



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler  
Lovelace Family Papers.

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1931.

The baby is born. We move to Westchester and are very happy although the depression deepens. We live first at 63 Sound View, New Rochelle. Then 24 Second Ave., Pelham. Delossy writes Rockne. March 7 describes baby's bath and her first airing.

March 5 I ~~started the~~ returned to The Charming Sally and told of my new hours. "My only concession will be to watch her bath."

~~Baby's reaction to new formula.~~ March 12. D's "glimmer of affection for the child. Baby's reaction to new formula.

Mme Bisonnettee, ~~when I went to bakery after a long absence during which Merian had been born. All had been worried. Anne had said, "Well, if Mrs Lovelace has gone beyond, Mr will soon follow for I never saw such devotion in a gentleman.~~

Hanni brings baby into the living room for guests to see at 10 O'clock feeding, but no one can take her.

March 16. When Merian has a certain expression Hanni says, "Here come Mr Lovelace."

March 19. Baby trying to talk at 9 weeks.

March 23. Her morning routine described.

March 10. Her first toy, a red rubber ball on a string. ~~She smiles at it. Said Delossy: "audie, your daughter evinces unmistakable signs of amusement at a red rubber ball at the age of seven weeks." He was really proud and so was I.~~

At seven weeks and two days she laughed out loud. A wonderful description of her bath in this letter.

April 6. On April 5, Easter Sunday, she had a tooth.

Trying to talk. "She looks straight into our eyes with the most thoughtful expression and says agloo or glur or some such bright remark."

Handwriting expert tells me that I am to have plenty of success but

it will come slow and I will work hard for it. (What every fortune teller always says about me.) Also he and the ~~xxx~~ numerologist saw a change of residence for me.

April 11. Mary, "I think that little girl is agoing to be smart just like her daddy."

I show baby to Miss Trail and the other nurses.

April 25 I describe her agloo, agloo language.

Everyone says her eyes are like mine. Delossy pounding out Rockne.

Five publishers have told Nan they want my next book.

May 27. Pull her up upon our fingers all the time. For the first time I call her Merian.

June 4. Babana and cereal episode cute. She always hates her cereal.

Merian Highly organized, doctor sayd. Easily wakened. Wont sleep if excited. We never can turn light on in her room or she wakes.

June 17th. Stella Harn's chair.

July 8. Merian says "a Ma Ma but indiscriminta ately. Letter is funny.

July 13. We feel embarrassed when we show her off to people who have ordinary children.

D's old shirt. Hanni : Mr s Loflace wenn I was de woman dat shirt is trown away. THIS IS A VERY GOOD LETTER.

July 31 Teeth and diet/ Discouragement on book.

April 8/ Merian holding o ut second hand for fingernails.

Hanni when baby was sick with heat. "I should go to the movies. "

Aug. <sup>7</sup> 13 lots on Candlelight.

Aug 18 weighs 16 pds.6oz/ can pull herself to sitting position from a half reclining one.

Aug 20 Rosemond says she is the image of Melos but her eyes are Hart.

Eating vegetables. Loves everyth hing but cereal. Still yells on that

Sept 1 Good on her teeth and behaviour.

Sept 2. Steh auf! She and her dog.

\*1930

I just finished reading the 1930 letters, the letters written after I became pregnant, when we moved from 36 West Tenth in New York to 411 West 115th St.

I'm impressed by how very happy we were (even for us.) I mention it several times. "For some reason we are very happy these days."

I was exceptionally well, took long walks every day, cooked with enthusiasm, entertained and went out a great deal, worked daily on The Charming Sally and book reviews. (Remind self to reread Charming Sally. The baby in that is certainly Merian.)

We saw ~~xxxxxxx~~ <sup>mostly</sup> Blanche Stranahan, Pauline and Jo, Warren and Mary Ann, Miss Jessie and Mr Douthirt, Miss Toye, Bryan and Pat Collier, Irmengarde, Martha Ostenso and Douglas Durkin, Stella Karn, Rose Wilder Lane, Mrs Parkhurst, Myrna Sharlow and Capt.

Hitchcock (Edward, their little boy), Ruth Blodgett (when she was the <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ enkles, especially the Marietta, her friend Clarice Blake in town), and many more. I wrote home twice a week and kept very close, almost too close, to the Minnesota family.

Remember the Foller dog Bobbie, going to call on Frohman. He also called on Haynes and Rachel dog, regularly.

D and I had fun making up silly names for the baby. If a girl, which we were sur she wouldn't be, she was to be Thomasina Cooperina Lovelace. Ordinarily she was always Tommy.

Oct 6, 1930 has a good depression story where Delossy gave the last night's poker money to a family from Detroit.

Letters from 24 Second Avenue Pelham.

First letter Jan. 19. Some others will turn up.

Jan 22

Hanni asks baby to point to eye, nose, ear and she will.

My routine is given. I am now working at the NY Public Library. Was it Room 220?

I describe Merian's birthday. Her first.

Jan. 30. She found a handkerchief in a pocket of her dress and put it up to her eyes to play peekaboo. Her mouth beneath it smiles. Pig go to market story cute.

Feb 5. She has learned to say Button (Buppum). Gigi now in 4A

Feb 12. A darling letter from Delos about Merian.

Feb 16. Ba-ba is the word Hanni has taught her for dirt. She spits out a bit of paper, makes a face, says baba and turns to us to explain: "Dirt."

Feb 19 describes her staggering around by herself. Takes milk from cup

Feb. 24 I buy a Persian lamb coat at Wanamakers. Poem in Bookman.

When I get back to Minnesota I expect to live in a bathrobe in front of the fire.

March 2. Merian has 9th tooth. This morning she heard typewriter going. Turned to Hanni and said, "Daddy home."

Points at stove and says to me, "Heise." But she evidently thought that was its name, because she ~~pointed~~ then patted it to make sure I knew she was speaking of the stove. (Later Hanni taught her not to touch it by putting her finger tip on it quickly when it was hot.)

The newspapers are full of the Lindbergh baby story.

March 10. She is being taken to the hospital for violet rays and loves to ride. Keeps saying vi'let rays, man, bye b ye. Also car. She says bookie, bookie, bookie, morning tonight. This is a very good letter....reading English and German, she teases Hanni by saying the wrong language. Not yet 14 months old.

1932.

