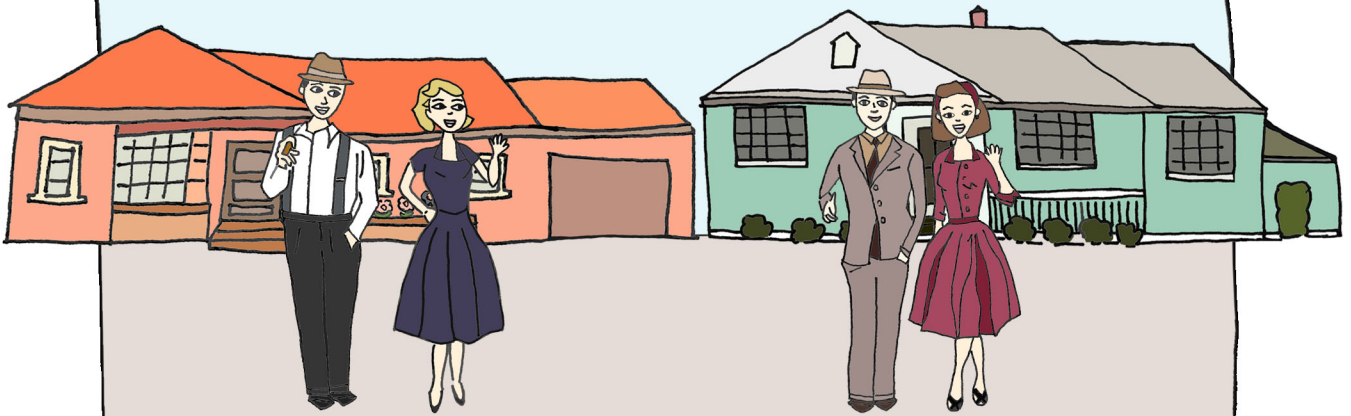


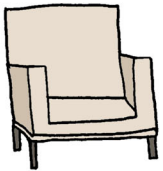
# More Stately Mansions (1951)

Interpreted by Nicolette Wise

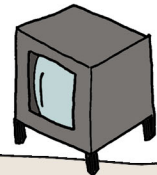
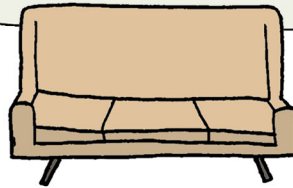


## Before

- Tear out the white woodwork
- Lose the blinds
- Build from the carpet
- Don't be afraid of color

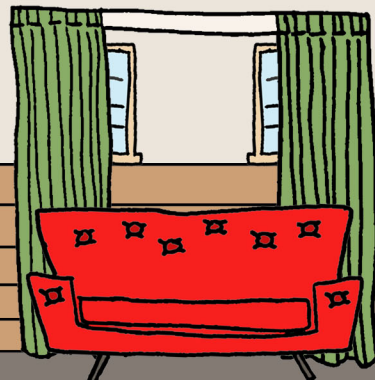


Two years ago, Grace and George McClellan welcomed us to the village. Immediately, Grace pointed out how dreamy our living room could be if we just made a few minor changes:

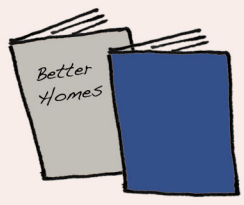
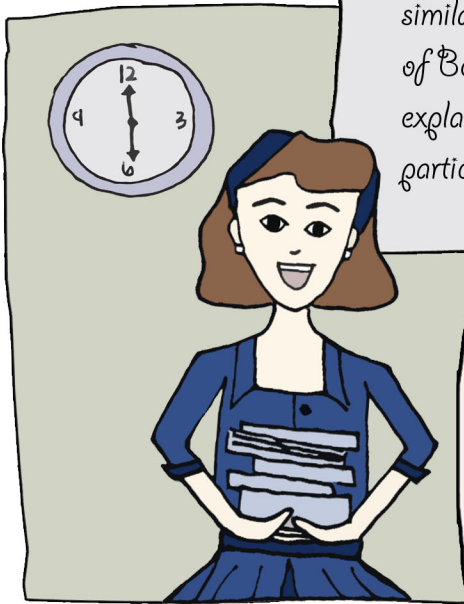


## After

- Incorporate knotty pine panels
- Cover the couch in lipstick red
- Cover a wall and both windows with bottle green curtains

