

Obscure

2737 Macomb St., N.W.
Still--Washington, D.C.

Dear Hilda:

My big personal news is that we have had a frost. It may not seem important to you, but if you had hay fever it would.

"How we miss Hilda," says Barbara Nolen, preparing a program for our book fair. And we do. Come on back for meetings. You can easily do it by airplane and your children won't miss you. Though I have no doubt Randall will insist on piloting the plane, bless him. Doesn't that sound like Eloise?

I had to write Margaret Friskie about other things, so I casually mentioned how your manuscript had been unrecognized, --I gave her your address, so I should think you would hear. If this gentleness (me, gentle?) doesn't work, you might try bearding the lion. You really could work together beautifully, say I, knowing the pair of you.

I am sending, as I threatened some more labels for you to do. I already have had several say they wanted all the Van Stockum books at the fair. If you are too busy to draw pictures and scrawl on them, you might turn them over to the artistic gardener. That would certainly be a short cut to fame for him.

I know how to sympathize. When my husband was gone for several months, he hired me a furnace man named William. I insisted on calling him Thomas. Imagine me taking my husband's name in vain and calling someone else William during his absence. Then the furnace man insisted on bringing me poetry he had written, me being an editor of a poetry mag. at the time. I discovered that everyone, particularly the mentally deficient wrote poetry. Which is one reason why I stopped perhaps.

My love to you in the midst of your garden and your housepainters. And to all the family. Now I must do 1 million 77 things, so this is just a note.

Cherino
Catherine