(2)

Blank to April 6 . Then The Charming Sally done. She and Hanni and I took the train to Minnesota, Delossy joined us. ~~When~~ Before we went she could say gampa, gamma, ~~xxxxxxx~~ Auntie, Gigi, Rommie and Bobbie and (since we told her Bobbie was a dog, she would add, Woo woo in a deep voice.

Blank to May 7, but look up Minneapolis Tribune and other stories on this trip.

Blank to May 24. Has been vaccinated. Now goes to the park. Says schiffle (boats), has made a friend, Peter and Hanni is friend to his nurse. Peter had an accident and Merian would say mournfully. Pottie, Peter. Evidently he didn't get there soon enuf.

May 27. Can step out of her coop. So chicken wire fence from Newsoms. Peter, lambchops , scornfully. Hanni was scornful because he was allowed to have them, I guess. All women are ante.

When she butters her toast or crackers, says gampa. (He taught her to do this.) May 27 worth seeing again.

Agnes Grant. June 8. First mention of Emma/. The letter which told of our meeting must have been lost. Baby strings 3 and 4 words together. Muttie take nap...I see

Buddie....has put as many as 5 together.

The bonus army. Letter from Bick.

Baby comes up and says How de doo and shakes hands.

June 13. Trip to the beach by taxi.

June 15. CS to be out Aug, 18.

Don O'Connor's houseboat on Sound.

Merian shouts King, Bishop etc when we play chess,

June 18. Daddy has left Strutwear. Trip to Milwaukee.

When I set table, Merian got to napkins and said, "Help mommie."

She says Malzeit before she eats.

No diaper all day. Tells me when she wants pottie. 10 mo.

Gigi's camp. Merian chants De Charming Sally. De Charming Sally with a roguish look for none of us taught her to say it. She also says

"Out in de yahd" "Cup o' tea." She said the latter at breakfast and I said to her, "Shame on you. This isn't a cup of tea."

She shouted "Coffee Toast. Breakfast."

1) Hanni, Schule, Soon. Hanni had gone to town to buy her shoes.

"Daddy h ome. Fun."

Little boy in park, when I am with Merian, is spanked. Merian began to cry and shouted. "Help! Hanni!" "Help! Hanni!"

She would go to the good bookcase and say, "Daddy's book. No touch."

Cackie still buttered, a la Minnesota. She got the word woodie from her gampa. He doesn't remember what it means. It seems to mean a bite of something.

Sp numbered because I didn't know the dates  
July A. She likes to be told who loves her. I'll recite the list.

She wants everyone on. If I leave out one, she will say, "And Gampa loves?" "And Dodie loves?" (Dodie made a great impression on her during the Minnesota trip.)

July B. Breaks something. "Daddy fix it. I'm sure."

July I. Madchen. Schmeck gut. Right on de nose. (Which Melossy would say in pretending to fight her.) This letter very good on her reading aloud to her self.

I am baking. Merian open cupboards and brings me pots and pans and with every one says. "Dat's de girl." For we often praise her by saying, "That's the girl."

Pat Ahlers married.

Merian will sit on our laps and read aloud, or pretend to. She sounds like a high priest chanting. Now and then we recognize a word. She never misses the rhythm.

July 19. Has tasted white crackers. Now when Hanni hands her a graham one she hands it back and says, "Ander cackie." When I was baking, she said, "Smell muffins." The word smell was new.

"Dere go de ants."

Hanni took a ribbon off a candy box and tied around her head. Merian was much excited and ran for me. "Mommie see ." Then she said "Daddy see" but he was at work. Then she said "Hanni take guggele shoemaker see." (Guggele Hanni's pet name for her.)

July 21. Delosy working late. Merian: "Daddie mofies, I wonder?" Simple Simon met a ....." If you say that, she comes in with the "pie man". Does this with many rhymes, both German and English.

July 22. She comes into my writing room and said "Lap." When I take her up on my lap she says "Glasses". When I give them to her, she puts them on and begins to pound the keys saying, "Write a book." (I remember that so well.)

"Dere goes de train. Daddy on it." (We lived near the trains and she could hear them.)

She would chant "A and P. Groceries. Woodie . Mommie." I suppose this was when I began to get her ready to go shopping.

Aug. 2. Merian said to me. "Damp, mommie. Very damp." I asked where and she said, "Over in de corrah." I went to the corner and it was extremely damp and she was responsible.

She loved the 'tella doll. (Mother must have given it to her.) The 'tella doll was fed, given drinks, put on the pottie etc. Also she loved a giraffe which she calls a horse.

Aug. 3. The depression has hit home. Daddie's ~~my~~ daddie's job at Strutwear collapsed. Some dishonorable dealings from a company for which he had done much. He had a shock when it happened. A temporary/looss of memory. The family withheld this news for a time but finally told us. It had happened the day we were on Don O'Connor's boat, I think. We were told about Struwear but not about how it affected him. I felt sick though, at the time it was happening.

Aug 4. E Riley attended dinner for Pearl Buck....  
Alex Woolcott there in white linen suit.

Helen was the model for Joel's mother.

NY World Telegram asks for an interview.

Merian goes swimming in pool. Now cries "Beach! Swim!" and makes swimming motions with her arms and shouts for joy.

Westchester Life Interview. Baby runs into picture. When we put her out, she takes a big book and sits down turning pages. A book on George Washington she loved, especially the picture of "at Vernon Gershwin at piano for Rhapsody in Stadium for Gershwin Robert. ~~George Gershwin at piano for Rhapsody in Blue.~~  
Merian chants Minn-e-sota, ...auntie Helen...Minnesota....gampie.... give woodie. She also goes about cleaning days of week.

Aug 22. She says "Great help" to "Dea" as long as she helps Hanni clear dinner table.

Her love for 'tella doll.

Excitement over new table and chairs. "Good time, mommie. Show daddy pop...show Buddy. She was sitting at table with Buddy and another little boy who had come to see it, and when <sup>Hanni</sup>/I came in, she said, "Lots of excitement around here," a common expression of my own.

She often says "Good time", "hard work", "Being good." They are her 3 favorite expressions.

Dere goes de horse bringing baby's milk"...I write Note the bringing

Aug 24. Baby on porch saying nursery rhymes. "Old Mother Goose, went to the cupboard, to get her woolie a bone."

Hanni was away and I slept in her bed. When Merian woke up and saw me she shouted joke.

Aug. 26. Once a little babele had a woolie named Max'l.

Hanni going to burn two candles. One for Charming Sally and one for Rose Marie.

