

Monday, August 15, 1949
Bethesda

J
Dear Janie,

As you see, this typewriter is incapable of writing the initial of your name, either in capitals or in small letters. This is because I let Laurence ohn practice writing on it. Why I let him practice on it I don't know, now, but I did.

The yard is quiet, the halls echo, the place looks positively antiseptic, and we miss the joyful chaos of your visit. Hectic it was, as we agreed, but I wouldn't have done without it for anything, and I hope you feel the same. I am sitting around all day twiddling my thumbs, or else feverishly cleaning the house in an effort to be doing something. The boy hangs around my legs most of the time asking me what he can do with himself, poor lonesome child. I'll be glad when it's time for his school - if we can find transportation for him.

As he was eating his lunch yesterday noon, Laurence ohn asked us plaintively "Did they felt they HAD to go back to their house?" so I guess that in spite of all his naughtiness and his unwillingness to share toys, etc., the boy really enjoyed having the children here very much. Today he kept asking me where they were, and if they were in Waco yet. Obviously life has lost its charm for him.

So you see this is just a kind of thank-you letter for having come, and for being so cheerful and kind and generous when you arrived. I'm so very glad I was able to get to know the children. I believe I am one of their proudest aunts.

With a kiss for each one individually,