

room is up a stair and off a balcony
that overlooks the beamed-ceiling

living room. It is with a garden green
and a small studio with a tiny dark-
room in the back yard. In a few weeks
we shall be all ready to find some old
equipment the large pieces may stretch
the budget too far just now. But with
this gift of a house for a year, we are
patient in more wishes. Are you sure

that you are not our fairy-godmother?
Our deepest love, Greta and Mitch

September 15

Our dear Nell,

Where to begin? We send our hearts
bound more and more closely with
your atmosphere, with our new,
sweet memories of our afternoon in
the gorge, of bread-baking, of the duck
sebastien, of music, of apple-trees, of
the dark-room where wonders take place.
All this we have dreamed of and spoken
quietly about. But our outward

Please give our warmest to "To

days have been far from calm since we saw you last. So much swims in the hurried, pressured day of family visits and "practical" things. But we lasted through a ladies tea in Erie and visited in gasps many old friends of Mitch's and then trudged off in our little car to cross this vast country. It was a hurried journey. There was no time to stop and see nature. the mountains were always in the distance. Our road was the flat, direct, corn-field, desert one and even at that kindness our little car chugged into San Francisco gasping for a rest. So did we. But once again our blessings are infinite. the little house, found for us by friends, awaited our arrival as though it were ours. It is perfect. small, white walls, dark wood doors (we think of the Octagon House) and a large deep fireplace (Buen Retiro) and our bed-