Paramount synopsis of Charming Sally, so Geor P Putnam told Nannine, said "excellent material whenever they feel ready to make costume/ <sup>piece</sup>

1932

Sept 3  
Merian to Warren: "Hot day". Warren; "Yes, very." Merian:  
'ticky. Warren: yes, it's very sticky. Merian: Hanni feels it, too.

Sept 4. Merian to Hanni, imitating me: "Good bye, deloopsy.  
Have a good day. Have you plenty of money?

Sept 14. When taxi came to take us to beach Merian loved. she  
shouted, "Hanni! Taxen cab."

Sept 18

Our Boston trip.

Merian desc at table, prancing and asking for woodies. Says Full  
of prunes. At the beach she saw a red-haired baby and shrieked:  
Gigi

St Johns Michigan. The Harts. Tell Rosemond Chapman.

Sept 21. Putting Merian to bed at night described. "Lots of excitement  
around here." "Pahdon me!" She always says pahdon for pardon.

Sept 27. A box from mother. Merian. "Hanni/ et de scissors."  
Gets pencils. "Baby mark only on paper."

She loved to have us write down the names of every one she knows.  
"Tante athleenx is Gigi's mommie."

"And how!" her newest. "Baby wants a tiny piece awful bad."

Ask for a kiss (or anything esle) she says. "Am aturday." (Once  
for a joke, I remember, she made it Am Tuesday and laughed with glee  
at having fooled us.)

Tries to hold pencil between her fingers as we do, not in fist. Her  
own idea. She says, "Babele hold pencil."

Merian, making me write. "Now write Miss Shopping Wet." Now write  
"Daddy puts a collar around his neck." (I comment. "How's that for  
the start of a novel?")

Katie sends her a teaset opened while Marie Loiseau, an interviewer,  
is here.

I speak over WOR and when Hanni turns it on and M hears my voice  
she says, "Mommie back soon?"

Oct 11. Downstairs after illness she asks for all her treasures:

Oct II con't.

the double cards (the bridge deck; she heard us always saying 'double') her musical chair (TStella "arn gave it to her), her camel book (Alice Williamson's autoiography has a picture of a camel), her Indian book (oir history of the Am ndian), Her Washington House (mentioned above, has a picture of Mt erson), the chessmen. Etc. She patted them and trotted off to play her favorite game "Hanni in the ark." Said "Bench too warm. Ander bench" Trotted to another bench, "Bench too cold etc.

Lucille coming out to spend the afternoon and see baby.

Oct 12. Merian supplies words. Once there were 5 little.....Merian; Rabbits. " And their names were ....Flopsy Mopsy and Cottontail.

Oct 17. Lucille gets nicer as she gets older. Less nervoius and self-center ed. Mentions daddy's sandwiches.

Lossy is writing his book (King Ko ng.)

Merian sprwads out all her dolls and animals. "Now mommie take a kodak."

Merian can cursey. A funny little German bob. Hanni calls it a Knix. Mach ein knix, babele.#

Merian: Mommie. Baby wants to see old Sitting Bull. Please Mommie. (that was in tour American Indian book.)

To tease us she said No to everything, even cookies, but when we asked her whether she loved Hanni she wouldn't say no.

Afyer Oct 18 no more letters <sup>although I certainly wrote them.</sup> Nov 9 and 21 I was to make talks in Philadelphia. also talks in Brooklyn. ~~For the 12th 13th 14th~~

~~Accident~~ Accident with my head, burn from a permanent, came about this time and Dr Edessa came every day for a while. I made the speeches anyway, I recall. Diaries probably cover this period. Mother & Dad came for Christmas. Hanni was gone.

Sept 1931

3

Sept 22  
1931

Yesterday was Hanni's day out and he helped me with the baby. She is getting cuter every day. She can play peekaboo now. This is the way it goes. She puts the handkerchief over her own face (at eight months, said Maud proudly.) Then we say:

"Wo is die babele? Wo ist die babele?" Then she pulls off the handkerchief and cry, "Da ist sie!" And the baby laughs out loud with joy. Delos plays it with her by the hour. She is getting prettier and prettier. Her hair is an indescribable color, more and more red in it all the time, yet decidedly blonde. It is somewhat like Lucille Brandenburg's used to be. She smiles at everyone who look at her, goes to every one.

Oct 7 Merian's coop.

Oct 13 also for desc of Merian,

Oct. 5. Merian and the boy next door, a starting contest. Very good for when she meets Bick's boys.

Oct 21. Hanni and the pink coat. A very cute story.

Nov 3. Merian waves bye bye and auf wedersehen to every train that passes. She looks to proper person when a name is mentioned.

Nov 14. I had a snapshot of Bick's boys. Took it up.

Nov 19 . A VERY GOOD LETTER. Buddy a pears. HGood. Merian has taken 2 steps alone. Took first step alone at 9 mo. 6 week days. Plays patticake with Hanni. Bäker bāker rucken .

Nov. 23 Merian looking at her picture book and humming. This is also a good letter.

Nov 28 Merian singing

Dec, 15 She says Bitte whenever she sees the zwiebach box.

Dec 14. Marie Aleinikoof when Arnold dies. Good. Also Wie grosse ist das babele? and waves auf wedersehen to every train that

passes. Every 15 minutes.

papa-by when Melosy goes to work. Association of ideas.

Dec 17. She will reach for zwiebach box and say, Bittee.

Dec 22. VERY Good. Hanni. "That baby is smart." She hauls cart around coop.

Dec. 26. Her first Christmas is wonderful. Calls everything except a dog (which is a woo woo, she loves toy dogs and has many) a dollie pronounced daglie."

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ My father went back to Minnesota, having got himself a fine job with a company in Brooklyn in the midst of the depression. (Or rather permission to take home a sample case and see what he could do, and he did plenty.) Mother stayed on a while. Nan gave a wonderful tea for her, full of celebrities. Mother evidently did most of the writing home for the letters from me begin after she leaves. I have another German nurse, Lina, very good with Merian but she didn't stay long because of a personal tragedy. Merian got sick with one of her bronchial colds.

The depression is deepening. ~~Onxxxxx~~ The banks closed. Everyone at the Sun received a \$10 bill instead of a pay check...of course the pay checks would have done not much good for there was no bank open to cash them in. (We never did get much of our money from the Pelham Bank. Some small percentage, I forget what.) I write that we feel Roosevelt is handling it well and our grocer, butcher, coal dealer are all trusting us.

