

29 Dec '48 -

Dearest Tomoye, Rinbie, et al -

There comes a time, in even the most confused household, when letterwriting can be put off no longer - esp. if one grew up in a household which maintained that thank-you letters had to be written within 24 hours.

I have fair full time help, but ever since I came home, eight days ago, with John from the hospital, I've been in a rat race of birthday party - firm, tree - trimming supervision & full care of the baby. I have not liked this early ambulation deal and have felt very shabby indeed. However, I've stayed flat as much as has been practicable. On day II, I started taking my own 'phone calls - I practice a lot of medicine on the 'phone - on day X took a house call (Bill & I were on our way to a politically important cocktail party, anyway) and last night, at two weeks, went to a staff meeting & to a small conference this morning.

But believe me! When I get formula made & baby bathed this noon I'm going to get flat until after dinner this evening. Wednesday.

Bill, who does consultation. X-ray only, all over the county, goes to Taft. He carries an envelope of teaching films with him and a small group of doctors settles down after dinner to cover whatever problem he's picked. We have close friends over there & they usually "visit" past midnight. That means that the Mackler 60% of the family can settle down over here for some much needed family fun. Lately, the children have become interested in stamps again and since I have found two good channels for exchange, I hope to make some of their rather simple "puttering" pay off - unfortunately, my channels for swapping U.S. Commemoratives for foreign are for Scandinavia & Japan, neither of which I'm interested in collecting very actively.

After my tremendously unhappy & quite uncomfortable previous pregnancies, this one was a relative vacation. My arthritis has stabilized my back enough so I didn't ~~cause it~~ ⁱⁿ amount to anything - with heavy support - and I lightened my schedule - toward the last (though I worked through my last day -)

covering only about twelve hours a week, and doing no resident teaching at all.

But I'm afraid this is my last haul. I'm forty this end of this week, & I haven't my old snap. I carried through at least as well as could be expected, but I'm frankly middle aged, and with Bill not ^{only} much younger, but a person of tremendous vitality, so, it's rather silly to exhaust my resources.

Later -

This has been a rather mixed up day - the children are stripping the tree & it takes a little supervision - or so I think, but Bill has just come by to remind me that I'm going to be in full-fledged disgrace if I ~~do~~^{don't} put me to bed.

I'll hastily tell you about the usefulness of your gifts. John was low on ribs ^{and} I'll use this big quilted one with pleasure. You'll chuckle at the funny coincidence about the hose. My neighbor, who has neat little feet, was sent a for-her-unusable pair of 10's, so we traded - they were about

equally sheer.

What's Martha doing? Seems to me we ought to be hearing about some marrying plans — or am I just a matchmaker at heart? But I am so incredibly happy that I want everyone else to have a chance at it.

Loveingly,
Helen

701 Water St
Bakersfield



Miss Pinkie Takahashi
1259 Arguello Blvd
San Francisco, CA.