

Arlington, Ut.
Dec. 24

Dear Miss Tarbell, ^{perhaps 1924. See note, above,} and ^{Wilson, what's Past is} ~~Prologue~~ ^{to 222.}

I meant to include

this letter in a Christmas greeting which never got off to you, before I left New York. Here I have nothing but post office envelopes and a poetry tablet, but my heartiest love and greetings can be conveyed by them as well as by the card I never bought. My friends will think I have faded away from the landscape for I simply could not stop and address this year!

This is a lovely place. I'll tell you all about it when I see you. But I confess it's a bit gloomy to be spending Christmas with physiocrats and socialists and other long-winded gentlemen who don't seem to get anywhere.

Isn't Mrs. Fisher's letter lovely? I hope to see her soon. She greeted me at the station. Lots of love,
Mary Wilson