I say on March 10. "Monday if all goes well I'll start a new novel." (It seems to a reader of the letters as though I had just finished one.)

Baby (now two years and almost two months) missed Stella. "I ~~xxx~~ don't want Stella to go to Minn-e-so-ta." I told her her you were getting things ready for us! (We were always planning trips to Minnesota.) So later you told me reassuringly, "She's only making pies and cakes for us." She pointed dreamily to your bureau. "That's where she keeps all her bee-u-ti-ful things." On the stool she ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ 'called loudly for your bracelets and I had to give her mine to pacify you."

March 13. Frank Batt dies. The Sun arranges a flight to Detroit for Delos. Merian likes Lina on account of her German accent. I tell my family. "You must all cultivate German accents when we get out there." We had told Merian Delos was on an airplane. Later she remarked, "By George, daddy's on an airplane."

March 17. My routine for my writing and ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ my time with Merian described. "Merian is just too sweet for description. Her cheeks are scarlet from the spring wind, and with her yellow hair, big blue eyes and little tubby chunky figure. she looks too adorable. She can be naughty, though/ She ran off with the table call bell which she knows she is not supposed to touch (M. It's the glass one with violets on it.) and shouted as she ran, "I'm disobeying, mommie. Look at me, I'm disobeying." Sometimes she says, "I'm being rude, ,ommie." "The other day did something she was not supposed to do and in the instant of discovery shouted, "I'm turning over a new leaf, mommie."

One night while Delos was gone she stood and watched me eating for a long time and then said, "You have nice manners, mommie. Daddie can take you to a restaurant."

Whenever she is punished she cries for Stella: "I don't want Stella to go to Minnesota and make pies and cakes." But I assure her that even if Stella was here she wouldn't be let off her punishment. " (M to M. Probably being made to sit in a corner. You were spanked only once.)

Tulips are up and things getting springlike but cold wind.

March 17 and March 22 letters both good for story.

In the midst of a party in New York, ~~Delos~~ every time he came within whispering distance of me ~~Delos~~ ~~Delos~~ told me he wanted to go home and see the baby,

I ~~say~~ write, "And by the way what you think of Roosevelt? We think he is pretty good, and are taking back all we said about him before election." (M to M. This continues for some time, this opinion/ I'm curious to see when our feelings change. I ~~can~~ remember that we ahted the packing of the court.)

Merian loved your little paragraph about Bobbie, mother. (M to M. Bobbie was the Fowlers airdale.) She is simply too sweet for words. She beggars description. Delos brought her home a little toy bird and said asplainly as you or I would say it, "It's really amazing how my daddie loves me." "Really amazing is her latest phrase. Everything is amazing or thrilling.

She still runs away with the salt and pepper shakers or something from the table shouting, merrily, "I'm disobeying, mommie. I'm being rude." A twinkle in her eye.

M to M. Stella used to tell you a story about us all driving to Minnesorta when we got a car. You would cime into our bed in the morning, put your head under the sheet and say, "Has daddy made the campfire, monnie?" "You make the coffee, mommie and I'll stir the grapefruit."

March 22 is also a wonderful letter. I went to the Flower Show. "I am just bursting with new s about Merian, who is so sweet, so pretty and so clever. Don't tell anyone the things I tell you for no one outside the family would believe them and they are absolutely true. Sunday morning came into our bed and usual and was so full of fun and so sweet. She began to tease me to get the blue book and read her poems. I didn't get up to get the book but said, "What poem do you want me to read, Merian?" She would dig her head into the pillow and say, "Let me think!" Then sit up and recite 4 or 6 or 8 lines os some poem, some I hardly knew or had forgotten entirely. Once she said, "Isn't it too bad Stella isn't here to teach you." Some of the oems she said, "I'll copy down for you." This impressed Delos most of al;; it is Walter de la Mare, I think."

M to M. There follows 6 lines from "Some one comes a knocking at my wee small door. "She really ecited all I have written. She says them with such expression, imitating me." Said 4 lines of The before April." Then, "If I was in a fairy book". Then a verse from "Away be yond the Jarboe house" and just dozens of others/

"She is a little better behaved than when you were here about every-thing but eating. She is very bad about that. The other day I heard her pretending to give her doll the bottle. It was the kitten, rather. She kept saying, "Swallow & Do you hear me, swallow." (That was wh at we always said to youmx, Merian. You could take food in your mouth and hold it indefinitely.)

She shpws great dislike (for a time ) from being parted from either of us. Perhaps thought we would disappear as Stella had. For example once started to cry and said, "I don't want daddy to go to the New Yprk Sun and work for his baby."

Still March 27, 1933

You were prancing on my bed. I said, "Don't walk on my bed, darling. Sit down." You immediately got up again and said impudently, "I prefer to walk." "She said it as plainly as I do and since then has used the word (Correctly, too) several times.

She still talks a lot of Tom and Stella, remembers you both perfectly. The other day she asked for the poker chips "that Grandpa Tombom used to play teaparty with." (That was a famous game between you. Playing teaparty with the poker chips and inviting everybody you would think of and laying out poker chips to represent them.)

You loved playing with the toy kitten and I overheard. "This is the library, Kitty. I am writing a book name of Early Candlelight." (Sometimes you would say The Charming Sally.) When Lina called you: "Go back and wash your dishes, Lina. Kitty and I are at the Library writing Early Candlelight."

~~Aftxx~~ You would ask for the Book of Poems and then go through it and select the ones you wanted. "Book is unillustrated, and I don't see how she knows them. Not more than one or two mistakes out of 15 or 20 poems.

Loves to pretend she is Melos, and the other night got up in his chair and began to talk~~xxx~~ about being at the NY Sun, playing squash and so on. At last she said, "How did my baby behave today?" I told her very well and she inquired politely, "Did she wake up with a dry diaper?" When I said she did, she said, "I'm awfully tickled.

"I know it's hard for you to believe all these stories, but mother, having seen her so recently, can vouch for their probability."

March 30. Lots to copy from this one.

