No food available—at least no variety—meat almost inedible and everything very high. Fortunately will have no rent to pay here. Also no entertainment goes on & the atmosphere seems to be completely lacking in conviviality. There are nine servants on the premises between the office and the house, but I only have to feed four of them. Shouldn't lack for service.

Mr. Keene has an Irish Terrier bitch--the best dog I've seen in many a year. If we do get a dog would be tempted to look over this breed. She bounces around like a young goat and seems remarkably intelligent. They look something like an airdale, which is a crossed descendant.

My Nicaraguan cot I left with Castleman. He took quite a fancy to it, though it seemed to prefer me. Castleman had had stomach ulcers—hence the report that he didn't drink. Apparently he went at it too strong at first with all the parties going on, and had a recurrence of it. He was quite sick when I left and feeling very depressed over it. A very likeable fellow and quite willing to be one of the boys.

What has happened about the table idea? Have you given up on it? If we are to do anything steps should be taken soon. I imagine it would be well to have our stuff started on its way somewhat in advance so as to have it timed to reach Washington about when we do.

Have no immediate plans for travels around Honduras, but hope to get over to the so-called north coast before the rains get too heavy. Also want to see the Gulf of Fonseca which I missed. Brought trunks & all up by plane. Found it worked out much cheaper than shipping by boat. Had 444 lbs. excess, costing \$32.52. Hope they don't decide to disallow it.

Don't worry about my welfare here. Shall lead a quiet and probably healthier life than in Nicaragua. You can picture me engaging in long quiet hours of heavy reading. Mr. Keene is leaving a largish collection of books in the Legation—enough to keep me going for a long time. Apparently there will be little else to do. Not a hot spot in town.

I envy your Carmel stay. I know you have never been too wild about Willow Camp, but why couldn't you have gone over there? I know my family would have been glad to let you have the house. Of course you might have had Ag and brood over, which wouldn't have helped out on the rest very much. Don't imagine there is much to choose from on the weather.

Shades of Helen Hokinson & the New Yorker. Doris Hunter of Sacramento arranging tulips. Hope your figure doesn't qualify you for full membership. Yes, do write more of Carmel. Roll no eyes at any dashing painters.

All my love—

G.

#30

Tegucigalpa, Honduras – May 1, 1937

Dearest-

May Day—are you all dancing around the pole? I am very impressed with my number 30 as above, giving me a monthly average since the first of the year of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  letters per month, or nearly two a week. Trump that! I am very annoyed by the airmail schedule here. Today, Saturday, the mail closes at 3:00 p.m. & only sails north tomorrow. Throws me off completely. In Nicaragua I could write my Sunday letter either that morning, weather permitting, or of the Saturday evening, parties permitting. Hence you may detect a certain irregularity in my epistles. Probably the delay is to permit all the boys in the P.O. to read everything at their leisure. On the subject of mail—have you thoroughly identified yourself at the Carmel P.O.? And be sure to leave your forwarding address. Speaking of stamps—don't be too generous with the ones on my letters. According to Alex Cohen, who should know, they are worth at least 50% of their face value. I am hoarding myself. If carried on for ten years it may be they can be sold for enough to buy baby some shoes.

On the subject of hoarding, I am having numbers of Life, the new picture magazine, mailed to you. My idea is to build up a collection of them which years hence should be very interesting. Maybe a dusty corner of a basement or attic could be devoted to them. I also mailed most of the cards received last Xmas. Some of them had messages, and as I hadn't time at the last minute to sort them out, I simply sent the works.

Despite all predictions of a dull life here, there has been quite a round of social activity, mostly in connection with Mr. Keene's departure. Ben had a dinner, also Foreign Office, plus a dance. Last night a concert by some visiting violinist at the Casa Presidencial, & another dance at some club tonight. All agree that such activity is unheard of here. It isn't nearly as much strain as in other places, though, as pressure at the bar far less and everyone goes home early.

Believe it or not, I have been inveigled into a golf game with the Foreign Minister & some other lads from the Foreign Office for this afternoon. It must be that the cooler climate & higher altitude makes my Saturday afternoon nap unnecessary.

Saw Keene off for the coast yesterday. La Unite [United Fruit Co., probably] sent its fancy plane up with Turnbull to take him down. Sorry to see him go. Would have appreciated his company more than being charge. We got to talking far into the night--mostly Service. As he has nigh 30 years, he knows plenty. I think he would speak well of me if asked—we seemed to enjoy the same jokes. His family stems from County Cork, which may account for it.

Hoffman is a bit disgruntled, I fear, mainly at being passed over on promotions

and also at my doing him out of charge pay, which would have meant \$200 to him and about \$90 to me. Nothing open, but I have the unpleasant feeling that he resents my being here. Being a German type he isn't clever enough to hide it. He is about 40 [Jerry would then have been 34] and several grades below me. In a way I don't blame him. I would probably feel the same, but wouldn't show it.

Ben of course is just the same. Still hopes to get in the Service. I fear that his foreign wife will keep him out. He plans to have her naturalized, but doubt that even that would make a difference now. Lia looks very well considering her size. It's due in one month. Her parents are here and will take her to S.J. by plane in a week to have it there. Little Carol is fine and husky. Just beginning to talk. Ben's only trouble here is the cost of living, and it is terrific. About like Guatemala or more so, and nothing to show for it. Rotten meat, few vegetables, etc. I have a good cook who does her best, also a good butler, when sober, who has been with the Legation for 22 years. Also a swell German housekeeper, but she goes off with the Hoffmans next month. They probably won't return. I might try to grab her myself, but after our Lola experience I'm not keen on importations. We will make out one way or another in Washington. I'm handing out about \$2.00 a day just for food, and in Nicaragua I averaged less than one dollar. Taxis here charge .50 cents per trip, in Managua .05. I leave the rest to your imagination. I shan't be cutting down the widow's mite, but the bank account won't fatten up the way it did in Managua.

The one pet in the house is a mangy, worthless parrot. Not a bit friendly. I miss Biddy, Keene's Irish terrier. She really was a lady. Hadn't been out of the Legation since she arrived, yet let them put collars & leashes on her –whisk her off in a car and then a plane, and didn't even object.

My boyfriends will be along any minute so must sign off. Your white hat is coming into its own. No mail today but have had two from you since I arrived, so no complaints. Shall try to write more at leisure next time & perhaps make more sense. Hope you & Tote are tanning nicely. Am I missed?

Love,  
G.

#33

Tegucigalpa, Honduras, May 14, 1937

Dearest—

Returned yesterday from my trip to the North Coast. Had a postcard and a letter waiting for me. The trip was uneventful but interesting. I flew down with Turnbull, whom you must remember from Guatemala—I think we had them to dinner—in his snappy Lockheed plane. As I wrote in a hurried note Saturday morning, I had the inspiration Friday evening when I learned he was to leave the next day. I broached the subject of riding down with him and he responded with alacrity. His plane makes the trip in about a half hour—cruises between 180 and 220 per hour.

We flew on out over some of the coast towns and landed at La Lima (not on the map) where he has his home and headquarters. It is almost exclusively a Fruit Co. town, not particularly stimulating. Played a bit of golf and looked over a few bananas. They are putting up a desperate struggle against some blight that has hit there. They have a boy and a girl—about 4 and 2 respectively—adopted. The mother goes in for homeopathic medicines and gave him a collection of pill bottles to play with. I questioned the safety factor, suggesting he might eat a few pills. As I thought, he finally consumed about 3 bottles. Castor oil, etc. Otherwise I spent a quiet weekend with them. Consumed many glasses of un-boiled milk! ! Left Monday morning by the plane for Castilla—looked over Trujillo—lunched at Castilla—another purely company town, and then went by gasoline car to a field an hour or so away...

The plane was waiting to take me to \_\_\_\_\_? a rival but friendly company. Stayed with our young vice consul and wife. Visited a brewery—owned by “La Unite”—and of course sampled the product. There is a small hospital there built by the Vicaro Bros.—owners of the company—in memory of some deceased relative. As complete and modern as could be found anywhere. Had a quiet bridge evening and left the next morning for Tela, & there had to put up with the United people – almost nothing else in the way of a hotel. A beautiful spot—houses built along the beach with palm trees – swimming to be had, as I did. Got dragged into a crap game that night lasting until dawn, but I managed to protect myself against the local experts. In fact won more than enough to pay for my trip.

The next day went to Puerto Gartes for the night & Thursday went by car (railway) to San Pedro Sula, where I took a Taca plane back here. (This is being continued Saturday noon.)

A Mr. Harry Frank, author of many travel books, came in to the office yesterday. We are leaving right after lunch by car & mule to the Rosario mines. About a 3 hour trip. The largest silver mine in the world and well worth seeing, so they say. We return tomorrow afternoon. Monday I plan to go down the coast to see the

Chalutera bridge, built by Mssrs. Brown McCullough Archibald, etc., & then go by launch out to Amapola to meet Cramp, the new secretary... After that I think I shall settle down for a while.

I guess you think I'm a bit goofy doing all this traveling, but the rains have started and later on I may not be able to get around very well. After all, the principal pernt of my being here is to see the country, & there is absolutely nothing stirring at the office. Hoffman of course knows what it is all about.

Had a letter [from Ramirez Brown] raving about the wonderful time he had [when my family] had them out to dinner.

[Some bad copying here—presumably he was signing off with his usual love, G.]

Tegucigalpa, Honduras, May 21, 1937

Dearest—

‘Tis a dark and stormy night, and the light is bad and I have no decent place to write. Hence this may not last very long. But tomorrow is Saturday & mail for Sunday’s plane must be in early. My wanderings have stopped now—at least for the time being. Here it is Friday & I haven’t been any place since Tuesday, when I returned from Amapola with Cramp. The only goal left undone now is a trip to the Mayan ruins at Copon. It is still rather vague but I may make it before I leave.

Last Saturday I went out to the Rosario mine with Harry Franck, the travel book man, part way by car and the rest on mules. The mine is a very neat little huddle of hillside buildings & mills with some thirty rather despondent Americans leading a very 5:15 existence, but probably all saving money by the ton. We were very well looked after. Played Saturday night bridge – some collegiate sing-song effort – most of the miners are beardless youths (I almost punned minors) fresh from some school.

Sunday we did the mill—all but the part I wanted to see, where the little silver bars run out in a row. When I last saw it all looked like pure drinking water, but they swore it was just shot with the stuff. From the bottom of the hill it apparently gets pumped back to the top, where they go hokus-pokus at it and get silver. All very mysterious to me. I forewent the mine because it was Sunday and no work going on, & they said I couldn’t go anyhow, so after lunch the mule and I went home, leaving Franck to look around more on Monday. Came by town and off again to the South Coast. Went to Choluteca —some 100 miles from here—where one of Mr. James’ pretty bridges is going up. Thence back to San Lorenzo & by launch to Amapola, where I bedded with some Germans and saw Cramp in the morning. We motored back here Tuesday—I more dead than alive. Must be getting old—can’t take it. Of course Wednesday found me spry—if I am ever that. Also I found letters—three from you—rather two and one from Deirdre. Also one from Nell and also John Drew Sr. Such a deluge I thought something must be wrong.

Cramp is very nice. You would quite approve—if not fall. About my age. Fresh out of Addis Ababa where he distinguished himself and got special mention and promotions and all that. A bachelor and on the gay side. [“Gay” at that time meant only jolly and fun-loving, not homosexual.] He is staying with me at the Legation.

Friend Hoffman is to go to Salvador after his leave. I fear he won’t be joyfully received by the Corrigan [the U.S. minister in Salvador, who became one of the Drews’ best friends, along with his family] if he insists on going to bed at nine o’clock every night.

Re tables—all ordered – check for 50% sent off, etc. Heard from Lopez right

away. Price \$90 including \$10 for packing. He seemed to catch the idea. I have a few minor details to take up but shall wait until morning to consult some notes. Anyhow, be of good cheer as all is ge-fixed.

A registered letter goes out in this mail regarding some banking matters. All is explained so shan't repeat here. If any confusion L.C. could explain. [L.C. was Doris's father's nickname, for his initials—Lewis Clarence. He had a lot of business & financial smarts.] Apparently you didn't have much of a vacation in Carmel. Too bad. And no nurse. My, I hope Katy—the buxom German Legation housekeeper the Hoffmans snitched to take to the U.S.—decides not to go back down to Salvador and could come to us. She [comes] into the kitchen – serves – rules all servants with an iron hand. & has already, in 2 days, taken their baby into camp. Don't know what we would have to pay her but she has been earning \$15 a month here. She would be the gem of the ocean.

Off for a wee shut-eye. Had my 18 holes of golf today & a late night last night—dined chez Hoffman. Have a bit more time tomorrow to carry on. (Saturday) This morning I received a long telegram assigning me to Salvador for “not to exceed six weeks” and from there to the Department with 60 days leave en route. It also covers shipping effects from San Jose and Guatemala. I now expect to leave here by plane June 5 and leave Salvador July 17, which should get me home by August first. I feel I am now on the last lap. It has been a long time—too long.

About table: Please send no more pictures because they only confuse me & probably Lopez. He can't do the spirals on the drop-leaf as he has no machine, but I have ordered grooves. Do you think height of 30” is right? Sounds a bit high. I measured the table here and it's only 27". It probably wouldn't be too late if you want to change. He came back about leaves, suggesting 10” each, but I said to make them 16 or 18”, reinforcing on the bottom if necessary to prevent warping. He also was in the dark about the length of drop-leaf and suggested 48”, which I told him was okay. Each leaf will be 14” and the center part 20”. That would make a grand total of 164” when spread out, which is over 13 feet. More than we will ever need, I imagine. Also you didn't make clear whether you wanted casters on legs of either or both tables. I suggest none. How are feet finished off? What thickness should table top be? I told him to make it a bit more than the usual so as to be quite solid. Let me hear from you soon as to these points. I have sent Mary C. copies of all correspondence and asked her to examine wood to be used, etc. With her on the trail they may be less apt to use green wood, which is my only worry. However, any ideas or changes should all net be included in your next or I shall be in a padded cell. Then we can just pray for the best.

Must close now for the mail & eat lunch. Off to a dance tonight. Doesn't thrill me much. No letter from you today. Am I being punished? No complaints, however. Hope you can somehow get a real rest soon. Carmel didn't sound much like it. Thank Nell for her letter. May have more time and ideas in my next. Thanks for ties. Very nice and actually in use.

All love, sweet-  
G.

Consulate General of Nicaragua  
1369 Hyde Street  
San Francisco, California

5<sup>th</sup> of May, 1937

Senor Don Gerald Drew  
American Legation  
Tegucigalpa, Honduras

Very esteemed friend:

This letter is to thank you once again for the letter of introduction that you gave me for your esteemed father, whom I had the pleasure of meeting the very day of my arrival in this city, under the palm leaves of a Rotary meeting, always green and always fresh, so propitious for good and sincere friendships.

Your father took us to his house last night and gave us the honor of seating us at his table with your very distinguished family: Mama, all goodness and affection; your sister and her two precious little girls; and your brother the doctor, all of them representative of the kindness and culture of this your great country. The evening was delicious. Also invited were my consul and his wife and a distinguished professor at your father's school. My wife and I felt the warmth of home among such pleasant and generous people. Your father played the violin and the doctor [John] accompanied him on the accordion. We watched the movie of your parents' visit to you in Guatemala, and saw you there. Finally, my friend, thanks to your kindness we had the intimate pleasure of spending some exquisite hours with your family, in this enchanting San Francisco.

We weren't able to see Mrs. Drew, because she was temporarily spending some time at a seaside town [Carmel], according to your father.

We had a very interesting trip, and are getting to know many good things about California, and will return with our bags full of unforgettable impressions. We'll return to Managua by PAA plane on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of this month. We hope we'll be able to see you in Managua on our return.

Very affectionate greetings,  
G. Ramirez Brown

*[This letter shows how much our Grandpa Drew enjoyed the international connections he sometimes made through his son's career. He was self-taught in Spanish, French and German, and loved to have a chance to use any of them. Also, he was really a gifted violinist—had been concertmaster of the Berkeley symphony, or was it the University of California at Berkeley symphony? —during his college days there in the 1890s. Everyone in the family played an instrument*

*and entertained guests with impromptu concerts with little or no urging.]*

#37

Salvador, June 5, 1937

Dearest—

Safe & sound in Salvador, or around Central America with the Rover Boys. Uneventful hop over, though the pilot made me nervous by twitching and wiggling about himself. Have moved in on the Corrigan—they say for all six weeks, but it doesn't seem possible or fair to them. They are four, and large numbers of family and guests are on the way. Shall try to find a furnished house, and failing that, move into a boarding house. The last week or two in Tegoose were rather strenuous—quite a few late nights. If no party, Cramp and I would manage to talk far into the night. The worst part of it was the noise. Church bells and bugles would start about five, & little but dozing between bombs etc. from then on. The present reading finds our hero pretty done in. No signs of the strenuous life here yet, so may get caught up soon.

They are the most hospitable people I have known. Dr. C. & Bob--just out of Stanford—were at the airfield to bring me into the Legation. [Dr. Frank Corrigan, the U.S. minister in Salvador, was a medical doctor who served later as ambassador to Colombia and maybe elsewhere, also as an official of the World Health Organization. His son Bob, later nicknamed “Killer” Corrigan by Jerry (for being a “lady killer”) went into the Foreign Service and led us on a whirlwind tour of St. Peter's in Rome when we were on our way through there in 1948 or '49.]

I am definitely a last-lapper now. I am anxious to hear what you think about the proposed trip. I have written to find out about getting a car in Mexico. Maybe you could come down there direct instead of to Salvador & up. Anyhow, shall await further word.

Dinner bells are about to ring and I haven't even washed since I arrived. Seems that my last six have been pretty mangy. With Hoffmans and child around all last week it was hard to concentrate much. Shall do better—really.

No letter today, but it may have gone on to Tegoose.

Love,  
G.

