severe sore throat. It started Saturday morning and got worse, the party thing, until yesterday it ran a temperature, so today I am being very spoiled by my dear husband staying home to take care of things. I feel much better, very ashamed though at Louis having to stay home, but oh it is nice to have him. Bethany thinks Mummy should get sore throats often, then Pa would stay home.

Ah me, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good,!"

Have nearly finished the "White Goose" work, have only two little pages to do.

Oh Nell, what fun it was having you, I'll never forget it. Timmy Willie's wee bright eyes are peering over his basket at me. He looks like your squirrel pictures. They are sweet, don't you think.

February 9, 1943

Nell dear,

The rest of the pictures came a few minutes ago, with Tom!!! Goodness but they are dear!!! Some of the night caps are just too adorable. Sally wee hands! I love that one of the trees and sky! Those of purry too. There are so many that are perfect that I can't make up my mind. Again I say, what a book it will be.

Upon receiving the pictures I was much tempted to call you up, but decided I better not. I am still feeling guilty about

being so long in writing you to thank you for all you did, and for making such a happy week. Wasn't it fun!!! When can you come again? How greedy of me; Dahn will be cross with me. This letter is sort of disjointed as Belany-Belany is talking a blue streak and Lassie and Simplim are adding to the fun.

To you,

My last letter I was took out in the snow storm to mail in Danbury and then forgot it, so it didn't go out until Monday. I'm mailing the pictures to you with this letter.

What beautiful snow!

Today it has been warm and still, we are wrapped in mist and stillness. The mist is so thick that even the shed and Dahlia boxes have faded into its impenetrableness. What pictures you could have made of it! You will simply have to come again, that's all.

Now Belany-Belany is in bed; however Simplim has taken over the job of this letter. He won't let me alone — keeps rubbing on the corner of the book upon which I'm writing, likes the pen and my ears — in fact is making himself extremely obvious. Truly you would laugh could you see him. He likes showing himself off on my red dress, it sets off his beauty in the lamplight.

I have been very naughty and gone and caught a