

April 19, 1949; Bethesda

Dear Mamma,

It was nice of you to call on Easter, and L.J. was sorry he couldn't talk to you also. He wanted to tell you what the bunny had brought him. "Did you tell my grandmamma that the Bunny came and brought me a chocolate egg with my name on it?" He is currently very anxious to have you come down here. On Sunday at supper he announced that he wanted to have you be here. "where's my grandmamma? Why isn't my grandmamma here at my house? I want to show her things!" We asked him what things he wanted to show you, but he said "just things, that's all." And the other day when we went to Gretchen Cole's, the dress shop where he is well known, they asked him where he had been all the time they hadn't seen him. "Oh, playing with Betsy and Coit; and at my grandmamma's house." They asked him where his grandmamma lived, and he replied "On a farm in Flemington New Jersey. He has chickens and dogs and a couch where we lie down and take rest periods." He was stumped, naturally, when they asked him what was the name of the street his grandmamma lives on. "I don't know the name of it. It's just a lane, a little, little, lane!" They asked him if he liked his grandmamma, and he replied "Yes. She reads to me about Moley and Ratty." His approach to affectionate relationships is always the practical one!

I hope you will be able to make it down here before the chickens come, because otherwise you will be incarcerated for the rest of the summer without a break, as you were last summer. As you know, the bed is always ready for you so just pack up your bag and come whenever you feel like it. Good weather should be here fairly permanently soon, and although it seems silly to say this when you live right in the heart of the beautiful country, our area too is beginning to look very nice and vernal indeed. The Georgetown Road is a little harder to see every day. As far as we are concerned any time will do splendidly, because our pace goes on as usual, so you make up your own mind in consultation with Jimmy, and plan to take a holiday before you have to settle down with the chicks. William can meet you where or when you want on weekends, and after six on weekdays. Laurence John looked at me accusingly this morning and said "Susan's grandmamma is there at her house, and where is my grandmamma?" Susan is a new playmate he has found, who lives in the big old-fashioned house in back of us. L.J. seems to think it's my fault that you aren't here as much as he would like.

We are having the Mills and Gertrude Hager and her husband to dinner tomorrow night, because the Mills no longer go out on Friday or Saturday night. Their 14-year-old daughters have to be ferried to and from their various engagements, or else they stay out all hours and come back with sailors, soldiers, or what have you that they pick up. They are quite a problem to their parents.

I've been picking dandelions and wild garlic till my back is fair broken, but the garden still looks awful. We planted some more grass seed and put on Vigoro, but there are still numberless places I'd like to have your advice on. It's all one big mystery to me. At least I've got some of the weeds out.

Saturday night we are going to an African reunion at the home of Colonel Homer Heller, whom we know in Lagos. Mr. Shantz, Mr. Lynch,

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