

Bethesda, Tuesday, June 13, '49

Dear Mamma,

Here we are back again after a safe and uneventful trip down. We made it in good time and got here before the boy's bedtime. He took a nap beginning a little before ~~Frankie~~ like an angel (I mean before Doylestown) and was thoroughly good all the time, though the weather was pretty hot even for adults. He slept for an hour or more! He certainly is a hundred percent better to travel with than he was last year. But I found myself out of my usual routine when I got back, and somehow the work has seemed longer than ever. Also, the boy has been sort of naughty off and on, impish and contrary, as it were. I suppose he will settle down too, pretty soon. He and Betsey have been making up for lost time and playing together earnestly ever since our arrival. She was on our doorstep at eight thirty on Monday morning saying, "I'antta play 'ith Lauwance Joo-ohn," in her usual falsetto. They're coming over to lunch tomorrow.

When I got back I found that we were having a flood of invitations out and that the baby-sitter situation was absolutely terrible, due to graduation, the end of school, etc. Laura Rowse is unavailable, and Carol Hoppe has a job for the rest of the summer so won't be able to sit at all! Laura is going away very soon, anyway. I have had to waste hours looking around for other sitters. It will be a little better after this week (graduation week) but in any case I'm going to have to look around for some more "regulars".

We got a letter from Janie saying that she has almost decided to take the bit in the teeth, gird up her loins, gather her forces, take a slew of vitamins, prepare her mind, and take all three children on a motor trip east this summer. She says she knows she's mad as a hatter, but she'd like to come herself and if she doesn't take the children, she can't come any other way. I just finished a letter back telling her that she is welcome as flowers in May here, that we can find beds for them all, and send them out in the play area in the daytime. She says they might be here in August. Norman is going to a conference in Penna. somewhere.

Jane Meleney announces that they are off to Martha's Vineyard for the month of July, much to L.J.'s horror. He wants to go with them. I told ~~them~~ he he couldn't, of course, so he said he would stop them from going somehow! It occurred to me that you might favor this plan: We could drive up to Flemington on Fri. July first (if L.J. were going away himself, he mightn't mind so much!)- providing William could get the afternoon off, as he might very possibly be able to do) I could stay with you and the boy that week and we could do some picking and canning. Then I could come back here on the train the next weekend, and William and I could both come down the weekend of the 14th to collect the boy. I would greatly appreciate another week of boylessness. Especially because I think we are going to have a first class invasion at the end of July and all during August. The Kingsleys are coming up, possibly the Manns, and the Kuhlmanns will be here again. If Aunt Janie and the children come I'll need to be in trim, as it were. Well, you think about it and tell me if you could manage that schedule. By the way, that boy had no sooner woken up from his nap than he started berating us for taking him away from the farm. "I wanted to STAY with Sheba. Why did you take me away?" You just can't tell how he's going to react. He kept insisting, when we remonstrated, that he'd never said he wanted to go to ~~Washington~~ *Washington at all! What a boy!*

He kept insisting, when we remonstrated, that he'd never said he wanted to go to Washington at all!
What a Boy!

Love, LPK