"Every night now when she goes to bed she makes Delossy wrap her up in Miss Tessie's big white shawl and carry her. She says, that, "It reminds me of Christmas morning." And she'll say, 'Do you remember how daddy plugged in the tree?' I have started reading the psalms out loud to her, began with the 100th psalm. She stopped me at the word, 'lord' and asked what it meant. I said, 'God.' She made me read it through 5 times. The last time I said, 'Oh, you don't want me to read that again, do you? Don't you want me to read a different one?' She said, 'No, I don't want you to read a different one.' Can't you just hear her? Now she goes and gets the book and asks me to 'read the poem about God.' Did I tell you how she asked me to sing, 'I don't want to play in your yard.' When I finished she said, 'Stella used to sing me that lullaby. "

"I've stopped reading to her for the present, as I think she ~~has~~ been overexcited for a few days. She asked me the other day, "Mother, have I ever seen a meadow?" And again she said to me, "I've never seen a fairy in my whole life." As though she were a hundred years old.

April 3. Lima's story and the Walsh dinner.

An undated April letter, I call April 2, tells about Mary Allan's last days. In her delerium, "Kindness is the only thing that matters. Kindness. Kindness." You could hear her all over the hospital floor. Would name the people she must be kind to, Kathleen's bridesmaid and a darling person. Died at 49.

April x, 1933.

Charley Kirch to dinner.

She had pit out a nest for the bunny, of course. Our Easter described. All her presents. A dress from Stella with little pockets. A duck from Helen and Frank. "She simply adores it, and carries it everywhere. She has a favorite poem called, "The Duck and the Kangaroo." Turned to Delos and said, "Daddie, I want to ask you a question." "What, Merian?" "Is this the duck that went riding on the kangaroo." When he told her it probably was, she was so impressed. Insisted that the bunny with the carrot in its mouth (M to M another present, I suppose) was a kangaroo so Delos strapped the duck to its back with a rubber band and she was in heaven. Hanni sent a silk dress and a beautiful bunny with a mustache....I let Merian talk to her over the phone and she gave a regular monologue, running something like this, "Thanks you, Hanni. Come and see us, Hanni. We'll give you some cookies. And the little green leaves are coming out on the lilacs. And spring is almost here. And that's a nice bunny, Hanni. I likes his his whiskers." etc.

She ran to the radio and turned it on. "I wants to hear G.B.S." This was the night Shaw spoke in N.Y. You know she never forgets anything if she hears it once. When I didn't turn it on, she said, "I don't think the radio us dull, mother."

The baby talks circus (Delos and I were going) all day long. The other day I was telling her about it and how it had lions and tigers and elephants and she interrupted, "And don't forget the hippopotamuses" She said it very slowly and didn't leave out one syllable.

April 25

Lina's troubles (concerned her husband and her own little girl.) Lina was crying and Merian went up to her so anxiously and said, "Do you know I had cocoa last night for supper, Lina? Wasn't that exciting?" Trying to cheer her up.

We took Merian to see the Sternes, the first time we had taken her calling, and she certainly covered herself with glor....The garden was in its glory and the baby was enchanted with it and began to call all the flowers by name - forsythia, daffodils, tulips, pansies, etc. - to the Sternes' astonishment. Boy picked her a bouquet of pansies and when she took it she said, "Thanks you." She began to examine them and at last looked up at him and said, "Doesn't this look like my daddy's mustache?" And began to laugh. The markings on the pansy did look like a mustache. She was thrilled to pieces with the dog, Dixie, and his kennel. She saw Dixie before Mrs Sterne joined us and began to tell her all about it. She said, "I saw his little kennel-- and the dish that he eats out of -- and there's a little - vase - that he drinks out of." She told about the mustache on the pansy, too. I asked her to recite the poem about about pansies and she ~~xxxxxx~~ said, "Raining, raining, all day long ---" Then she broke off to say "That's the way it begins." (M to M There's lots more of this.) After we got home the phone rang and it was the Sternes and they wanted to know if we knew how remarkable she was. They said they couldn't stop talking about her....Of course they are unusually sweet with children, and I think the garden and Dixie excited her.

Today she was playing she was Delos and said, "Well tonight I'm going to bring Merian home some animal crackers. I think she's plenty old enough for animal crackers."

April 25 con't.

She has lots better manners than when you were here. (Had thanked all the Sternes profusely.) When we are alone, she hates to be left out of the conversation and will say, "Please, mother, please daddie, talk with me." I said today, "Well, then what shall we talk about?" She ~~plumped~~ plumped herself down and said conversationally, "The weather." I said, "Well, I think it's getting ~~rather~~ quite like summer, don't you, Merian?" And she said, "No, I think that winter is here."

April 26.

Mary Allen died on my birthday. Earl calls the next morning g. this

I tell abp out the birthday in/~~the xxxxxxxxxx~~ Delos came in early laden with presents. To my great surprise Lina had made a birthday cake. I opened all my presents and "the baby was so excited.".....Delos gave me among other things The Oxford Book of English Verse and of course the baby thinks it was bought for her especial benefit. The opening verse is Chaucer's Loud sing Cuckoo and Delos read it aloud and ever since she has been begging me to read it. This morning I read her Wordsworth's poem about the daffodils, and she listened wide eyed and when I finished she said, "But what about the crocuses?"

This morning when she was on the pottie, I heard her chanting, just exactly as I am writing it and so dramatically:

Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,  
And Marion is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Alfred Moyes' Robin Hood and so appropriate to the pottie! This is in her own Silver Pennies book, of course, and she has heard it many times."

Another April undated,

Luscious is the only word that describes our baby. She is so fat and roly poly and tanned and cute. Tell Helen that the Rochester postcard made a hit because it was a picture of a library and she thought it was where I went every day to work.

Yesterday I heard her telephoning you. She said, "Stella, come back this way and make us a nother birthday, with two candles on it. You can let me play with your bracelets when I sit on my stoolie."

May 3. It's now legal to make homemade wine (has been for some time since I well remember Hanni helping us make it) but now note a reference to it.

A new maid. Anita Lalienthal. German and Merian likes her. Merian

Merian on the streetcar with us. "See the trees go by! See the houses go by. " Says to someone "How my father and mother wish they could take me to the circus!"

She plays that the corner behind the big chair is Minnesota and

Takes the little paper satchel her animal crackers come in and goes there to visit you. Comes back and tells all about you, sometimes bringing Bobbie to see is. ~~Saxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

April xx

She says everything and uses the longest words correctly.

May 9, II

In one of these letters she had some small accident. Then playing she was Delossy she said, "I used to have accidents, too, when I was a little boy." Also playing she is "elos, "My little girl is as good as gold."

Dorothy Geralch 's ~~xxxxxxx~~ "Joan" is born.

Lately Merian has taken to saying, "Isn't ot ridiculous!"

