

Bethesda, Oct. 28, 1950

Dear Mamma,

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At last I'm able to say things are looking up. William is giving me the progesterone shots every other day, and on the off day I take two synthetic progesterone tablets in the morning. I know the real progesterone works, because one day Dr. Norton thought I was getting enough better in the normal course of events so that he could give me a smaller dose- with nasty results. All the symptoms returned, one by one, and I spent the last day before the next shot weeping like Niobe over nothing all day long, and generally feeling ghastly. I'm not so sure about the synthetic progesterone, but I believe they help. Unfortunately the progesterone doesn't affect my need to eat every hour, with the result that now I'm feeling better most of the time I'm also gaining weight! Dr. Norton disapproves of that as much or more than I do, and has made me try to eat my Ralston with saccharine and skimmed milk. Since I'm getting just the tiniest bit tired of Ralston seven or eight times a day anyway, and the saccharine and skimmed milk don't improve the flavor, it's quite an effort, though one I'm willing to make. I certainly hope I can gradually cut down one my calory intake, and not gain forty pounds, the way I did with Laurence.

There is more good news. I have found a woman of Alsatian origin who is willing to come in every day from 11 to three during the week, except the day the cleaning woman comes. She is very nice- a lady. Her husband was director of a Washington Art gallery, she has a car, is the grandmother of five, and generally seemed just the ticket. She said "You try me and I'll try you." She says she doesn't like to cook, but lunch for herself and Laurence wouldn't tax her cooking ability. She remarked that if that was all there was to do, she was afraid she'd get bored, because her favorite work is cleaning out closets and housework in general! Father met her and also liked her looks and attitude. She said she tried office work for six years and came to the conclusion that she simply didn't like it and would rather do baby-sitting and housework! She had an ad in the Bethesda Record the other day and Cousin Gertrude Hager saw it and called us about it. She made up her mind to go into the baby-sitting business just recently. I certainly hope she likes us as well as we like her. Laurence met her, shook hands politely, showed her his rabbit, which he explained had recently had its tonsils out- this because Betsey has just undergone a tonsillectomy. Her name is Mrs. Watkins. Now if all goes well I will be able to continue sleeping during the daytime, or if I cease to need the sleep, I can just rest. Father has made the thing possible by placing a moratorium on our fifty-dollars a month payments to him on the money we borrowed for the house.

Laurence has just come in from a trip to the five and ten for Halloween candy, so writing is difficult. Father and Helen will probably leave some time toward the end of next week (today is Friday). I'm glad I've got the sleeping probablen solved.

Always glad to get your letters, so please don't despair if I appear never to answer them. I hope I'll be more regular as time goes on. I hope Jimmy's job is working out. Love to you both.