

and see the drawings I have done, only you would get the particular feeling I try to express, that feeling of old things, rustling skirts, little mouse shadows running beneath the dresser and candle light.

I miss home but realize that the convenience of your wee home is enabling me to finish so am content and happy, and grateful to you and Polm.

Little Bethany loves to watch the birds on the terrace it amuses her for a long time, the squirrels too. She sends her dear God-Mummy ever so much love and her God-Papa also.

I love you and long to see you!

January 30, 1941

Dearest Nell,

Your wee house is so sweet with the snow about it; deep snow. Sam has shoveled paths and patches for the birds to feed on. Snow is wonderful the way it shuts you off from the rest of the world. We feel as though we were on an enchanted island, living in a gingerbread house. Still I cannot accustom myself to your nat-

being here, it doesn't seem
right. I feel your presence
continually.

Ever since you left I have
been thinking about Allyn
and praying she and her
was one are safe. Allyn
Bet and Barbara came out
Sunday I heard she was
well but I didn't want
to say anything about the
was one. I do so hope
all is happy.

We did enjoy seeing
Bet and Barbara and Mary
so much. Barbara is so
dear with Bethany, she
picked her up and talked
with her and Bethany
loved it. It did my heart

good to hear Bet talk about
nursing babies and about
~~these~~ awful canned baby
vegetables. Bethany just won't
touch them, she only has
fresh ones.

We were happy to receive
John's kind letter, and happy
to hear you were both
resting. You will be a
changed person when you
return.

Oh Nell, I am so pleased!!
Here by your line I have
written one of the nicest
wee stories and am now
hard at work on the
illustrations. I know I will
be able to finish in time
which is a relief. I want so
to have you read the story