Merian not nearly so shy as she was and when ~~xxxxxxx~~the Newsoms came to dinner, she met them before going up to bed, and when she left them said, "Goodnight. Sweet dreams!"

M to M

Here is one that went to my heart. I must explain that ~~xxxxxxx~~ when ~~xx~~ my father had been with us the previous winter he had had his car with him, and we sometimes went riding,. Delossy always drove so I sat in front with him and mother and ~~add~~ in back with you, mother usually holding you.)

"The other day I started to sing, "Spring Once said to the nightingale"/ ,erian came running over to me and put both arms around my neck and gave me a big hug and cried in the most delighted tone, 'I remember that.' I said, "Who used to sing it to you?' And she said, 'My mother.' I said, 'Your mother?' And she looked rather ashamed and said, 'Well, it was your mother, and she used to hold me like this when we went out in Grandpa Tom's taxi", and she put her arms as though she were holding a doll. Wasn't that sweet? And wasn't it nice that she remembers her Grandpa-Tom after all this time. Snother time she wanted me to say her the poem about Stella. I didn't know any poem about Stella, and she got her blue book and turned the leaves rapidly and said, "Here it is!" And there was a poem that started out,

"Whenever the fir burns red and low,  
And the house upstairs is still,  
She sings me a queer little sleepy song...etc ."

" I thought that was very sweet, for mother didsit beside the fire and sing to her so much.

"I have been meaning to tell you that Merian isn't nearly so shy as ~~she~~ ~~xxxx~~ was...etc. etc. (M to M. I simply can't copy it all and there is so much that is wonderful." Merian and Anita great chums.

"Yes, I think you can take her visiting when we ocome to Minnesota. She is hardly shy at all anymore and even talks to people who talk to her when we are out walking/ I do notice that there is a difference in people. But to anybody now she will make the proper responses (although she is careful who, she is left al one in the room with."

Merian now weighs 35 lbs. exactly.

*May 16*

~~xxxxxxxixhaxxxxx~~ The book I had started earlier was evidently not the one that turned out to be One Stayed at Welcome. ~~ixsaxx~~  
~~xxxxxxxixhaxxxxx~~ The first one I planned was about Philadelphia. I remember that I went there to do some research. Then I changed to a Mankato story. Now, May 16, I decide on One Stayed from a ~~xxxx~~ "completely outlined, fresh and delightful plot....Delos had made the plot from a clipping I had cut from an anniversary issue of the Fairmont Sentinel. etc.....I wanted terribly got Delos to do it with me. It was his story and very much up his alley....He was a little troubled and I was, too, by my inability to get a book going, and all in all I persuaded him to collaborate....Dick Walsh delighted.

Dinner at Sternes.....one of the men who has a 4 year old daughter said he simply had to tell a story about her, She had said, in answer to a question about something, "I quite enjoyed it.W" He thought it had sounded so grown-up and cute....Delos threw me a look that I wish you could have seen. It spoke volumes. After we got home he said, "Our two year old daughter only puts 27 words into one sentence." But I thought better of it."....Roy however had launched into a description of her.

Next day Emma came to help me buy white daisies, yellow nasturtiums and ageratum for the window box. Told Merian they were going to give her one of Dixie's puppies. Merian said. "I will name it Phando. Reason why my mamma had a little dog named Phando when she was a little girl; and my daddie will make it a kenne l." When we got back with the flowers she almost lost her mind with delight in them. Phanded about the porch and, after Delos got home, assisted in putting them in.

Sat night we are having Nannine and Tommy., the Newings and the Sternes for dinner. ...I thought it would be a good idea to pay all my debts at once...Then "an phoned Delos and said Alize Will iamson was in town from London and could they bring her and a boy friend. and Delos said 'Sure.' So we are having 1 2 people for dinner, with dishes and silver for 8 and a cook that can't cook.....I buy some big puff cushions to put on the floor

You asked, mother what we thought about Roosevelt, and we think he is swell. We take back everything we said about hom. He can even kiss his secretaries on the front page of the Times is he will continue to make things happen the way he is doing. I always did like her although I think she is a nut.

Merian's favorite word is 'difficult.' "This is awfully diff-i-cult" she will say as she puts her doll into the carriage or makes house out of blocks.

May 24. Katie has given a speech at a luncheon for Lawrence Tibbett. I have a newspaper picture of that. Find it and put it in here.

At the age of 2 years and 4 months the child can at last sing a song! She isn't going to be a monotone, at least, although I don't think she is especially musical....It is a German nursery song. I only get the first line which goes:

Hanschen klein

and then to give you the swing of it

Deedel dein

Deedle deedle deedle klein...

X  
 Merian knows all the words; two verses; and she gets the music almost perfectly. Flats just a trifle on the high notes altho she raises her eyebrows and makes a terrific fuss over them. She not only sings it for us upon request but she sings it, whether requested or not, in a loud shout from morning until night. Has been doing it downstairs for the last half hour. Of course I long for Katie to hear her.....Sometimes she gets tired of the German words and makes up English ones. They don't make sense but they unfailingly rhyme. (Underlining, as of 1961.) Give a sample.)

There's a dog  
 See a-frog.  
 Daddie, mommie, boodle bog."

Different every time she sings it but it always rhymes. I thought Delos would burst laughing and the baby stopped indignantly to ask: "What are you laughing for?"

The baby adores Anita and will let is go off anywhere any time if Anita has her in charge.

I was interveiwed by Westchester Midweek. (Look up pic.)  
 May 31. Real summer weather although raining

Stella Arn and Mary Margaret McBride out with a lovely book for Merian. (Could that have been the Geography book?)

We took Merian to see the Memorial Day parade. She almost exploded. Was very good and had a lovely time but got over-excited for she cried when she got home and ~~saxia~~ couldn't eat her lunch. She kept saying, "I am too tired for that band." Poor little tike.

We have bought her a sandbox from Macy's.

Today Merian is demanding ~~to~~, in spite of the rain, to be taken up to the Main St. to see the parade. She seems to think it is still going on up there.

June 2.

The jokes I accumulate from Merian in one day. Yesterday when I emerged from my writing, she said to me, "How did the book go?"

