

LETTERS TO PATTY

back of your head, elastic in your mouth, hair streaming.

"Babs! Babs! Chocolate toffee!"

Birds and bowls forgotten, Baby scuttled out from the cold darkness of the fir trees. There, glistening moistly in the sunshine on a piece of broken blue slate, chocolate toffee. Baby recognized the slate as coming from the path by your red rose tree, for for some mysterious reason this path was covered entirely with broken slates, but why toffee should be on slate didn't trouble her, till it was in her mouth.

"Patty! Patty! You b-b-beast! It's earth!"

"And mouse, out of the saucer!" you cried, dancing round in ecstasy, forgetful at last of hot dining-room, long division and round black ruler.

And can't you see two solemn little girls playing horses in the field after tea, long blue shadows trailing after them? Can't you see the skinny young chestnuts, protected from the cattle by high iron railings? Up these, Baby, forced to climb backwards, till the top bar but one is reached, and she commands a fine view of the farm buildings, the back of the old Manor House, the pale blue door leading into the garden, all brilliant in the evening sunshine.