

February 28, 1950- Bethesda

Dear Mamma,

I take my life in my hands to write to you although the boy is AWAKE and downstairs playing. He has agreed to let me write to you, nonetheless, and promised patience until he is able to take over the typewriter.

Well, my darling William came back yesterday afternoon! He called me from Miami the night before, and I burst into tears of joy over the telephone, thus effectually preventing me from saying anything worth mentioning, and confusing and amusing Laurence no end. Francesca Mills kindly came and took us to the airport (previously having lentil soup and salad with us) but we had to wait almost an hour for the plane to arrive. There were strong winds yesterday which held the plane back, but Laurence greatly enjoyed every minute of the delay as he sat looking out through the big windows at the scene below. He just loved it! Two of the men from the Venezuelan Embassy came to meet William also, and we talked with them. At last our dear daddy came, and Laurence ran to him shouting "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy! HI!" - much to everyone's delight who happened to be within a radius of a mile. He certainly looked good to me, too, and I wished that I could shout as loud as Laurence.

As to what had gone on before yesterday, the less said the better. I continued to feel definitely under par (I think I have had a slight case of flu all this time) but since I had to be up anyway on account of Laurence, I occupied my mind with the cleaning and got most of what I wanted to do, done. I had dinner with the Meleneys one evening, and lunch with Gail one day. I had the Mills and Jane Dawson over Friday night and really rather enjoyed myself then. Mrs. Rowse had procured a copy of Fanny Burney's novel "Evelina" for me, and I read that over the weekend, and got a great kick out of it. You ought to try to get it sometime. It's earlier than Jane Austen, and in many ways much cruder and more "primitive" as a novel, but really delightful in spots, and portrays the life of the middle 18th century in England as nothing else could.

I'm expecting father to arrive here on Thursday, so I've been busy getting everything done that I won't be able to get done later on. I hope that I'll finally be able to throw off this nasty, lingering disease of mine which keeps me feeling just a trifle waaah all the time, but not sick enough to be all out sick.

William bought a lovely set of creamer and sugar bowl in Peru. The cream pitcher is a little small, but he said the next size larger was a good deal larger and too expensive, so he couldn't get it. In any case, I think they are very pretty and will look lovely at breakfast and at the buffet. I've been pleased to look at them all day. I hope you are both restored to health completely. Everyone here seems to have had more or less of the flu - all the Davises, Jane Dawson's older boy, Nancy Mann, and more you don't know so well. Now that February is over I hope the flu will be also.

This is about all Laurence can stand, I think. Love to you both,