

July 19

Dear Susan, Peter, Katherine and Evan:

I have been a brat to let so much time go by witho t clue you in t<sup>o</sup> life in your dear Lakeside. It's because there was very much polishing up of the house and grounds in June (when I was longer than usual in Chicago). Our weather is so far more like London than this place. It rains practically everyday, but not just gentle English rain, it comes down in cloud-bursts, so the trees, shrubs, and ground cover gives an effect of the steaming jungles of the equator. This means more raking(!) and clipping than usual.

Now Paul and the female part of that Russell family are in residence - which is loud and gay and fun, but I have more time than I before they came. Yesterday, much to my delight, Kate, Allene, Laura, Nat and Nina, spent the morning alone together in my bedroom laughing, screaming, and talking. They boasted "We are true Russells and wouldn't let Aunt Carroll in. There was a little tennis after the rain stopped, and beach. We gabble at meals and those substantial bodies eat enormous amounts of food.

The Bogerts, that is George, Lyndy, and Dades are in Chicago. This is a shame for the other girl cousins, but Dady had her tonsils out last Thursday and the doctor wants her to stay near him until the end of this week. She is alright but it hurt an awful lot. Evan and his mother would know about that!

Over at the Playhouse two friends from Conakry are visiting. I can't remember their names, but I had dinner at the house of the mother, (and her then husband who ran the Bauxite mine there, just after the invasion, a most dramatic time. It is weird to meet her again in the outpest in America.

Harold and Margo go back and forth from here to Philadelphia. They have found a house there and get possession in September. I hate their move of course, but from H's point of view it is an upward trend - more authority and more pay, so I can't complain for him.

When not entertaining guests as they are at the moment, the Shere people spend day after day at the barn. Earle is not quite finished pounding wood, but one could live there now. Your Mom has done wonders with her sewing machine on curtains, chair seats, bed spreads, etc. as you can imagine. And Albert spends hour after hour spreading wood chips between the hundreds of ground-caver plants that he digs up under the bushes along our road here and puts in front of the barn. Weeds had nearly snuffed them out until Tom (the helper across the street) suggested the chips.

Albert spends the rest of his his time tending Japser for your sake, Suze. He says

he is trying to make a dog out of him.

It is thirty eight o'clock in the morning and the "troops", as Paul calls them, will be trooping down to breakfast soon. We have quite a good "mother's helper" girl this summer, who has now learned how to get it.

This is a dully factual letter. Life is so exciting here now that it gives you a very poor impression of how things are going, but it sends much love to each of you Brits and will try to pick up steam next time.

*Bon*

Over at the Playhouse two friends from Kentucky are visiting. I can't remember their names, but I had dinner at the house of the mother, and her husband who was the Bellini wife there, just after the inventor, a most dramatic time. It is weird to meet her again in this outpost in America. Harold and Gargo go back and forth from here to Philadelphia. They have found a house here and get possession in September. I hate their move of course, but from his point of view it is an upward trend - more authority and more pay, no I can't explain for him.