

308 E. Caesar
Kingsville, Tex.

57-9-9

KINGSVILLE
SEP 9
3 30 PM
1957
TEX.



Mr. and Mrs. Frank Monroe
605 South Denton Street
Ruston, Louisiana

* John is born!

Sunday morning
Sept. 8, 1957

Dear Mama and Daddy,

I felt like I wanted to write you yesterday all about the birth of our baby, but Jerry forgot to bring the paper until last night. Actually, I didn't feel as much like writing yesterday as I do today.

When we checked in we had our choice of rooms in the maternity ward (all of them are private), and we chose one with a semi-private bath. But since John was born the babies have been coming thick and fast - sometimes both delivery rooms are in use at once. The nurse told me at 6:00 this morning that she had 18 babies, and since then 2 have been born and they just took another girl to the delivery room. (It is now 9:00.) They are much busier than usual this morning. It's time for John to be brought for his feeding, but no telling when

They'll get around to that.

I started having pains at 4:30 Friday morning. We got up early since Jerry was to be at the base at 7:00 for a hap, and I announced it while we were eating. But then they got much milder. However, we all thought things could speed up and labor could go fast since this was my second, so he got out of his hap. And when those mild pains started coming real close together he and his mother thought I'd better get on to the hospital. (And we did drive, even though we live within a block.) By the time we had checked in (it was 9:00 A.M.) and I had been brought to the room (the nurse insisted I had to ride in the wheel chair) the pains had completely stopped, and did I feel silly! I was ready to go home again, but they assured me the enema would probably make labor start again. And thank good-

ness it did. Then Mr. Lambert
checked me and told me to walk
around, and put my mind to
it, and labor would get started.
So I paced the floor for quite
awhile until the pains were
coming regularly and strongly,
and then I wasn't sorry we
had come so early - those false
pains might have kept up
much longer. Around 9 hours
after labor started in earnest
John was born. If anyone
had told me they suspected
he'd be large I'm sure I would
have been worried about my
labor. I knew this child
ought to come faster than Paula
did, because everyone I know
has had short second labors,
but one of the nurses assured
me it was perfectly normal
to have a long second labor, and
I really was not worried about
it at all - just figured my
body was sluggish this time
or something.

After
feeding
John: In a way I enjoyed labor a
little more this time because

4
I liked the nurse better who was with me, and because Jerry was with me constantly for the last several hours - I think it was from about 2:00 P.M. on. He was scheduled for a lecture and a cockpit check that afternoon but got out of them. I'm surely glad it wasn't a day he had a court.

This labor was harder than before, but when I found out how big John was I understood why. When the pains got to be real strong the nurse brought a mask for Jerry to hold. I don't know what the gas was, but it helped. He held his hand on my stomach, and when a contraction began he'd put the mask over my nose and mouth, and when it was over he'd remove it. Finally after I'd been breathing it for some time I was so drowsy between contractions that I hardly knew what was going on. I don't know what time Dr. Lambeth got here, but it was in plenty of time. I do know that when I heard

5
him and saw him in the room
how good I felt. Then a while
later when I realized nurses
were standing beside my bed
with the cart, ready to go to the
delivery room - what a relief that
was. As I got in there I be-
gan to wake up because I
wasn't having the gas. It
wasn't too long until he gave
me the anesthetic - I had a
"saddle block" this time, and a
"caudal" before. After the
anesthetic I could still feel
the pains around my waist
and back, unlike the other
time when they were completely
numbed. But it wasn't long
before that boy was born,
and Jerry was very near by
in the hall and was told imme-
diately. I knew he'd be so
happy.

It could watch the entire
delivery in a mirror, and what
a thrill that was. I couldn't
see Paula being born. I did
miss seeing the afterbirth, I
guess because I turned my

head to see the baby after the nurses carried him over to a crib. They were all saying how large he was, and made guesses as to his weight, but none guessed as high as 10 pounds. When the nurse came back in and announced that I thought she was kidding — I could not believe I'd had a baby that big. He measured 22 inches long, head 15" around, and chest 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". He really stands out in the nursery because he has such a large head. Most of the others' heads are about 13".

He's not exactly pretty yet, except that he's not so red, ~~and~~ is more filled out, and has less hair than many of the others. He has just a nice amount of light brown hair over his head & less than Paula had. His mouth looks just like hers did. His cheeks are so fat and round and his neck is thick and shoulders are broad. His eyes are blue, but the lids are rather puffy. He's been quite a sleepy boy and often doesn't open them when he's in here. They bring him 'round the clock, about every 3 hours. His head is not prettily shaped, but we are sure it will soon look better.

7
Sunday evening

I had to ask Jerry to bring me more paper because I had tons more to write about.

John's head is rather long in back, and his forehead is pressed back. So now he looks very much like Paula looked in the face when she was born. His funny little ear-lobes are pushed upward because of his riding head-down with his shoulders pressed down against his ears for so many months. We know they'll straighten out too. He was born looking like a football player.

Mrs. Stinson and Paula came to the hospital Friday night while I was having John, since it was visiting hours. She left Paula downstairs with someone watching her, and came up and saw John in the incubator and saw me for a few minutes. They put the newborn babies in the incubator for a few hours, regardless of size, I guess. Then the nurse dressed him and brought him to the room for me to see before I went

to sleep.

They told Paula that Mommy and Baby John were both sleeping, and say she has seemed perfectly happy about it. She has come along two or three times at visiting time (oh, by the way, husbands don't have to observe visiting hours here, so Jerry could come in the mornings also), and just loves to sit downstairs and sip a coke and chew a gum-ball, and maybe look down the hall or look at a magazine or just sit. But they say she seems to understand that "Mommy's sleeping" and she can't come upstairs. In fact yesterday afternoon Mrs. Stinson was taking her home, but when they got outside Paula cocked her head to one side in a way she has, and said, "I hafta go back to the hospital," so back they came.

I have felt so much better during this hospital stay. Part of the reason was getting up after 12 hours. A nurse helped me to the bathroom, and I

9
pat on a chair and had a sponge
bath. Dr. Lambeth said I could
get up as much as I felt like
doing. My stitches haven't
seemed to hurt as much, either.
I don't think I have any more
stitches than I had the first
time - the doctor said that,
anyway.

I'll be going home tomorrow
after the 9:00 a.m. feeding. Of
course I will rest a lot for
these first several days, and
I will surely need you to help
out after Mrs. Stinson leaves.
I was glad to hear that you
are coming for sure, Mama, and
that Daddy may too. I sorta
hope Mary's baby is a few days
late, because ~~she deserves to~~
have Mrs. Stinson there to help
her as much as she helped me.
I felt so much better during
these last few weeks because
of not getting so tired. We'll
look for you sometime next week-
end, so let us know.

Can't wait for you to see
our fine big boy, and our big
girl too. Love, Frances