

Bethesda, Thurs. Oct. 13, '49

Dear Pop,

I was sorry to hear from your first letter written in Madrid that you haven't gotten any letters as of that date. While I haven't been writing as regularly as I used to in Caracas, I certainly have been sending them at you in a fairly steady stream, and I'm sure you will soon be receiving a whole bunch together. I'm just sorry they weren't there to meet you, as it were. The address in Madrid held me back for a while.

We had a call from Cousin Gertrude last Saturday, and went to call that afternoon while Laurence was celebrating Coit's birthday with what the children all call a happy-birthday party. Cousin Gertrude says she had a wonderful time all summer, much better than she had thought she would. We got a chance to see Ruth and her husband also, for they were visiting from New York State for a weekend. Ruth is quite a small girl, although naturally she has grown considerably since the last time I saw her! Her husband is also not large, and they are both quite quiet. Cousin Walter does most of the talking in that family. I have a suspicion little Ruth is going to have a baby, because she said she had quit her job the week previous, and is now a lady of leisure. They told me that they had seen you in Germany, and were most grateful to you both for having gone so far to see them.

The leaves of the forrest are calling to me, and the truth of the matter is that were I to rake them all off the lawn each morning and each evening, it would still be hard to tell the difference each afternoon. The lovely trees in the woods next door are a real joy during the spring and summer, very beautiful but a headache in the autumn. I rake huge mountains of them off of each section of the yard, Laurence then falls in the piles happily, but the next day when I come out, there are just as huge piles of them to be raked as ever. And I mustn't leave them on the new baby grass which we planted a month ago, according to Mrs. Rhine. Sisyphus and those boys had it easy.

Two weddings in two weeks! William's friend from Dartmouth and Fletcher School days, Grant Meade, is going to be married in Norfolk next Friday, and this Saturday our Best Man, Jack Mac Sweeney, is going to get married here in Washington. We will be pauperized if somebody doesn't start showing some sales resistance to marriage pretty soon.

I can hardly wait for my magnum opus to appear in the pages of the F.S. Journal, but knowing the leisurely pace of that magazine I know it will be some time before I'll be in a position to send you a copy.

Gather ye rosebuds there in Madrid, even though they be night-blooming flowers! I can see indeed that it would be rather difficult to get used to such strenuous hours.

Love to you both,