

Thurs. Oct. 13, 1949  
Bethesda

Dear Mamma,

So you had a cold, too! What a shame, and I hope it wasn't some of those bugs Laurenceohn and I left lying around. William has had it also, and it has gone into his sinuses, unfortunately. That always makes him even more miserable than he would normally be with a cold. I got over mine very soon, actually, but the little boy has still with him a really annoying little cough that sometimes wakes him during the night.

I wanted to write to you sooner, but I started another article  $\phi!$  and simply couldn't do anything until it was finished. I can see that once you start writing you can't stop. I still have to type this thing up in a final draft, but when I finally finished it I was so bored with it I couldn't stand to look at it. Perhaps in a few days I'll be able to type it out, and then I think I'll ask brotherohn if he would be so kind as to read ~~at~~ and make inquiries as to what ladies' magazine might want to buy it. As I said, I was so preoccupied with that thing that I couldn't get my work done, and the leaves started to pile up tremendously in the yard. I'm anxious to get them off the lawn so they won't stunt the growth of the new baby grass underneath, but I'm afraid the competition between me and the woods next door is going to result in complete victory for the woods, especially if I go on writing things.

We finally got the invitation for a wedding in Norfolk, and it appears it is indeed taking place on Friday, October twenty-first- the very day of your birthday! But if you are better and wouldn't object to coming, we'd love it if you could. You would have to come down on Wednesday or Thursday of next week, whichever ever you felt like; we would leave on Friday and come back on Saturday, I guess, though William and I really haven't talked it over at all.

We are having another wedding this week- they are coming thick and fast. A Dutch girl seems to have hooked our Best Man, Jack MacSweeney, after so many others failed to catch him. In any case, the wedding announcement was the first we had heard about it, so we don't know anything other than that she has a Dutch name and is being given away or at least sponsored by the Dutch Naval Attache here, a Honkheer Hendrik van Foreest. It is to take place this Saturday, and if they don't stop ~~getting~~ getting married soon we will be paupers ~~x~~ from buying so many wedding presents.

The boy has written you another letter. He does it by slowly saying out the words, dividing them in syllables the way grown-ups do when they are "writing out loud". I've forgotten what he said when he wrote this letter, but it was all terribly earnest and as I remember crammed full of interesting items of news about dogs and cats and woodchucks and trucks. He is getting your room ready for your visit by placing little caches of acorns here and there. "Grand-mamma can eat them if it's a very hard winter".

Much love,