#39

Salvador – June 10, 1937

Dearest—

Again I crash through with one of my usual last-minute notes. I had solemnly vowed to devote last evening to doing better by my gal, but life on the Corrigan front is very uncertain. Visitors came and went and we finally wound up in the pantry, I knocking off a can of chile con carne and Mrs. C. working on a can of shrimps. With that & a couple of snifters for inspiration we talked until 3 a.m. Life hasn't been particularly gay as most of the party-givers are out of town. Mrs. C. is kicking herself for having taken the pledge [to give up alcohol] for the month of June, but has agreed to slide off [the "wagon"] on the 20<sup>th</sup> to celebrate my birthday properly. The family is growing. I found Bob (23) and Kevin (11) here when I arrived. Eddy (15) came down from school the other day & Marta and 3 girlfriends are due soon.

I won't go into it all now, but haven't given up on my Mexican plans. As an alternative, probably a cheaper one, you could meet me in Mexico, coming down by train or plane, and after a week or so there could head home with me. I am anxious to drive over the new road to Laredo. They say there are regular Greyhound buses running now. Mexico has now been taken into the Latin American division [at State Department], now known as the Division of American Republics, and I crave to know something about it. I am writing to our Embassy there for more dope. Will go into it in my next from some other angles.

Apparently I am on the Corrigans to stay. With so many around it really doesn't make much difference to have an extra one. Bob is leaving for Calif. soon & I will then have the room to myself. They are certainly amusing. All minds clicking a mile a minute at all times. You have to be up on your toes to keep ahead of them. Let slip a single cliché and you are pounced on for a good ribbing.

Bob and I have started tennis on a court next door. I am very out of condition but you may yet find me lean and bronzed.

The gong is about to ring. Received your #34 of June 4. I may be a bit screwy on my own numbers. All my love, sweet—patience is the watchword. When you see John, ask him if he still knows how to write.

Thine—

G.

#40

Salvador – June 12, 1937

Sweet—

How am I doing, Babe? Do you see the number in the corner? There have been 23 weeks in the year—almost two per. I think you have fudged on me a bit on the numbers, but we'll let that pass.

Glad you saw Mrs. Castleman. From what I saw of him I didn't think his wife would be too bad. He is devoted to daughter, of course, she being the only one.

What do you think of my staying on here in the Legation? They seem to want me to—treat me as one of the family. Of course it is infinitely better than any hotel or boarding house, and I haven't found any furnished house or apartment. I fear they would really be offended, yet I hate to impose. We shall see.

Oh, yes—when shopping keep an eye out for a cocktail set for her. Preferably of glass—both shaker and glasses. About 2 dozen of latter. No cork as they rot, and one easy to pour from. Maybe two quarts. I say 2 dozen glasses to allow for breakage, etc. I should say \$20 to \$30—certainly something pretty decent—especially if I stay on here. You might have a look around, and fairly soon, as I would like it to arrive while I'm still here. Writing me a description first if you like—nothing tricky—no colored glass or musical shaker, perhaps mit tray. Metal glasses—silver or chromium—always taste [funny] to me & I know she doesn't like them. You might pick up something in San Rafael, but probably Nathan Dormann or Gump's would be better. Also they always have pants on their glasses—she hates them to drip. So you might line up that too. Sorry to hand you this package, but after all, they are all so generous & have a healthy hatred of stingy people.

She is a riot. Wish I could take down some of her cracks. Frank is no word for it. Such as "I guess I'm getting old—a few years ago I would have gone through your bags the first day you were here." They have a real hand with their children. Allow them practically complete liberty, yet they are very well trained. Young Kevin is bright as they make them and has the so-called inquiring mind. The doctor always answers them patiently. They are a most interesting family.

Interrupted to talk to Bob—my stablemate here who is sitting in the room—about my staying so long. He swears they love it & would be offended if I left. We are on a pretty frank basis & what he says rather encourages me. He is going up to Calif. soon to be at a friend's wedding, and if he should come to S.F. you must find a way to put him up and give him his groceries. Am I prejudiced or back-patting or is there something about the Irish? They always seem to be smarter than other people & to have "a way with them." You either hate them or love them. Shades of Louis Fagan.

What would you think of driving overland in our new car? With one babe. It might be cheaper and starting early we could do Yellowstone, Lake Tahoe, etc. Am I full of ideas or am I? Incidentally, keep your ear to the ground about cars, young Bob here has me rather shaken on Ford. He claims to have made a study of it and that Plymouth is far the best... though the Ford abroad is the ready & high resale [value]. Remember our Haitian deal?

I have been talking most of the time with Bob, and now our demon messenger boy awaits without—practically.

More ideas: Maybe I leave here before July 17 if the doc ([Corrigan] says so, & he would—to make up the slack on my Mexican jaunt. Say a week sooner.

The closer the end comes the eagerer—the faster, the higher, or something—I become to see you. Sometimes the vision fades—it has been a test, don't you think? I was sure before and now am surer. Must close. Where did you loin your Spanish? Hope the babes don't forget it altogether. Maybe in Washington they would have Spanish-speaking playmates.

Please phone my family to tell them I'm here safe & sound. About the candy—send it via pouch to Mrs. John Willard Carrigan — & send her a smaller one—she loves it, and write to her in advance about the one for Mrs. Somoza. Otherwise she may crack it open, & tell her to keep it quiet from Mrs. Long—I called her Toots. Tell me what you spend and I'll add it to your next mite.

My love, Sweet-  
G.

P.S. How about having monograms etched on glasses & shaker & tray—hers are EFC.

Salvador, June 17, 1937

Dearest-

Why the change of paper? I know not except that a nice clean pad happens to be lying in front of me. I am annoyed with Pan Air—every time I finally manage to memorize their itinerary, they think up a new one. Starting July 1<sup>st</sup> they will have through northbound planes on Monday, Wednesday & Thursday, which seems very silly to me.

Sorry our Mexican trip could not be. I still think I shall go through with it even though it will take me a few days longer than by boat. I can probably get Dr. C. to let me leave a few days earlier on the q.t. as it were & save that much toward my time in Calif. I don't believe it will cost much more than by boat. I know when Guy Ray & I were figuring up his costs we worked it out as coming to about the same thing. Bus from here to Guat—ditto or train to Mex border—that would take say 3 days; 3 more to Mex, 5 there, & not more than 4 or 5 from there home.

Barbara Tewksbury heard I was to be through there and wrote to invite me to stay with her—except from 8 to 18<sup>th</sup>—just when I will be there—as Maria Hodgson would be with them. She explained that the DesP. had both boys and a house guest coming. As I shan't be there more than a day, I can stand the hotel.

Broke down and went to the movies last night. Dr. C. is a great fan. "The Sins of Theodora." They gave it such a build-up I weakened—it was lousi & salti [This was a family joke, based on their having known two businessmen in Haiti with names that sounded like that, if not exactly spelled the same.] I can coast for another year now. [Jerry was not a fan of movies, saying that the only two he had seen and ever wanted to see were "Birth of a Nation" and "The Lady Vanishes."]

Tell me, little one—what do you have in the way of odds & ends that I could hand out to families for presents? I will be expected to come bearing gifts, I know, and haven't picked up a thing in my travels. May find something in Mexico. Please answer this question. Suggestions for babes welcomed. How about small stuffed alligators, snakes or toads for babes? Or dolls, if to be found?

Lewis—formerly in C.R.—has been transferred to Moscow. Both Fisher & Cochran have been assigned to Department.

Again mail hour creeps up on me. Probably won't write in next as there are plans for weekend on a finca.

Do drop Mrs. C. a line—she would appreciate it. You can talk about babes. Hope you can deliver on present of k.t. set. If bulky it can't go by pouch. Perhaps it would be best to send parcel post via Grace boat.

Much love—

G.

Salvador – June 19, 1937

Dearest—

You certainly spring a surprise with your cable about the operation. I really didn't know what to answer. I hated the idea of your having it while I was not there. Any abdominal operation is serious. I talked it over with Dr. Corrigan. He didn't like the idea of your having it done when you are so fatigued. He believes in having patients go through a course of training to build up their strength before an operation. Then too it all came so suddenly I feared you had fallen into the hands of some surgeon eager to work out for a fat fee. That was the reason for my cable to John. I know he hates to consult when a member of the family is involved, but I felt, and Dr. Corrigan agreed with me, that knowing a medical member of the family was interested, the surgeon would be more up on the toes. I have never liked the sound of that female Dr. Schmidt or whatever her name is who operated on Mary. Women surgeons are few and far between. I was greatly relieved with your second cable saying you had postponed it. Am anxious to hear further details by mail. Of course I don't wish to interfere if the doctors agree it is urgent and necessary. I hope you consult more than one in any case. You should be rested beforehand. Perhaps a rest for 2 weeks or so at the river [Russian River, where the Hunters had a cottage] would put you in much better shape to stand the strain--& it always is one. Also, don't rush it just to have it out of the way before I arrive. It would take a pretty big chunk out of our vacation it is true, but I hate to think of your having it while I am down here. I do hope you will talk it over with John. That may not be his specialty but I have confidence in his judgment and he might be able to reassure you about the whole business. Enough—but do keep me informed and have Mary pinch-hit for you if you should be laid up. Don't worry about the expense part—I am still solvent.

Tomorrow is our big day. [Jerry's birthday was also their wedding anniversary.] So sorry we couldn't be together—the second time, I think. Meant to arrange a gift for you but am short on inspiration. Also have thought that I could do better in Mexico.

I had a letter from John today. He is all fired up about doing Mexico with me, bringing either my parents or if they can't make it, Mrs. K. and Gretchen. [Gretchen Kyne, a teacher, later became John's wife.] So wish you and Gretch could come down with him... am still tenacious. It probably won't cost me a bit more—not counting what I might buy there—than going via Grace. Meant to write John by this mail but slipped up due to callers & calls. If you see him say it sounds fine and shall write by next mail. Could you delegate Mary to execute the orders for candy & the k.t. set for Mrs. C.? That is assuming you will be *hors de combat*. What is it all about? Prolapsed uterus? Tumor? Or what? Do come clean. Having Dr. C. here, really a #1 surgeon, he can give me some ideas.

This d\_\_\_ letter like all I write has had about 1,000 interruptions. Life here is very

goldfish and hectic besides. No doors are ever closed. Just one happy family, & no secrets, as it were. Tomorrow we're off on a big picnic. And me with the worst cold I have had in ten years and feeling like hell. Mrs. C. must have given it to me. It's getting better, though.

No more now, my sweet—But love & kisses & please don't be stampeded by any doctors. I want you whole and not in pieces. If it has to be, you have all my permission, but think twice & thrice. Hope you didn't mind my cabling John. If you need funds let me know. I am going to keep on thinking & worrying until I hear from you, so do what you can.

My love-  
G.

San Salvador, June 23, 1937

Dearest—

Here it is 2 a.m. and I am out to answer all your questions—not the most propitious of hours, though at that less noise and interruptions than during the daytime. I expected to start this long before dinner but Mrs. C. hauled me out & then we brought people home for dinner & they stayed on. Just now have the C. family in bed and a little quiet has descended.

Your letter from Ross arrived this morning (Tuesday) leaving me a bit up in the air, as the earlier one written in the hospital only came in late this afternoon, for some reason. I shall do the best I can to tell you frankly what I think about it all, though I wish we had more time to exchange ideas back & forth. I do appreciate your consulting me. Of course you were right to do so, but even if you hadn't... it wouldn't have caused any feeling or misunderstanding.

To get down to cases: Is the operation really necessary and urgent at this time? If not, it could always be done in Washington when you might feel more rested & be better prepared. Incidentally, we would be entitled to government hospital almost free, though that isn't a primary consideration. Are you convinced that your Dr. Schultze is thoroughly competent? Have any other doctors confirmed your high opinion of her? Are you satisfied she is not primarily interested in making a fat fee? Has she or have you taken the opinion of some other doctor about the need for lifting & repairs? [That was the best Dodo ever came to describing why she had this operation—that having 3 almost 10-pound babies within 3 years had done some damage that needed repairing. Nothing needed to be taken out, apparently, though her tubes were probably tied. It seemed to us she was gone in the hospital much too long, probably 10 days or 2 weeks.]

Would you feel better to have a consultation? Now these are all academic questions. Don't think I expect you to write & then wait for an answer from me. They are thoughts that have come to mind and which I advance for consideration. Do you feel rested and strong enough? Has the M.D. thought of or discussed that angle with you? Aside from my native caution, in my earlier and only conversations with Dr. C., he expressed the opinion that the lifting, muscle-cutting type of uterus operation was often not necessary and that the same results or better could be obtained by repairs to the pelvic floor on which the uterus rests. He also spoke of the efficacy of exercise in building up the abdominal wall muscles (as I have prescribed for years). Doubtless these questions aren't necessary. I know you're not normally hysterically inclined; as indicated by your pause in cabling me, you aren't letting yourself be rushed into it.

Now to turn to the other angle. That is much harder for me to answer. I feel that you are primarily the person to make the decision. The woman, after all, should have more say in the matter of child-bearing than the man, To begin with, I agree

with the doctor that a special operation for that would be unwise and unjustified. Therefore anything I say is based on the premise that the other, main operation is necessary now. Frankly I am instinctively opposed to it. Not on religious grounds, as you must know. Perhaps because it partakes of the nature of castration in my masculine mind. Are you satisfied that it can have no biological ill-effects? Most important of all, are you fully & finally convinced we should never have another [child]? I agree I can not see the way clear. You are what—36. The next four years we could hardly afford it. Then you will be 40. Still not too late but none too early. Finances? Quien sabe? It is very hard to answer all that. To look at the other side, I know what mental discomfort we have suffered. I feel it has stood in the way of our being closer than we have been. Looking back, you may agree that only certain periods have found us free from worry. Do you follow me? On that score I fully agree with everything you say or leave unsaid.

Perhaps after raising all these questions I had better state my case more clearly. They must have you up in the air. First—don't worry about the vacation angle. If you prefer to wait for me to be there I would prefer it. But if you decide to go ahead don't let that deter you. I do hope you will satisfy yourself thoroughly on the questions I have raised on the main part. Really you haven't made out a very good case for it but you will have to judge that for yourself. Answer on that "Yes." As for the other, here again—consider well the points I have brought out. If you still want it, again I say "Yes." No matter what happens, I shall never make any recriminations—that I promise. Please don't think I am trying to shift responsibility for this decision. How I wish we could be together for an hour to thrash it out. Oh for a magic carpet! I want you well and strong and never tired again. Think of the dishes to be washed in the next four years! [Both Joan and I strongly suspect that the main source of Dodo's perennial tiredness was a low thyroid that was never diagnosed. It's very hereditary, and both Joan and I have it—easily controlled with synthroid.] And too, the fun from time to time.

As for the other factor, you can imagine what I feel about it. I hope there will be many years of that and a light heart means much. So, my darling, after throwing all the cold water I can think of, I give you full powers to go ahead, complete with prior ratification of your decision. Perhaps the first word I had better hear of the operation is a cable to the effect that all is well. So arrange for that. If I knew how, I would be praying that all go well with you. You are the most precious thing in my life and I can't lose it.

Of course I shall never breathe a word to anyone. Must your own family know, even? I hope you don't mind my having cabled John. I still feel his interest will have a salutary effect on the doctor. He cabled me "operation need questionable." Where he got his dope I don't know, but don't bring it up with Dr. S. or him. Another point—Wouldn't it be well to have the price settled with her in advance, including all the fancy extras they can think up, such as operating room fees, etc. etc. Don't be afraid to speak up. Also, why the U.C. Hospital? I know John loathes it, says the nurses are insulting chippies. Must Dr. S. work there? I hesitate

to say that expense is no object but I still expect to roll home with around 2 ½ G in the sock.

It is 3 a.m. now & shall turn in, with perhaps a random thought or so to be added in the morning. Wednesday morning: No new thoughts. I could expand on many features but that might just serve to confuse you. I have written John in the mail thanking him for his cable but not going into details. At that, though, even if he should learn, I believe he would not tell the family. He is pretty close-mouthed. Hope this letter doesn't sound too cold-blooded or cross. It is just that I have tried to look at it judicially. Let me know the decision as soon as made. Maybe Mary could keep me informed of your progress while you're unable to write. Please don't make the mistake of trying to leave the hospital too soon--when you get home I know you will start lifting babes & perhaps wreck things. Do nothing silly. Don't feel you have to consult me again. I am prepared for you to go ahead. Again I thank you for consulting as you did. Let me know about funds, also what I will owe you on candy & cocktail set. Darling, I needn't say how anxious I will be until I hear all is over. I feel confident all will be well, but there is always a nasty shadow of doubt I wish I were there but if that is not to be—I shall be hoping & praying for a quick recovery & no complications. All my love, precious one.

-G.

Salvador, June 26, 1937

Dear L.C. & Florita—

Perhaps by the time this reaches Ross our Dodo will be over the operation, but I am writing to request one or both to keep me fully posted on developments, by cable if advisable. Cable address: "Drew Amlegation Salvador." I really hate to have her go on the table when I am not there, but she has put up some convincing arguments, and I have told her to go ahead. I do hope it will prove to be the wise decision. Perhaps she will be spry before our vacation together is over. I have tried to encourage her by telling her how much better shape she will be in for dishwashing and paper-hanging back in Washington. She seems to have confidence in La Schultze. I suggested a consultation—as did John—but she says "No." I shan't insist—she is the principal party and knows more about it all than I can from this distance. Her record in Dr. Corrigan's book looks impressive. I do hope though that La S. will have competent assistance standing by. Any abdominal operation is serious and I fear she isn't as strong as she might be. Well—doubtless you all have thought of these angles and have advised her as well as I could. Dicky's confidence is encouraging. I had forgotten [Schultze] did the carving on Nell.

Ordinarily of course I would count on Nell to keep me fully posted, but she will apparently be at the River. Heard from her today enclosing letter and drawings from Deirdre. My my, such talent! I do hope when I get home--probably around August 1—we can manage to relieve the Hunters of the 3 burdens. I know they must be that at times. There is no need for me to tell you how grateful I am—you must know that—for your help during my wanderings. I have tried to keep her reasonably in funds so she wouldn't be too much of a strain on the family exchequer. Well—it will soon be over. She probably gives you odd bits of news about me and my plans. I expect to leave here about the middle of July, going by car to Guatemala, & up to the Mexican border. Then by train two days to the capital—a few days there & home via the new highway to Laredo. It will only take me a few days longer, and now that Mexico has been brought into the Latin American division [at State], I crave to have a look at it. Not that I expect to qualify as an expert.

