

Wednesday, March 9, '49
Bethesda

Dear Mamma,

You and I must have caught the same cold. I got mine about a week ago, and it started one morning at ten precisely, in a most unusual way. No sore throat, just the drips beginning on the dot of ten. When I woke up that morning, I had felt fine. When I went to bed I had a first class cold. (Also a hot whiskey and a copy of Cranford- so things weren't so bad really!) I suppose it was the aftermath of all that bustling and excitement in New York, or else we both picked up a germ on the Washington-Philadelphia train, and it just incubated.

When I didn't get a letter from you I guessed that you must have been getting worse, and that's why I finally decided to call you up and find out. Well, I was happy to learn you were out of the woods. I am too. Actually, this hasn't been one of my worst colds, fortunately- only annoying.

We went over and had dinner at the Davis house last Friday night, me with my faithful box of Kleenex. Another ~~xxx~~ couple from William and Bain's section of the Department were there too, so we had a very pleasant evening indeed. Salmon loaf and ice cream with strawberry sauce. Young Dana Davis said she had loved Wind in the Willows (which I gave her as a delayed Christmas present) so Dana is now in my good graces.

Saturday we went to Best's and bought poor L.J. some new pink pajamas in a size six, so I hope they will last till next winter. I am going to THROW OUT all those other pajamas, darn them. William had a luncheon at the Venezuelan Embassy that day, but it was stag. I'm still brooding about the fact that absolutely the only luncheon party I've been invited to since I arrived in Washington occurred on the very day I was moving in! Fate!

I finally painted L.J.'s bed, and on Sunday we put it up. I'm happy to say it looks simply wonderful, strangely enough, and in honor of the new bed I washed all his other furniture and cleaned off the shelves, putting all his toys in a box in the closet. Now his room looks quite presentable. He was simply delighted and thrilled at having a grown-up soldier's bed, with real sheets and blankets. So far he hasn't gotten out of bed at all- even less than he did when he was in his old bed.

We had a visit while we were away on Saturday from daddy's first cousin, Gertrude Hager, who turns out to live quite near us. So on Sunday we dressed in our best and went to call on them. She seems very sweet. He is head of the District of Columbia's Teacher's College now. Both their children are grown up and gone now, so she rather shyly admitted to having a job which she said was "just clerical" but which sounded perfect ~~xxx~~ to me, because she can take time off from it whenever she wants, and always takes four months in the summer off. I rather gathered she loved it, but was for some strange reason a bit ashamed of having a "purely clerical" job.

I finally got "That Hideous Strangth" from the Baltimore library, and walked down to Bethesda to get it yesterday afternoon. OOps! No paper, and L.J. wants his lunch anyLÖve,