

Wed. Feb. 7, 1951, Bethesda

Dear Mamma,

When I called, and in my letter also, I said I would call you up after seeing the doctor and getting the results of a new blood count. Imagine how angry I was to learn that it hadn't gone up at all since the second time, when it had gone up ten points! I was sure it had gone up a good deal since then, because I am feeling better and seem to have more stamina. Well, it hadn't, darn it. It's still in the neighborhood of 65. Since I had taken two shots as well as the pills the first week, when it went up ten points, I am going to take three shots this week, and see what happens. Dr. Norton doesn't seem to think there is much more in the shots than there is in the pills- "You can absorb just so much and no more at a time", says he. But circumstantial evidence tends to make the shots sound good, nonetheless. If, at my next blood count a week from today, the hemoglobin has gone up I shall be tempted to think that I'm better at absorbing the stuff intramuscularly than by mouth, and I imagine we will go on with the shots. I'm anxious to get that old blood count up by hook or by crook, because a difference of just ten points makes me feel considerably more human and anyway I want to get it up to approximately normal by the ~~xxxxx~~ middle of March if it's possible, so I can have this baby earlier than the tenth of April. I am getting to be so gigantic around the middle that life is pretty uncomfortable. Since I can't stop eating things that put on weight I know it will just get worse as time goes on. I continue with the capsules, too, of course- as well as lots of meat. Liver is, alas, too much for me. I am trying also to eat a lot of eggs. But recovery by diet alone is too slow to do me much good, so although I enjoy the nice expensive steaks, I'm not counting on them. By the way, I found out to my satisfaction that when I first went in for a check-up after our return from vacation my blood count was perfectly normal- I didn't even know what the nurse was taking the blood for. I thought it was only for the Rh factor, but it appears it was also for the hemoglobin content. Well, from September to January it went down like a ton of bricks, which I suppose accounts for why Litte X is so frisky, and I am so unfrisky.

I'm afraid this puts off the return of L.J., since in addition to the ten point gain I'm sure the complete rest has done a lot toward making me feel better. Now that I never attempt to do too much, I don't feel so tired anymore. I'm afraid the Christmas rush on top of the blood count was what did me in. From now on I'm not even going to attempt to be anything but a convalescent. If next week the blood count shows a nice rise I shall again plan to have Laurence here for a while, and continue the shots. I do miss the boy more and more and want very much to see him around, but there's no use trying it unless the hemoglobin is up.

We are always glad to get your letters and hear all about the doings at Flemington and Westfield. We certainly pulled a sad boner in mentioning the puppies over the telephone! However, he seemed to take it stoically enough. You just can't tell. Thanks for everything, again. For taking good care of him, for giving me the opportunity to rest quietly, and for telling me all the events. There are no events to relate here in Bethesda. Each day is just like the one before. We did go out to supper on Sunday, however. Big news!

Love to all three,