

Monday, July 25, 1949. Bethesda

Dear Mamma,

Yesterday was so clear, so cool, and so sunny it reminded us of Caracas. But today- ah, today is different! Today is very hot and quite humid, and it reminds me of Washington. We had company to dinner last night, so I was rather tired after lunch, and to my own surprise I had to go upstairs and take a nap after I had come down from putting the boy in bed, confidently hoping to be able to work. Instead, my eyes began to close, and I woke up to find that I'd slept almost an hour. I don't like to sleep in the daytime, though, because it makes me feel groggy and dazed for hours afterward.

We had Martha Bush and two gentlemen to dinner on Friday, and Martha stayed overnight afterward because she is staying way out in Ellicott City and didn't want to drive back late at night. She brought us a delicious cinnamon coffee ring and some marvelous marzipan and nut candies, alack, and I couldn't resist either. I love marzipan, with its delightful fairy-tale colors and shapes. At least, I've been telling myself, it isn't chocolate. Then again last night we had to have the Parkes and another friend of William's Milan days over to dinner, and before they arrived the Kuhlmanns dropped in much to our surprise. Ordinarily I would have asked them to stay, but I hadn't made enough food and anyway I was not planning to serve any drinks, because the visitor from Milan days was a man named Frank Nichols, who used to drink far too excess and has been making a valiant effort these days not to touch alcohol at all. I made some of my great grandmother's lemonade instead, and didn't want to tempt the poor man by making him look at other people drinking. So the poor Kuhlmanns ran out just as the Parkes and Mr. Nichols arrived, and I quickly hid their whiskey glasses in the kitchen. I'll have to have Thane and Alice over with the Skartvedts next Friday. You remember them, don't you? They were all down in Caracas with us. Thane has been transferred to Washington now.

I called the plumbers again this morning because the water wasn't draining out of my dishwasher completely after use, and I thought it was making my glasses come out cloudy. Within a couple of hours Mr. Hughes was here, had spotted what he thinks is the trouble, and has called the electrician to come and fix it, since it was the latter who made the mistake, it appears. Then five minutes after he left some more men from Stoneburner and Hughes arrived, unaware that Mr. Hughes had already been here. Such service! Well, while he was here Mr. Hughes took another look at the poor old Disposall, and decided to try to do something about that broken part for me- put a sleeve on it or something like that, so I can use it. "I'll see what I can do, because those Railway Express people might take eight months arguing", said my kind friend Mr. Hughes. So I thanked him profusely and he dashed away with it in his truck. I certainly hope he can work it out! Then we can argue at our leisure with the Railway Express. I can certainly recommend Stoneburner and Hughes to my friends!... We are expecting Janie et al. on Sunday next. I have washed my curtains and dust ruffle in the bedroom, bought a hanging shelf for my cookbooks in the kitchen, and what with my dishwasher working so well inspite of its raults, I feel all fixed up. What a wonderful differenece it makes on party nights! We are upstairs fifteen minutes after guests leave, instead of forty-five. Love,