

Sat. Dec. 3, 1949

Dear Mamma,

This typewriter is so beautifully repaired now that it is a positive pleasure to use it. I can even write J's again! Well, we have to be going into town soon for our Saturday chores, but while William finishes out in the garden and L.J. is asleep; perhaps I'll have time to dash off a little letterkin to you. Dear Mrs. Rowse just came in and said she is going to be doing her Christmas cards tonight anyway, so she could sit for us if we wanted to go out. How nice of her! We wanted to see that movie "Passport to Pimlico" but it isn't on this week. We might go and see Laurence Olivier in Hamlet, however.

We had the Mills and Nancy Mann over last night. Tom is off to an expedition through Mexico and Guatemala, so poor Nancy is all alone with Clifton and Mrs. Schumann. I'll be in the same condition come next January, for William is definitely going on that trip of his then. Laurence John wrote "S. Mills" on the blackboard for Shelley to see - quite well, too. At least it was recognizable.

I went wild and bought myself a lovely grey nylon permanently pleated shirtwaist-type dress the other day, paying for it with my own tiny hoard of cash. I know I shouldn't have, but I keep acting like Mr. Tead, repentant and sobbing with shame one day, fanatically eager to be off riding my hobby horse the next day. I just don't have any sense about clothes. I love them dearly, passionately, unreasonably. This latest folly is washable, and the lady claims, as I say, that the pleats stay in without ironing. It should be good summer or winter. Ho hum, what a dope!

On Thursday we attended the burying of our dear friend Allan Dawson, in Arlington Cemetery. He was a graduate of West Point, so there was a military escort and a military band. It was cold and sunny. I managed to remain inaudible, I think.

We must give thought to Christmas. I do so wish there were some way for Grandpa Jim to come down, if only for the day. Couldn't he get some one to come over and attend to the animals, just for once? Surely someone could be induced to do it as a special Christmas good deed. I want you to come down if you possibly can, but I hate to keep you away from home two Christmases in a row. Tell me what you think about it. I wouldn't feel so bad about Jimmy if it weren't that he's never been down here at all, and you weren't there with him last Christmas. Can't you think of anyone who might be willing to take over the essential chores for a short time? Then Jimmy could hop on the train, rush down here and back, leaving his truck in a garage in Trenton, perhaps. You could stay for a week or so, and be back in time for New Year's, as you were last year. The Szatinskis? The Murrays? Wouldn't the McGully's like to spend Christmas on the farm??? Oh heck. You know the situation, but couldn't you try?

Love,