

Friday, Jan. 21, 1950

Dear Mamma,

When you called last night we had a guest, A former Dartmouth roommate of William, so I was sort of confused, and the fact that the line kept dimming out didn't help, either. But here I am this morning, fresh and no more confused than usual, except that Laurence has just gotten to bed after a slightly stormy session. Gracious, but he is ornery at lunchtime! It takes every iota of patience I have to keep from turning him over my knee and spanking him at these times. I didn't.

On Monday I had to go to a luncheon at the Colombian Embassy which cut into my day from noon till five in the afternoon. But it was interesting, just the same. However, since I had been taking care of the boy while he was sick the week before, I had a lot of accumulated work to do, which I had to cram into Tuesday, because on Wednesday I had agreed to go to school with Laurence in the morning. I was trying to see why he didn't like his school, but I'm still none the wiser. I told the teacher about his asthma, and she agreed to keep her eyes open to see if she could see what was eating him, since asthma is supposed to have an emotional basis. Mrs. Ward says she has asthma too, and always has an attack after one or the other of her sons has stayed out without telling her, or something like that. I told her she didn't seem to like coloring pictures, so since then she hasn't made him color the pictures when the other children do. But I still can't figure out what his problem could have been. She says he has been much more cooperative and playful recently than when he first started out. He's been better at home, too.

Yesterday I did some more house-cleaning in the morning, and at noon William called me to ask if he could bring this roommate of his home for dinner, so I scurried around making spaghetti and tomato sauce and salad for the occasion. Dick Muzzey was his name, and he is in the candy business in Boston, as was his father before him. He has recently married after being a hold-out for fifteen years and having been given up by all and sundry as a permanent bachelor. He was down here only for the day, so although I am going to have people in on Saturday also, I thought we had better ask him out. By the way, he says he buys vanilla from none other than Rufina Cagigal, my old friend from Mexico and Philadelphia!

As I hope you were able to hear, (I could barely hear your voice part of the time) I have asked Virginia and Bain and their house guest out to supper on Saturday the 28th. This I did since we owe Virginia for one dinner and one cocktail party, and also since I wanted to have something to occupy me the day after William leaves. Likewise, I thought that you could then be driven to Trengon on a Sunday morning, and arrive here the afternoon, and then you wouldn't have to leave so soon as if you arrived on an earlier day. However, if you think you could make it on Saturday, so much the better - only since I'd be having this party, I wouldn't be able to give you my full attention because of preparing supper. However, it's all up to you and Jimmy, so come whenever you are able. The bed is always made and ready for you, so just call from Union Station when you arrive.

Love,