

5208 Glenwood Road
Bethesda, Maryland
July 27, 1950

Dear Aunt Vonie,

Mrs. Ellis wrote us your congratulations to William on his promotion, and we were glad to hear from her how nicely you are getting on in your new place. I hope you are having the same cool summer that we are enjoying up here. People say it is one of the coolest and rainiest Washington has ever experienced. Our grass is still spring green, and some ivy I planted only last fall has done remarkably well- in fact I think that ivy likes the rainy weather alot better than little Laurence does! The boy doesn't like it a bit when he can't go out and play every day, and the days he can play out it is usually so muddy that when he is ready to come in again I have to make him stop at the kitchen door and take everything off from top to toe. I have five pairs of blue jeans for him, but even then he is sometimes without any, because they are all in the process of being washed!

You may be very proud of our dear William, because he is doing very well indeed in the Department of State. Everyone tells me how calm and logical he is in his work, and how hard he works, too. I know he works hard! He leaves for the office at eight fifteen and doesn't come back till seven or more at night, and works many Sundays, also. But he is remarkably healthy inspite of that, and seldom gets colds in the winter. All in all, I think he is just about the most wonderful man and husband in the world, and I certainly ought to know, don't you think? I always tell little Laurence that he should try to grow up to be as fine a man as his daddy is. I couldn't have a higher ambition for the boy.

The story of how William asked people not to ~~xxxxxx~~ open the door of his "crying room" when he was small sounded to me just like Laurence. He is always coming out with grown-up remarks, and loves to employ big words. His favorite topics for discussion are trucks, railroads, airplanes, street-cars, subways, etc. One night when my father was here, Laurence said to him, "Grandpa, let's talk about life and trolley-cars, shall we?" "nother time he demonstrated a peculiar sort of insight into childish theology: A lady gave him a package of life saver candy, but he couldn't seem to open it right at first. He complained to me about not being able to open the package, but I told him to go ahead and try a little harder, because "love will find a way", I added. So then Laurence surprised me by saying, "God will help me open the Life Savers." "Whatever do you mean by that, son?" I immediately asked. "Well, you know, " he replied patiently, "God is Love, and love will find a way." He is very exited about going to New York right now. We are having our vacation in a few days, and will first go up to my mother's farm in New Jersey, and then to my father's summer home on Long Island, passing through New York City on our way. He has never seen the big city, and can hardly wait to ride on a ferry boat, a subway, and a double-decker bus. My father lives temporarily on Peconic Bay, where the water is shallow and small children can go in for hundreds of yards before the water even reaches their waists. Laurence simply loves the water, and is

Further
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available.