

Written but not mailed
on Sunday. Too many other
things were going to bother with
mail. I am sending it
with the Wed. morning mail
Feb. 8th with love
Walter.

Tehran, Persia
February 6, 1927.

My own darling Mother,

Guess you know pretty soon you won't be
the only Mother on Earth. You will still be
the sweetest and best Mother that ever lived
but you won't be the only one as you have
been heretofore. I'm going to be one too in
a few more hours. Yee hoo and not
days any longer for the little rascal is coming
a head of schedule. Not as much ahead
however as you think. The 14th of March
was not the right date to count on. I
counted the way a book told me to and
Dr. McDowell said I took the most unlikely
date of all the possibilities. He figured the
21st of February is the likely one but here
I am two weeks before that walking

the floor every once in a while with a decidedly uncomfortable feeling around my middle. The doctor has been to see me this morning and says he will take me over to the hospital some time to-day though there is no great rush just yet.

Buddy and I had a mid-night ride last Wednesday night all for nothing. About half past eleven I decided there was something radically wrong with me though I hadn't a sign of a pain. What actually happened was that the water bag broke. I called Buddy - had an awful time waking him too - and we not knowing at all what had happened or what was likely to happen next decided that the best thing for us to do was go right over to the hospital. In as much as I had no pain at all the trip was easy. When we got there some where around twelve o'clock the doctor simply laughed and made us both go to bed in their spare bed-room. He said if I had no pain there was no use in getting excited and he would examine me in the morning. He did and

said I could go home if I wanted to but the chances were I'd be back in twenty four hours. I came home and finished getting ready to go - the suit case in which I had all the baby's things was already packed. Well 48 hours went by and nothing exciting happened but last night I only got about four hours sleep because of "happenings" so I'll soon be taking another little ride to the hospital and this time we hope to some purpose.

Mavis made me the dearest little pair of booties - pink and white and last night Joy & her brought me a little pink and white sweater she had made. It is made just like a little boys sweater with roll collar. It's the cutest thing but I don't know what it would look like on a little girl.

Mother dear, I'm entirely too excited to write you a decent letter. I hope you won't mind this. I wish you were here with me but since you can't the next

best thing is writing to you. I wonder what you'll think when you get the cable? You'll probably say "an eight months baby never lives" and then you'll begin worrying yourself most to death. Oh I hope you won't worry!

I'm just so anxious to get my baby where I can kiss it. These nine months have been very precious months to me for I have had it with me every minute and have been loving it and taking care of it all the time and it has been all mine but now I want to see it and hug it. Do you suppose I'll ever be half the mother that you have been? To ^{be} ^{only} ^{be} just half of you Honey would be an inspiration. I think it is so wonderful that I am going to go through this experience for I think it is the best way for me to know and understand what your love has been and is.

Do you remember how I used to say when I was a little kid "I know how much you love me but you don't know

how much I love you cause you cant know?
Well that wasnt true then but it som
will be for som I will know how
much you love me but you wont
have any way of knowing how much
I love you. you'll just have to go on
my say so that it is an awful big
lot.

See if Judy gets a hold of this
letter she'll say "Mush, mush".
But we dont care do we Peter?

With more love than you
know I got -

Your Teddy.