

Saturday, Oct. 2, 1948

4-54 p 1/1

Dear Man ma,

I must take just a moment to tell you about L.J.'s latest, then I'll get down to the grocery list. William had to go in for weekend duty at the Department this morning, but he'll be back this afternoon and we can go about our regular and slightly grueling Saturday routine.

This morning I put L.J. out on the porch to play, and he was quiet for such a nice long time I began to have grave suspicions as to his conduct. Sure enough, when I went out to see I found him playing happily on the floor, completely surrounded by wads of the stuffing from that pillow you sent down to go on the back of the black wicker chair. He had found a hole in it, and was dragging it all out tuft by tuft. I shook my head in resignation, and just asked him to put it all back in again. He ran and hid his head in the chaise longue, but obediently came back and started loading it back in. When I went back in I heard him saying over and over again to himself (but in a voice mild yet loud enough for me to hear) "I'm so disappointed. I'm too old to do that sort of thing. Why was I naughty? I'm so disappointed with me!"

I bought him a piggie bank as a bribe to take home the other day when Leola was here and I went out during the afternoon. I asked him what he would call the pig, and without hesitation he said "I'll name him Donald Duck Door"- and that's what he's called him ever since.

We had a party again last night, with the Brauers (they were in Caracas) and William's nice boss and his wife, Shelly and Francesca Mills. Curried chicken and peas with a few mushrooms, plus rice, Ballard biscuits, and some of the current jelly. They all admired my decorations, which naturally made me very happy.

Must close, and see what is causing all the noise outside. Laurence John often thinks of you, and when we say "Bow wow woow, whose dog art thou?" he always answers, "GRANNAMMA's dog!" He'll be so delighted when you can come again, so you put your mind to it and think when it would be most convenient for Jimmy, because any time suits us.

Love,