

5208 Glenwood Road, Bethesda
November 15, 1948

Dear Mama,

I was surprised to see by my letter files how long it had been since I'd last written to you. I somehow had the notion I'd written a very few days ago. Well, here I am, and please excuse me. That I had done was answer some letters I should have answered long ago (to Rosette Savorgnan and Virginia Hoover), and also I'd written to John, finally thanking him for the pictures.

Life has been going on such an even keel that time has flown. It always does when little happens outside of the routine. We have been out only twice since I wrote you- once to see "Henry V" and again last night, to a party at Austin Kittenhouse's apartment. We knew him down in Venezuela. We simply loved Henry V. It was the most unusual photography I've ever seen- done, in the main, like a series of scenes from an old illuminated manuscript or a Medieval painting. A delight to behold. Alas, the comedy scenes were quite unintelligible to us, for they were done in Shakesperian language with a cockney accent, and the combination was beyond our fathoming. But the lovely lines spoken by Olivier were most understandable poetry. Oh, those strange scenes, though! If you haven't seen it, you should make a real effort to locate a revival of it, if only for those incredible picture-like scenes. They aren't life-like at all, they are picture-like, and the characters move about against manuscript-backgrounds. We also enjoyed the party at Kit's house, for we hadn't been to a party in several weeks.

Laurence John is still at me to get you to come down here, and scarcely a day passes on which he doesn't mention you and Jimmy in some context. I should so enjoy a visit from you myself that I really wish you would do more than just think about coming, and start packing your bag. When I finally finished (poorly indeed) the famous bedspread for Gammamma's room, L.J. cried "NOW Gammamma can come and sleep in her room, can't she, mamma!"- and indeed it's all ready and waiting for you. Whatever are you waiting for? "Then His Majesty Himself has requested your presence!"

I told L.J. about how your toilet was almost finished, and he was interested to find out that the hen had found another place to lay her eggs. He enjoys his part of your letters very much, and always wants to have the letter to "read" afterwards. At such times he says "I'm just talking to Gammamma, please don't bother me." He asked me to sing him the song about the bumble bee this noon at lunch, and when I admitted I didn't know it he said "My Gammamma knows that song. Jimmy doesn't know it. Daddy doesn't know it. But Gammamma knows it, and she tells me stories, too. Isn't Gammamma NICE?" A fact! that's what he said. You are certainly his favorite, so I really do hope you'll make a big effort to come down and see him as soon and as often as you can, to oblige us all.

We spent Saturday and Sunday raking the leaves and burning them. A pleasant, healthy, dirty task, and one long overdue to be done. Of course poor little L.J. insisted on "helping us", so it still isn't all done, and I think I'd better spend part of this afternoon trying to finish up if I can, but there's also the wedding to be taken care of, as well as a supper. Work for the night is coming!

Lovingly,