

Saturday, Feb. 18, 1950  
Bethesda

Dear Father and Helen,

Laurence was waiting at the Trenton station, pleased as could be, and the journey was passed by him in a state of barely controlled delight. His lower lip started to tremble when I told him we were approaching Washington and would get off the train there, but that might have been due in part to the fact that he had been too excited to sleep at nap time. He was a good child all the way, which was fine, because his mamma felt pretty odd. I was torn between two opinions: 1) that I would arrive home to find that I had a temperature of 105 degrees; and 2) that I would arrive home to find that my temperature was perfectly normal and I was a nasty old hypochondriac. As it turned out, I was barely able to save face with a meager 99½ degrees, but that was better than having to admit that I was a complete fake.

Dear Leola was still there when we came home, and had the floors all washed off for me. And I hadn't been in more than half an hour when Mrs. Eaton called. She said they were being given so many farewell parties that they had decided to wait over till the third, fourth, or fifth of March - staying with a friend. Since that is the case, I told her I would get in touch with her later and arrange to have her meet you and go over the details of the house. I told her the check and a letter was on its way. I am much happier about things now that I know you will be able to see her in person, Helen. She said she had bought a set of Blue Ridge breakfast dishes, etc. and thought they were very pretty. They are to replace the set of Minton which has been in her family for years and which she is having packed away. I said I was sure you would be just as pleased to have the valuable things out of harm's way. I myself have a set of Blue Ridge pottery dishes and have been most happy with them for five years.

Yesterday afternoon when I still had that annoying little funny-feeling and infinitesimal or however you spell it fever I decided to consult the doctor, for I thought it might be my tonsils, which have bothered me somewhat for the past two years. He gave me a nice big shot of penicillin and some nambutal capsules, and since Laurence was along watching everything with great interest he kindly refrained from advising rest in bed - instead being practical and taking me and Laurence home in his car. Which I thought was nice of him. Whether it is faith healing or the modern miracle I don't know, but in any case I have felt better today - no fever noticeable at all (OK, spell the noticeable with an e) and nothing to irk me beyond a runny nose. Also, I slept nine lovely hours last night with the aid of the nambutal. Life is looking up. Mrs. Rowse came and had supper with us last night, too, and it was pleasant having someone else in the house. Mrs. Rowse is a fine woman, and upstanding Unitarian, and a wonderful neighbor. I spent today taking care of business (plumbers, etc.) and cleaning my kitchen cabinets. I am appalled by the amount of spring cleaning there is to be done.

We are both awaiting eagerly the arrival of Putty and Abuelito Campbell. Betsy came today, and was annoyed because I hadn't brought you with me.