American Hospital
Teheran, Persia.
November 12, 1928.

My darling Mother,

Maeve says I may write a letter to you today, though she won't let me sit up yet except just for meals so I don't know whether you will be able to read this letter after I do manage to write it.

Well, Mother, you have another lovely little grandson. He looks just like Craig did those first few days but he has a lot more sense. He let out a husky little cry the very second he landed in the world, so Daddy tells me and he knows when his dinner came from. Craig was a perfect night mare when it came to feeding.
Buddy says he wrote a letter Saturday night — so I reckon you know all the details of the party. It was all very quick work. Tattle says my next baby will be here before I know it. I'm having it. And the baby and both new ones fine. Yesterday the milk came in and I didn't even feel lousy then so I guess I'm a lucky call right despite of my Homestay reputation.

The next day after the party the most beautiful basket of flowers came from the florists all full of lovely fall flowers. Unfortunately because of my great ignorance I can't tell you the names of any of them except the chrysanthemums, scarlet sage, but every thing is in it and it came from Buddy so I get quite a thrill out of its pretty autumn brightness.

The baby is the darlin'est little punk thing that ever was. He hasn't been one bit of trouble to anybody yet. He hasn't even cried at night. He doesn't cry at all in fact except when he asks for something like that.
soon as he is made comfortable he goes right off to sleep again. Craig has come over every day to see me and shows quite an interest in the baby at a distance, but when Taillie tried to make him hold the baby in his lap, he said he was afraid of it—I wouldn't take it at all. Little Craig is too cute for words in the Teddy bear suit. He had it on yesterday when Buddy brought him over—leggings and all. I could have just eaten him alive, he looked so cute—just a little fuzzy ball. When I think of all the cute clothes Craig is going to outgrow so fast I think it won't be nice that this little thing over her in the basket is a boy. Harriet is quite disgusted with him for being a boy. All the little boys around but are boys, so poor little Mary won't have any little girls to play with at all. It is a shame but I'm sure I can't help it—I'm glad my baby is a boy. Neither he nor Craig will ever lack for playmates for there are four babies out here younger than Craig but that makes five little children all
about the same age, if all these others should go home or move to another hospital, Craig, Warren will have each other. I think the thing for Harriet to do is get Mary a little sister. Why depend on me for Mary's playmate?

I'm in the loveliest room ever here at the hospital. It gets the sun all morning longest is such a bright cheerful room. Sally McDowell sends me her all my mail from her house - she just sends me the most delicious things. When I think of the care I get here from these lovely, kind people - I can't help but think I'm just a lucky girl! The most fortunate person in the world to be able to have my two babies out here instead of some old discarded hospital in America with some old dumb nurse like you had with Julia. Faithful is such a Peach. I just adore her and next is having my own Mother here with me and my little new baby. I'd rather have Faithful than anybody else on earth.

Much love to you. Daddy Judy

Eddy