I am staying at the Legation with the Corrigans—the most delightful people you can imagine. Talk of the free and untrammelled life—never a dull moment. We talk until 3 or 4 every morning. The house now holds the Doctor (Amer. Minister), Mrs. C., one large and two smallish sons, with a daughter and 3 school friends on their way, & plans to entertain Minister DesPortes. They believe in the more the merrier. I have been trying to move out, but am not allowed.

Well Hunters, must cease for food & the postman wait. I shall be most grateful for all news bulletins. I expect Dode won't be up to writing for a while. I frankly shall worry until I hear. Must be a bit fond of the girl. When you write Nell give her my

love & thanks for the letter. When I see you I can thank you more handsomely for all you've done.

Affectionately,  
Jerry

#44

Salvador, June 26, 1937

Dearest—

Had your last letter on Friday—yesterday—in which you were waiting patiently (?) for news or word from me. By now you will have at least two letters on the subject of operations - particularly my last, exhaustive (perhaps confusing) letters written in the still watches of Wednesday morn. In your last you mention taking the plunge on Monday the 28<sup>th</sup>, so perhaps by now all will be behind you. I hope your family will do the necessary about keeping me posted now that Nell is up on the River. Had a letter from her today telling about life on the river, and enclosing a note & sketches by Deirdre—drawings of tires (for floating?) and Aunty & she in the canoe.

You mention Blum—Have you seen him? John recommends a consultation & gave some names. I've gone into all that pretty exhaustively now & shan't start again. It might be well to bring it up with La Schultze to give her an opening in case she has any doubts or feels uncertain. Dr. C. looked her up in his books & from the jobs she holds he deduces she can't be so bad.

Tony Satterthwaite goes as V.C. to Caracas. Ben Z. had a boy. When you are up & about we must buy something for it. Saw Harry Borders—DesPortes' funny little friend--at the airport this morning on his way south from Guatemala. Also talked to DesP. by phone. He plans to come down here after the 4<sup>th</sup>. Bob C. leaves Monday for Los Angeles. We are working up a small party of youth & beauty for tonight. I haven't averaged over 5 hours sleep, or even less, since I came here. Wish I could crawl into a quiet hospital bed for a week—preferably in your room. Marta and 3 girls, all named Jean, believe it or not—arrive on Tuesday. I am making desperate efforts to move out by then—in with a clerk who has a house—but she [Mrs. C] thinks up 49 reasons why not, threatens to get cross, etc. Much late talk fests, but as there are 3 of them they manage to take turns on me. Hardly fair. Maybe this summer I can get caught up on sleep.

Many thanks for buying the shaker & glasses. Have mailed your monthly mite adding \$25 to cover costs. Chalk up \$175 for yourself. The next pittance I can hand to you in person.

Scolding, sick or not: You have never mentioned all the letters & cards I sent you about making my account a dual one. Wonder if all was lost in the mails.

John told me in his last that Gretchen now sports a ring. Don't know whether it is secret or not. Must write to your family in this mail to urge them to keep me on course. I suppose they would think of it anyhow, but I have less than 3 weeks left to go. Not much more here of interest for me. A trip or 2 (by car), a bit more reading of old files, & I'll be through—a full-fledged Central American expert.??? This is as disjointed as last week's nightmare—No less than 16 people

have wandered in & out of the office. Shall have to crawl into the safe for privacy.

Too bad a chub or 2 won't be around to bounce on Momma's tummy in the hospital. Darling, I do hope all proceeds apace & no complications or relapses or pain. I haven't wavered in my decision to say "Yes." Let's hope it proves to be the right one and you turn out to be a powerful Katrinka. How long will you be in the hospital? How long convalescing? New idea: We simply take an economical apartment in town (Wash.) Out Connecticut Avenue, say, for the winter, missing snow & slush. Come spring we will know what we want and where & can sneak up on something cheap—saving you much work of fixing & paper-hanging until you are stronger. How does it sound? [Some final words get lost here on the back of too-thin paper]

All my love—G.  
Salvador—June 29, 1937

Dearest—

This afternoon had a line from “Hunter” saying “operated Monday—doing nicely.” I halfway expected something like that from your last letter in which you spoke of Monday as a possibility. Had it on my mind all day, but somehow it didn’t worry me a bit. One of those feelings. Sent you a very dull message tonight but couldn’t think of anything more intelligent. What I tried to get across was that I was with you—for you—thinking of you, and everything else. The to think of you there all by yourself with no chubs to cheer (?) you—Not much family, I imagine, and poor I far away. I do hope you have some company, at least as soon as you can manage it. I wrote to L.C. & Florita & prayed them to keep me faithfully posted on everything, particularly with Nell—the expert on all that—away at the river. I hope they ain’t a-kiddin’ me and that all really is “doing nicely.” I do want them to keep me posted until you can wield a pen. Do tell me the gruesome details—when you will be out of hospital, how long recuperating, etc.

At this juncture I am giving serious thought to leaving here next week—on my trip as before, but arriving home 10 to 12 days sooner than otherwise. I hate to think of you lying around in wheel chairs or what-have-you, all alone. You mustn’t get near the babes for a long time because I know you will start lifting them at once. We might even take our quiet spell alone at Carmel, or wherever you like, at the start—if Nell & family are still holding up. I could at least hold your hand and read aloud or even stand on my head, if you ordered. I hope you don’t get too spoiled and pampered. But then I soon can whip you into shape.

News: Went down to the Santa Paula yesterday to see Bob off. What a Turkish bath! Just drying out. Captain Adler. Didn’t you travel on her once? The head waitress is Miss Sonnbeck, a redhead. Today (Tuesday) Marta and her 3 Jeans arrived. Very much children—no thrills, even though I don’t bar age. We are nine at table now! Yes, I have talked to Doc Corrigan about certain angles. He says you must not hurry out of hospital. Some doctors like to make a record getting patients home soon, but don’t fall for it. He says you should stay at least 3 weeks. These orders are definite & to be obeyed. Also wired John yesterday to send you flowers & drop in on you. Maybe you would prefer candy. Have also asked Dr. C. about leaving here early & he say Yes. Shall let you know definitely as soon as I can.

Darling, I hope all has & will go well with you. Be a good patient—no bending exercises for a while & do what Schultzy says. Have your family write, please.

Much much love, sweet. Shall write more next airmail—Thursday.  
G.

San Salvador – July 2, 1937

My Dear One—

Your “just before the battle” letter of June 27 came today. It made me feel very touched — almost as though it hadn’t happened. But the cable came from “Hunter.” Hoping to hear from your family tomorrow. They will be my only source of news for some time yet, as I don’t imagine you will be in shape to write for a while. Maybe you can dictate something cold and businesslike to some nurse or friend. Don’t let it worry you, though, as I shan’t be expecting anything. Also heard from my mother, but she didn’t know then—the 26<sup>th</sup>—of the big deed.

Here it is a Friday night and I am starting so early for the Sunday mail. We are preparing for the 4<sup>th</sup> of July receptions, which will take up most of tomorrow, and at night the colony is having a dance at a local American boarding house. Now is my chance, as family & guests are out or in bed. Seems to be the first really free evening I have had since I arrived. Dr. & Marta are at a local production of Hamlet, which didn’t interest me at all. Two of the Jeans are out somewhere and the balance retired.

Monday morn I am going down to Cutuco by rail on the Gulf of Fonseca for some fishing and to see the country. Return probably Wednesday. I may be on my way by Saturday the 10<sup>th</sup>—a week’s head start—though it’s not really definite yet. I really haven’t much heart for any trips. Am only anxious to get started homeward.

Got a spell of work on tonight. For one thing I figured up what it will cost the government for our move and it looks like about \$1500. Seems a lot but the freight and furniture alone will be about \$900. I still hope to collect the equivalent of what it would have cost if you & babes had gone to Washington from San Jose, though... families aren’t supposed to precede their husbands & fathers. If I do it will about cover the cost of our fares across the continent.

We shall have to start soon to be scrooges & count our shekels. On that subject, how about breaking down and telling me what all doctors and hospitals are going to come to. That is, whenever you feel like devoting your thoughts to such unpleasant topics.... On that subject, do you think Nell is losing out up at the River? Do you think it would be well for me to send her a check for \$50 or more to cover whatever extras may turn up, as they have a way of doing at summer resorts? Let me know what to do. I don’t want her to be out of pocket & she must be footing bills unless you or your family have furnished funds.

While it has been very nice—and inexpensive—living here with the Corrigan, I feel that in some ways I would have been freer to get around & make more contacts & see more if I had been out on my own. I have really learned most of my sketchy impressions of the country from Doc C. Very useful and all that, and I have enjoyed our long talks & the contact with him, but I feel I have learned less

here than any other country.

Shall put this aside for a while. About 1 a.m. and I & letter both running down.  
Shall try to add a line or two tomorrow.

In all the confusion yesterday (Saturday) I didn't get back to this & now Sunday is upon us & the prexy & cabinet arrive any minute. A large party last night. Didn't quite get into the swing of it—felt the weight of my four little girls on my shoulders. The Corrigan's left early and put me in charge, as it were... At breakfast a cable arrives—I was really afraid to open it, but as it was from John saying you were fine—"why rush." I told him I was planning to step up my departure & apparently it doesn't suit him. He is definitely going to meet me in Mexico with Gretchen & I believe the Momma.

Am enclosing one passport photo. Had some made for an identity card. Looks very Groucho Marx. Since it was taken I have done a bit of pruning, so it isn't quite so bushy now. The airmail came in yesterday & I hoped to hear from your family some news of the patient, but no luck. When you see them urge a little better reporting. From your last letter it sounds as though you are going to be laid up for a long time. No swimming, I suppose. We shall have to take up double solitaire. It will be a week tomorrow. You should be able to eat regular any day now. Did you have your two turkey dinners, as usual? [This was a reference to Dodo eating two turkey dinners after she delivered me on Thanksgiving Day of 1933 at the Navy Hospital in Haiti, now the Hotel Olafsson.] ...Meaning hiatus or gap—the official party just left—very well done—nice work, Drew. Am about to dash downtown to hand this to my friend from Managua to mail later. Please have news sent to me some way—family—John—nurse—or what have you. Am with you, babe—hope all goes well.

Much love-  
A bientot-  
G.

Mary Jane says send love to you & the brats.

#47

Thursday, July 8, 1937 [Salvador]

Dearest—

Was relieved yesterday to have a long letter from your mother telling about the operation, etc. She was very insistent about your taking life easy for a long time to come. I agree with her but as you will probably be hearing a great deal on the same subject from all the family I shan't go into it now. Also heard from John, who seems to think you are getting along well. I do hope you won't let them rush you out of the hospital. It must have been a strenuous operation if you were on the table 3 ½ hours. What could they have been doing all that time? Your father added a note saying not to worry about costs as he would take care of it. After boarding you for so long I hardly think it's fair to pass that expense onto him. We'll go into that when I get up there.

John was very anxious for me to meet him in Mex. City. Apparently Gretchen (now wearing her ring) and her Momma are going along. He doesn't want me to advance my departure too much as he might not be able to make connections. I had planned to leave here on the 10<sup>th</sup> but now expect to get away the 13<sup>th</sup> (not a Friday). That is only 5 days sooner than my original date, but it is that much gained.

Monday I went down to the Gulf of Fonseca on a fishing trip. At the last minute Dr. C. didn't go. One Wilson, manager of the Rep. here—friend of Chittenden—gave the party. It was a nine-hour trip & a pretty hot one, but we had comfortable quarters and good food at the end of it—Cutuco, a small port consisting principally of a dock. Tuesday we spent on a launch in the gulf. I took a hand at the poles but am not a very enthusiastic fisherman. Got back yesterday afternoon. Had one night on a canvas cot & the other in a hammock. As you can imagine, the "iron man" was a bit done in. I plan no more trips now as I shall be having plenty of that by the time I reach S.F. Am shipping trunks and excess baggage by a Grace boat and traveling as light as possible. Shall address them to 200 Pacheco [his parents' fine house in the Forest Hills section of San Francisco] & then do the necessary when I find where I am to rest the head.

The cocktail shaker came yesterday & meets with my approval. Mrs. C. seems quite pleased with it. The glasses haven't shown up yet but I imagine they will come in on the next boat. Have I mentioned this? Received and approved.

Must close up for the mail now. Hope to have even a scrawl from you before I leave—proof that you are coming back. Don't make any effort though, as your mother promises to do that. Now that I think of it, there will be no chance of my hearing from any of you here as I shall be on my way shortly after this arrives. A letter c/o American Embassy Mexico would be appreciated, however. I probably shan't be leaving there till about the 22<sup>nd</sup>. Dearest—I hope that all pains are gone

now & that life looks more cheerful. Do be good & patient—it won't be long before Johnny comes marching in. What would you like from Mexico?

All my love-  
G.

Guatemala, Wednesday, July 14 [?], 1937

Here we are after a 16-hour bus trip yesterday. Left Salvador at six after one hour's sleep & after a series of stupid delays. Rolled in here last night about 10:00. McKinney had given a k.t. party for me but the guest never showed. Am staying with Tewks. They are as nice as ever. Had lunch with the DesPortes today. They have both boys and a houseguest with them. Well, my plans are pretty definite now. I shall leave here by bus Friday morning for Quetzaltenango – spend night there and then train to border Saturday, leaving the border Sunday & arriving Mexico City Tuesday. John apparently plans to meet me there. I imagine we will be there 5 or 6 days. DesPortes is waiting for me & I must dash. You could write me c/o American Embassy Mexico until about the 25<sup>th</sup>. Half a dozen or more people have already enquired for you. Don't worry about me—am well & taking no chances. Am hurrying home to you even if it seems otherwise.

All my love, sweet—

G.

Hotel Recreo, Quetzaltenango – July 16, 1937 – Friday

Dearest—

Well, well, what a surprise to find me here. Left Guatemala [City] this morning by bus. Leave here tomorrow for Coatepeque – a place on the railroad – to push on to the border so as to catch the train with Pullman on Sunday. It made me very triste to come alone over that road past the lake – Atitlan – Solola & the scenery in bushels. We must come down here someday for a vacation. It is worth it. After Solola we turned off the Chichi [-castenango] road at Los Encuentros & struck out on a new – to me – route. More scenery, though not such hair-raising roads. This spot is high—7,500 feet, & delightfully cold. The first breath of cold air since I left Guat last year, & how I loved it.

I saw about everyone in Guat & all asked for you. I told some of your operation, implying it was something simple like an appendix, though to most I simply said that all were fine to save trouble. I went to the French Legation July 14, where I saw most of the officials I knew – Delfino & Mrs., the Leos – Brig. Gen. Anzueto – Fordham – etc. etc. Also wandered around town and met one & sundry from Mrs. Selle to Edmundo LaGarde. I enjoyed seeing it again but had no urge to stay or come back – at least in the Legation. Didn't pick up much scandal & what I have had best wait until I see you. McKinneys had their party – as I believe I mentioned – but without me. Barbara Tewks certainly admires you—raved on so it reminded me of Freddy Baker. They had DesPortes & McK's in for dinner & bridge, & the other night there I went to the new consul general's—oldish & bone dry. Very riotous evening.

Mary Coffey reports tables fine & being packed. She seems to have the furniture & shipping situation well in hand. Heard from my mother, who told of her visit to you. You should be up & around soon, no? John writes that he is definitely coming to Mexico, but Gretchen is not. He speaks vaguely of bringing some other persons. No hams wanted. Mrs. Selle reports that the wedding is to be in the fall. All Mexican employees of PanAir are on strike so no airmail will be going out of there for a while. An occasional note may come struggling through by rail. I might even phone you if it can be done under a fortune.

Well, Toots, the trip proceeds apace. It isn't hard yet, compared to some I have taken, so don't waste any sympathy on me. I wish you were with me, but otherwise I am enjoying it. Hope to have up-to-date reports waiting for me in Mexico.

Much love, sweet-  
G.

Did I tell you that Campy had retired? She [Mrs. Campy] wrote Mrs. Corrigan that they were spending the summer on the coast & expected to look us up. They

are going to Hollywood to put young Betty in the movies. Yeah!!

San Salvador – July 20, 1937

Dear Jerry:

Your screed received and enjoyed. By the time you get this I will have been transferred - certainly not at my request, etc. It's the last place I would have asked for. However, since I wanted to be treated like the rest of you I'll accept like a good soldier. It will be interesting and soul-trying. I think I told you I consider it one of the most difficult posts in RA (Whoops! I almost said LA!) [RA was possibly a geographical division of the State Department; I'm not sure what country he might be referring to, because if it's Colombia it would have been in LA—Latin American division. I know that Colombia was one of his posts, though. Then again, RA may be some private joke.] Well, I'll expect your cooperation. It'll either be a stepping stone, or a soapy step on which to [slip].

I'm going to buy a record (disco to you) of the Marines' March. You know, the words are something about "If the Army and the Navy ever get to Heaven, they will find the place is guarded by United States Marines." That will suppress them - if they ever get out of hand I will play it continuously.

Marta is writing you the news so I'll not try. Robert Frazier... will be Joe Martin's (et al's) host. Do you know him? I hope you are having a grand time but you should have waited. You missed a lot. Love to Doris.

Ever thine,  
F. Patricio C. [Frank Patrick Corrigan]  
Gerald A. Drew, Esq.  
At large in California

Note: Dr. Frank Corrigan remained a good friend of our family. He used to visit us in Washington during those years we spent in the little row house in Foxhall Village (1937-1940) when Papa was always bringing friends home for lunch or dinner. "Corrigan-Corrigan-Corrigan, we called him. He had such a delightful way with children that we girls were passionately fond of him, and would create a cardboard crown that we insisted he wear during the visit. (This honor was forced on a few other special men friends, such as John Muccio, a bachelor who finally married late in life, while he was our ambassador to Korea during the Korean War. He eventually ended up fathering five children.) Years later, when Wilkie and I were in New York on our honeymoon, Dr. Corrigan, then with the World Health Organization, gave us a tour of the UN building.

