

American Hospital
Tehran, Persia
November 16, 1928.

Dearest Judy, -

I'm having the loveliest time taking care of my new little boy. Poor Taillie came down with a terrible cold & finally had to go home & go to bed. I felt rather stranded & forsaken at first for little Warren was just six days old. But Taillie put his basket right beside my bed and a little table with clean parties, boric acid and all I'd need for him so I got along beautifully. If I need anything for myself I can ring a bell and get one of the nurses that are in training here. They are terribly busy though and I hate

to ask for anything. There are just three of them
to do all the work of this whole hospital and
so when Miss Taillie is down they have
plenty to do. I sent for some hot water
this morning and gave myself a bath
hadn't had one for two days - thought it
was about time. Then one of the nurses
changed my bed for me + I feel quite
comfy again. The nurse says that Taillie
is going to get back on the job to day
but I wish she wouldn't for she must
feel miserable + it won't do her a bit
of good to come back to me for the baby
has to get fed at two o'clock in the
morning + if Taillie is here, of course, she
would get out in the cold to get him
for me and then she'd just get sick again.
Christine one of the nurses has stayed with
me at night.

I'm going to go home Sunday but

I suppose I ought to go to bed for a day or two after I get thru for Sunday is just the 10th day. I can't stay away from Craig any longer though so I'm going.

Buddy says Takawee has been taking excellent care of little Craig and that I needn't worry the least bit about him. He has come over here several times to see me and he doesn't like the baby at all. He says he's afraid of it. I suppose he won't like it very much until Warren is old enough to notice Craig. Then I think Craig will love to play with him. Since I wrote this last I have shed about three buckets of tears - not because I had any real reason but just because I'm a darn fool. I've been feeling so comfortable & easy in my mind about little Craig and Buddy came in this morning to tell me that the child has caught a cold and

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had a temperature of 102 and that he had brought him, his bed and all, over here to the hospital. All this is supposed to have happened yesterday and I wasn't told anything about it. In fact Buddy was over here all yesterday afternoon and didn't come in my room to see me for he was afraid I'd ask what he was doing here when he had told me in the morning that he had classes + meetings all afternoon + evening + wouldn't be able to come to see me. This morning Phil told him to come over and tell me about Craig for I have such a reputation around this place for being calm and imperturbable that he didn't think it would hurt me any to know. Moreover he said that one of his kids might come in to see the baby and give it away + then I'd worry myself sick thinking something awful was the matter with Craig because they had kept it from me. But I, silly fool that I am, burst into a flood of tears the minute Buddy

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told me. He assured me that the child really
isn't going to die that he merely has a cold
in his head. That he had brought him to
the hospital because he didn't want to leave him
entirely in Takawa's care as long as he had
fever! I'm not going to worry about Craig
for it would do him no good nor me either but
I do think it a shame + just about the last
straw for him to get sick just three days
before I come home. Takawa, Buddy says, just
feels terrible because she thinks I'll blame
her for not taking proper care of him. I don't,
however, I think it very likely that Craig
caught his cold from Fannie the last time he
was over to see me for it was the next morning that
she went off duty + she had been playing with
him that afternoon he was here. Guess there is no
use in crying over spilled milk but I do think
I'm having the darndest luck. About three
days ago I discovered that Warren has red
hair, two days ago I lost my nurse, four
days ago Takawa lost out of a carriage one

of Craig's rompers, ~~his comb~~ and I think one of the three little short ^{under} pants Mother sent him and his hair brush and now Craig is sick. If that isn't a streak of bad luck for a guy I'd like to know what is.

To return to Warren's hair- he has so little of it that I had never paid any attention to what color it is. The other day I just happened to look at his head when the light was coming in pretty strongly from one window and by gum! it's red! I said to Taillie "Did you know my baby has red hair?" "Yes," she said, "are you just finding that out?" She said that the color of ~~babys~~ babies hair always changes + there is no telling what it will be later on but I have visions of a little red headed tuff with freckles all over his nose. I think he'll be cute + boys don't care what color they are.
Lovingly yours,
T. J.