Dear Aunt Julie:

Your letter was the first one I had heard of your mother's death. It is not true, as you wrote us in August. I know for you and wife David will miss her. Even though we are more or less prepared for the passing away of those who are dear to us, the sense of loss and loneliness is great to me.

Peace and Mrs. Jankel
Come up at nine now, but you may remember that after one of your visits we exchanged little gifts, and I think a rose or two.

Your description of foreign tea findings have been back to Bad Kissinger, and I recollected the time when you had to eat good at regular intervals through the mornings, and coffee and tea at bed time, and how you knew what measure between times. This is no fear, but like most other disappointments
things you can get used to it. I am so glad you are being weak! It keeps treating dandy. You went three months in the country with no pressure of work which makes you feel like a different person. Can you think? If not, do care. It is one of the best events sedatives there is except when you drop a stitch and there the complications of the Council of Nat. Defense will deem troubling to you in con-
pension!

We are Red Crossing and Steadyflying and Nature
are Daffodilling with all
our might, and incident-
ally trying to look after
the forty thousand dollars
encased here.

George Maclean is having
a great time in New York.

I enclose a photo of But-
grow Farm where Tom and
Barf have been visiting.

I suppose when you
leave the Hospital you
will be -

Always

Alice.