The only entry for August 1937 is this telegram detailing Jerry to a Pan American trade conference in Sacramento for a week. This would have come about the middle of his two months' leave, and maybe was a welcome change from life with a recuperating wife and three noisy little girls. I have no memory of this period, being then not quite four years old, so I can't recall where Papa stayed—

chez Hunters or chez Drews—or whether we went to Stinson Beach or the Russian River, or both, or neither. My memories pick up when we got to Washington in the fall. We lived for a brief while in an apartment in Silver Spring while the parents hunted for a suitable house to rent closer to Georgetown, Papa's preferred stamping grounds. Lola had gone back to Costa Rica by then, so I don't know who our baby sitter was while the parents house-hunted. However, one memory of that time stands out, titled forever after as "the day the girls washed their hair in the toilet." It turned out Joan dropped her toothbrush in the toilet and Deirdre and I were helping her fish it out, Deirdre's long hair trailing into the toilet—which is how the parents found us when they came back. We were not trying to wash our hair in the toilet, Deirdre would say indignantly when this story was told.

Doris and Jerry found a nice little row house in Foxhall Village, the development (built in the late 1920s) bordered by Foxhall Road, Reservoir Road, and 44<sup>th</sup> Street—just west of Georgetown and not far from the State Department ("Foggy Bottom"). Our house was #1413 – 44<sup>th</sup> Street, N.W. Glover Park was right behind us, a nice place to play in old abandoned sewer pipes. Right next door in our house's twin lived the McDill family—Alex, a Navy commander; Helene, his beautiful wife from Mill Valley in Marin County; and their three children--Stuart, who became Deirdre's buddy, Nelly (Helene Jr.) and Fifi (Phyllis), perfect playmates for me and Joan, being our ages. And I shouldn't forget to mention their Filipino houseboy, a real treasure whom our parents wished they had one of.

Doris wasn't used to life without several full-time servants, but made do with a variety of black household helpers who came in several days a week, it seemed, and did everything—cleaning, childcare and probably some cooking for the guests Papa was always bringing home. Doris never learned to drive, but she knew how to get around Washington on buses and trolleys and loved to head for "her club"—Woodward & Lothrop's fine department store—whenever she could, for a little quiet letter-writing.

We discovered Rehoboth Beach, Delaware, during these years. The parents rented "the Lockerman cottage," a fine big cottage on Columbia Avenue whose lot extended to Henlopen Avenue, to the very spot where they built their retirement home in 1959-60. Another Foreign Service family, the Minters, went in with us on this, at least one of the summers. In those days there was no Chesapeake Bay Bridge so we'd take the ferry, and then drive through the flat Eastern Shore to the Atlantic. Both Doris and Jerry were beach enthusiasts and good swimmers, and we all learned to swim in the ocean, but not till we got to Ecuador. Since they were now together again, Jerry's letters to Doris were now very sporadic—in 1938, from a conference in Panama, and July/August 1939, when Doris and girls had stayed on vacationing in California and Jerry had returned to work in Washington 's summer heat. There was no air conditioning yet, and I remember the men wearing rumpled white linen suits, or equally rumpled light blue seersucker, during Washington's tropical summers. Jerry's trip escorting the

Somozas of Nicaragua around the U.S. on their state visit was in May 1939, and passed with no letters—he was doubtless too busy to write. We have many official glossy photos from that trip.

United Fruit Company's Hotel  
Myrtle Bank Hotel  
Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

Sunday, November 20, 1938

Dearest—

Stupid of me—I meant to write you a letter last night, which would have caught an airmail out of her this a.m. —but they had a “get-together dinner” on the boat and I got to bed late as it was. We were met here by the Fruit Co. manager with a huge Packard about a block long & driven around through all kinds of banana fields. Lunched with the consul & wife & now about to dine here at the hotel with said manager. Not very exciting, but better than sweating out the day on the boat to the tune of rattling \_\_\_\_\_.

The Lindos are in town & I may have a chance to run out to see them after dinner. The boat trip has been about as dull as any I have ever made. Only one glamor girl, a Mrs. Something, & she so heavily flanked by a beetle-browed Poppa that I didn't even meet her, & she got off here. Larry & I have done a bit of work now & then of a morning. Pool — such as it is — in use the last two days. Food not what it was on the SS Chiriqui, I can assure you. I manage to get enough, though. One of the 3 gals at our table leaves us here — the most attractive of the 3 is a grandma from Boston — well in her '50s but conversationally excels the younger. Am getting plenty of sleep & rest but shan't be sorry when the trip ends. We have two more ports before Panama. Sail here at midnight. Had a swim in the hotel pool. Do you remember our last call here chez Corcoran? I could even wish you were all here to amuse the master. A good tantrum from Joan would break the monotony.

Hope you aren't snowbound and no wolves howling without. Don't ask them in. More from another port. Kiss the babes for me.

Much much love, dearest-  
Jerry

Panama – November? 1938

Dearest—

I bow my head & heap ashes thereon that I have not written since Kingston. Things have been moving at such a pace that there hasn't been a spare moment until this morning, & now we are free only by chance. We were late leaving Kingston on account of a lot of freight to unload. Then at Puerto Colombia we were delayed still further—same reason. Larry [Larry Duggan, head of the Latin American division, hence Jerry's boss] and I took a room at the Prado hotel—quite a decent one for these parts. Big swimming pool which we used freely – Barranquilla – the place I'm trying to talk about – is tropical, though not in it with Panama. The boat got progressively fuller as we went along. By the time we left Puerto Colombia it was obvious we would never reach Panama in time for the conference. So—we wired the Legation to promote us a plane to fly over from Cartagena on Thursday. All of which was done. Two great big patrol planes the size of a young house. I wish I could have been on the boat to have heard the oh's and ah's of the passengers when they saw the 2 small lads take off in such grand style. We reached Cristobal about 1:30 and there boarded a waiting amphibious plane – also Navy - & flew on to this side. That night the Corrigan's dined one and sundry on turkey & trimmings. [It looks like Dr. Corrigan was by then our minister to Panama.] Plenty of cute Panamanian lassies around but I was too bushed to appreciate them. Friday we got started and it has been a jam ever since. There have been various parties every afternoon & evening. Yesterday one at the Legation in honor of the visiting delegation en route to Lima. We stepped out with a few of the [people?] from the Department who were on the boat. Nothing exciting. Our conference has been very successful so far. Larry sails on to Lima today and I am supposed to take over from him. We wind up Friday afternoon & I sail Tuesday on the Santa Lucia. [Larry Duggan ran afoul of Senator Joe McCarthy in the early '50s and ended up committing suicide. Some former Soviet agents claimed that he had refused recruitment as a spy but gave them general background briefings. From pg. 55 of Secrets of State, by Barry Rubin, Oxford Press, 1985.]

I shall have plenty of my own work to do during those days but plan to take enough time off to shop for dishes, etc. Got into the Commissary for the first time. They haven't our Wedgewood but expect to line it up at one of the P.X.s. It can also be had here in town quite cheaply. A friend of mine is agent for it so may deal through him. Mrs. C. has offered to help me shop. She tells me she can get a mink coat through the P.X. from China for \$125, a regular \$1,500 number. It takes 3 months so I haven't put in an order. We can think about it.

Have seen Creisle – Fox – Adams – Mrs. Lox – he is in the hospital recovering from an operation. Am dining with Winnie & John Collins Sunday. Saw Ruth Pickaby last night. Also your old friend Ruthy Marion came up & spoke to me. She is now Mrs. McElroy, married, in the Navy, etc. etc.

Hope your blizzard has gone. It would have to happen just after I left. I suppose you are an expert on snow-shoveling by now. Got your second letter yesterday – one waiting for me here when I arrived. Hope my car didn't freeze—there was no anti-freeze in the radiator. I imagine the garage kept it warm enough. I shudder to think of the gas bills. The money has slipped away fast here – as I feared, & I haven't a thing to show for it.

Have to close to go down to the boat to wave goodbye to the Sec., etc. Haven't had any inspiration on the Xmas shopping. Don't expect much. Hope all babes and you stay well. I shall try to write soon to make amends. I still seem to like you the best – despite the local cuties.

Love –a kiss for all babes  
G.

Weather almost cold—  
Blankets used twice.

Washington - July 20, 1939

Dearest—

So sorry please not writing sooner, but you know how it is—or do you? Train trip duller than dishwater—by actual count spoke to one person—a toughy underwear buyer for the White House [the S.F. department store, not the presidential mansion!] --female, all the way across. Found Ellis & Miriam here—she left the same day—Sunday. [Ellis & Miriam Goodwin were good friends from Haiti. It looks as if Jerry was planning on running a “B & B” for summer bachelors while Dodo and children continued vacationing at the Hunters in California.] We haven’t lined up a maid yet, but haven’t been very active about it. Ellis is chief cook etc., and I think rather hopes we won’t get one – to save money.

We went out to Sparks Sunday. They leave for Haiti in October. [Eddie Sparks later preceded Jerry as ambassador to Bolivia.] He’s on leave now. Monday eve. I went out to see Hallas. Also out there last night to dinner. [John Halla was eventually a Marine Corps general, & Blanche, a native Washingtonian, had been working at the State Department since very young, rising to head the Correspondence & Review section. They were also friends from Haiti.] We went to call on Barney [Vogel, another Marine friend from Haiti. Jerry enjoyed him a lot as a drinking buddy, but many of the wives in Haiti didn’t approve of him for his treatment of his wife.] They are all packed but he won’t say when he is leaving for California. I think it must be this week. Both Julia and Peggy are engaged [two of the three Vogel daughters].

Saw Art Harris today – he has been assigned to a four-year tour here. Helen is coming down later. Alice Pollard asked me down for weekend after next to a party. Young Bev & hubby now live in Alexandria. Tony Satterthwaite [a friend from Costa Rica] has been assigned to the Dept. August first for one month—probably alone. I have asked him to bunk with us. Finleys here – Butlers have gone – McDills seem fine. Not going away. Dr. Corrigan ate hamburgers with us tonight. Just came back from the Translux with him. He’s at the Mayflower. Louis Little [the Marine Corps commanding officer in Haiti when Jerry & Doris were there] is to command at Quantico—not S.F. Minters down at Rehoboth. Ellis & I are going down Saturday & spend night at Miriam’s – then to the beach for the day. Leo Sack canned by Schenley’s.

When you write give me Hilda Lyons’ address. Also tell me everything you think we should ask the landlord to do to the house—papering, painting, etc.—so Mrs. Pryce can write to Gunther in time. Shoot the works. Haven’t seen Suzanne yet – must soon. Back wall is condemned by the city. Have Louise laundering. House & contents seem intact except for plaster in basement when they are fixing. Haven’t deposited any money for you yet, but I will as soon as I collect. Signing off now- very bushed. Also a headache from sleep shortage. Going to garden party at Jimmy Dunn’s tomorrow...

Miss you – hope all hands well—best to family. How about a letter from you?  
Shall do better in my next. Vacation was swell – being with you.

All love-  
G.

Washington – Sunday, August 6, 1939

Dearest—

You have practically deluged me with a shower of letters—at least 2 received since I last wrote. Shall try to do better but then I can plead heat fatigue. It's been a hot, hot week. Today very nice. So much so that I put on my Albert's swimming trunks, mowed the lawn, pruned trees, cleaned weeds from around rose bushes, etc., feeling very domestic, but with no admiring vieja [old woman, one of his favorite nicknames for Doris] to applaud or appreciate. We had quite a spurt—Ellis vacuuming & sweeping while I mowed. Tony has been with us since Tuesday & he went up to New Jersey for the weekend, bringing Adelaide back tonight. She stays for a few days to house-hunt. Have put the two Marine Corps cots out on the porch for them. Still maidless, hence the house-cleaning. Also put a mirror & dresser in D's room for her. Hope Ellis isn't offended at the favoritism shown.

Last weekend with Hallas at Pollards down at Quantico. Cushmans – Mel & Iris Monk etc. were there. A Japanese supper party on the floor. Quite a few drinks all around. Beverly & husband #2 were there with her 14-month baby boy. He – husband – is quite nice. Went to dance at Officers' Club – Field Harris & wife among those present. Saw Shepherds at pool. [Lem Shepherd, friend from Haiti, future USMC Commandant] The past week not too active socially. Went out for *manger* [eats] one night with Barney & one of his gal friends. Also for dinner with Hallas & a gal from the embassy in Tokyo. Joe goes to Paris via Europe. Won't be home in U.S. for at least six months. Barney at last got off to the West driving Julia, Mary Barney & Bugeye [dog]. Their maid wants some rest before coming to work. I'm afraid she may not pan out, as she seemed very fussy about staying in nights. Asked if we paid extra when she stayed in with babes. We'll try her anyhow & she'll be someone at least when you arrive. Vogels rave about her but as we have found out, one maid may not suit different people.

Re money—I still haven't been paid but I put \$50 in your account. Had a long letter from my family “enclosing check” – which they forgot to enclose. They'll discover it soon, I'm sure. You might let me know how much you have had to draw out & I'll do my best to make it up to you – include fur coat and what you paid Florita, Rina, etc. Where in H\_\_\_ do you get the idea we can't ask for any repairs to the house? Do you think that arrangement would last for the next ten years? It was for one year only & now that Mrs. Pryce is urging us to tell her what we want done, please don't be so stubborn. Give me credit for knowing what I am doing. In my family's letter they said that you had said over the phone that I had some news – I'm baffled as to what it may be. Too bad about D's poison oak. Have you given Joan the smallpox shots? Please do before you leave. John would be glad to I'm sure but if it's easier to go to your regular doctor it shouldn't cost too much. But do it *sans doute*.

Pause for station identification. Andy Donovan having arrived for a gin tonic, gin + tonic + Andy ++ - 1 hour later & now two gin & tonics & 3 hours later & two more gins – Whoopie!

Actually no whoopie at all – we cooked steak, peas & potatoes & Andy stayed. Tony came back from his weekend without Adelaide. Meant to make this longer but it's after midnight now. Did have various ideas I've forgotten now. Hope all goes well at the river. Tell D to write to me. I too can count the days-

Much love-  
G.

Washington – August 11, 1939

Dearest—

Alex, Ellis & Tony are talking vigorously about everything under the sun, but I can't close the door to the "den" for fear I might miss something. Just had to jump out to toss in my oar on an argument about citizenship of Filipinos—so all this may be more disjointed than usual. Before I forget, I got paid off—not as much as I put in for, but enough to deposit \$75 in your bank account. That should make life at the River seem rosier for the moment. A payday coming up—also the \$50 that my family said they sent me but forgot to enclose—so I may be able to do a little bit more for you before you leave.

My mother was very appreciative of the peec-neec—they seemed to enjoy the visit a lot. She laughed at herself for having offered to bring some sandwiches to what she said was a very sumptuous spread. Weather Report: Day before yesterday it was 96 degrees in some shady spot atop the weather bureau, but about 196 down below where we human grubs scurry around. That afternoon... the Davises had us out to a cocktail party. The usual ones—Warrens – Hosmers – Lindsays – Gordons, etc. Tony & I went over to the Shoreham & had dinner on Art Harris. He is as dull & as nice as ever. Of course we panned you-know-who to our heart's content. Otherwise I can't seem to think of any social activities we have engaged in since I last wrote. We usually have a snort or two and then eat about nine – wash dishes – I take a snooze on the couch until it gets cool, then cork off [in bed].

Work in the office fortunately has been mild enough, despite the fact that I have taken over Herb Bursley's job & seem to be in charge of Mexico. Much confusion in the Division with people coming & going on leave. Went out to Finleys last night for a drink & bull session. They are really nice & I think you will like them. We'll have to be having a k.t. party soon after you come back - perhaps to say goodbye to Sparks & for all the new people too. I think we are about due for one soon anyhow. We had better have one before we start having gas bills to pay. Bought a pair of huarache-like shoes – very soft & comfortable & only \$3.50 so if they don't work out there isn't much capital investment involved.

Still no maid. I have an idea that the famous Vogel one isn't going to show up. We would probably hear all about how the Vs did things all the time anyhow. Strange about R [Rina—the woman hired to help out with us girls during our summer visit with the Hunters]. Why don't you talk to her? She's probably had enough of three little dears. The picture you sent me was quite good. I'll be glad to see them – even if they can get on your nerves I do miss the rascals.

The McDills have gone in for fish-raising – with sundry bowls and tanks around. Helene says she's anxious for you all to get back so she can get rid of some of her surplus young. It's getting close to dinner time. We're having spaghetti – but Alex

is still here, he having eaten. I'm getting hungry. I'm taking a chance and sending this to you at the River. I imagine they'll forward to you if it gets there too late. Don't forget smallpox shots for Joan. And are you taking Jeculin? Have you had a bill from Schultz? I bet it's a fatty. I'll be glad when you're back & I resume normal life hours. . . Must write my family tonight. Haven't done so yet. Glad to hear L.C. is better. Hope D. is over her poison oak now. You've been doing very well on letters. Do keep it up.

Love to you and babes-  
Jerry

Washington – Saturday, August 19, 1939

Dearest—

Your last--written on boats & trains—arrived in remarkable time. It was postmarked 12 noon on August and was delivered at the house the next afternoon. So sorry about Joan and hope it is just “one of those throats.” They would otherwise have made a perfect health score for the summer. Glad you are straight on question of funds, but you still didn’t tell me how much more you needed. We can fix it up—within reason—when you get back. You had better get it out of me quick for it may not last long.

No events of great interest to report. Adelaide came down last Sunday and she and Tony went back to New Jersey on Friday, he to return here again tomorrow. Yes, they slept on the porch on the iron cots but seemed quite satisfied with it. After all, it was a lot better than paying hotel bills. Tony had big ideas about building a house out in the country, but Adelaide thought otherwise. It would have been quite cheap. She couldn’t stand the thought of being isolated, and of course land close in was too expensive for them. They wound up renting a place over in Virginia just off the Lee highway toward Falls Church, a short distance from Clarendon. They got the house for \$75, and for that price it is quite decent. They have to get along on his salary and I don’t see how they can do it. Of course she is a very efficient manager & they have only one child. We four talked houses – renting, building & buying – all week long. Tony is certainly lucky to have as good a balance wheel as Adelaide, as there’s no telling where or how he would wind up. [The Satterthwaites were friends in Costa Rica. Dodo & Adelaide had their babies about the same time in 1935—Joan & Tony Jr., who became known as “Sandino” because someone said he looked just like the infamous Nicaraguan bandit after whom the Sandinistas were named much later, who had just been captured.]

