

My loving New Year Greetings
Dear Miss Lethell: These cards
were evolved this last summer
by Mr. Cornell and me. He
would bring me the lovely
photographs and ask me to
"write something for them." I'm
glad, and they've been our
Christmas cards this year. People
seem in need of a bit of beauty.
Mr. Cornell was the head of

The Derrydale Press at one time, and
spoke at the Club, bringing some of
his exquisite first editions.

We all miss you so deeply, but are glad
to hear such good reports of you.

I think of you often and always with
sincere affection.

Anne Lloyd

1942

To Ida M. Tarbell
from Anne Lloyd.

All kind of kindness are yours -
Possessor of things great and wise -
And each receding year assures
Their presence in a fairer guise:
They build a tower that endures,
They raise a stair on which we rise.

The miracle of friendship makes
Each day a song, each night a star.
You are the urgency that awakes,
You are the key that can unlock
Gates to the coolness where thirst slakes,
Doors to the warmth where embers are.