

Saturday, August 19, 1950

Dear Mamma,

We made it in safety after seven hours on the road and at restaurants. Leslyn slept for about an hour in my lap, but although Laurence had the entire back seat to himself, he was unable to drop off to sleep as he usually does. The house looked lovely to me after such a long time away from it, and we were glad to get back, just as we had been glad to get away. It was a lovely vacation, and part of it we owe to you people.

I immediately painted the mirror, and it is now hanging in the hall, looking very pretty indeed. I am glad we got our venetian blinds and the one for the porch, because alas and alack, they have already begun cutting down the trees in the woods next to us for houses. They are saving as many of them as possible, but nonetheless we are in for a difficult period while the houses are being built. However, Laurence will enjoy the process if no one else does! And also to look on the bright side, at least they will be all built by the time we leave, and we will be able to say we are only one block from a bus stop. In addition, I think it's harder to sell a house if there are buildings still going up right next door, with all the dirt and dust entailed. We'll certainly miss the woods, but at least we had two whole summers of them.

Poor William's side continues to pain him, so he is going to see Doctor Norton this afternoon. It sort of worries me, because it seems to be getting worse rather than better.

The children are very happy here, and set to their playing right away. Leslyn said she wanted to come and live with us. She and Betsey get along very nicely, being both well-adjusted children and only a few months apart. They are out almost all the time, and when they eat they hurry to go out again. As before, bath time is looked forward to all day and prolonged as much as possible. They were both anxious to preserve the dirt on their little chests after our arrival, because they said it was the dirt from "their" puppies, Beth and Flower. Since then they have managed to acquire a good many more coats of dirt, however!

I also hung the two black and white medallion pictures, one above the other beside the desk on the side next to the entrance to the living room from the hall. I think they look very nice indeed, and go perfectly with our decor. You'll tell me if you think of a better place for them when you come the next time.

Naturally I won't have an awful lot of time to write when William goes back to the office, but if I don't manage a postcard or a note don't despair, just realize that the two kids plus the accumulation of housework has put a crimp in my correspondence. It's nice having Leslyn here, but it does make for more work and less play for mamma. I'm happy to say I haven't noticed any "symptoms" yet, but William is going to ask Dr. Norton for a prescription for dramamine nonetheless, so we can have it when and if needed. Perhaps I'll have an easier time in that line this time than with Laurence. I certainly hope so, because I'm a working woman now, with no cook nor gardener, etc. to take over when I am hors de combat. Therefore, I can't be hors de combat. Love,