

too punny. He and I have <sup>secret</sup> ~~secret~~ <sup>secret</sup> laughs together. I have <sup>him</sup> with me for half an hour or more at each feeding; they are so busy here they aren't very strict.

On Saturday Sells and I go back to Milton!!! I can't tell you how I'm counting the hours until I see our Beltrany. I have missed her so frightfully.

What will she say and do, I wonder? You were dear to send her the wee note, I gave it to Mum today to take back to her.

I know she will be excited to receive and open a letter all her own.

Barbie sent me such a sweet note, it was so good of her to write. Robin must be a darling, I'm impatient to see him.

There is such a great deal to say to you, I haven't said a half. But as you said, I know we feel without saying it.

So much love to you,  
Nell Dear.

I am all impatient to put on my lovely dress on my new figure. Women's waiting. I love you.

Tuesday morning

Nell Dearest,

Your letter touched me so, and filled me with the desire to write you, to speak of quiet evenings by the fire, of little nightgowns dozing before the bright blaze, of singing about the "Joggy dew" to drowsy little ones, the sound of the music box, the smell of wood smoke and autumn leaves. The thought of a fat yellow pumpkin waiting to be made into a Pumpkin Moonshine. Full seeds and magic caps. Oh Nell, you can't be pulled away from these things, so hold tight to the West Branch and your children. My heart sinks for you, I know in some small way how you must feel. I admire you so

staying yourself through it all,  
I just don't see how you do it.  
I try to imagine how I would  
feel in a like situation, and  
the thought is so overwhelmingly  
dreadful to me that I can't even  
imagine it, but can only return  
helplessly to my own fireside.

Don't, don't let yourself be torn  
away. Can't you get your way  
in that manner only women  
have! Surely you won't have to  
go away, I can't believe that you  
will, I refuse to believe it. Some-  
thing will surely be worked out,  
just as the kitchen and the  
garden came. How far away  
they seemed a while ago, now  
they are a reality. Keep up  
your courage and stand up for  
your rights, for after all you have  
them; I don't care if it is  
wished of me to talk so, it  
makes me angry to see you,  
who are so good and thoughtful  
of others, made miserable.

Palmer is naughty. I will say  
no more, for it is not my  
place to. So so; but I love you

and feel for you, and wish,  
oh how I wish, I could really  
send you comfort. I feel, but  
I can't express it in writing.  
You would know just what to  
say but I am wordless.

Little Seth is the most  
endearing wee person. I love  
him so much already that it  
just hurts to bear it. He has  
the sweetest ways and expressions,  
and SUCH an appetite. You  
should see him, he drinks  
so fast that he gets full of  
wind, then I put him on  
my shoulder to bubble him,  
he hudds up his wee head  
and bobs it about, and lets  
out the most manly winds.  
Then he can hardly wait to  
start all over again, wagging  
his head from side to side  
and just panting. After a  
while he gets drowsy, but he  
refuses to let go of my nipple,  
he holds on for dear life, if  
you start to take it away  
he clamps on again, it is really