

Monday, May 16, 1949
Bethesda

Dear Mamma,

My, how busy we have been here recently! I never saw the grass grow so fast in my life. And I've painted the porch, and made covers for the two chairs and one for that triangular pillow you gave me. Sad to say, after I'd made them all up I discovered to my horror that the red of the material we bought at Sears and the red of the furniture and the chaise longue swear at each other like bitter enemies, but I can't think of a single thing to do about it, so I am going to have to lump it. The only thing I could do I did do: reduce the amount of the red. I've repainted all the chairs and tables and the lamp, in the same jade green as the floor of the porch. They look very nice, I think. But the chaise longue and the chair covers still stare at each other venomously and hopelessly. It's such a shame, because otherwise the porch looks just fine, inviting as can be! We had our lunch on the bridge table out there Sat. and Sun. afternoons, and as L.J. put it, "My, how pleasant!" We gardened like crazy all during the weekend, working on the bank, the grass, the spraying, tying up the rambler roses (which are now out in full and glorious bloom) and cutting down the overgrown vines and bushes. Fortunately we managed to stop a knife-grinding man and had the lawn mower sharpened, as well as all our knives. Now the lawn is clipped shorter at each mowing, but it's just as exhausting work as ever. I did the front yard yesterday, and must do the back (the easier section) today, if it doesn't start raining.

Apparently we both put in calls to each other at the same time on Mother's day. At first I was mystified when the operator said the three minutes were up, because I hadn't asked my operator to do it. We went out to dinner at the Mills house that night. Mrs. Mills is going to send her twins to boarding school next year, because they have now gotten utterly and completely out of hand, refusing to obey at all, and running off to dances they were forbidden to go to. Well, you see you didn't have the very worst-behaved daughter, after all! We had our friends the Fishburns and the Chapmans (William's Fletcher School friends) in to dinner on Friday, and last night we went to supper at the Skartvedt's house near Sears Roebuck. The Skartvedt girls now apparently have the measles, so I hope I haven't brought them home to L.J. I doubt it, as I didn't get near them. As for me, I've had them. We sent the two documents off on Thursday, which was as soon as we could, and I hope they were all as they should have been. L.J. keeps saying "Document dogs, ha!"

William thinks he will take advantage of his vacation rights this year, in order to paint the front of the house and do other odd jobs around the place. It will have to be at the end of this month, and the beginning of the next. I think he said from the 30th of May to the 12th of June, or thereabouts. In any case if it's all right with you people I'd like to begin plans for my giant cocktail party, which I'd like to have take place on Thursday June ninth. My thought was that William could get off at noon on Friday the 28th, drive us up to Flemington with L.J., leave on Sunday or so, and come back here to work on the house and get ready for the cocktail party. We could then go up to Flemington again on Friday the 10th, collect the young man, and be back in time for work on Monday. I made a mistake up there and said Friday the twenty-ninth, but I mean the Friday after that - the third of June, or so. We could make it more leisurely then, because it would be during the vacation. I'm still not sure, however, that William will actually take his vacation. He hates the thought of leaving his work that long, really. On the other hand he does want to get the house

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