

I feel naughtily when I say
I am glad you are not going
to far countries this spring,
but I am glad, so very glad.

Maybe you will yet see some
of spring at Sweet House.

It is so beautiful there, the
smell of budding, the warmth
of the sun, the birds singing
the strange birds of spring
within ones own self.

I am glad to hear what
you say about Miss Royce, and
I thank you with all my heart
for what you have done.

I do love you so, and
long to see you and tell you
many things and share the
utter joy of our friendship together
B.

Well Darling,

Thankyou! With all my
heart thankyou for your dear
letter about Skipper, and thank
you too for the Times notice.

My heart is sore with
sadness that I did not ~~see~~
see him before he left, he
had been coming to see
me too, his letter was scrawled
out on scrap paper. Marjorie
Burgess sent it to me with
a beautiful letter of her own,
which makes the ache a little

for a tea party on Sunday.
We are waiting on the weather
and John's plans. We hope they
can come. I simply never saw
anything so entrancing as
Kitten. She is so nice and
elfin.

Tom is deep in his
parrotism and farm leaflets
tonight. Oh he is so dear and
sweet. He says he is in
shocking need of a hair cut so
you can guess how dear he
looks.

The children are so well
and very checked. I wish you
could have seen all those
astride the magic snow unicorn.

Our seeds arrived last
week so our heads are full
of garden. I can smell the
gilliflowers and madwort even
as I write, and wet birds
and moist earth. Tom is
working a large garden
this year. We have a lot of
compost and manure for it.
We feel so rich.

Sarah is dreaming of
peas. He delights in playing
store with all the entrancing
packets of seed. He even puts
them to bed at night with
a blanket. What a wonder
to think what will come from
~~the~~ the contents of those little
brown packets.