

your letters are as beautiful
as these blossoming days of
our early spring. They give me
new lights at each reading,
and I yearn to talk together
by your fire place of all those
deep thoughts we share in silence -
M. ^{fore to our native Kenilworth}

Gave me a new camera? It is
almost as exciting as our kale
especially because it snails
be "her" camera.

March 8, 1964
Dearest Den -
These tiny photographs
from the first misty days in the
hospital I had thought Ruth
sent you. Then to find them
here all the while. Thus I send
them flying, with the promise
of more, and better ones.

I find not the time
to keep my papers in order -
that a whole month will
have passed by March 11th

and dear Kate will be so BIG !
I am still up with her during
the night . It is pleasant to
be so quiet together after the
events of a day with all of
Anne's interests to tend . She
is becoming a conversational
delight .. but a constant one !
she finds all sorts of stories
to tell, songs to sing and no
end of words to pronounce .
This must be the age of those

enchanting mistakes - like
"alligator" for "escalator" and
"hamberley" for "hamburger" and

forgive the waste of this
letter to you - when I would so
much rather speak from my
inner voices - whispering
as I do to tiny Kate, sniffing
her fragrance as I do . Would
that I could send it to you .

Did I tell you that Frederick