

5208. Glenwood Road
Bethesda, Maryland
Tue. May 24, 1949

Dear Ruth,

How wonderful! How Fine! Long live Ian Graham! Long live his mamma and his papa! I was simply delighted to get his small card, and trust we'll be able to leave cards on him sometime in the not-too-distant future, in return. Perhaps, however, it would be better to wait until he has outgrown any tendency he may develop, as Laurence John soon developed, to eat rather than read any printed (or engraved, for that matter) paper which came within his reach. I'm afraid that in my enthusiasm I've lost track of my syntax, but what the heck, at a moment like this!

In any case, you can imagine how delighted I was to see that Ian had arrived. It is without a doubt the happiest and proudest moment in anyone's life. I'm not so sure how the infant himself feels about it (actually they seem to take a rather dim and tear-streaked view of the whole thing) but I'm positive that the mamma feels pretty smug when she first realizes that she has actually produced a real human baby more or less by her own efforts. Did you really think you were going to? As I remember it came as something of a surprise to me, although my friends told me they had been pretty sure all along. However, in my case I'm afraid it was only too obvious what was in the wind, whereas with you it was different. When I saw you last February you looked almost as slim as you did at college, as if Ian were the shy type who likes to make people guess whether he's there at all.

I should like to congratulate your husband also, but since men are usually forgotten at weddings, births, christenings and the like I suppose there must be some good reason for such a well-established custom and I wouldn't like to go contrary to tradition. But Laurence John has always made up for the public neglect meted out to his Daddy at the time of his birth, by much affectionate treatment since then, and I suppose Ian will be equally fond of his father later on. Which should console Dr. John R. Graham.

My dear, I only wish I could see him. I've discovered a latent talent for "seeing resemblances" in very young babies which is always admired and wondered at by females and scoffed at by males. I'm sure I could tell at a glance just what Ian is going to look like at twenty, just how handsome he will be, just how much incredible intellectual activity can be expected of him, just how much sooner than any other known baby he will start to walk, talk, etc. In any case, I'd just like to see him now.

Love, and our very best wishes,