

boys who are always pounding
on my back door to show me a
new treasure or a bird with a
crippled wing or leg. Their compassion
for little creatures, and their in-
satiable curiosity + trust that I
know all the answers is very
touching!

I find the 2-mile trek to market
& back seems longer every month
(we are still sheathed in ice and snow)
but I can still out-walk all the
women in Wilton, - even if my arms
seem to be diminishing in useful-
ness & I can't write legibly any
more.

Am wondering whether you did
get to meet Johnny & Margaret
Ball while they were in Santa
Fe seeing Te Ata? They are
dear people.

Best of luck with the finishing
of the Navaho book. Don't
know what a grind writing
a book can be!

Sorry indeed that Betty seems
none too well, but hope you'll
both be rejuvenated in '63!

Love to you -

Brendie

BRENDA PUTNAM
42 SHARP HILL ROAD
WILTON, CONNECTICUT

Jan 10th, '63

Saurie Dear:

At long last I have
cleared from this cluttered
table almost all the "must"
correspondence that has had
me swamped. - so can get
at some of the letters I've
been wanting to write for
weeks.

Your quaint & charming
Navaho candles & the "Essence
of Quail" with its top knot arrived
intact and lovely, and I do
thank you, my dear. Both
the colors and the varied shapes
of the little candles are appealing
and make such cheery little
groups.

Me, I tried hard to forget
Xmas this year - but no go, +
I blush to think of all the gifts,
cards & letters that came pouring

in to abash me! All the way from a gay (and most useful) red umbrella to warn motorists on Rte 7 that there is at least one pedestrian on the road they must look out for! — to a beautiful, giant-sized Star, a starfish that two dear little girls found on a beach last summer. Am sure it was their prize possession.

Thank you for writing me of that trained masseuse who is taking the misery out of your back. I hate to think you, too, have been coping with a back, and am vastly relieved to know it was muscles + not arthritis, + that you already feel so much better.

No, I know I haven't written you for ages, but with rapidly dwindling muscles in my arms + a shaky hand, have had all I could do,

trying to carry on where Shirley, who was always the chronicler of the family, leaving us all in touch with each other, I is now unable to do so. I got an occasional brief word from Elliot, but Shirley just cannot write at all any more. Physically, though, she is all right, and at last they have found an ideal companion for her — a Mrs Dorothy Longbridge — college graduate of Radcliffe. She's a widow — just some fancy-free, who likes to cook and take care of people, + has become devoted to Shirley. Elliot is now back at 3025 D St in Washington after several months of teaching + painting on the Pacific coast. He plans to go to Florida in February, taking both ladies in tow.

I always seem to keep busy just living, and though I'm still a rotten housekeeper, get a big kick out of the 1/2 dozen "Nature Club"