

Friday May 5, 1950

Dear Mamma,

Heavens, we had a thunder storm early this morning just as we were getting up! It's never happened before at that hour. All this rain has been going on for weeks, and has made the grass grow so fast and furious that William can't keep up with it at all, either on the bank or on the front lawn. We haven't tried mowing the back lawn yet because all that fine expensive seed I put in (with father's help) has only now begun to come up as grass, and still seems too young and tender to go over with the machine. But oh, how lovely everything looks today, a bright spring green, and all the dogwood at its glorious height! Yesterday being Thursday, I was able to go with Pop and Helen and Mrs. Putnam to Mount Vernon, and luckily it was the only clear sunny afternoon we have had all week. The azaleas, pink and white dogwood, and redbud or Judas trees were all perfectly lovely. They certainly have done a good job of landscaping the entire business there leading up to and at Mount Vernon.

I feel you should know that Laurence can count up to thirty, and is able to read such numbers as 30, 45, 20, 90, etc. when he sees them on the prices list at the hamburg stand or on the street cars. His vocabulary has expanded enormously recently, and I'm pretty sure you'll find a big difference even since February. He tosses around such phrases as "In any case...", "That wasn't what I was referring to at all....", and "Unfortunately it would appear that..." just as we do ourselves, only with no r's, of course.

We went to a delightful dinner party at the home of Pat and Jim Freeborn, a Grace Line couple whom we see quite a good deal at the Embassy parties. They are rich enough to afford a nice big house and two maids at dinner, which makes everything so beautifully enjoyable and easy on guests as well as hosts! Ah well, we can't all be that well off, but it's nice just to see it once in a while.

The weather is getting such that I'll have to get up the porch furniture at last. I was glad to get your two letters both at once yesterday, because I had been wondering what was wrong—although I suspected it was because you were so busy with the children at Westfield. What a mess of a situation! I still haven't heard from John about Leslyn's visit, and the time is drawing nigh beyond which I won't be able to do it. Up till the end of May is all, and beyond that I'll have to withdraw the invitation because I'll be getting things ready for the Big Event on June 16. I was much relieved at your saying you thought you would be able to take Laurence that week. I guess we will have to work it the same way we did last year, and drive up the Saturday afterwards. I wish our lovely rambler roses could hold off till the day of the party, but they were all gone by June 9 last year, so even if they are later this year I'm afraid there's no hope.

Having racked my brains for something you would like for Mamma's Day and gotten nowhere (beyond a mink coat and station wagon) I thought I would let you decide yourself, which is probably a better idea anyway! In any case, love for the Day and after.