

September 9, 1949- Bethesda

Dear Annie,

Herewith the enlargements of the Wheaties Camera pictures. Long live Wheaties! They came out fairly well except for the ones that were taken in too much shade and for the ones that I took from odd angles. We had quite a time getting them from Mr. People's Drug Store, though, who seemed reluctant to part with such masterpieces.

No news except we have painted the house- William the brick work, I the shutters and trim. It was quite a task, but we feel ghastly noble now that it's done. Our neighbors are lavishing so much praise and admiration on us that I'm afraid it only indicates enormous relief. Laurence John will be starting nursery school next week unless he breaks out in chicken pox, which he's very likely to do, seeing that he played with Coit Meleney all day of the day before Coit blossomed out in spots all over. Laurence John is due to break out beginning today and anytime up till a week from now, and my only consolation is that Betsey will probably have them at the same time, and they can both suffer together, poor dears.

Winter is coming. The leaves are already making me unhappy by forcing me to think how I should be out there sweeping them up. William has been terribly busy because his boss was on vacation, the Bolivian desk officer was sick, the Bolivians had a revolution, and there was nobody around but William to cope. Only consolation here is that it's all wonderful for his reputation around the office. Not much time to contemplate infinity, though.

Time to wake up the boy. Much love from me and William to all of you, and large hugs for our nephews and nieces (neices?)