Ah yes—Verlie. She is a seven-day wonder, but naturally I have my fingers crossed. She has gone through the house like a whirlwind and has it so clean and neat that I’m practically afraid to use an ashtray. She tossed on a neat uniform the moment she arrived and went to it—only Adelaide was around the house and of course she couldn’t tell her anything. A good cook and chargirl. Mrs. McD. [Helene] reports that she gets out & sweeps the sidewalk every morning. Of course it remains to be seen how it will be when the children are here. They will certainly knock some of her ideas of neatness into a cocked hat, and I fear she will have no enthusiasm for staying nights. If that part of it works out I think she will be just as good as the Vogels said she was. If nothing else she will be someone to carry you along until you get unpacked and settled. We shall hope for the best. Apparently she is a radio fan and likes to have it blasting out while she works. That, Madame, will be your problem. [Verlie did work out for the rest of our days in Washington, and we all loved her.]

The Minters are back. I'm going with them down some river tomorrow to catch crabs and fool around. Shall ask Ellis to go, but he hasn't been here since I got home. He is pretty disconsolate about no job. Don't blame him, I must say. Speaking of Minters, be sure and bring some present or gadget back for their babes & the McDills. Wouldn't have to be expensive, but they were so thoughtful about ours. The other night we – all four of us – [Jerry, Satterthwaites & Ellis Goodwin] – went out driving to take a look at the Satterthwaites' new house & went to see Suzanne. She was in a nightgown or some such, and couldn't meet anybody. Some child had cut Suki on the arm so it had to have 10 stitches taken – a little razor slashing, apparently. Suki was out climbing a tree, none the worse for it, and was quite glad to come over & meet the visitors and show off her bandages. Otherwise all seem well. Suzanne says Tommy is nuts about the Ark. Glad of that after all the efforts expended thereon by sundry parties. [The ark and all its little animals is still going strong at Suki's house, where it entertains her grandchildren on their visits. It was made by Tommy & Suki's father, our beloved Uncle Warren Hunter, "Ooch," a talented carver & carpenter.]

We have had much heat – in the 90s for at least two weeks. Various records were broken, etc. Last night we had the first real rain since I came back. It has lowered the temperature quite a bit & now it is pleasant. The downstairs porch took quite a soaking but apparently no harm done. Haven't seen much of the McDills—he has been taking leave & staying at home. Stu has been off in Vermont . They both seem well.

Went to the Navy hospital this aft. to see Matthews, who is laid up with a broken hip. He got caught in the door of his car up against a tree and was squizz. Apparently coming out of it, but he's no chicken to have his pelvis snapped.

You seem to have most details of your trip straightened out. When you write, tell me what line—Penn. or B&O—takes you into Washington. I can tell with a timetable but don't seem to have one around. I think the 3 berth idea is good. Yes, I shall be there to meet and greet. Try to avoid any excess baggage charges as it runs quite high. With 2 full fares you shouldn't have to pay any, I should think, even if the trunk does weigh plenty.

I'm glad you're practically on your way. There hasn't been much fun going on, though I have enjoyed Tony & Ellis's company.

What about Joan's vaccination? Maybe you'll have time when she gets over the throat business. Any chances of getting L.C. to underwrite D's teeth straightening? Why don't you drop a sly hint or two. After all, she's supposed to be his favorite grandchild & he should want to see her beautiful. [L.C. Hunter did eventually underwrite Deirdre's orthodontistry, but it wasn't done till she was 11, in 1943-44, with Deirdre spending the year boarding at Dominican in San Rafael, and at the Hunters on weekends.]

Hurry home to our beautiful spotless house – while it lasts. (I can't even leave a dirty sock in corner of bedroom but what it's whisked away.) Hope J. is better.  
Much much love-  
G.

P.S. Had a note from Pinky. It was about some man she was sending to see me about getting into the Service.

1413 – 44<sup>th</sup> St., Washington, DC

June 25, 1940

Dear Elizabeth [the doting “AuntiBeth,” his mother’s twin sister] –

Believe it or not, I actually had a letter to you half completed just about the time Agatha arrived, but somehow in the confusion it got lost in the shuffle. I want to thank you for the birthday check. You are very faithful about remembering all such occasions. I duly gave Doris her half of the remembrance and I know she plans to write soon to thank you for it.

I suppose you have heard by now that we are going soon to Quito, Ecuador. I am sorry in many ways to have to leave Washington, among others, because it will upset plans for Mom to visit in the fall. Life will be easier, however. I will get an allowance for rent and the cost of living there is low. The climate is good but cold, as Quito is at 9,300 feet. I have known several officers who have been stationed there, and they are enthusiastic. Doris should find life much easier with several servants and might even have leisure to take up her painting.

The babes are quite keen about going. It’s all just one more adventure for them. Deirdre wants to know at once what the numbers of our cabins on shipboard were. Their schooling will be difficult, but at their age I don’t think we need worry too much. Deirdre learns almost too fast to suit me anyhow. [As it turned out, our schooling was no problem. On the Grace liner “Santa Lucia” going to Ecuador with us were Mr. & Mrs. Tucker, whose job it was to shut down the German school and turn it into the American school.] Doris took all three downtown today to buy them tennis shoes and some odds & ends. They greatly enjoy riding on streetcars, and elevators and escalators are a big thrill. We have had a wave of fireflies and every evening they whoop through the gardens and lawns catching them. Tonight they had a bagful, which we made them release. Joan particularly is fond of all moving life and ready to cuddle anything from a caterpillar to an elephant. They will miss their three friends next door, children of Lt. McDill of the Navy. Mrs. McDill’s mother, Mrs. Clinton, lives in Mill Valley. We are very fond of them. They are going to China.

I know you have heard from Agatha and John Senior about their trip east. We at last got to Williamsburg. It was great seeing them. I think Pop enjoyed the trip hugely.

We have now had definite orders. When I last wrote the family it was still uncertain. I am going on leave status next week. Shall have to spend considerable time around the house packing. We may get down to a beach for a few days, and we plan to spend a few days in New York. Also have to see dentist, get typhoid shots, etc. We’ll keep busy from now until we sail, I’m sure. Shall be nine days on the boat—through the Canal to Guayaquil, then a two-day rail trip to Quito. I

served with the minister when he was in Nicaragua [Boaz Long] and like him, and the commercial attache and wife are close friends, so we shan't be quite strangers. Sorry we aren't to go by way of California, but maybe in a year or two we can come up for a vacation. At least we saw you last year. Once again, many thanks for your gift, and for several others that may not have been acknowledged. All here well – hope you and Tim [her little dog] are the same. Best to Mrs. John [her companion, who knew how to drive a car].

Much love-  
Gerald

Quito – December 21, 1940

Dear Elizabeth—

You must think you are the forgotten woman. Perhaps I concentrate on 200 Pacheco because in that way I reach a larger public. Well, we are in the Christmas home stretch, as it were. The children's school closed for the Xmas holidays yesterday, with appropriate exercises, exchanges of inexpensive presents among the students, etc. The school—a new American one—is a life saver for us.

We ordered sundry gifts for the children and also our servants from Montgomery Ward, but alas they haven't arrived. Nevertheless they should do fairly well with what we have found locally. For one thing they are to get a canary bird. They love anything alive—spend days playing with frogs they find in our fishpond. They have asked for a baby donkey but I fear it would be a bit unwieldy—not to mention eating up our flower garden. Poppa's main contribution is to be a playhouse – quite a large one – about 6 ft. square & 6 ft. high. I had it made out of a huge van my furniture was shipped down in. Am hoisting it up piecemeal to our third floor terrace. They were very upset when I broke up some big boxes they used to play house in and I think this will be a good substitute. We are having a Christmas tree of sorts, and by and large will manage to have something at least approaching a home Christmas.

We are all well here—in fact I think the children are much better than in Washington. The climate is cold but they are out of doors a great deal. You see we are 9,200 ft. up here. Several blankets are needed at night, and fires in our fireplaces nearly every evening. Of course we wear regular woolen clothes and frequently overcoats.

We hear that you are well. I hope Mom is over her blood pressure condition. She should let Agatha carry the ball as much as possible. [By 1940 Agatha had been divorced from her husband Frank Dollard for several years and was living with her parents at 200 Pacheco Street with her three children—Frank, born in 1925, Theresa, 1931, and Elizabeth, 1934.] We sent you a small gift from New York. It is breakable & I hope it arrives safely. We are mailing a photo of the babes later. Shall try to write you a bigger and better letter soon. This is just to wish you a merry Christmas and to send our love and best wishes for the new year. Doris and babes send their love—

Your nephew—  
Gerald

In the summer of 1944 Jerry learned that he was to be transferred to France, to help open up the U.S. Embassy. This was exciting news for our parents, since both of them had spent many happy student days there in the 1920s. I don't know whether Jerry ever found out why he was plucked from the relative obscurity of the Latin American circuit—which he seemed to have been on since he joined the Foreign Service in 1927—to serve in wartime France. Did somebody remember that he spoke excellent French? Did somebody just plain like him and think he deserved a break? When we first heard the news in Guatemala, Paris wasn't yet liberated and there was talk about Papa going to Algiers, or Tangiers—or to wherever the Free French government-in-exile was hunkered down, until he could get to Paris. We had visions of riding Arabian horses through the desert—but the war was winding down so fast by the time he was able to get away that Paris was liberated, and he went directly there.

By September of '44, the date of Jerry's first letters from Paris, our parents had decided that Doris and girls were to stay with our Hunter grandparents until families were allowed to come over to Europe. What would we ever have done without those Hunter grandparents? Deirdre had been sent up to California from Guatemala, probably in the late summer or early fall of '43—to attend boarding school at Dominican Convent while getting her teeth straightened, and Joan and I joined her there in the fall of '44. It would be a year before we were able to join Papa in Paris, but meanwhile we saw him in the spring of 1945 when he was named protocol officer for the founding conference of the United Nations—in San Francisco, his home town!

This was an exciting time in our parents' lives, and a big career jump for our father. Jerry was very busy meeting and greeting the arriving world leaders, with his picture performing these duties appearing almost daily in the local papers. The nuns at Dominican posted these clippings on the bulletin board, along with the usual clippings of Admiral Nimitz's exploits in the Pacific; his daughter Mary was a fellow student at Dominican. We girls basked in the reflected glory.

After the letter of April 5, 1945, from Washington, telling Doris about his UN assignment, the letters end for a few years. There were to be no more long separations for our parents, and the letters that follow are mainly to and from friends, superiors at the Department, and official visitors. There are many thank-you letters and acknowledgments thereof—as one of the chief duties of a minister or ambassador is to house and entertain important visitors, such as senators, representatives, U.S. military muck-a-mucks, and American business leaders. Here I'm sure Papa would want me to explain the difference between a minister and an ambassador—it was very annoying to him when he was minister to Jordan to have some Americans not understand that this kind of minister had nothing to do with religion—but rather was “envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary,” and the *representative of the U.S. government* to the foreign country where he was accredited. This was the title held by Jefferson, Franklin, Adams and others in the early days of our country, when they were serving in

England and France. Since the title of ambassador meant *personal representative of the head of state*, and had usually been held by relatives of the monarch, it didn't strike our founding fathers as very democratic; hence the use of ministers.

It wasn't until much later (maybe 20<sup>th</sup> century?) that we began to have ambassadors to some of the larger, more important countries. After World War II it seemed that we gradually converted all our ministers & legations to ambassadors and embassies, to make all the newly independent countries feel more important--at least that's what Dodo told me. I don't think there are any U.S. legations left today.

To fill in the gaps where the letters end in 1945 and resume in Greece in 1948: The founding conference of the U.N. apparently went smoothly, and the Charter was duly signed on June 26, 1945. We saw very little of Papa during that time, but Dodo was able to get over to "The City" to spend an occasional night and attend some events. Jerry was only able to take leave for the month of July, and we did spend some time at Stinson Beach; but then he was tapped to accompany a congressional subcommittee to Europe—instead of accompanying us. It was the subcommittee on appropriations for the State Department, so not an assignment to be refused. Headed by chairman Louis C. Rabaut of Michigan, the group's purpose was to inspect our embassies and legations around Western Europe, to ascertain their monetary needs after five years of being shut down. They left on the Queen Mary on August 5 and went home on September 21 via military plane from Orly Airport. It had been a strenuous trip, but some time had been allotted for sight-seeing in all the countries covered, and Jerry got to see many old friends along the way. To judge by many of their thank-you letters (I didn't include them all—just a sampling), Jerry made a big hit with the congressmen, giving them a whole new appreciation for the Foreign Service.

One day later, on September 22, Dodo and we girls arrived in Le Havre. By then the Abbotts had moved out of the Countess Mercati's fancy apartment, and Papa had apparently decided we would stay there for the time being. Our trip to France had involved three ships—San Francisco to Panama, Panama to New York, and New York to Le Havre. This was not due to poor planning, but to World War II ending (with V-J Day) when we were halfway to Panama, whence we'd planned to sail on to Marseilles. Instead the ship had to dump us in Panama, along with all the U.S. military dependents who belonged there, and hasten on to pick up troops in the Far East.

The details of that trip and our two years in Paris are in my memoir about Dodo ("Sunrise on the Andes," etc) so I shan't repeat them now. Ditto for our brief stay in Budapest in 1947. We never knew exactly why Papa had to leave Budapest in such a big hurry—leaving Dodo to do all the packing up, as usual—but we knew it had something to do with the Communist government wanting to make life difficult for Americans.

September 14, 1944

Dear Dode—

As I hinted in my last scrawl from London, I took off that same day. They rushed me out to the airport for a one o'clock take-off, but we didn't leave until 4. It was a beautiful clear day - we flew low over the English countryside & saw some of the scars of war - bomb or shell craters increasing as we neared the Channel coast. Over France all seemed peaceful - an occasional plane whipped by, roads were deserted except for an occasional truck convoy—probably ours—and bomb craters increased as we neared Paris. Many villages appeared intact though a few showed signs of war. After a long wait at the airport for transportation, we finally reached the embassy about dark, where I was directed across the street to the Hotel Crillon. It is occupied by our Army, but they allow our staff to live there and share their food. Of course Selden [Chapin, a slightly senior Foreign Service friend] gave me a really big hello—no one else here you know except Ed Clark, the courier we knew in Ecuador & Guatemala. He is here as communications officer. We are some 15 officers and clerks rattling around in this huge building which can hold several hundred. [The U.S. Embassy was at 2 Avenue d'Iena, just off the Place de la Concorde.] The chancery [embassy's office building] is intact—in fact in very good shape. We built it some 10 years ago & did a fine job. A number of window panes have bullet holes - the shots left their traces in the walls & wooden [?], but nothing that can't be repaired simply.

Paris is much as I remembered it. A new Trocadero—I fear the French jambe [French: leg] of yore will emerge a mass of knotty muscles, as all hands—pity the girls of the Folies—must walk or push a bicycle. Several million seem to do the latter. There are no private cars circulating yet—some buses & the Metro “marche.” As for style, an Irish Setter shade of red hair is “tout de go”—usually in a high pompadour in front with even higher crowned hats. Add to this 4-inch wooden clogs worn by many femmes chics [French: stylish women] & you see that great height is in vogue. The ravages of war are not too noticeable. Much of the fighting was right in the Place de la Concorde in front of the Embassy, & the Crillon was tossed about in the fray - A German tank was knocked out & reposes in front of the Tuileries. Many famous bars & shops are closed - some probably observing traditional summer holiday.

(Continued. September 15) Prices are fantastic—the official exchange rate which we have to use is 50 f. to \$1. I believe the black market - not for us - is 200 to 1. That would be about right. Perfumes & luxury goods are cheapest of all. Let me know if I should pick up some perfumes and what kind. Chanel No. 5 is very scarce. I don't know how the French can live on their salaries. Of course life is very difficult - light & gas rationed or none at all - houses & apartments very scarce & high - food ditto, etc. I'm glad we're not trying to keep house just yet. I have an idea prices will come down & things improve. No chance yet of sending anything over - not even my trunk - everything very tight in that line.

So far I haven't seen anything of the town except on foot. No taxis & we can only get cars from the Army for official trips. Now I incline toward the idea of bringing our car over when we can. There is nothing worthwhile left here. It may be months before gas is available.

Today I got myself moved into a suite—the 5<sup>th</sup> floor of the Crillon overlooking the Pl. de la Concorde. Very nifty. We are guests of the Army—a great break, as I don't know what we would do otherwise. We can get packages by steamer pouch—later I may ask you to send me some things. Still no mail—since I left have only had one letter I got in New York, which you wrote September 1. I know how busy you have been—hope all went well. Today is the day you were due to leave. [Probably she had still been in Guatemala, packing up all our stuff, not knowing when she would see it again, & trying to get off to California to settle us into Dominican Convent. This was often their pattern—Papa would have to go off to the next post, or to Washington to consult before the next post, leaving Mama with the packing chores.]

Give all 3 babes a hug & a pinch & a kiss for Mudpuddle [one of our many silly nicknames for Dodo]

-G

Paris – September 25, 1944

Dearest Dode—

I'm just fresh out of bed on a gray rainy Paris dawn so may take me a while to organize. I wonder if you have got my letters. I've written one from London & one from here. Your record stands still at one letter dated the 1<sup>st</sup>. The other day I had mail from Guatemala—a line from Lucy saying she was off with the dogs – 2 cards from J & J, but you weren't among those present. I still don't know quite how the mail system works here, but we definitely have APO privileges. I'm going to give this to Fritz Larkin, who has been here for the past week checking over our building. [Fritz was a good friend who headed State's Foreign Buildings Operations.]

Not much to report here. We're all (Embassy staff of some 15) still housed comfortably enough at the Crillon. I changed rooms and got myself an apartment on the top floor with a terrace overlooking the Place de la Concorde. As you can imagine it is quite an ideal setup. The U.S. Army feeds us – fortunately. Food good but monotonous & heavy – plenty of Spam, corned beef, powdered eggs, sauerkraut & sausages, etc. I guess my tummy has recovered from the altitude if it can take all that in its stride. One pretty much shuttles back & forth from the hotel to the office across the street. No taxis, movies, theatres or lights. Still on a blackout.

