have seen the moonlight last night and the wild clouds across the sky.

My Rosemary and geraniums are putting forth their spring growth at the rear, and the children and I have spent the last few evenings going over seed catalogues and planning gardens.

Bethany has "invited" the first "chick" here and a batch of eggs and today they are getting down barrels to fix for spring families.

We are all well and excited about summer projects.

Fond endless love and still more,

L.

P.S. Did you buy any dances and are some with music? A package came to a music store in New York, but no senders name. If you did and I give you ever so many thanks, I love it

Nell most darling,

How shamefully long I have been in writing you an even thanking you for the box you sent. I feel I have been very remiss and really have no other excuse than being busy, dreadfully busy, with my book illustrations. I got them all done, the coloured ones, and then Eunice and I both decided the book should

be slightly longer which would make too broad a white space between pictures, so I have done them all over again. It has been a long job as Rosabella Mack has been sick a great deal and unable to help with housework. I have just finished the 20 covers today and have only the black and white left. I feel jubilant! It is the first day of bright sun we have had in nearly two weeks. There is a March wind that brings the very feel of Spring even in its cold mess. My New England ancestry is coming to the fore — a terrific wish to housecleaning, shake the feather beds and air the windows and scrub the floors! Poor Jo — dogs and cats when I get such a fever, but what a glorious fever it is. I can just smell the brown soap and flannel clothes!! I wish you were here.

We are so happy for you to think of your darkroom — what you are doing in it. I want to see everything you've done. How exciting, how wonderful everything is. You should