She is beginning to play with other children in the park and is very slow to get acquainted. You wouldn't call her timid -- she has lots of spirit --- but she just likes to take her time gettin acquainted. Yesterday, when we started out, she said, "I don't want to play with any little playmates in the park." I said reppo vingly, "Why, Merian, don't you like your little playmates?" She answered, "I like puppies and kittens better than I do my little playmates." We are setting up the sandbox today and I am going to have children to play in it with her several days a week, until she gets acquainted with them.#

Her favorite story is one Delos tells her about me writing up in a tree. When we are walking and she sees a tree she likes, she will stop and say, "Is that the tree you wrote in when you were a little girl?" When she wants a story, she will climb up into my lap and say, "Tell me about my home at Minnetonka."



that way myself, but nevertheless I am continuing to bring in kids of all ages and sizes to get her accustomed to them. (M to M. Some of this might be helpful to Barbara Northrup, since Michael has no brothers and sisters.)

We eat on the porch and sit out in the back yard of an evening.

Should have noted earlier that I saw Otis Skinner play Uncle Tom in a revival of Uncle Tom's Cabin. We get in lots of wonderful theatre. We really see everything worth while.

June 14. She is very affectionate to us; particularly to Delos. He is just the apple of her eye, and she greets him when he comes home from work and sends him off in the morning with hugs and kisses, while all day long she pretends she is him. It is her favorite game. I am very glad we let Hanni go, for plainly Merian is a child of very deep affections centered in a ~~few~~ very few people. Without meaning to at all, Hanni would have absorbed so much of that affection which Merian now lavishes on us. She will never forget Hanni, and that I'm glad of. It ~~was~~ a very sweet memory for her to have. But I think it was very wise to let her go before Merian was any older or Hanni would have had too big a place in her heart to be held by anyone not of her own family.

Every day she says so many cute and funny things. Last night she was teasing me to let her stay up, "just until daddy hears the baseball scores." Whenever she does anything naughty (M to M, I should have made that 'sometimes') she says, "Excuse me, mother, for doing such a terrible thing." And then she hurries to ask for a story/

When she us talking to me about Delos she says, "Daddie"; to an outsider like Mrs Sterne, she says, "My father". and to Anita she says, "Mr LoveLace."

E,ma Sterne took us to Glen Island. Merian took her pail and dug industriously. She was frightened of the swinging door which admits one to the beach. but after we passed through it she said to me, "Next time ~~xxx~~ we come to the beach I won't be afraid of that door." (M to M. Isn't that really amazing.)

Must stop now and tuck my baby in for nap. Did I tell you that her two favorite stories are the one Delos tells her about how I used to write up in a tree and one I tell her about Bick and me taking our suppers up on Center Street hill.

June 19. Delos has take n up tennis

June 21. Many plans for Fowlers forthcoming visit. Delos has got a pass for Frank to see a big ocean liner. Something he had wanted to do. Merian is "properly barbered and shampooed for them."

Merian was adorable with Marie Aleinikoff. Sat on her lap and submitted to being hugged and kissed/ She played she was daddy for Marie's benefit. Once out of a cedar sky, she remarked to Marie, "There are two extrabags of sand for my sandbox. My daddy keeps them in the garage." I didn't even know she knew we had two extra bags of sand.

June 27. Saw the Fowlers drive away (M to M it had been a glorious visit) with a lump in my throat. Merian couldn't have been

sweeter than she was with them both. She said to me this morning, "I just love Aunt Helen." xxxx.....M to M On addition to taking them sightseeing, theatre, trip around the island, Radio City, and the Rainbow Room, we gave an evening party for them. "Helen wore her evening dress and looked perfectly beautiful. I was so proud of her. Delos spoke especially of how lovely she looked."

(M to M. In earlier letters I say how much Mary Ann Clarke reminds me of Helen. So dainty and erect and soft voiced. I also say that Joel's mother in The Charming Sally is patterned after Helen.)

July I. Merian talks about Fowlers all the time...and said one thing about mother the other day that I must't forget to tell. I took her on my lap and she wanted me to sing to her 'just like Stella'. I started to sing "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" which she loves so much, and she interrupted me to say, "Don't sing that one about the bucket." It must be 'The old Oaken Bucket', I suppose. She didn't say Stella had sung it but you must have. I'm sure I never did.

We are buying a car instead of going on a vacation.

July x. Blanche out and we took her to Sternes garden...is in its full glory with the roses and all. It was so lovely and he had mint juleps out of doors. Merian was simply too precious for words. Played with them all and paid no attention to either Delos or me until it was time to go home. Emma found her working by herself under a big tree, piling up moss, and asked her what she was doing and she said, building a house for a fairy.

Essex Terraplane of last years model, 1932. A very pretty little smoke-blue sedan. We are as tickled as two kids with it.

and Delos's vacation

July 13. We are using the car for househunting and that means many long rides into Jersey and Westchester. "We have abandoned Westchester County in our minds, and although I like it here and am very fond of a few friends, I will be glad to leave it for it is a millionaire community in which we don't belong. I think we will keep our friends here even if we do move to Jersey. "The weather has been simply perfect and all our trips are picnics and pleasure trips. Waita and Merian occupy the back seat.. Meruan is the world's best traveller. She simply adores it and never wants to go home. When we got home at 7.30 last night, she protested about getting out of the car and asked, "Will you take me travelling tomorrow." This morning when I went to wake her I found her standing up in bed and she greeted me with, "Are the going to New Jersey today?"

She heard us say we were in Jersey and asked, "Is this Lavalette?" Must have heard us mention Lavalette, New Jersey.

She amuses herself in the back seat telling Anita stories. She starts out, "Now I'll tell you something, Anita." And then I wish you could hear her. All about Dixie or Bobbie ---they are her favorite hero and heroine -- and how they had ~~bixnix~~ dog biscuit and canteloupe and how they went on the Toonerville Trully, etc and on and on.

and you  
about yet  
2/21

She takes after me about liking the travelling and the picnics. Yesterday she said, "I want to eat my picnic in a meadow, so we did. She always gets a Dixie cup, and how she ties into it!"

This morning she found me washing stockings and said, "Are you washing stockings just like Aunt Helen?" (Games you had played with Aunt Helen are mentioned...the parade...the Indian ha.t.)

Last night Merian got some butter on her finger and said, "My God!" In just the tone Delos uses when something goes wrong with the car. Delos gave me a look that said he would have to mend his ways. Neither of us smiled so it made no impression on her.

This morning Delos asked for a hug and she said, "I'll give you a hug but don't say, 'That's the ticket.'" Because that's not a nice word to use." Neither of us remember when Delos ever said, 'That's the ticket' she she remembers everything forever. Just why she thinks 'That's the ticket' is improper is beyond us."

