

May 9 - 1948.

Dear Ceile: Well how are you and my sweet little girl on this fine Mothers Day. How I have wished to see and be with all of my family today. Well since none of you are here will visit by letter.

Your last letter was interesting and since I have the Holiday Magazine that features Paris I am able to locate a great many places you write about.

Last night we had supper and a game of cards with Hub and Tottie. They were so happy over receiving a nice long letter from Herbert. His letters come pretty far apart and his folks get so homesick for word from him. They read his letter to us and I had taken your last

two letters and last two from News and read them. We had a big time comparing notes -

We have just listened to a Radio program presented as if it were really happening and the news commentators giving an on the spot report of the duel of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton - surely an impressive way to present a bit of history -

We are still having March winds surely hard on flowers -

I have been busy sewing this week - Made one wash silk and a shambry nearly finished and have two more to make - My wardrobe was in a depleted state and necessity pushed me to action.

Wednesday night Dad and I are entertaining St. Mark's Choir honoring Mrs. Moore, organist and director. She has resigned and this is to be a sort of thanks for years of faithful service for the past twenty years. In writing the names of members of the choir it surprised us to find forty people including us.

It would appear that we need a larger house, don't you think? Unlike choir rehearsal when many fail to show up but from the enthusiasm shown we will have 100% attendance.

Did I ever tell you that Charles married again? He married a Florida girl who seems quite nice. Charles came home to get a new car and Papa went back home with him. Papa sent postcards to all of us last week and said he was having a fine time. He did not say when he planned to come home.

Also have I told you that Margaret and Bobby have moved to 910 South Carrollton St. Apt. 4? They moved last Saturday and are much more comfortably situated at the same rent as the other.

My activities have been so limited the past week that I have nothing to write about.

Dad is singing so many places now that I feel as I used to when my children were little and he was gone so much. I think of you and often think how courageous you are to live as you are now. It gets sort of lonesome and monotonous at times. It is much more lonesome for me now than

when the children were with me.
My cl am sounding morbid and
that wout do -

You remember my friend Mrs.
Stewart? she and Mr. Stewart left
yesterday by plane for Rio - They go
so many places and always take
movies - When they come back they are
going to have Southern Literary Club
at their house and show their pictures.

As a good neighbor project we in S.L.C.
are writing Club women in Holland. I
wrote a Miss A. Kingman - Widdernweg
209, Den Helder, Holland. I told
her about you folks and asked her
to look you up if she happened in
Paris - Dont know a thing about
her but her name was sent out by
National Headquarters of Federated
Womens Clubs -

This letter is a fiddle - just no
news - Wish I could write letters
that would sort of half way come
up to your fine letters -

Surely try to let you know
that Dad and I think of all of
you and love you dearly

Mother