Dearest Mother,

Your week in New Hampshire sounded lovely. I wish we could have helped put the garden to bed. I'd love a winter bouquet for the house from the sweet home.

I surely do hope that somehow Bet gets to feeling really well. It still seems to me that maybe making Jo Bread Hill would be too much for Bet. But this is hard to always keep things peaceful - then sure that perhaps the more Mrs. P. leaves them the more the tries to make them. John has never been able to do his own thinking with her around. She's a very determined person. I do so wish Bet & John could just be themselves, & relax and enjoy the ~~rest~~ rich new that is theirs. Surely they have all the makings for all beauty. I wish so that we could near us. Perhaps all of us living near, & just loving & being there always neared Sue Bet the feeling of security she needs with our telling her. I pray it will all work out.

Winter hit here last week with two hard freezes. All my fall flowers that I was so proud of, died. I was so disappointed. It

was really cool for so early.

Well, we finally got away for a week-end. We drove to Mitchell Wells (90 miles) to a very nice Dude Ranch. We had a wonderful time. The food was excellent the ranch owners very nice. It was just what we've been looking for. We all rode horse back & Mary Dickerson one day rode for two hours with one of the ranch hands. Bobby had his own horse. The ranch land was at one time an Indian reservation. Susan and Bobbie & Mary Ruth found an Indian arrow-head. Also found some old Indian beads. Bobbie was so thrilled as he's been studying Early Amer. days in school. All in all it was a most successful week-end. We must take you over there when you come for a visit.

The children are on a tear and the house is so noisy I can't hear myself think.

Please forgive me if this makes no sense.

Just know that always we — love you very very much.

always,
Darby.