

Bethesda, Mon. Jan. 22, 1950

Dear Mamma,

Nothing much to write, and no energy to write with. We called you up last night (Sunday) but apparently you were out at seven-thirty and also at eight.

The pills and shots for anemia haven't worked a miracle yet, but it takes time. In the meantime what they do do is give me indigestion, stomach aches, and slight nausea. Which is just dandy, especially added to the original weakness and headaches. But I've got to go on taking them, because my blood count is just about half what it should be. Dr. Norton says he should have looked into the matter much sooner, but I kept having so many other complications that he got snowed under and never got around to the routine haemoglobin test. And I had so many other complaints it wasn't till just recently that I began to wonder why I had so little energy and got tired so quickly, in spite of doing practically no work. At least it's nice to know what's wrong with me this time. But it begins to look as if I won't be feeling good again for a month or so, and until my blood count rises from its present fifty-five to somewhere in the eighties or nineties at least I suppose I'll have to go on with those sick-making pills. The only feeble gleam of light on the horizon is that Dr. Norton himself said he thought he'd try to persuade the surgeon to make the operation earlier than April 10th, since the baby seems to be growing healthier and healthier while I grow sicker and sicker. He or she was never a quiet and peaceable little character, but since I've been taking these pills he or she has become even more boisterous and muscular. I don't believe Laurence at eight or nine months was half as active as this baby is at six. And every day, practically, I can notice more strength and agility. Simply amazing! And some consolation for feeling so ghastly myself, too.

I just don't know what I'd do if Laurence were here, much as I miss him. But any slight effort leaves me breathless and weak, and for several hours after taking those pills I also feel almost but not quite sick enough to upchuck. I still have the headaches, but thank goodness their intensity and duration has been lessening in the past two weeks, why I don't know. All in all, I feel as I did the first three months- that I simply don't know how I'm going to bear it all for another two or three months.

Sorry to be so gloomy and clinical, but that's the situation and I have nothing else to tell you about. William and Mrs. Watkins are absolutely outdoing themselves with kindnesses. God bless them both, and you too, my dear, for relieving me of the burden of caring for Laurence, which would be the last straw just now.

I enclose Mrs. Watkins' address.

Love,