

Bethesda, June 7, 1950

Dear Family,

As you can see by the enclosed letter from Laurence, we were all glad to get the letters from Putty and Mrs. Putnam. As predicted, we have suffered from acute anti-climax and general miseries since you all left, and none of the remedies applied have managed to cure us completely. We took a long ride with Mrs. Rowse one afternoon, and went all the way down town with Betsey another day (three street cars!)- all more or less in vain. Laurence burst out with the remark that Putty was the goodest woman in the world, at lunch, and then tactfully added- "except for you, mamma, when you're good." I'm afraid that in his eyes I am a grown-up edition of the little girl who had the little curl right in the middle of her forehead. Also, we have had to cope with Laurence's conviction that anything Abuelito said, or that Laurence thought he said, is The Word.... "But Abuelito TOLD me so!" well, I knew it was going to be this way, and I'm not really sorry- except that now the Authority is gone!

Another of your admirers called up last night to thank me for having brought you all together. Mrs. Eaton said the house looked simply wonderful, better than ever before, and that she was sure she was spoiled for life as far as tenants go. She told me that a friend had asked her how she liked her tenants, and when she was told, remarked that they must have been just about perfect. "And I told her they were PLUPERFECT!" said Mrs. Eaton with great sincerity.

I must get supper. I've been cutting the lawn all afternoon, and doing the terracé, etc. I trust the rains aren't going to come in such abundance from now on, or I'll have to start mowing twice a week, heaven forbid. Still, it's wonderful exercise.

Love to you all,