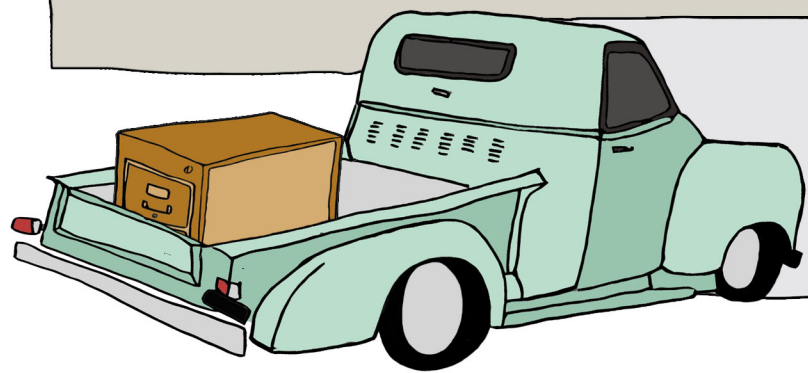
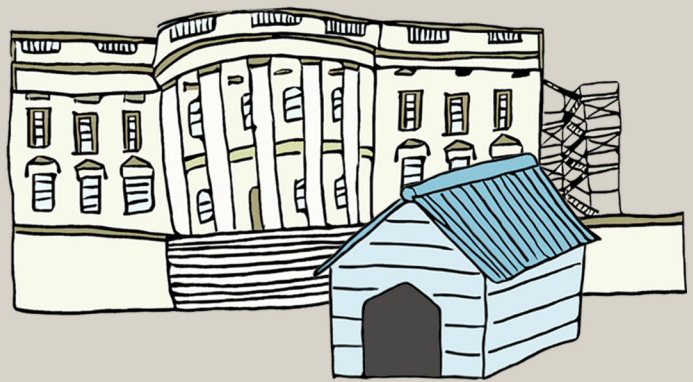


Before the McClellans left, Grace recalled the similarities between the "problem house" in an issue of *Better Homes* and our house. She went on to explain that she'd have to go back and locate that particular issue among her plethora of design files.



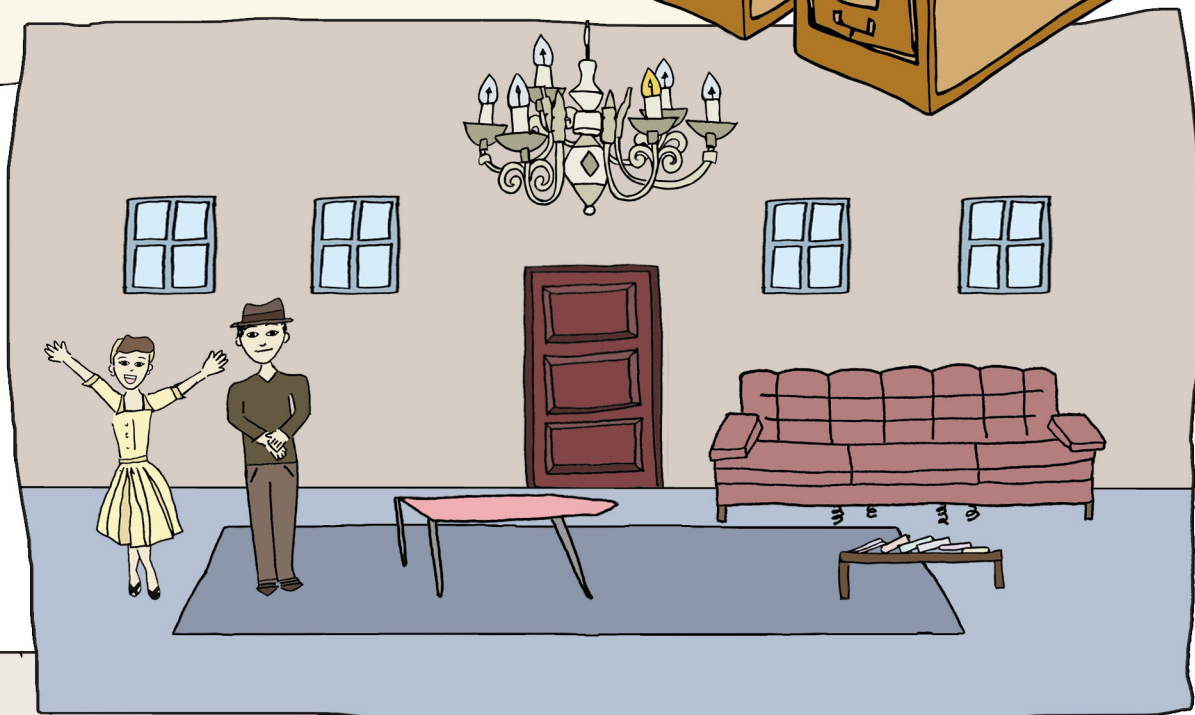
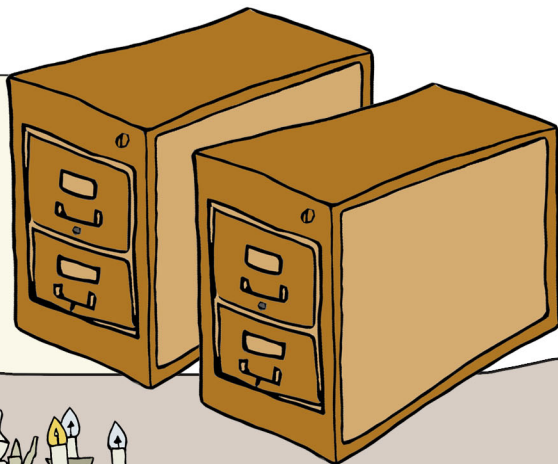
After that initial meeting, Grace began spending every waking hour at our house. She would bring stacks of magazines and materials to pour over with us.

