

Friday, Sept. 29, 1950  
Bethesda, Md.

Dear Mamma, (and Laurence and Jimmy)

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Your kind letters have been coming regularly, and I've been enjoying reading about all you do. It's such a comfort to know that Laurence is eating well, playing well, being good, and while I'm sure mostly a bother, occasionally good company for you. I hope the meager amounts of money that William has been sending have been enough to keep things up. Until the day before yesterday, when Helen came down, we had been spending fantastic amounts of money on food, because the only things I could both cook and eat were Porterhouse steak and breasts of chicken, and when I didn't feel good enough to cook them, William had to bring in turkey dinners from the Hot Shoppe. I got motrally sick of all three choices of meals, but since eating has such a therapeutic effect on me, I had to force myself to eat them. All the rest of the day I eat Ralston or oatmeal and milk. I don't have lunch, because I'm asleep from about eleven to three or four. I seem to be getting better slowly but surely, and by fits and starts. I have good days and bad days as before, but the good days are a little better and the bad days aren't quite as bad. The sleep seems to be most important, because when for some reason I don't sleep, I go all to pieces. I haven't upchucked for several days, although still feeling generally lousy, and still impelled unwillingly to eat every hour. If I could only stop sleeping in the daytime I could have Laurence back in a week or so, I think, but the extra sleep seems to be important. Of course I still feel horrible just before dinner at night (always my worst moment) but I think perhaps I could manage to cook most of the time. I'm so very, very tired of this do-nothing existence! My little gains seem so slight, and the rosy future so dim and distant. So you see, after all this time I'm still unable to say when I can begin life over again.

I am sending Laurence some cardboard that he always likes to play with. Tell him that his father and mother miss him very much and love him very dearly. Yesterday Coit and Betsey came up to our house and asked when Laurence will be back here because they want him to go to school with them and play with them. They brought daddy some cookies that their mother made for us. Abuelito shined and polished Laurence's new tricycle so that when he comes back home it will look even prettier than before. Today Abuelito went downtown, and when he came home on the bus he got off in front of the Methodist Church. He saw a little boy about three years old who had wandered away from home and gone walking beside the dangerous Georgetown Road, because he was too little to know any better. Abuelito talked to the little boy, and took him home to his mother, who had been worried about him and gave him a big kiss. He won't do anything so silly any more. Abuelito also saw Betsey and Coit playing in the mud, building things. I am very glad Laurence has an Indian Bonnet, and I should like to see him in it. I'll tell Betsey he has one the next time I see her. We very much need a little boy here at 5208 Glenwood Road, so I am trying hard to get better, and taking lots of medicine, so that Laurence can come back home again and be our darling boy.

Love to you all,