

Bethesda, Tuesday, July 19, 1949

Dear Mamma,

We had a very rainy trip back, which made us arrive rather late, but L.J. was good, took his nap for an hour nicely, and entertained us with his prattle the rest of the time. He told us that he was a truck driver named Catsup, Mr. Catsup, and that he had a partner named Field, and a son named Laurence. He and Mr. Field owned a small dump truck and a large dump truck. Mr. Field (whom he later became, somehow,) had an old father who got older and older and finally died and went "down to heaven". And so on almost endlessly. We had supper at sixirty at the Old Court Inn in Pikesville. L.J. was, and announced that he was, "very good in the restaurant." By the time he got home his goodness was wearing the smallest bit thin, and he went to bed in tears and went right to sleep at nine. During the middle of the trip, when we were in Chester, he asked his father plaintively when we were going to drive back to Flemington "to make peaches- they are all ripe, because grandmamma picked one." No amount of arguing on my part would convince him that those peaches wouldn't be ripe till later.

All well at home, but as ever, a lot to do. I can't understand why I don't have it all done by this time, and an end to it! The Washington Suburban Sanitary Commission sent a truck to haul away the large pile of junk I had accumulated by cleaning out the cellar and the garage, and the packing of the new equipment. The Rainway Express sent an inspector out to look at the box with the broken Disposall in it. He filled out a form, and gave us another form on which to file our claim. William will fill it out, and then decide what to do about the broken Disposall. I am trying to get everything nice and clean for the arrival of the Drakes, after which I shall only have to get everything nice and clean again, deary me! However, I really do have more time now with the dishwasher chugging away in my behalf.

I see we must have left one pair of yellow pajamas, a bottle of Allwite, and his slippers up there by mistake. As L.J. put it, "I gwavely fear we left them at my gwandmamma's." I'm happy to say that in the absence of the Meleneys he has another little companion in Gene Slater, whose mother has suddenly relented and allowed him to come over here to play. It's high time, since he's almost five. They get along pretty well together, and I only hope they keep up playing with each other, because when he has no one to play with he is msierable and hangs around my feet by the hour in a pitiful but hopelessly annoying way, all ready to take offense at anything I say!

We are going to slay a good many birds with one stone next Friday, and have a party in honor of the new Dishwasher as well as four separate and distinct people who happen to be without husbands or wives right now: Martha Kingsley (he's in Boston visiting his parents), Pat Bruns (he's in Tokyo, where she will follow him in two weeks), Dick Whittinghill (she's away for the summer, and William knew them in Milan) and Mr. Lobenstine, the new desk officer for Peru, who kindly bought me eight Peruvian silver soup or ice cream bowls which I will get when his wife returns from visiting relatives. I am hoping the Lobenstines will buy a house they are thinking of near us, because they have a child they want to take to the Lady Isabel School, and if they get the house and do send the child to the school, we can work a deal to transport Mr. L to the office and L.J. to school. OOPS!