

April 16, 1947
Moscow, USSR

Dear Harriet,

Your letter dated April 4th was warmly received. It was about time that I got a letter from home. If I am not mistaken, it was your second letter since my departure from China. And I don't know how many letters that I have written home. Of all your letters during my adventurous Army life, I relished your last letter the most...particularly the splendid news of the two new workers, and that Father and Mother are taking things easy. I have been through many sleepless nights worried about the struggle back home, how hard and many long hours you guys must work. I know how it was...because I had dizzy spells occasionally when I was home behind the kitchen. I am very delighted with the good news.

Thanks for sending the Chinese provision to the Amah. It will certainly make her and Mrs. Marshall very happy. I received another hand-knitted sweater from the Amah and a nice letter from Mrs. Marshall...telling me how much she is missing my pigs' feet and pig-tails. The General read the letter, and he told Mrs. Smith about my pigs' feet and pig-tails. Now the whole damned Spaso House is talking about my pigs' feet and pig-tails. Somehow, it is hard for them to believe such delicacies as pigs' feet and pig-tails. Oh well, no matter what they say, in good food, they are always behind the Chinese.

Received another letter from 連枝 the other day. Now she wants to come to America to be beside me. Such a silly little niece. But I cannot laugh the matter off. It must be handled with gentle care. The situation is getting deeper into a very delicate entanglement. Sun, 新泉 is now in Hankow.

Last weekend, my social engagement was quite active. I was at the dance party in celebration of the Army Week at the American House. I really had a swell time there. The place was jammed and General Marshall came in about 10 o'clock with Ambassador Smith and Mr. Stassen. The General greeted everybody and he asked the band to start the dance music. The General then grabbed a girl and was the first one the dance floor. Stassen was beaming with great delight watching the dignified Secretary of State jiving the jass music away. The General is really a good dancer. He stayed about 15 minutes and went home. I stayed until 4 am. I got up at 7:30 as usual the following Sunday morning, and went to the ballet at 12 noon till 4:30. That night at Spaso House was a big dance party given by Secretary of State to all the American delegation and members of American Embassy. Over 200 people came...drank...danced...sang...ate...and had a most wonderful time. The General took part in the Cinderella Dance...with over 50 girls string along one side and over 100 men the opposite side. The girls took off one shoe and threw it into a pile in center of the ballroom floor. When the music started, General Marshall together with over 100 diplomatic wolves fought toward the shoe pile and started hunting for their Cinderella with the missing shoe. I was most amused at Colonel Carter (now B.G.) who got the ugliest Cinderella who is from Oklahoma. Even Jade Box got her beat by looks. Last Friday, General Marshall gave a elaborate party to the Foreign Ministers. The guests were Mrs and Mrs. Molotov, Mr. and Mrs. Vishinsky, Mr. Bevin, Mr. and Madame Bidault, French Ambassador and wife, British Ambassador and wife, Ambassador and Mrs. Smith, John Foster Dulles, Robert Murphy, Benjamin Cohen, Mr. Bohlen, and other top ranking officials of 28 persons all together. The party was a big success.

Have you received the two coolie boys which I sent from Nanking? Aren't they the cutest little thing!

Richard