Yesterday Selden, Fritz & I walked to & around Montmartre. Of course in 20 years one's memory dulls, but Rue Pigalle & Place Blanche seemed much the same – in fact it is incredible how little the Germans could do to change the face of Paris. I have taken several longish walks & surprisingly little destruction is seen—most of the fighting during the last days of Liberation was concentrated around the Hotel de Ville & Place de la Concorde. The Embassy took several hundred bullet holes but slight serious damage was done. The old bookstalls are the same, and the Left Bank has whole *quartiers* of antique stores—I'm sure prices are out of sight, but the contents look as of old. The Rotonde, Selecte, & Deux Magots are functioning. Haven't tried to eat out of the hotel, as prices run from 1,000 to 2,000 francs depending on wine. That is \$20 to \$40 per eat—a bit rugged. Of course it's all black market food and I hate to encourage that sort of thing. Some talk that the franc may go down, but I doubt it.

(Continued after lunch) Your letter of September 5 arrived --as it came in with some magazines, it came by boat pouch—either from Washington or all the way [i.e., from California]. You had forgotten to put “by air pouch” on it. Trunk keys also arrived. I am still living on the 55 lbs. [pounds] I was allowed to fly across with—the transportation situation makes it impossible to ship trunks yet, though I have hopes of being able to start them on their way fairly soon. Frankly there are so many ifs and buts to the housing situation – I wouldn't try to guess when we could set up a *menage*—it will surely be months. Houses & apartments are very

scarce & high. Gas, coal, lights, food, etc. are all just question marks. Naturally these problems will gradually straighten out [after all, the war was still on—V.E. Day hadn't happened yet.] but I look forward to a hard winter for the whole country. I have a lead on a large apt. near Parc Monceau—I might even have to take it soon & hold it against your arrival. Would of course prefer a house, but they may be impossible. There are so many things to consider—neighborhood, school, transportation, etc. It would certainly help if you were here—I hate to sign up for anything without you here to pass on it, but may have to.

Will be eager to hear how you made out on your trip to California. I suppose by now you are all settled, babes in school, etc. Hope you are right about all our goods & chattels fitting into the 2 vans. Trunks don't count if they go as unaccompanied baggage.

This is very disjointed but I have had 17 interruptions. Shall try to improve my literary style, though I fear I shan't soon have much to write about. Maybe when the lights go on and Paris is gayer I can confess to nightly gaiety but at present it's far from that.

Love to the babes – large hello to your family & all my love to you-  
G.

P.S. I do hope you can get my father over to see you and the babes—he must need some cheering up. [Grandma Drew had suffered a stroke and was hospitalized in a semi-comatose state. Grandpa Drew visited her every single day until her death in 1945.]

Paris, November 1, 1944

Dearest—

I just wrote you a V-mail, but they shouldn't really count [there wasn't much room on them for writing much of a message]. You have been getting several silver stars with lots of letters—all came in at first in almost exactly inverse order— some from Guatemala came along after several from California.

I wish you would write Mary Chapin a line. They have been unusually nice to me—always include me in all their cocktail parties, of which they have had a series—lunches, drinks, etc. She couldn't be more friendly, and often says she hopes you can get here soon. You might offer to do some shopping for her – she wants dress goods – I know it's a chore but you might be able to work it in with some of your own tours. Paris is hopeless, even for dishtowels, which she craves. All that sort of thing.

Met Gen. De Gaulle today at a ceremony – along with the rest of the Diplomatic Corps – I needed my black hat [top hat]. My trunks haven't been heard from although I ordered them shipped almost a month ago. I'm still living on 55 lbs. I've ordered some odds & ends from Macy's by parcel post – also cigarettes – but no pouches or magazines have appeared for ages.

I got mags. once only, hence my desperate need for reading matter. If you do send me a book or two, send by APO—it might get here faster. Of course now is the Xmas rush & one can't expect service. I always feel I am so much luckier than the boys out on the front anyway.

George Abbott [Jerry's old housemate from earliest Foreign Service student days in Washington] and I are househunting. Our stay in an Army hotel is very tenuous, & I feel the sooner I can get into a place of my own the more I'll learn about housekeeping before your arrival. Have a house on the string, but for later, as the owner can't get back yet to the U.S. It is near the Bois [de Boulogne] & is in a semi-private subdivision. Have only seen the outside, so it might not suit, but as they have 3 children it should be somewhat near our speed. Looked at a huge, lovely, & oh! so empty apt. today –not even light fixtures. At least we could start life with our star lamp. I wouldn't think of it now, of course I shall keep on looking, but so far it seems nigh on hopeless. We have started a commissary in the Embassy—food, soap, etc. Eventually hope to build it up to a real grocery store. We'll need it for a long time. One idea has occurred to me—of putting children in boarding school in Switzerland for the first year. They would learn languages – schooling is excellent – food situation better. We could see them from time to time. It would greatly simplify our house problem here. Just an idea, of course.

[I'm glad they gave up that idea and decided to put us instead into the Couvent de

l'Assomption, where the nuns made sure that we learned French with no trace of American accent. Between that drilling and our making friends with many French girls our ages, the nuns accomplished their mission in three months. Our knowing Spanish helped speed things along, too. We learned later [1947-49], when the parents had little choice but to put us in a Swiss boarding school, that we might never have learned French there because of the large contingents of English and American girls who stuck together and spoke only English—to the despair of the teachers and the far-away parents.]

I am now – don't laugh – commercial attache – or at least trying to act like one. I can't go into all the background, but I was sort of Selden's right-hand confidential advisor until the ambassador came [Jefferson Caffery was our first postwar ambassador to France.] Then was at a loss for a real job. Someone had to take it on. Of course it is temporary – I feel it is not my *metier*. I was highly amused by the clipping Pop sent me – hometown boy makes good, etc. – made me sound like the ambassador, at least. I hope you can tone him down on any delusions of grandeur. I wouldn't want the Department to get the idea that I am out of line or gone nuts. I hope you are careful about what you write up for the University magazine. Don't trust you on your facts too much. You might tell him I don't rate the "honorable" & am not consul general. At the moment I rank no. 4 – after Selden & the consul general, but various other higher ranking will doubtless be arriving soon.

[Jerry later became one of three or four first secretaries, the diplomatic rank that comes just below counselor, which is just below ambassador or minister. By the time we got to Paris in September of 1945, Selden Chapin was not around—I don't recall where he went, but by the fall of 1947 he was U.S. minister to Hungary, and asked to have Jerry sent there as his counselor. This was a post that lasted only a few months for both of them, as the Iron Curtain had just come down, and the Communist government made up some excuse to get rid of them. Selden Chapin eventually served as our ambassador to Iran, also to Panama, among other posts.]

Nothing exciting to report. I leave one curtain back at night—we still have blackout—so the morning light will wake me, which it usually does, though it is getting feebler as winter comes on. I spring shining from my bed at 7:30—8:00, put on my Otavalo [Ecuador] overcoat. Heat the coffee I've filched from the dining room the night before—no room service—in my electric kettle. After two glasses of hot coffee & a gander at Le Figaro, I lave—the hot water (2 cups) for shaving is heated—and I ablute. I go at the dining room unenthusiastically—at the prospect of dried eggs, cold toast, etc., skipping it some mornings. Cost, 10 f., or 20 cents. Lunch usually at hotel—usually pork, potatoes, macaroni pudding & other light dishes. Cost 50 cents. And dinner more pork, also 50 cents. Usually a snort chez moi or a friend. Afterward a walk up Champs Elysees in the blackout—read the back of the toothpaste tube--& to bed, complete with flannel pyjamas and a pullover. Occasionally one or more of the staff [Embassy] gather

for a brandy & a fire. My snuggery, as I call it, is cozy if not elegant, consisting of salon (small), bedroom – double bed - & bath. All full of bullet holes from the day when Paris was liberated & there was shooting at German snipers on rooftops.

I'm on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor overlooking the Place de la Concorde – my own balcony, no use now – but could be used to show you Paris by moonlight on a warm summer evening. Now the Metro runs I may try to take in a few theatres—one takes a blanket for warmth. Until now with no lights or Metro they started shows at 3 in the afternoon.

The other night, with Bob Pell and Tom Wailes, I took the Metro up to Place Pigalle & walked up Montmartre—a beautiful moonlight night – streets deserted – cold but really beautiful. Le Lapin Agile was closed—Fredy is dead. We found a cute boite [French: nightclub], La Poulalliere – walked down & back to the Crillon – No taxis, of course. Montmartre is booming with our brave lads who can afford a drink of white wine – \$3 – or champagne, \$10 per, etc. It is really grim financially. I think I told you about taking my old friend Pepiton Preneuf [from student days in Grenoble] to lunch – a simple meal at a club – the bill was \$10 each, one martini, 1 bottle wine, stew, cheese and a tart. It gives you an idea. A man's shirt, \$30. We get 50 f. to a dollar. The black market, which we can't use, is around 200 f. to one \$. Heard from Edouard Janin – he is still a prisoner, but well. I wrote him at La Mur. He was a school friend of Pepiton.

All my love, sweet, & don't worry about me & Xmas. I would like photos – even snaps – of you & the babes. Say hello to L.C. & Florita.

Ton [your]  
Jerry

Paris – November 11, 1944

Dearest-

Armistice Day – a very thrilling parade down the Champs Elysees—American, British & French troops – bands, bagpipes – Senegalese & Spohi & Annanite soldiers. The grand finale was a tour of Winnie & Charlie (Churchill & Gen. De Gaulle) at the end of the parade. With a group from the Embassy we watched from my balcony. It was cold, almost freezing, but sunny. This afternoon there was another parade up the Champs – of civilian groups – Resistance & Liberation outfits. I walked up to the Etoile in the worst jam of humanity I have ever been in. Fortunately people were cheerful or panic might have set in. We had “no school” in the Embassy today, hence my usual long walk on days off.

The best news in some time: My trunks are actually on the high seas and should be here next week. I have been getting along but am bored by my two suits. Our cigarette ration at the PX was cut down to 5 packs a week & I’ll be glad to get the trunk supply – not to mention a few bottled goods. Of course I can use heavy coachman’s cap & other odds & ends. I wish I could pack over again, leaving out white suits & putting in more useful items such as blankets. Yes, by all means mail me any spare sweaters or heavy robes that may be around the house – if you have no need for them. Also an occasional pair of 11 ½ wool socks if you spot any in your shopping tours.

Speaking of such matters, I made out a check to you on July 18 for \$22.95. Does that help any? On the subject of funds, when do I pay something to the convent? [Dominican, where we were all three now boarding except for weekends, which were spent at the Hunters.’] And are you getting along on the \$150 per month? You have never said how you made out with the money I deposited in Washington & left for you in Guatemala. Not that I want an account, but I don’t want you to feel pinched. I am not spending much for the time being and could easily raise the ante if necessary. Of course we will need anything I can save when the time comes for you & babes to travel – not to mention what it costs to get settled. I am hopeful that by that time costs will be less, either prices down or more francs to the dollar or both. In any case, do spend at least \$200 for Xmas gifts for yourself, babes, Hunter & Drew families. I will send a check.

Ted Haight popped in the other day—a full colonel. Just as boy scout as ever. A darned decent guy—he writes Mamma every day—what a bad example! I fear I wouldn’t have enough weighty thoughts to go around. Also saw Ruth Shipley’s boy Bill, a major, 6 ft. 2 at least. I knew him some years ago in Washington. [Ruth Shipley was head of the passport division at State for many years.] Also Gen. Edgerton – you may remember him when he came through Guatemala. A very nice little guy. He sent love to you & babes. One sees lots of “types.” Have not been at all gay. On Tuesday last had lunch with Chinese ambassador & wife. Ambassador Caffery was there – at a hotel – no chop suey but very good food.

The same day went to a mammoth reception at the Soviet embassy. Yesterday to cocktails (mostly wine) at some Frenchman's – an American wife. It is interesting to meet such people & hear how they managed during the occupation. I fear that class—a Baron or Count – were not too anti-Nazi. I much prefer the good old taxi drivers. To give you an idea—with 4 others we took a cab from the Etoile (a fiacre) to the Place de la Concorde—300 francs (\$6.00). We were too late for dinner so went to a club we frequent occasionally. There a snack for five – no drinks – cost \$35. Can you wonder one doesn't do much entertaining.

You are being an angel about writing. It helps here as it is pretty dull. Yours of October 17 arrived November 2, & the last of October 25 came November 7. Do be sure and tell the children to put U.S. Embassy after my name – otherwise the poor APO has no idea who or where I am.

(Next day – Sunday, November 12) At the above point George Renchard phoned to propose an excursion on the town. We had a quick dinner & hied off to the Folies Bergere. It just opened the night before. We had to sit in the gallery but it was very good – a marvel how they found cloth & things for costumes & sets. All fresh looking – much of the usual nudeness but seemed less so than 20 years ago. Very clever sets—you would have liked. After which like good little boys – home to the Saturday night bath & bed. I fear George R. will never lead me astray—a very straight-laced Catholic—so is Stellita [nee Stapleton, daughter of a grand Washington dowager], it seems. George recently went to Rome on business and had an audience with the Pope – he was very thrilled. Peculiarly enough, the Embassy has a lot of Catholics, including of course the ambassador.

Today looms bright & clear though near freezing. I foresee my Sunday walk. Can you believe I'm getting exercise? Shortage of cars is a good idea. I have been very well here except for one cold – it didn't last long - & one tummy upset due to pork – which we get at least once a day. The Army diet runs about 4,000 calories a day -- meat & potatoes galore. It would be fine for a soldier in the field but is too much for a pallid desk slave.

Nothing new on apartments. – a few prospects, but always comes the question of heat & hot water. We probably will get former by December 1, & we are getting hot water Saturday night & Sunday. There is no use in trying to give you too many details. As you say, there isn't much you can do about it from where you are. I'm keeping at it, first to find a furnished place to live right now – with George Abbott & maybe one or two other lads – Second, a long-range project – preferably house & garden not too far out – for when you come. As soon as I find such I can plan on getting furniture over. Will let you know of any startling developments, but so far nothing feasible has turned up.

I hope by now you have had more letters. I haven't done better than one a week, & 2 or 3 all told to the babes. I enclose Xmas check—would love photos of you and the girls. See what you can do.

All my love—  
G.

Paris – January 12, 1945

Dearest—

Now I can really begin to gripe about mail. The last 2 from you were November 21 & 28 – the first came December 16 & the second just after Xmas. Today I had a joint letter from D. & Judy telling me all about Thanksgiving. Something serious has gone wrong with the mail system – I suppose you aren't getting mine either. Well—it will probably all straighten out soon, I hope, & probably batches will arrive in the same mail.

Snow is the biggest event to report. Several days now—today worst of all. It is well below freezing so it hasn't turned to slush, but still is no fun to walk around in. My old coachman's coat is coming into its own—not to mention mufflers. I forgot my rubbers, though. My old Quito tweeds do very well, too. We manage quite well in the apt., as we are lucky enough to have plenty of wood. We usually keep two fires going—one in the den where we eat [*"le fumoir,"* the brown plush study where we girls usually ate during the week] & another where I am writing now—a boudoir. . . We light a gas grate in the main salon & have several fires plus an electric heater in the dining room. Our hot water heater works like a charm – plenty of hot showers. We have had some trouble cooking as gas supply is very bad – only is adequate at lunch & dinner—otherwise a tiny flame. We managed to scrounge some coal for the big range – but no more is in sight and we can only use it for special occasions. Today I closed a deal for an electric range - \$100 or so – but a new good G.E. number. Of course I worked it through a friend - it will be of great use to us and we can always use it ourselves when we set up business.

Hugh Fullerton – the No. 2 counselor – [Selden Chapin presumably being the No. 1] has been giving a series of lunches & dinners here which he pays for out of his entertainment allowance. Last night we had the Chapins (only Mary was ill), the ambassador, the *prefet de police*, etc. 12 people. Our famous Albert is a gem—it all works like a clock & we have only to provide food, wine & funds. [Doris & we girls thought his B.O. was unacceptable, but Jerry never smelled a thing, and we all liked Albert, who was destined to stay in the Countess Mercati's apartment forever—he had guarded her treasures so capably during the Occupation.] The dinner was really excellent—a consomme madrilene, followed by a canned salmon on rice affair with a good white Bordeaux wine, then gigot [leg of lamb], mushrooms, string beans, & sort of browned potatoes--a good Medoc at that stage – then asparagus tips vinaigrette – then a good Camembert followed by ice cream with hot chocolate sauce – with a good Lanson 1934 champagne. Of course coffee & liqueur afterward. As you can see, we don't starve when we put our minds to our work. We get some canned stuff from the Army & meat, eggs, & butter from the French. Wine is scarce & high, but by good fortune we had an embassy truck returning empty from Bordeaux– so naturally it got filled up with lots of wine. Everything is transport – Brittany has thousands of tons of potatoes yet here it is

hard to find even frozen ones.

Haven't been doing much recently. You may have read in the papers that Ike was at the funeral of Adm. Ramsay, who was killed recently in a plane crash. I was at the funeral with Selden to represent the ambassador. Yesterday had lunch at Le Printemps [a big department store] with the owner & a very interesting group of some 15, made up of Andre Siegfried (now an old friend), professors, lawyers, labor, finance, business, press, etc. etc. I was the lion – a “causerie,” as they say, on economics, trade, etc. I am being sought after, as it were, as the commercial attache who is supposed to know all the answers. It is really to laugh, though naturally I do know a wee bit about what makes things tick. I keep as busy as a bird dog—callers, mail, meetings & what have you. In our economic division there are only 2 FSOs who know what it is all about—mostly green hands who move about in a fog.