Pretty soon my wife, Anne, began complaining to me about how often Grace babbled about her interior design plans. Even changing the subject was as difficult as changing the course of the Mississippi. Talk about politics and she talks about remodeling the Whitehouse and dogs.

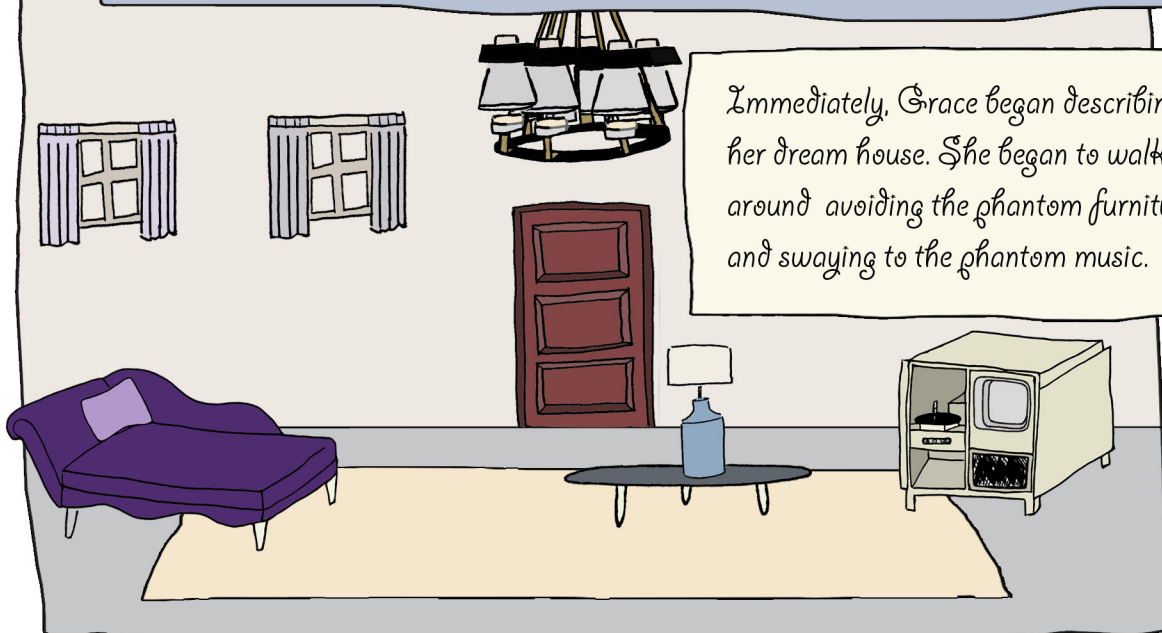


One day, Grace called. She asked me to bring over an old filing cabinet I had. Anne delivered it with me.

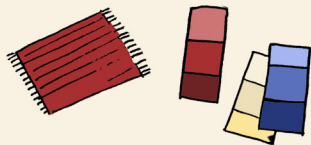
When we arrived at Grace and George's place, the first thing I noticed was that there were already two filing cabinets in the hall, ungraced by wallpaper and shellac.



Immediately, Grace began describing her dream house. She began to walk around avoiding the phantom furniture and swaying to the phantom music.



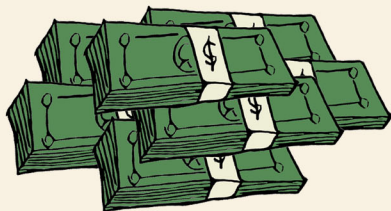
Actually, not only had Grace compiled an exact image of her dream home in her mind, but she had files full of the every decoration detail you could imagine.



Finne and I watched as Grace held up one material after the other explaining exactly how it would be used in their new home... someday.

