

that seems to mean "What is it? What?" Then she noticed fringes on the carpets; and later in the kitchen me the edges of one of the backed "inside" mats. So I explained that the mat was there to clean our and to keep us from slipping if we came in puddle-wetness or snow on our shoes, fringes did not go with ~~this~~ this kind of little rug. So you see, I am always ok to this matter.

Will call L.H. Bean tomorrow and order one for you, but it seems to me the fashion statement you desire in a mat is farfetched and inappropriate. Little rug should not ask:

"You think I'm poetry?" It should "You are safe, you won't slip, and we care about your security". I ask for an upholstered, ~~fluffy~~ toilet, nor for an Arabian carpet at the Form follows function.

I walked to two shopping areas in on Sat afternoon both for the and to see what I could find

That large volume ⁽²⁾ was my introduction to poetry. It is called Come Hither! The first poem is, I think,

"This is the Key of the Kingdom. Do you know it? If not I'll send you a copy or write it out from almost faithful memory when the light is better. It is 4:50 pm as we travel through Newark, 5 traffic lanes abreast (in each direction!) moving relatively slowly 5²² pm at Hahokus Service area shortly before we cross the Hudson R. on the Tappan Zee bridge. It is raining lightly and there is said to be snow at Bridgeport CT. John is wide awake, but sings "Schlummert ein, ihr matten Hugen."

Well, we moved very slowly in Connecticut traffic, faster after Hartford and reached home before 11 pm.

Leah spent most of Sat morning with me. At one time we sat on the sofa and I read to her while we covered our legs in the chilly air with my green plaid blanket. She noticed the fringes on it with that little inquiring