George Renchard is back from his flying trip – a rocket – to the U.S. At first he was going to move in to keep house with George Abbott & me – but the 2 Georges don't get along at all. I can hit it off with both, strangely enough. I am really sunk about Selden leaving. I only hope he doesn't go & get ideas about my coming back to Washington. I would hate that now. [This leads me to believe Selden Chapin must have asked for Jerry to come to Paris—they must have worked well together.] I think things are going to work out well enough for me here – eventually – but I would love to have a couple of years together over here now. I dream. . [missing words here] of going into the country to little eating places & a look at the sea now & then, & a stroll on the beach by moonlight, etc. etc. Time is running out, though, & we have none to lose. If this d\_\_ war would only finish, everything would be all right.

(Time out – January 15) As usual, something happened to interrupt and then I got caught up in the wheels. Today 3 letters—1 from the 3 babes, 1 from Nell, & 1 from you –yours of December 5, Nell's December 6, & babes December 9. You can see how the mail is. I was very pleased, as I was getting quite cross. I hope now that business may pick up. Perhaps weather both here & in U.S. may have something to do with it. Speaking of weather, we have plenty, all cold – snow for days – cold enough that it hasn't melted. All lights go off at 8:30 – none till 5 – no gas – [missing words] closed – trains stopped, etc. The cold has frozen canals & the water part of the power plants – say the newspapers. Fortunately we have some wood to keep 2 fires going. Last night George and I and an office gal went out to Le Jockey--it's moved to the corner of the Rue de Chevreuse – very amusing – filled with French – all very gay – celebrating the last night as all boites de nuit have been closed because of the electricity shortage. One drinks cognac at 90 F. per, when I can buy it for that much per bottle. Or champagne at 500 F. per. All dancing has been prohibited for some time.

The package of socks & garters arrived – the latter a very obvious hint, my dear. I'm trying to find some name or initial tags as Geo. A. wears the same kind & size of socks. If you have any old ones of mine around you might mail same, though I

may be able to buy here. Your financial accounting was very complete—By now I'm sure you have the \$650 for the Convent, which should set you up for a while.

It's late & the fire is out & I'm beginning to shiver, so I stop here – will nail for sure tomorrow. Next I must write to Judy & Nell – it's definitely their turn.

Love,  
G.

Paris – February 23, 1945

Dearest—

The scrawl from London was a pretty feeble effort – As I recall, it was written in rather adverse circumstances. We returned last Monday after being held up several days by weather.

A completely uneventful return.

I found Mrs. A. and child of six in the house, they having arrived by train from Lisbon the day before. Both are quite nice. You probably remember Elsa – she came out to see us on 44<sup>th</sup> St. in Washington in about 1939—a Norwegian. Child [Sidsel] is well behaved but exceedingly precocious – talks a blue streak and is very much around – which of course is inevitable with an only child. It would be cruel to order her off to sit by herself – with ours we could always know that at least they had company. The servants seem to have taken to the change very well. Our Marie – the broad-beamed maid – had a child she lost – now a widow – a simple but very decent country lass – seems to dote on the child already. We have a new cook – only 25 – also country & cheaper than last one. Under Albert's expert eye she may blossom into something really Blue Ribbon. We are having a buffet for 20-odd next Sunday but Elsa came down with flu & a fever today. Hope we don't have to call it off.

Don [Heath, friend from Haiti] flew over the day before me – I have asked him to stay with me but he found he has to put up with his chief Bob Murphy out at Versailles. He did lunch with us—the same old Don, as friendly as ever. Louise ditto – she talked of moving to France in the summer to wait until she can join Don in Berlin, where of course he is slated to go as counselor. I had Lucy to lunch & saw her several times—she didn't appear to want to talk much about Guatemala. Of course she left there almost when I did, so had nothing much new to tell me. Did I tell you Ydigoras Fuentes is Guatemalan minister in London? We had lunch & a long talk about the revolution. He had to leave or get shot. I really like him. He and Andy Donovan crossed on the same plane & have become great friends. Y.F. said it was a great pity I wasn't there – all would have been different (both sides trusted me) & I could have changed the course of Guatemalan history, etc. etc., which is so much malarkey but pleasant to hear. [It's funny how in Latin American politics sometimes you can either go abroad as your country's ambassador, in a sort of exile, or stay behind and get shot by that same government.]

Abbotts are really house-hunting but I have assured her she is quite welcome to stay as long as she likes, etc. We saw a nice apt. yesterday —2 stories on edge of the Bois—it wouldn't do for us as it has only 3 bedrooms but they may take it – as it runs east-west it gets sun & has a penthouse besides. I think they would be wise to grab it.

Did I tell you I recently mailed you a Paris Vogue? A special number – you can wave it under the envious noses of your friends. Don't ask for more copies as there aren't any, so they tell me. Ruth Kelley, one of the girls in the office – tells me her sister was at John & Gretchen's. It is strange John has never written me. Is he all right? Have started a letter to my father but never seem to get around to finishing it. Of course have written him from Paris several times. Oh yes, the Vogue can be your birthday present – you see I haven't forgotten. If the Vogue inspires you to step out and buy a gay hat or two let me know the damages and I will be glad to remit. I sent you the second check for \$650 through the pouch. I will be curious to know how long it takes. I'm afraid I'm not getting ahead financially but we do have some war bonds to fall back on. Don't worry, however – all such questions are very complicated. I'm all agin the idea of leaving any of the children in school out there & don't let the nuns talk you into it. I think we should all be together as soon as possible – I feel that just so much time is being lost to us. I still look to June as your deadline.

I'm winding this up at 11:30 p.m. at the office – I was snowed under when I came back from London & have had to come back after dinner to dig myself out of the debris. I really haven't had a breather for months – never an hour off. Sundays I always have to put in a pretty full morning – I have a daily chore to perform at 9:00 sharp, Sunday at 10:00. It gets me out of bed at 7:30 *sin falta* – even after a late night – good for the soul, I suppose. Don't worry about my requests for shopping chores – none are urgent – they may help you keep your mind off other things – like a flea being good for a day. The babies are being very faithful about writing, though I suspect the firm hand of the nuns.

Love to all—  
G.

P.S. I enclose a dividend check from Macy's.

The Army & Navy Club – Washington, DC – April 5, 1945

Dearest—

Have been holding off writing with the idea I might have some more definite plans about coming out [to San Francisco]. I now expect to leave about April 15 to 17. At first thought of a quick trip out and back here [Washington], but it seems foolish. A lot of my headaches will be out there and I shall need a good week before opening day to get a lot of points ironed out.

I arrived Friday a.m., nine hours from Paris to the Azores – then 15 to Presqu'Isle, Maine – then 4 more to La Guardia. Left Paris 4:30 p.m. Wednesday - left N.Y. 3:30 a.m. on a day coach – all the way on a bucket job – no place to sit comfortably & no smoking. You can imagine how much fun it was. To help, I woke up on Sunday morning with no voice – a vicious cold - still half croaking – must have been a Paris bug.

Quite an old home week. John Halla barged in last night – Joe McGurk still here – leaves for his new post next Sunday – Frank Corrigan came in Sunday – Fritz Larkin still around – you can fill in the blanks. Actually, I have been tres gai [in spite of voice & cold. Last night at midnight Frank C. woke me up to give me your letter sent in care of Blanche [Halla]. It was really good to get – one sensed it was not written for the eyes of a censor.

Of course I was quite bowled over when I arrived to learn that I was the Protocol Officer of the Conference [UNCIO—the U.N. Conference on International Organization, which had been in the planning stages for some time, to revamp the post-WWII world and avoid the mistakes made after WWI]. I still don't quite know how it came about. Stett (Edw. Stettinius, the secretary of state) asked Julius Holmes for a live wire who spoke both French & Spanish & he nominated me – not even knowing I came from San Francisco. Actually he doesn't really know me very well. As you probably know, Holmes is an ex-FSO who went into the Army – subbed with Gen. Mark Clark in North Africa – a General [missing words – appointed by the] Secty. of State to succeed Shaw [G. Howland, assistant secretary of state for administration]. Of course it is a tough and demanding job. It put me in an awkward spot vis-à-vis Summy [Summerlin?] & Stanley Woodward [the State Dept's chief of protocol]. Have seen them both & they are being very nice – in fact had lunch with Summy yesterday – a rare event – and dinner this evening with S & S. Louis McC. Little was there for drinks. [Little was the last commander of the Marines in Haiti before they decamped in 1934.]

They – Summy & Stanley – who should by rights be running things - are completely out in the cold. I am IT – with a free hand – can pick anyone I want to help me, etc. So far have tapped Harry Reed [a colleague in Ecuador], Merritt Cootes & Burke Elbrick – all speak languages, know their way around, & will take orders. I may even add Blanche to my stable. I will have my offices in the

Fairmont & will have to sleep there as well – at least for the start of the show have no expectation of being able to see much of you – or anyone else. Shall place an order for a double room, though the order of the day is that we all have to double up. Have no plans to call on Ag or you all for entertaining, though I have thought of borrowing a car – I can get gas & possibly a picnic or two at Ross or Stinson. There is to be no [missing words—probably: no talking or publicity].

I phoned my father on Saturday evening - & laid it on heavy about no publicity - & he really got the point. One of the staff is already in the doghouse for going out there & making too much splash in the papers. I think I really have him [his father] cooled off. I know how he loves the reflected glory – but you know how we emulate the “silent service.” Tell Nell to stand by in case I get in a jam & need more hired help. I have asked for 4 stenos – 2 bilingual – but [missing words] things work out. Ag wrote me a very nice letter offering us beds & the house – working up parties, etc. Cool her down – I don’t know yet whether I shall have any allowance at all for that sort of thing & I don’t intend to go broke on this show. I didn’t ask for it.

Weather here has been too hot – shall be glad to have a dash of S.F. fog. No wives are expected or invited at the conference, but I know Mrs. Stett & many others will somehow be there & I doubt not that you can come over from time to time. Gird up thy loins, etc. etc.

When it’s all over – *mi-Juin* – how bushed I’ll be – I plan to take leave – up to a month – I’m going to write Ag to give me dibs on the house at Stinson – I look forward to lots of fun there – a cinq – [Five of us] we can have bonfires – walks in hills – pick mussels - & generally get healthy. Me for the rugged life. I don’t oppose a go at the river (Russian River, where the Hunters had a cottage] but as you know, I’m a Stinson devote at heart.

I called you from Paris as soon as I had definite word – previously I wrote Selden asking for some dope & enclosing a long letter to you. He has never got it, even though it was supposed to come by pouch. I am going to have an investigation made – I wrote Warren Kelleher at the same time & he has never received my letter. Me mad. Shall sign off, my sweet, with much love until very soon.

-G.

[Note: After Budapest, Jerry was assigned to the UN Special Committee on the Balkans (UNSCOB) as deputy to U.S. delegate Admiral Alan Kirk, he who had commanded our naval forces on D-Day. At the time the Admiral was also the U.S. ambassador to Belgium, but he put up for a while with living in an apartment in Salonika (Thessaloniki) with Doris and Jerry, a lively ménage à trois. Adm. Kirk apparently enjoyed the same pastime as Jerry—staying up late drinking and solving the world’s problems. By the time we girls came to visit from Switzerland for our Easter break in 1948, the Admiral had been named our ambassador to Moscow and was gone, whereupon Jerry became the U.S. delegate. The U.S. Consulate was in the same building as the apartment, overlooking the Bay of Salonika and Mount Olympus, and the consul and his wife, Rolly and “Snelly” Gibson, were congenial neighbors.

At some point in 1948, Salonika was bombed, making our parents very glad they’d decided to put us in a Swiss boarding school after we left Budapest. Another tragic event was the murder of CBS correspondent George Polk, presumably by the Communist guerillas, on the night when he was supposed to meet with them—something Papa and others had warned him not to do. He had drinks at our parents’ apartment that same evening, went to his meeting, and wasn’t seen till a week later, when his body was found floating in the bay in front of the Consulate. The Overseas Writers organization established an award in his name that has become very prestigious over the years. In the fall of 1948 UNSCOB was on the agenda of the U.N. General Assembly in Paris, and Jerry and Doris spent several months at the Crillon, Jerry’s old home. They were at a bridge party that included the John Foster Dulleses on Election Night, and Mr. Dulles retired for the night expecting to wake up the next morning as Tom Dewey’s secretary of state—but he had to wait a few more years for that job, of course.

UNSCOB moved down to Athens as the “civil war” began winding down, in the spring of 1949. Joan and I spent our Easter break and a long summer with our parents in a house in the suburb of Psychico. (Deirdre had been left behind in California the previous summer to finish her last year of high school in the U.S., which was going to help her get into the college of her choice, Vassar.) We sublet the house from Tony (Claude G.) Ross and his wife Andree, while they were on home leave. We had known them in Ecuador. The Rosses were considered perhaps the best dancers in the Foreign Service, and had a huge collection of danceable records that Joan and I played almost to death that summer—something we still feel guilty about. Our parents let us have many a party for our teenaged American friends, who were pouring into Athens that year with their Marshall Plan parents (experts in agriculture, engineering, etc.)

When Papa realized how much time Joan and I were wasting hanging out with our new friends at the P.X. snack bar, his teaching genes got activated. He organized a regular tour group with a guide and an Embassy car to take the teens to many of the local archeological attractions around Athens. The tourist industry hadn’t

started up yet, so I'm sure many parents were grateful for this initiative. We also took quite a few car trips as a family, with a well-stocked Coca Cola cooler to fend off starvation, as there were few hotels or restaurants open yet. The U.S. government had provided a couple of C-47 planes to UNSCOB, along with two teams of pilots, mainly for flying UNSCOB reports back and forth to Geneva. However, the pilots needed to log a certain number of flying hours, so we had a few sight-seeing plane trips—notably to Rhodes and Crete, with other UNSCOB and Embassy folks along.

At the end of that summer, Papa had researched the school situation and decided to put Joan and me in a Marymount Convent in Rome, where she and I had a wonderful school year. (I'm sure Dodo took part in this decision-making too, but it always seemed that Papa was more forceful and had stronger opinions in matters regarding our education.) The UNSCOB plane flew us there along with a group of American teenaged girls whose parents, like ours, didn't want to wait around for the American School of Athens to open up. After the Rosses came back our parents' moved out of the Psychico house and into the Hotel Grande Bretagne, where Joan and I joined them for our Christmas break of '49-50. The hotel was conveniently next to the P.X. snack bar on Constitution Square, where we could renew old friendships. It was about this time that we began to hear rumors of Papa being transferred to Jordan as the first U.S. minister to that brand new nation, formerly known as Transjordan. We weren't supposed to breathe a word about it to anyone, as it wasn't official yet, but Papa began having fun *entre nous* calling himself "The Wazir," and "My Excellency."

Our parents' household effects had been packed up in Guatemala in 1944 and couldn't be used during the years in Paris, as the apartment (and later the house at 38 Blvd. Suchet we moved into briefly) were well furnished. They were finally unpacked in Budapest, where we had expected to stay the usual two or three years; but as so often happens in the Foreign Service, just when the last picture was hung Papa got the orders transferring him to Salonika. Once again the household furnishings went into storage in Switzerland, not to be seen again until the parents were transferred to Jordan in early 1950. They spent their first few months in Amman living in the Hotel Philadelphia, having a very hard time finding a house, but finally a modest house was found and once again the household things were unpacked—just ahead of the arrival of three daughters and their auntie (Tia/Dickie/Nell/Mary), who planned to spend the summer. We used the packing crates for armoires, as the house had no closets. Again, details of that wonderful summer are in the Dodo memoir.

Jerry was very popular with the Jordanians and Palestinians, and didn't make too much of a secret about where his sympathies lay in the Arab-Israeli dispute—which Israel had just won. We were surrounded by encampments of Palestinian refugees, and many of the people our parents became friendly with had been dispossessed by the creation of the Israeli state. Dodo once explained to us how difficult it was for Papa to have any influence or close rapport with King

Abdullah (grandfather of the recently deceased Hussein) because of the British connection. The British minister, Sir Alec Kirkbride, had fought with Lawrence of Arabia and the young (then Emir) Abdullah and his brother Feisal against the Ottoman Turks during World War I. The King's agricultural advisor, Mr. Walpole, was also a great favorite, and "Glubb Pasha," John Bagot Glubb, had founded Jordan's respected Army, the Arab Legion. Jerry was lonely for male companionship in Jordan, although he got along well with David Fritzlan, his second-in-command, and the other staffers. He also made friends with Brother Anthony, who headed an orphanage in Amman; Papa always felt at home with Irish priests and monks.

In early 1952, after two years in Jordan, Jerry was offered a job at the State Department as Director General of the Foreign Service. As can be seen in the letters, the job was made to sound very important (it also included heading the Foreign Service Inspection Corps), but Jerry soon learned that he was only a figurehead with no real power, at a time when Joseph McCarthy was on his rampage that ruined the careers of many fine Foreign Service officers. However, one good thing about being in Washington was that we could all live together under one roof again and go to the George Washington University nearby—so nearby that Papa could often drop us off on his way to work. It was a big money saver for Papa, especially getting me out of Stanford.

Deirdre had finished one year at Vassar before marrying Captain George Walz of the USMC in Jordan at the end of the summer of 1950. He had tragically died of polio a little over a year later, when baby George Jr. was barely three months old, so 19-year old Deirdre came back to the U.S. from Port Lyautey, French Morocco, where George had headed the Marine Detachment at our naval base. By the fall of '52 she and the baby were settled into the house our parents had rented at 3503 Fulton St., NW, near the Cathedral, and I came back east from California. Joan had graduated from the American Community School in Beirut after the parents left Jordan, and got back to Washington on her own. Our parents wisely decided to bring back with them from Jordan our all-purpose Palestinian Christian maid, Mary Aweidah, who did all the cooking, cleaning, laundry, and caring for Baby George when Deirdre was at school. Of course, Dodo, Joan and I could also help out with George, but Dodo had a busy social life, as did we three daughters, so we weren't as helpful as we might have been. Papa would get quite annoyed with us about our incessant party-going and lack of consideration for Mary, with justification. He tried to make her life a little more fun by driving her to visit several friends and acquaintances at Arab embassies on weekends. Papa was always very kind and involved with our servants in all the different posts.

