

100 Beverly Drive
New Orleans, May 27, 1948.

Your letter sounds as if you were pulled by the reins of a team of sweet girls. Kiss my love to me. I have to give to you & them.

Dear Cle, - This is the letter I've been trying to write to you for three weeks, - three very upset & hectic ones. Beside the complications of travelling from N.Y. to Cambridge and being a combination visitor & apartment-hunter there, I have had to battle a sort of mental block, that would not let me get onto paper & send to you, the sad news that on the night of Mother's Day, May 9, aunt Felicia slipped quietly out of the pain & misery that has been her life for the last three months. Because of Rosalind, whose reaction they could not predict, the boys had the funeral that next day, so, we could not get here for it. We reached home the Thursday night following, and immediately took over looking after the children for Sam & Zola, who were all set to go to the Psychiatric meeting in Washington, and were desolate because at the last minute, the elderly travel woman they had engaged to stay at their house called 'it off'. Can you imagine the confusion of sleeping at Sam's, rushing over to our own house as soon as the children left for school; negotiating the sale of the house, & trying to make lists of where various pieces of furniture were to go; dickering with the idea of sale to the house-purchaser, or, perhaps, an auction here, and all this with an undercurrent of feeling that my relationship with the family I grew up in, is, somehow, definitely terminated; that in losing aunt Felicia out of my life, I have lost my last tie with - how shall I say it? - the tribe, and tribal customs. I miss her very much, especially when, as last night (Rosalind's birthday) I go to the houses.

Rosalind seems completely ^{2.}oblivious, — and rather important.
She announced that she wanted ice-cream & cake for
the family, who would, of course, come to bring her
birthday presents, so aunt Edith, who is staying with
her for a while, had a cake with candles
made for her, and Sam & Francis & their children,
Felix & Betty and Barbara, and I, sat around
the table with her and tried hard not to mind
seeing aunt Edith in aunt Felicia's chair. Sarah
stalked in later, with an air of disapproving
of everything & everybody. She is furiously resentful that
aunt Felicia did not leave her anything specific — like her
jewelry, — but left everything to the estate, to be
shared equally among the four children. This, I heard
from aunt Edith. I do not know anything, officially
or directly.

Your wonderful letter has reached me, with
your happy news. I wish I were close enough
to hug you and thank you for giving me
another grandchild to love. I know that this tops
not in your plans, but don't worry, darling. Think
it through carefully, and remember that whatever you
decide, John & I will be glad to help in
any way we can. We are going to Beverly, Mass.
for the summer as soon as we can get away.
The new owners are very anxious to get in
before the stipulated June 25th, and we want to
get Sandy as soon as possible. Pee & Eli helped us
find the house (that is, the one wing of a big
Colonial home) that we are going to live in
until Sept. It's just about 40 minutes drive

from Pe'e's apartment ² has beautiful grounds, bigger
than this house has, and has a private leach
behind it. The owners, a young couple with a
2-year old son live in the other
wing. We will have a sitting porch,
glossed-in, a sleeping porch,
two nice bedrooms, our own bath,
a dining room + the shared use of the
big kitchen.
Pe'e + Eli plan to come out often + bring
their friends to picnic on Sundays. I wish you could
come, too. We hope it will make up to Sandy for our winter apart.
Pe'e's landlady has promised us an apartment in
the same house for Sept. — if one is vacated! —
John wants to tackle the Port of Boston some
more, and I would be glad to be on the
sidelines when Pe'e has to cope with fitting
a new baby into her life. I am sure I can
live near her for a few months without
being too much in evidence and yet being
on call if she gets a little panicky, as
we all do with our first babies. If you
should decide to come home, we'll have to
try to find you a place to live nearby. Or,
maybe we'll be back in New Orleans by that
time. The legislature passed a bill yesterday
appropriating funds to investigate the Port of New
Orleans, to determine whether its present policy keeps
industry out. That's John's 40-year battle
coming to the clinch! He is quite excited
about it and hopeful that at last his advice
is being taken. You can see how uncertain ^{are} over

next moves, after the summer & fall, which are fairly definite. I do hope, for John's sake, that things break for him. He wants so badly to have his long, tough opposition to the laissez-faire boys justified.

Your letters are just wonderful. Almost, you make me wish I lived in a village where life is simple enough to give one time to look at the stars & the moon & smell the lime-trees. We get occasional snatches of leisure, but mostly since our marriage we've been getting ready to move. That's why I'm almost in sympathy with John's attitude — "Get rid of your possessions and travel light". Maybe I'll be converted &

make a clean sweep. I wish I knew whether you are coming back soon or later, & what you would want. I investigated the question of storing furniture, and found that for what it would cost to store stuff for 2 or 3 yrs., you could buy new. I shall put some things in Sam's attic for you, and if we sell the rest, earmark some of the money for you to use when you come back. What did you mean about coming back if you couldn't find a warmer house?

Would News come too? I have skipped making # This is a crazy letter. I haven't told you half to save space, and I miss you & the children so that I wanted to. I miss you & the children so much when I'm here that it's a constant ache. I'd give anything to see them peeling out of the car like they used to, calling

with equal ferocity for "Granny", "Cokes" & "cookies". Does Annette still have her miraculous capacity.

Your description of the baptism & fetes was wonderful. You'll really have to make a book of all that material. I think you need to record some of the conversations, so you won't forget them — things they say that reveal the nature of the "characters", and their secondary motives.

Leonard & Viola are planning to fly over from Grand Isle Saturday about noon & spend the week end with us. If their plans worked out they are fishing over there, now, having flown their own plane from Clinton. It's drizzling here this morning, & it rained yesterday, so there's a chance that the weather kept them back.

It's now 7.20 a.m. I've been writing since 5.30 because I just couldn't stand another day of things cropping up & keeping me from getting this off to you.

I think of you so much that you must get some of the "waves", even if I don't get them onto paper, but that's not as heart-warming as a letter. Yours mean so much to me, dear, that I hate the gaps that sometimes occur between mine. Forgive me, and keep on loving your not-so-efficient Mom