

5208 Glenwood Road  
Bethesda, Maryland  
January 1, 1951

Dear John,

I have thought about you and the girls a lot, but generally haven't been up to writing- or when I was, had ten other vital chores around the house which had to get priority. Also, I dropped and broke the typewriter, which still doesn't work too well, and will have to go back for repairs again.

It was kind of you to send me a Christmas present, and what you sent will prove very useful in about three months, when our little friend arrives in the outside world. I don't know if you delegated your power of attorney to one of the ladies when it came to buying the jacket or whether you have developed insight in the matter of ladies' lingerie through diactics, but in any case it is very pretty as well as practical and I was most pleased when I opened the package. I hope mother was able to find some things for the girls as coming from their aunt for Christmas. Their aunt bought nothing beyond what went into L.J.'s stocking, since a real bout of Christmas shopping was beyond my powers. William bought him an electric train set, which his heart had been set on although he is a little young for it. He had a happy Christmas, although he was somewhat put out by the fact that William was on duty at the Department from 10 to 2 on Christmas day. He had written a letter to Santa Claus and mailed it in the fireplace, the night before, and Santa Claus came through with a bang. Santa, by the way, is the spirit of love, and the fact that he is dressed up in that red suit doesn't seem to bother L.J. When I was asked if Santa Claus was real, I answered that he is somewhere between real and imaginary, and that settled that for the present.

The presence of the little baby is made very evident to me these days by baby's own practically incessant activity. The little sibling is a good deal more active than Laurence was, and keeps me company merrily from morning till late at night, kicking and thumping and generally cavorting, especially whenever I am lying or sitting down- although any time will do, apparently. I sometimes wonder if the little thing is getting enough sleep! Laurence had regular hours, always in the evening, for exercise, but this baby is hardly ever quiet while I am awake. Laurence loves to feel the baby kicking around in my tummy, and in a childish way, by fits and starts, is preparing for his role of loving big brother. The other day he told me not to lean over to pick up his slippers -"You might hurt my baby sibling that way!" He has a little tuneless song he sings about once a week: "Oh my little sibling, my darling little sibling, you mustn't touch the stove. Oh, our new little baby, you mustn't touch the Clorox or the kerosene, no, no!, etc. etc." In the freight cars of his new electric train, he delivers endless packages containing rattles and warm blankets and ascorbic acid tablets for the baby. I have tried to impress on him the fact that while babies are cute and lovable, they are also a great nuisance and demand attention from every one in the family because they don't know any better.

The injections of progesterone which proved so helpful with the nausea are still helping. We reduced the dosage after I got over the nausea, but recently we have gone back to the old dosage again.

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because I found myself once more becoming depressed, weepy, and far too easily tired. It is simply amazing how my spirits pick up, I cease to cry on any and all occasions, and have more stamina when the progesterone is active. I was very doubtful about its benefits at first when we tried it as a last resort for the nausea, but each time after an injection I would feel considerably better for twenty-four hours, and after five or six such experiments had the same results I could no longer keep many doubts. Apparently I have just not been producing enough progesterone myself. But when the nausea stopped I thought I didn't need it any more. A few weeks on every third day instead of every other day convinced me that nausea isn't the only thing that particular hormone helps prevent. By the third day I would be nervous, impatient, morbidly depressed, and too weary to do even a minimum of housework. Day after the injection, a different personality- and much improved. Since it is almost exclusively used for women who tend to miscarry frequently, the doctor merely tried it as a last resort and with very little hope of alleviating the various symptoms. I have little doubt that it also contributed to make that little miscarriage scare I had in November nothing more than a scare, thank God. Unfortunately, there are some things it doesn't cure at all- my excessive appetite, and some very annoying and persistent headaches. However, nothing could be as bad as the nausea was, so I'm not griping.

William has been as wonderful and kind as one might have expected, all the way through. We are coming up for our eighth wedding anniversary soon, and every day that passes I appreciate and love him more, so that I can truly say I love him much more now than when we were first "in love". If he were cross-eyed, missing a few limbs rather stupid, and highly unsuccessful, I would still love him because he is completely loyal, honest, and above all charitable in my favorite sense of the word. Loving kindness is an endowment of character that is beginning to seem the most important in a spouse, to me. I hope you will someday find a lady chuck full of loving kindness, because it's something you will be able to savor more and more as the years go by. Charity of the kind that suffereth long, and is kind, believeth all things, hopeth all things endureth all things, and seeketh not her own. Without it the most beautiful, intelligent, talented, sexy, or wealthy lady in the world is likely to prove a big disappointment in the long run. Charity is even rather catching, and someday I hope to be about half as kind as William is. In any case, I recommend it highly.

William and I finally made ourselves a Christmas present of a year's subscription to your magazine. It is much better than in the days before you were editing it. The ideas still outrun the written styles, (and, to the shame of the editor, the grammar, too!) but the improvement in interest is enormous. We both read it from cover to cover with pleasure. Had I not been feeling lousy, I would have written a letter to Brass Tacks some time last Fall, when you published a story about a robot and some men who were frustrated because they were all dressed up in brains and had no place to go. Ye gods, man! That robot at least would have made the perfect baby-and-small-child sitter! Intelligent, watchful, and completely patient- what more could you ask? That fine mechanical friend of yours wouldn't have been frustrated long if he had passed by 508 Glenwood Road. I've always believed in giving even the youngest babies intelligent caretakers, so that robot would have been hired on the spot.

Our love and thanks