In the fall of 1954 Papa was named ambassador to Bolivia. We all chuckled at the idea, remembering the Peter Arno cartoon in the *New Yorker* of a meek little man (a big party contributor, of course) being loomed over by powerful-looking, cigar-chomping politicians, and saying "But I don't *want* to be ambassador to Bolivia!" The wild and woolly household on Fulton Street came to an end. Deirdre had

married the “boy next door,” Bob DuBose, in January, and moved to Sewanee, Tennessee, where Bob was to resume his college career that had been interrupted by the Korean War. Joan and I moved into Hattie Strong Hall, GWU’s only girls’ dorm; Mary Aweidah went back to Jordan to care for her ailing mother; and Jerry and Doris went off to Bolivia.

Bolivia was a challenging post—perhaps the poorest country in South America, with the most violent history, it was the recipient of the most U.S. aid except for Haiti, which was to be Jerry’s next post. There was a large Point Four contingent in both places for this reason. In Bolivia the leftist MNR (National Revolutionary Movement) had recently come to power and was nationalizing many of the industries; the “oligarquia” was in exile in Argentina and elsewhere. The oligarchs were mostly the parents of the Bolivian friends Joan and I made when we came down to spend the summer of 1955. The young adult “children” were left to rattle around in elegant, fully staffed, but unheated town houses where parties would happen ‘most every night. One of the big U.S. projects in Bolivia was the highway leading down from La Paz, the world’s highest capital at 12,000 feet, to the tropical lowlands ending in Santa Cruz. The idea was to spread the population around; it was mainly concentrated in the high altiplano, where it was hard to grow any food. However, when I last heard it seemed the Indians of the altiplano didn’t want to move, no matter how much easier life might be in the lowlands. A notable event that brought many VIPs to La Paz in August of ’56 was the peaceful transition of the presidency from Victor Paz Estenssoro to his vice president, Hernan Siles Suazo.

Many of the American VIPs stayed with our parents in the embassy residence, hence all the fine thank-you letters.

Haiti was in the midst of political turmoil when Jerry and Doris arrived there in 1957, after almost three years in Bolivia. Paul Magloire, the long-time dictator, had been replaced by a triumvirate, with Papa Doc (Dr. Francois Duvalier) emerging as first among equals. An American citizen of Syrian origin, Shibley Talamas (his parents named him after Ruth Shipley of the Passport Office), was beaten to death in the police station, supposedly for violating the curfew—his wife was having a baby and he had gone out in search of a doctor. It fell to Jerry’s lot to have to pressure the Haitian government to pay reparations to the Talamas family, which finally happened after a year, but it soured his relations with the Haitian government for most of his stay there. He and Dodo were also saddened to see the state Haiti had fallen into since their departure, along with the Marines, in 1934. Where there had been a phone system, now walkie-talkies had to be used. The roads had fallen into disrepair, making it no easy matter to get to the beach anymore, let alone to transport goods around the country.

Jerry was probably relieved to leave Haiti in 1960 for his new Washington-based assignment as Inspector General of the Foreign Service—although it was too bad that Papa Doc had to trump up a phony excuse to declare him *persona non*

*grata*—read all about it in the letters that follow. By then their retirement home at Rehoboth Beach had been completed and they went there most weekends, renting an apartment on California Street in Washington for their weekday living. Jerry seemed to enjoy his job, especially his friendship with many of the inspectors, in particular Perry Culley, who had worked with him during his Director General days.

An interesting assignment came his way in 1961. Rafael Trujillo, the dictator of the Dominican Republic, had been assassinated and the Organization of American States (OAS) appointed a commission made up of diplomats from several Western Hemisphere countries to investigate. Jerry was the U.S. delegate, and before going down to the Dominican Republic he was briefed by Bobby Kennedy, then the attorney general. Igor Cassini, the gossip columnist Cholly Knickerbocker, also had an interest in the situation and tried to see Jerry down there, but they missed connecting. I don't know what that was all about, but no doubt the CIA or FBI knew.

In May of 1962 Jerry retired, along with a large group of Foreign Service officers of his generation. The Kennedy administration needed to make room at the top for its generation, and Jerry suspected that there would be no more good assignments for him, nor did he crave any. He had had a career to be proud of, even if he never had been assigned any “glamour” posts. Such posts always required the outlay of plenty of one's personal money, and Jerry had no money except his salary and allowances until after his father's death. He had been a real workhorse, never turning down any assignments, and probably would have been bored in a glamour post.

[Translated from the French, which was then the 2<sup>nd</sup> language in Greece]

Athens – February 17, 1950

My dear friend,

At the moment when, after two and a half years in Greece, you are about to leave our country, on behalf of the Greek Liaison Service to UNSCOB [United Nations Special Committee on the Balkans] I would like to express our sadness and regret to see you go.

When you arrived in Greece the situation was extremely difficult, and in some ways tragic, dangerous, and uncertain. This was the time when our neighbors to the north, or all those who wished us harm, had succeeded in bringing the war to the interior of our country. It was the time when you had to undergo, along with us, the bombing of Salonika, the time when roads and railroad tracks were mined, the time when many times you risked your life in traveling to our frontier to ascertain the situation personally—to see if our neighbors were really to blame and if Greece really was in danger.

Now that you are leaving Greece, even though danger is not totally eradicated, the situation is incomparably better. Certainly, this is above all due to the courage and fierce perseverance of the Greek people, but it would be unjust not to recognize the effective contribution of UNSCOB, which had the honor and courage to alert world public opinion, to demonstrate that our northern neighbors were to blame, and through their fault the independence and integrity of Greece were threatened. UNSCOB has thus given brilliant justification to the Truman Doctrine, that magnificent and generous aid from your great country, without which all the heroism of our soldiers and the valor of our people would not have sufficed to hold off the communist wave which threatened to overthrow our free regime, subjugate our people and install a people's republic, as has been done behind the Iron Curtain.

I would like, dear friend, to thank you sincerely for our amicable collaboration during this hard period, where I so often came to appreciate your tact, your courage, your *sang froid*, your good will, your good humor, and above all your frankness, which is one of the best and most characteristic traits of the great people to which you belong. We have had, during this difficult period, to face extremely difficult and delicate problems, which more than once seemed unsolvable, but thanks to mutual understanding and good will, we always managed to overcome the greatest problems and find for each one the solution that best served the interests of peace.

Now, since you're leaving, it only remains to wish you good luck and all the happiness possible, to Mrs. Drew and your family as well, and to tell you that we hope to see you in Greece again, and to keep your precious friendship. We consider you to be one of the best friends of our country, one of the most fervent partisans of this close understanding and collaboration between our two countries, which our people have placed at the service of peace, justice, and above all, liberty.

Believe, dear friend, in my cordially devoted wishes.  
Alexander Dalietos [Liaison to UNSCOB from the Greek Foreign Ministry]

*The following memo labeled "Personal" is from notes taken by Harry Turkel, a friend, during a meeting with Loy Henderson, the under-secretary of state for administration. Turkel was apparently accompanied by "Dick", who would be Richard Rubottom, then the assistant secretary for Latin America, or ARA (American Republics). The meeting was apparently set up to clarify Jerry's position regarding the recent request by Papa Doc to have him withdrawn—i.e., Duvalier had declared him persona non grata. It also was to let Henderson know that Jerry would prefer his next post to be somewhat easier—preferably as deputy director for foreign affairs at the National War College, just vacated by Selden Chapin.*

4 p.m. - June 8, 1960 – Washington, D.C.

Dear Gerald:

At noon Dick & I called on Mr. Henderson & I told them of my conversation with the President [Duvalier] exactly as I told it to you—but using English. When I finished Dick said that this was not unexpected; that you still labored under the difficulties of the Talamas case & after you settled it in such a highly satisfactory manner, you should have been withdrawn then. Also (said Dick) more recently you thought that in connection with the Norman Ward case, both you and Yoe [the Point 4, or USOM director in Haiti] might have to return.

Loy asked first whether I thought that Duvalier was in full possession of his faculties, & I said "No, and any successor might be subject to similar arbitrary treatment on equally flimsy a pretext." Then he asked if you thought you would have to be recalled, & I said yes. Then he asked whether I thought you would accept Ghana. I said I could not answer, but I thought it was a very tough offer after what you had already been through—Jordan, Bolivia & Haiti; could not Drew be given the War College? Loy said No, that was taken; would Drew accept Chief of the Inspection Corps? The Corps needs a shaking up, a wider vision; they had become a bunch of accountants. Dick said you had this house at Rehoboth & might take it. I said I didn't know, but that you would be powerfully disappointed not to have the War College.

As to Yoe's departure, Loy was lamenting that he had 6 USOM directors declared PNG [persona non grata] & this was a real problem. I finished by saying the Dept. had a real problem with 3 psychotics in a row: Castro, Duvalier, & Trujillo. There was no alternative to Duvalier but chaos, & that you thought that if the Haitians came to agreement on Artibonite & Port Cale, we should beef up the Haitian army. Loy said that without knowing the specifics he agreed heartily—as did Dick.

As far as I'm concerned, I shall do no more without hearing from you. CMA is bound to hear of this; I have thus far refused to talk personalities. If they ask, I shall urge that you be kept there at least until the Haitians come through the

present negotiations satisfactorily... Oh, yes, when Loy said you were an ARA hand, I said “Much more than ARA—Paris & the Near East.”

I mailed the key promptly on arrival. We have heard nothing from Rollie or you on the results of the mission.

Warmest regards—  
Harry

P.S. I said nothing about your annual leave, etc; that would have been going too deep into your business.

Niamey – May 26, 1962

Dear Mr. Ambassador:

Hoping did not help, say I to myself as May 31, 1962, news and word comes that you are taking your name out of the first-team lineup for a while. No one deserves the right to do so more than you after so many years of fine service to our country.

The moves you made in improving the Inspection Corps—I smile to myself in making a judgment after only four or five months as a member of it—were long needed and are letting us do a better job. If you had done nothing more than reduce the requirements that inspectors prove their diligence, that would have been service enough – as it is, a medal should be struck for you.

Thank you for having me join the Corps and for your ready answers cum wit that served us so well on our treks. Thank you, too, for having teamed me with Bartos and assigning us to this fascinating series of posts. G & S [Gilbert & Sullivan] would hardly say that the life of an inspector is a happy one, but it is an experience that should not be missed.

Best wishes to you and Mrs. Drew as you retire—only for a while, I hope—from a laurel-laden career. The Bartosi and I hope to call on you both at winter quarters in the first month of 1963 and give you a personal report of our trek. Please don't take time to acknowledge this—use it for the relaxation you have well earned. Good luck!

Jerry [last name not known]

Saturday, May 26, 1962 – Fort Lamy, Chad

Dear Mr. Drew,

As each day brings us closer to the end of May, I have become increasingly aware of the approach of your new career as a distinguished alumnus of service to our government. I have, therefore, felt it a pleasurable duty and privilege to take a few minutes from our somewhat hectic schedule to bid you farewell as my boss and colleague.

Duty in the Inspection Corps is strange, in that it permits you to know your superior only through infrequent personal contact; but at the same time, it affords one the knowledge that at the end of many miles, there is a chief who supports and encourages us in our work. I have always felt this leadership and support in our association and it has given me much confidence in the task ahead.

I regret sincerely that your retirement will take you from that reassuring and guiding role that we in the field have come to rely upon in your position as Inspector General. I can only express my best wishes to you and Mrs. Drew for a pleasant and enjoyable life in the retirement which you have so clearly earned. Best wishes and a happy life in retirement.

Sincerely,  
Joseph L. Bartos

Gerald A. Drew retired after thirty-five years in the Foreign Service in May of 1962. On their way to Rehoboth Beach on May 27, he and my mother stopped by Columbia Hospital for Women, where I had given birth to their latest granddaughter, Signe. We daughters were to spend many happy hours visiting our parents in the first and only house they ever owned, 70 Henlopen Avenue. But as the number of grandchildren increased, finally to a combined total of 11, Papa decided in self-defense to build the cottage on Jersey Street—this was about 1962, I think—in a new development near Dewey Beach called “Rehoboth by the Sea.” He rented it out during the season, but we got to take turns using it before and after—such as June and September, and even beyond. We invariably invited friends to join us—usually young couples with small children, like ourselves. It made things more fun for us and our children, but Papa complained (mildly) about the wear and tear and excess use of utilities. “Must you always invite people with all those children?” he was heard to mutter, and he posted a set of Rules, among which were: “Don’t flush after every #1 use, only after #2; and Don’t shower in the inside bathroom when sandy; use the outside shower at those times.” To check on how things were doing, and maybe on the progress of the grandchildren, he would usually wander over in the morning “to fix something,” toolbox in hand.

On weekends when we were there, he would invite us for drinks and sometimes for dinner, but the children would have to stay at the cottage, if we had a babysitter. We discovered a fine sitter who lived on a farm in Georgetown, Delaware, and would pick her up on our way to Rehoboth.

When the children *were* invited to 70 Henlopen they were not welcome at the grown-ups’ cocktail scene on the screened porch, but were relegated to Pop-Pop’s study to watch TV—which got terrible reception at Rehoboth in those pre-cable days. I guess it’s obvious that I wanted my children to spend more time with their grandparents, so that they could learn to love and appreciate them more. Dodo would have liked to, but Pop-Pop got bored with them pretty quickly. He used to say he only liked children who were “big enough to kick.”

Needless to say, since Wilkie and I were the only son-in-law and daughter living near enough to enjoy the cottage, we got a lot more use out of it than did Deirdre and Bob (then in Atlanta, I think), or Joan and Norman, who had moved to Laos in the fall of ’63. I remember two notable summers when Joan and I and our families were actually there together—1965, just before Dodo got sick, and 1970, just before Papa died.

Papa’s pattern in retirement was to have Foreign Service friends come for the weekend. He could then get caught up on all the inside scoop at the State Department, and grouse with his old buddies about how things were going wrong. He enjoyed cooking, especially grilling various meats and shish-kebab things in his special built-in grill on the long screened porch, which brought him many kudos. Dodo was mainly allowed in the kitchen only to do dishes, and never did any laundry, as Papa enjoyed that chore, and said Dodo might break the washing machine. By then she had also given up the idea of ever driving a car, although

Rehoboth, being flat and peaceful except for the summertime, would have been an ideal place to learn.

People would often ask Jerry if he was going to write his memoirs, but he scoffed at the idea, and didn't have kind words for his colleagues who did write their memoirs. Maybe he just didn't have the energy for this kind of project—his heart may have slowed him down more than anyone knew. I know he had some kind of heart operation during the early 1960's, but don't recall just when—whether before or after he retired—nor exactly what it was.

After Dodo died in November of '65, of a fast-moving melanoma, Papa was lonely, and none of the dowagers at Rehoboth who were after him had much appeal. California beckoned, and in 1966 he went out there and looked up Helene McDill, our old neighbor from Foxhall Village days. They had kept in touch over the years, and Alex McDill had been Papa's lawyer in a dispute he'd had with his sister Agatha in the mid-fifties. Helene was living by herself in a fine house on Clay Street in San Francisco, Alex having died of cancer a few years earlier. Apparently Papa had to do a lot of convincing, but he finally talked Helene into marrying him and moving to Rehoboth. He sent us daughters a telegram announcing their engagement, saying "assume approval." Of course we approved. They were married on Valentine's Day of 1967, in a quiet ceremony in the living room at 70 Henlopen, to which no relatives except Tia were invited. They were able to do a little traveling together—I think one trip to Europe and one to Guatemala and Mexico, but they only had three and a half years together. Papa died of a massive heart attack in September of 1970, at the Beebe hospital in Lewes, the same place where Dodo had died in 1965.

We thought at first that Helene would go right back to San Francisco, but she had grown fond of Rehoboth, and her daughters and grandchildren liked visiting there, as did we on occasion. She did have to sell the cottage on Jersey Street as the only way to handle Delaware's horrendous death taxes. Anyhow, Helene ended up spending twelve more years at Rehoboth, taking wonderful care of the house and making quite a few improvements. She died in October of 1982, and her children and stepchildren converged for a home-made memorial service. We scattered her ashes in the garden in back of the house, at her prior request, even though she had a headstone waiting for her next to Papa's and Dodo's in the Foreign Service section of beautiful Rock Creek Cemetery in Washington, DC.

70 Henlopen Ave., Rehoboth Beach, DE 19971

August 11, 1969

Dear Norman:

Our ambassador to Haiti, Tony Ross (Claude G.) recently sent me a local newspaper containing a reference to that historic day, July 5, 1934. Knowing that there is no longer any record of those events in our Embassy files, or, for that matter, possibly not in the Department either, I have put on paper a purely factual summary of the main events preceding and during that day. Could I impose on you to look it over and make any additions, corrections, or changes in it which you see fit? I have presently no thought of attempting to have it published. When you pass on it, I plan to send it along to Tony merely for his own information and hopefully, amusement. I hope you will not find this chore too onerous. When typed in final form, I shall see that you get a copy, so do not hesitate to return this one to me.

Helene and I carry on here with no special plans for the future. We spent the winter of 1967-68 in San Francisco, where she had a home, with a side trip to Guatemala. We have stayed here since then. We may drive out this fall to see family and friends around the bay, but our plans are still nebulous. If and when we get up your way we shall not fail to look up you and La Generale.

We both send you our most affectionate greetings and much love to Myra.

As ever,  
Jerry

70 Henlopen Ave., Rehoboth Beach, DE 19971

January 19, 1970

Dear Norman:

I agree—let us defer any further action on our accounts of the Haitian visit of FDR. One or both of us might go to considerable effort to put the account in shape for the F.S. Journal only to have it rejected. As I believe I said before, I wrote it solely for the information and possible edification of Ambassador Ross. Even though he is now out in Tanzania, I sent a copy along to him and thus it has served its original purpose. I told him to feel free to make copies of both recitals to send along to his successor if he wished to do so. I understand that there was no record of any kind in the files of the Embassy in Port au Prince of the visit. If I should ever run into the editor of the Journal I might indicate to him what we have available, and if he is really interested, we could then revive the project and have a go at it. Yes??

Sincere congratulations on the overdue award to you of the Foreign Service cup. It is proof, if such were needed, that you are not forgotten. When testimony was being given on the bill creating the grade of Career Ambassador, someone said it would be given to deserving retired officers. The cup in a way compensates.

Hoping to see you and Myra in 1970, I am

As always,  
G.A.D.

*End of interview*