

5208 Glenwood Road  
Bethesda, Maryland  
November 20, 1950

Dear Helen et al.,

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P1/1

Your letter written the first week after the arrival in Teheran was most interesting, and we were both very glad you and the boys finally settled down in peace after your long and arduous preparations. Everything about the new home sounds wonderful and exiting! I wonder if you will be ordering a turkey for next Thursday- and if so I wish you would call me up and invite me to come and bring some cranberry sauce! I'd be delighted, if the ride over were just a little bit shorter, and William could get back in time for work next day. Alas, I fear I'm being impractical.

I was unable to answer your letter sooner because I was sick for a couple of months, but I hope the worst is over now. I'm expecting a baby early in April, and for quite some time the doctors could find nothing to stop continuous nausea. At last they discovered a hormone that was apparently missing, and as soon as we started punching me every other day with this hormone the nausea got much better. Then I had a miscarriage scare, and they made me stay in bed. I'm up again, but they won't let me wiggle my toes more than once a day yet. Fortunately, my father and stepmother were able to take care of the household for two months, and since I had to be in bed beginning two days after they had left with the impression that all was at last well, my mother then had to come rushing down from N.J. to take over. If all goes well she can leave in a few days. Providence has somehow provided me with a wonderful lady willing to come in every day from eleven till three so I can rest. Laurence goes to kindergarten from nine till eleven, and she picks him up in her car on the way here. My finding her was a miracle, and the fact that she really loves housework almost seems like gilding the lily.

Since I haven't been out to a party or even for a ride in three months, the news and gossip I have to offer you is very scanty, if not downright non-existent. My only tidbit is that Bob Tankersley called one evening on the telephone, and said he was doing a small acting part in a musical play called "The Barrier". No singing, just acting, he said. The play is now in New York, and so I suppose he is also.... Everyone compliments Laurence on his handsome bathrobe (which you so kindly gave him) and I gravely fear he'll never have such a magnificent one again, unless he earns the money himself! Laurence is very interested in the forthcoming brother or sister, but he gets tired of having foolish grown-ups ask him whether he wants a little sister or a little brother. He has evolved a standard answer: "It depends on what God sends me." That always stops 'em in their tracks!

In a few moments mother is going to come and tell me I'd better stop and rest, so I'll fox her and stop even before she orders me to!

Thanks for the letter, and love to all.