

32 Charlton Street
March 31st. 1924

Dearest Aunt Mary.

It was very sweet of you to
send me the postcard, and I long
to pick up my young man, and
run over to Philadelphia and
Swarthmore to see you. If only
these modern babies were not such
creatures of stone regimes.

April 1st. An interruption, and now
it is more than twenty four hours
since I began my letter. Please
forgive such patch work, but it
is only so that I can get a letter
written at all.

I wish I knew of somebody to
find your medals at Oxford this
Summer. Lydia was here for a
few days two weeks ago, and

when she read your card to me
said that perhaps a Mrs Brown
who has done considerable
sewing for her (children's dresses,
etc.) might be just the person
you would like. I think Lydia
knows her only through letters, as
she is somewhere in N.Y. State,
but she has been asking L. for
much the same work that she
would have into you. If you
have not yet found anybody
would you be interested to have
Mrs. Brown's address, which I could
get from L.? Unfortunately I
didn't take it while L. was
here.

I had a delightful visit from
both Harriet and Lydia last
month. Harriet is much better
since having ^{had} her tonsils removed

last December, and though
 not yet by any means free from
 pain, she says it is much less
 dreadful than it was last Summer.
 N. Y. is deep in snow tonight with
 more coming, and a high wind
 blowing. I am thankful for our
 cosy apartment and all our con-
 forts in weather like this.

Dear Aunt Mary. Thank you for
 your loving invitation to come to
 Oxford this Summer. What a joy
 it would be to see you and
 to sit with you there again! My plans
 so far are not more definite
 than that I hope to spend a
 part of the Summer anyway, at
 Sunny Hill, and a few weeks with
 Harriet at Poppasquash Point.

Wednesday, April 2 - My letter begins

To take on the semblance of a
diary -

I was so very sorry not to see
Pousin Carie before she went
South. We got into touch at last
over the telephone, ^{about six weeks ago,} and thought after
that I made several other attempts,
and even took the baby around to
the New Albert, I never succeeded
in reaching her again. I shall
hope to be more fortunate when
she is again in N. Y.

I am sending some photographs
of Scott which BBT has taken
within the last month or so. They
will at least give you an idea of
his size and smile, though I could
wish they conveyed a little better his
bright hair and soft brown eyes &
red cheeks. He is such a merry
little chap - so good & happy always.

I am going to ask you to return them, as Bob is so busy I don't know when he will be able to make more prints, and these have no duplicates as yet.

With much love to dear Gertrude and Evangeline, and a heartful to yourself.

Daddy

Ellen.

I have heard so many beautiful Philharmonic concerts this winter, as Bob and I took over two seats for the Opera House Series, from friends who were unable to use them -

Mengelberg is a marvelous conductor, and the music has been a revelation to me - food & drink and not!