At Playland she digs in the sand and swims on Delos's shoulders. They were having a free circus and Merian stared at the parade, clowns and ponies etc in ecstasy. Turned to me and said, "Oh, mother, isn't this a lovely Memorial Day parade." (M to M. I don't believe you ever called me 'mother', certainly not often, but in typing I must have unconsciously substituted it for the 'mommie' I remember you using.)

We are having such fun on these day long weekend trips, taking Merian. She is so good. She even takes naps in the car. Once we took her to a restaurant and she behaved just beautifully but didn't eat anything; she was too excited. So we aren't going to try that again.

She is a little thin, for her, because she is growing so fast but browner than a berry from the beach, and very well and sturdy,

July 20, 1933.

Whenever Merian picks up any old kind of a piece of paper, she says, "Shall I read you a letter from Grandma Stella?" And then she reads it aloud, mentioning each one of you, especially Eugene. Once she said, "And on Saturday night, Grandpa Tom and I went to a lovely party."

We are still combining writing, househunting and beach going. Sternes and Bartnetts both made a terrible fuss over our plan for leaving Westchester and started right in to try to find houses for us.

I'm asked into the Pelham Manor Club.

A black cat has been having kittens under ~~the~~ Miss Powers' porch. We have given her cream; of course, all of us rush out to look at the mother cat nursing the babies. The other night, after taking a long look at them Merian said, "But mommie, where is the daddy cat?"

Backneys for dinner, Merian all dressed up in her silk dress with Mrs Preston's beads and the dear little ring from Helen. She looked so sweet and pretty and was so excited that she talked a mile a minute. She even forgot to be afraid of the Backneys and told them all about the mother cat nursing the kittens

1933

13

and how daddy gave them cream and so on and on. She let Peg put her to bed and told her all the family secrets. When we were going downstairs, Peg said to me soberly, "You know Anne doesn't put two words together yet. And she doesn't say very many words at all." It made me feel bad, and Delos too, and we ~~both~~ hurried up to say how much younger Anne is and so on. She is really ~~only~~ less than six months younger and six months ago Merian talked almost as much as she does now. But I know it doesn't mean a thing.

We were planning to take her to Bronx Zoo and she said, "Emma says I can ride on a turtle." They do really let children ride on a turtle, and won't Merian be in 7th heaven.

If somebody there is thinking about my birthday, he can go out to Minnetonka and take a kodak picture which shows the house when the trees are in full leaf and then enlarge it and maybe tint it and send it to me to hang in our apartment. This househunting makes us both homesick for Minnetonka, and I wish you could hear Merian talk about it....By the way, Delos doesn't like pictures tinted, so maybe not that, unless if it were awfully well done. (M to M. How nice that we found the beautiful Melhutchinson apartment which we all adored, and only left it get into the Pelham schools.)

P.S. Would you be good enuf when you are out with the car to stop into an oil station and get me a map of Minnesota? I find I haven't one here and need one badly. Thanks. Love. M. (M to M I should think I would have needed one badly!)

July 26.

Wasn't Roosevelt's speech grand ? I think he's great.

Merian has a bad bronchial cold. Dr E says we must coddle her in every way until she is old enuf to be inoculated. The poor little chicken is as good as gold/

I look forward to the apartment on spite of losing Anuta. How I will love the heat and the luxury of living in such a beautiful place.

Helen's colored pencils have just saved the day during her illness. The other day she was coloring one of her picture books and looked up to me to say, "I think that's effective, don't you, mother?"

Hanni came in to see her while she was sick and Merian was just struck dumb with bliss. When she spoke the first thing she said was, "My Aunt Helen and Uncle Frank came to see me but they didn't bring Bobbie. They left him in Minnesota with Grandpa Stella and Grandpa Tom'."

The other day she electrified me by saying, "When we went riding in Grandpa Tom's car, didn't we see lovely old-fashioned houses?"

Tuesday. Aug 1.

Ferociously hot. Delos on early hours and gets home at 4 and takes us all for a ride to cool off.

Merian has taken to saying, "In that case..." Everything I say to her, she looks grave and says, "Well, in that case.....so and on..." It is simply killing.

Yesterday I said something to her about birthdays. She said, "My birthday comes on the eighteenth of January and Grandma Stella will come to bake me a cake." When we go riding, she asks Delos to drive to Minnesota. "Daddy, drive me to Grandpa Tom's house in Minnesota."

You will laugh at the way I get religion when I am trying to finish a book, but it seems I always have to. Life just gets a little too complicated then. A few days ago I went out and bought the little Unity lesson book and am getting the lesson every day/ I thought that if it helped Katie and Helen, it might help me, too. It does help and I think accounts for the book swimming along so nicely. (M to M. I've been taking it ever since.)

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July 28 letter just turned up.

Yesterday I had her out in the park. We came to a very pretty little dell. She looked about it with great satisfaction and said, "Monnie, does this look something like Mankato?"

She asked me yestersay when Stella was coming to see us. I said, "Soon, I hope". and she said, "Do you suppose she'll come next Monday?"

She had an accident and I reproved her for it saying, "Merian, when are you going to stop having accidents?" She answered, "A week from Friday, at 8 o'clock in the morning."

She was lying in bed supposed to be taking her nap and I heard her say, "Tonight a very dear friend is coming to dinner. His name is Mr Bob (It was Bob Blanpied). He is a daddy, too. Now I want you to be very polite to him and if you are I'll buy you a dixie cup." (M to M. I hope I never said that.)

August 7

We have decided on taking the apartment. Delos thinks I should keep full time help until I finish the book, at least. I will try to keep Anita who is splendid but she will have to sleep out, and as I can't increase her wages probably won't want to do it.

Merian (eating cereal): Who makes kittens, mo mmie?"

Mother, "by cats make kittens. And if you want a kitten you must ask a cat to make you one."

Merian (after a long thoughtful pause) Is Kismet still in Minnesota etc

I really believe we have a poet in the family/ How she loves poetry and such good poetry. She brought me the Oxford B of E Verse and wanted me to read the poem about the bird. I said, "What poem? Say me a line." And she said "Higher still and higher" A line from Shelley's Sky Lark.

She was perfectly delighted with the letter from Bobbie (Bowlers dog). Showed it to Delos when he came home and said, "Wasn't it cute of Bobbie to make a mark with his paw." She is a treasure.