

ex.

Wednesday, June 3, 48

Dearest Cle,

It's 5.30 a.m., and I've been thinking about you so much that I just had to slip out of bed & tiptoe out here - on the back porch - and spend a quiet hour with you. It's still cool, for the sun has not climbed very high yet. The grass is white with dew & clovers, and the arbor vitae & cedars look fresh and well-groomed. It's not so very quiet at that, for our usual crop of mockers & redbirds are vociferously carrying on their early morning business. The only flowers that have had the courage to withstand the 90° temperature we've had constantly since our return are the day-lilies, and there is a gorgeous orange colored mass of them in that circular bed near the fence or around the white urn. This is a lovely spot and I have enjoyed living here, but keeping a big place in order without adequate help requires too much sacrifice of the leisure for reading, & talking & reflecting - and writing! - that ~~is~~ really the most enjoyable part of one's ripening years.

I am deeply sorry that I let such a long time elapse between letters when we were travelling from New York, via Cambridge to New Orleans. Actually, there were three weeks in which I couldn't get a chance to settle down to writing. (You must have missed one letter, or yours crossed mine.) It was the hardest thing for me to get onto paper the stark fact of aunt Felicia's death.

Punt Edith phoned me ² yesterday to tell me how shocked she was to hear that "Sarah is giving a big party at the Blue Room or the Beverly Counter Club for Felicia" — (who graduates from Newcomb). She quoted Sarah as saying "I'm not going to disappoint Felicia, no matter what people say about me." I can see everybody's point of view, and, really, I don't know which side I'm on. One thing is certain, if either Sarah or Felicia feels like having a party, there's no use pretending they don't. But I can't imagine the situation reversed.

Leonard & Viola spent the week-end with us and we enjoyed their visit so much. They came in Friday afternoon in their new Cessna plane from Grand Isle where they had been fishing all week with Sebastian. Jane immediately started a cooking-marathon, filling their requests for crayfish, river shrimp, soft crabs, + black-eye peas, until we all felt like you did after Pentecost. They left early Monday morning. John & I drove out to the airport with them & watched them hop off into the sky. I'll never be able to take that casually!

John is quite elated. A bill has been passed by the House in Baton Rouge requiring that a committee be formed to investigate the policies of Louisiana ports, + determine whether their policies are keeping industries out of the state. This is what he has been fighting for, for years and, (confidentially) he has been told that he will be retained as adviser or consultant for this committee. I am so glad for him — but

at the same time don't want him to count too heavily on it, for especially in politics there can be last-minute slips between cup & lip.

Nette is in Alexandria visiting Isidor. She went first to Baton Rouge where Ruth's Ernest graduated from L. S. U. Dora is there, too. Edith Lashman came to see me yesterday afternoon just when I was showing furniture to the next owner of the house! Luckily John came in just then & kept Edith occupied until I finished. Edward & Beth Fickman will be married next week, & Edith can't understand why they won't permit anyone except their parents to be present. "Not even Eb & Rhea & Herman" she repeats plaintively. They have taken a tiny two-room apartment on Veniston street, & made or painted most of their own furniture. Poor Edith! She would have loved a little elegance to talk about!

I'm so glad you're feeling well. Don't overdo just on that account, tho. I'm sending you a maternity dress like one that hee is wearing and I've started working for my newest grandchild, Viola Portman, is going to send you some iron, & calcium capsules as soon as she can get them. We're all pulling for you — and wishing you were nearer of love, darling, from Pops & Roto and lots of love. You're a wonderful person and me. We think you belong to us. Kiss and we're very proud that you belong to us. Kiss the children too & give our love to Hees. Mom

June 2, 1948

My dear Cecile:

Well, I knew that there was some risk in being housed with La Cigogne. Pretty soon I wouldn't be surprised if they would call you La Cigogne or my next letter might be addressed Mrs. La Cigogne, Rue Boileau!

I think the main reason your mother does not write so much is the fact that she thinks so much about you and is anxious to be with you all the time. As a matter of fact, she has begun sewing and knitting for the new addition to our happy family circle.

Not that she is not very busy with selling the furniture, packing, shipping, and bargaining, but in addition to that, we have many relations that want to visit us because we have been away or because we are going away, and they all feel that while they will only stay a minute, that they cannot be held to that for fear it may indicate not 100% interest in our well-being.

Add to this that upon our return from five months in New York, the very same day Sam and Zoila decided to spend the week in New York and their sitter arrangement had to the contrary blown up and Grandma and Pops moved from the train into Sam's house to be for a week sitters. This is not all because immediately thereafter Leonard and Viola hopped in their plane at Iowa and stepped out again at Grand Isle, snared a fish or two, and held us from Thursday to Tuesday morning enjoying all kinds of fish courses. Not that we are not fully happy with all these events, but my main reason for writing them to you is because I know that in your last letter had such a note of sadness because our last letters have been somewhat delayed and I want to put you at ease. We will have the next two weeks our hands full to which the death of Alfred Danziger has contributed considerably, in such matters as title passing, etc. etc.

We are doing our best to get away after the 15th and then there will be again that same busy period of getting installed and unpacking because although we are married this month on the 21st, four years, I have not succeeded in having your mother understand the true comfort of traveling without anything but the barest necessities. I've tried to take her place for a while and writing you while she is too busy with many other things. Hence, this letter.

Most affectionately, pops

Please do not judge this hodge
podge too severely! Most of the fipped words (I dictated the letters
right on the machine) are misunderstandings caused
by the noises of the office. And some are omissions and
some sentences are two or three rolled into one.

pops