Two years later

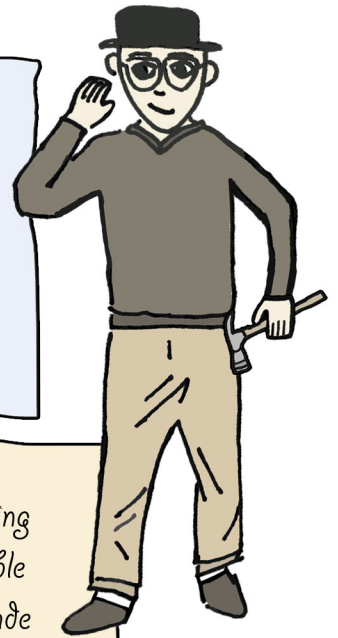
Meanwhile, George inherited a significant amount of money from a relative he'd never met.



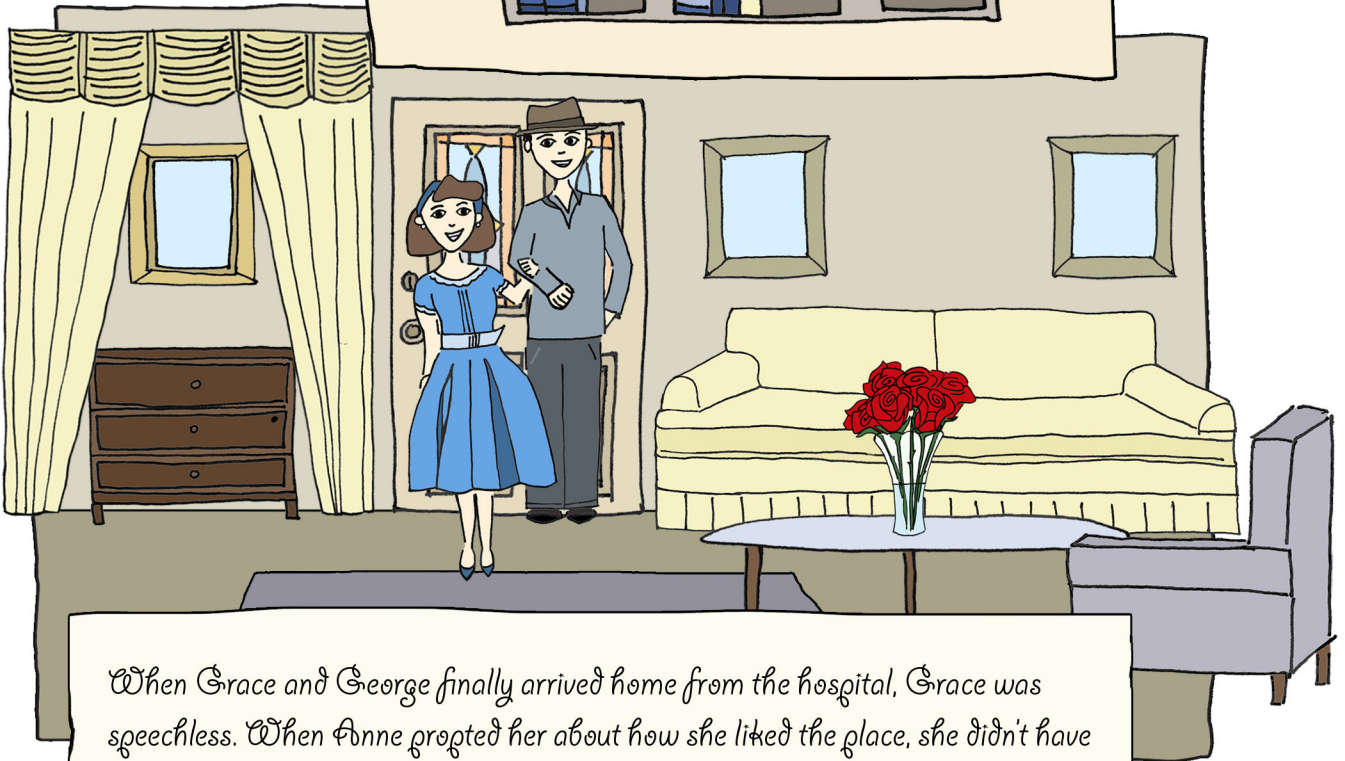
Finne came down with a virus that kept her in the hospital.



Immediately after George realized that money was no longer an issue, he caught the decorating bug. Suddenly, it became all he could talk about, and Fonne and I were willingly drafted to help him. Construction workers worked round the clock while Fonne handled all of the specifications extracted from Grace's files.



Luckily, Grace had filed provisions for everything from bookends to soap dishes and Fonne was able to match absolutely everything save the exact shade of yellow for the curtain and couch.



When Grace and George finally arrived home from the hospital, Grace was speechless. When Fonne propted her about how she liked the place, she didn't have much to say. Grace thanked Fonne for the flowers and said, "That material held its color perfectly for years, and then, poof, it fades like this after a few weeks