

Thursday, Dec. 31, 1931

Polly Scrutcheon,

It is quarter past nine

I have finished my breakfast and I  
am sitting comfortably in my good bed  
to write a word to you. I understand  
there is no mail tomorrow taken or delivered  
because of Jan, first.

Every thing is going well here. Your postal  
arrived yesterday. No one gets wroth on  
a postal than you, or you too! Jennie's  
sister was here (I had invited her) & used  
Ila Seeger's make a nice call during  
the time and had tea in the dining  
room with us. He talks about you  
and other things and has a nice time.

Looking at the Christmas presents  
and other things. The dining room  
table covered with these give me  
great pleasure.

I am taking great care of myself  
in all ways and you will find me  
much stronger on your return.

I want to write to Ellen as she  
seems a little discouraged, but per-  
haps you will send this par-  
agraph to her, as I am a less  
good writer than I should be!

I slept wonderfully well last  
night - the best in years, and fell

fine this morning. For your sake  
mostly, I am being good, but even  
my great virtue has not yet  
improved my sight in writing a  
decent letter! But you will  
forgive this defect, and love me  
still, and you know I love you  
always whatever happens!

But take care of yourself, and  
rest up, and don't presume in  
your health and strength.

My readying love to all the

numerous relations, male and female, old and young. Some of them don't know that they have an antiquated relative who loves them, and wants and also expects them to grow up to be very superior men and women, and a good to their ancestors and a joy and credit to the rising generation.

If you don't get another letter from me, you can read this one twice & imagine it is new.

Your loving old mother  
Ellen S. Bell