

July 5th

MRS. BERNARD CARTER
WHISKEY ISLAND
CLAYTON, NEW YORK

1951

Dearest Mimi,

The picture of your daughter arrived with Paul from a flooded Clayton this morning and she is perfectly enchanting. I had meant, in my usual fashion, to write you ever since we read in the Herald Tribune about Jennifer's arrival. We were imbibing on our porch a week ago yesterday evening when I shouted, "Hey, look," and passed the paper to Shirley. We subsequently tore it out but soon Aunt May arrived and apparently stuffed it into her reticule as we saw it no more. However by then we had memorized the name and were a little unsure of the date - it said "yesterday" and as the Cape edition must be published an hour not associated with the day of dateline we were unsure. Your family was so excited they aren't quite sure what day they phoned you. Sometimes it is said to be Monday and sometimes Tuesday. My mental picture is that you were sitting around Sunday afternoon when a pang alerted you and your bag was hastily packed and you deserted the dogs for Peekskill.

I also meant to write after hearing of your distress over Jennifer's weight, as Anne lost 14ozs. before she began to gain, only they didn't tell me until she had gained back one ounce. John only lost 8 despite feeding complications. Having successfully nursed Anne for three and a half months I was anxious to do the same with John but, having an inrush like a Klondike goldrush, I was given a shot which slowed me to a drizzle and after mixed feeding etc. I finally had to admit defeat and quit in favor of the bottle.

I am sure the threat of Phil's being "activated" if that's the word - it sounds like something to do with yeast and baking - won't improve the quality of your dairy, but, whatever form of feeding you have evolved, I hope it is going smoothly now.

Cloudbursts fell in rotation yesterday from about noon on. Anne had gone with Polly, who had Gale Rainsford and Patsy Longton as her only residents besides her, ahem... lord and master, and we were finally able to fetch her around six. It rained again last night and the lawn is like a sponge, but the drip pans in various rooms have been collected with considerable optimism.

Auntie Mammie's boatman, Ben, with two newly arrived children, came about 10 announcing horrific things having happened to the upper court. The bigger child, in blue jeans and tweed jacket was called Philip altho we all sensed something wrong. Finally it said, "What's all this about my being a big boy. I am Toddy." Seems there has been ringworm in her school and she had been shorn! I hope it inspires Anne to shed a few yards of her hair. John is so thrilled to see children that he can hardly wait, at each encounter, to get over being shy, so that he can begin to play.

The cement retaining wall has fallen onto the court.
Linda must be bombarding you with demands to return to Croton and Jennifer's side. What goes with you: All urge for sewing gone with the exit of Jennifer: I have tons of it here but little done. We should be back at the Cape in about a week. Drop me a line if you can.

Congratulations to you and Phil on your adorable baby, whom I long to see and

Much love,

Betty