

Letters from Norman Westfall 421

tic little Punch and Judy court along with the name of the missing Theodomir and watch the blaze!"

After all, I do not think we will stay here in New York. Nanca is not at all well. She longs for trees and the open country. We are coming up to the lodge.

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I'm glad Dad sent for you. I think he is growing fonder of Carl, though of course his prejudices will probably always flash out now and then. . . . He's fond of us both, Ann, for all he raves so. No word of Grant since that night of which you told me. . . . I am sorry.

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You tell me Grant has written to you. Tell him when you write — to write to me. I miss him.

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Grant has sent me a giant pair of candlesticks from Spain. They are six feet tall, of age-old wood and Spanish carving. He begs that they may stand in the Spanish room and makes some incoherent reference to you in connection with them, out of which I can't for the life of me extract a grain of sense. If you could have cared for him a little, Ann!

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I will not take this thing that Fate has whipped into my face with a scornful jeer. Nanca is dead! Her life went out with the life she gave my daughter. Oh, Ann, Ann, why are you not with me now when I need you