

Bethesda, March 1, 1949

Dear Mamma,

As you see, we arrived quite safely and were met on the platform by William as scheduled. L.J. became quite restless on the train though, and at one point went so far as to spit, slowly and deliberately, on the floor of the seat in back of us. It naturally horrified the lady who occupied the seat. I had to tell him stories all the way from Wilmington to Washington to keep him in order.

The house looked entirely different to me when I got back. You know that phenomenon, surely. For five or ten minutes I could "see ourselves as others see us", and discovered to my joy that I dearly loved the way I'd fixed the house up. It looked small but elegant to me - isn't that nice? In short order, alas, I saw it with the same familiar eyes, but for a while there it was a delightful sensation. I was overjoyed to find the coffee pot and milk pot back already from the silver people, looking simply wonderful. William had gone down to get them on Saturday, knowing how much I would appreciate seeing them on my return. He had even shined the coffee urn so it would match the newly silvered things. You can't imagine how fine they look; I'm simply delighted with them.

We have been eating the fresh eggs like mad. Bacon and eggs Sunday night, soufflé last night, bacon and eggs for lunch today, and custard for dessert! They certainly are good, and we thank you very much for including them. Not a one broke, either, happily enough.

Spring is not here, I'm sorry to say. I suppose you have had a snow also, and freezing water. I hope it won't harm all those nice flowers that are coming up in our garden so bravely. Of course L.J. was delighted, and insisted on going out in the snow even tho the boots seemed to have been forgotten in Flemington. I would buy him a pair of arctics if it weren't so late in the season that it seems foolish, when he'd only probably outgrow them by the time next fall comes around.

Betsy and Coit were over here yesterday as usual, and Coit immediately asked in his stolid little way, "Where's your grandma's mother, Laurence John's mother?" On the way home from the station on Sunday I remarked to L.J. that when he got home he could tell Betsy and Coit about how he had been on a big diesel train. "I'll tell them about how I spit on the big train," said that odd little boy. He's been eating quite well since he got back.

This morning I got my dress from Garfinckels, and I can't wait to try it on of course. But my hair is now up, so I guess I'll have to wait. Anyway it's definitely a spring or summer dress so I couldn't wear it right away in any case. I know my new hat is going to look fine with it. I talked to Virginia Davis on the telephone this morning, and she asked me if I would cut it in half (the hat) and give her half, because she likes it so very much! Poor Virginia has been having quite a time. She went to the dentist to have a tooth looked into, he gave her some novocaine and hit a vein, with the result that she has a black eye now! Also she has had trouble with her legs, and has to tape both ankles up daily. Bain Jr. has tonsils and she and he are hardly on speaking terms after a long winter anyway, so she has all my sympathy. Heavens, no paper. Much love and thanks,