

5208 Glenwood Rd. Bethesda
July 28, 1949

Dear Pop and Helen,

Since Laurence ohn has been practicing on this typewriter it will no longer write the middle letter in his initials, as you can see. At least I can be thankful it wasn't the "e" key that is out of order.

Well well, let's see what's been happening. We have been back and forth between here and Flemington. I spent a week there myself, during which time I made some nice current jelly, and some raspberry and current sauce for vanilla ice cream. The boy stayed on by himself an extra week. Before we all left the Hoovers turned up on leave from Montevideo, and since he was on consultation here and only got per diem for himself and not the family, I asked them to stay at our house to avoid hotel bills as much as possible. So they moved in the day we all left for Flemington. William came back alone on the Fourth of July, and the Saturday after that I returned by train and we had a nice visit together until the following Tuesday, when I had to throw the poor dears out certainly not in the cold, but at least in the stifling heat. The reason for this cruel behavior on my part was that we had received the cases containing my new dishwasher and disposall sink unit, and when the plumbers arrived to install it they had to tear out the kitchen and we couldn't eat at home for a couple of days. With jimmy and ohnny to be fed, they couldn't stay on here. It was ver nice indeed to see them, and we had several pleasant remniscent days and evenings together before they left for the west. It was also very nice indeed to see my new dishwasher and disposall arrive. Alas, the Disposall was chipped in transit and couldn't be installed until the plumber thought of a way to repair it. The dishwasher worked however, and has been helping enormously, especially after parties. I find it a help all the time though, since I can rinse the dishes off after meals, place them in the machine, and run it only once a day. The plumbers only put the repaired Disposall in the other day and they haven't succeeded in ironing out all the kinks yet, but when they do I think I shall have no more problems at all. I hope they are able to setttle everything before Sunday, because that is the day on which we are expecting anie add Norman and the three children for a visit of about a week, and we will need all the mechanical gadgets in the book- I only wish we could buy a mechanical child-watcher for the occasion! We got the unit through jimmy at about a hundred dollars less than list price, and it was while it was en route from Orange via Railway Express that it must have gotten the chip in the Disposall. We are now dealing with Railway Express anent the cost of repairing the chip. We had some insurance on it, but as the plumber said, "Lady, you won't get anything from them for eight months!" Still, William is working on it. It is a relief to be rid of that broken down old linoleum-topped sink. The plumber cut off the still useful end cabinets from it and set them up in life separately, so I have as much or more space as I did before. We look elegant as all get out now!

Your trip around Europe is out of this world, wonderful. It is when you come to Switzerland and Italy that William will turn green. However, I shall expect a town-by-town descript

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on of the whole expedition when you come to Bethesda, as I am confidently hoping that you will as soon as you possibly can. It would be inconceivable, of course, that you shouldn't come and stay as long as you possibly can. I can allow no doubts nor hesitations on that score whatsoever.

Since I haven't written for so long a time I have less than usual to talk about. Laurence John has been a good boy lately, as boys go, and has acquired a passion for blue jeans which will not allow him to wear anything else, even in the hottest days. They are, of course, comfortable and easy to wash, but occasionally we would like him to look a touch more elegant- absolutely no, it must be blue jeans only. He spoke about you the other day, saying "Abuelito Campbell is my toy man." This because I often refer to the toys you brought to him down in Caracas. When he wants to go for a walk and I am unable to take him he will occasionally throw you in my face by saying "Well my abuelito Campbell will come and take me for a walk if you aren't a good mamma!" We are currently studying maps during lunch, and he is fascinated by such things as the Red Sea and Scotland, where the Scottie dogs come from. He says the British Isles look like a dog sitting down looking at a bone, and is cruelly delighted by the way Italy is perpetually kicking Sicily around. He knows where Abuelito Campbell has been, and where Daddy and Mamma met each other, and where Caracas is (right next to the Alcoa Clipper, according to him).

The young man has discovered that I am writing to you and is plaguing me to stop and make him some lemonade. "Why can't I have ANYTHING to drink?", "Why won't anyone let me typewrite?", "Why doesn't ANYONE talk to me?" He considers letter-writing a form of idleness, and is opposed to it, always doing his best to sabotage my efforts, which is why I usually write when he is napping. Today I was under the impression he had gone out to look at a dump truck and left me in safety to go about my nefarious plans. But no! His vigilance caught me red-handed.

Love,

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