

Medford Sun. 9th/38

My dear Kate

I have been thinking for a long time I must write you a letter, or I should not get another from you, for I find you do not like writing too, so my one, I am now staying for a few days, at your Aunt Hattie's - who has got a little bright eyed, black haired cousin to introduce you to, when you come here again. Aunt Jane is getting ready for a visit to N.Y. She was expecting to see you there, but a letter from Elvory tells us you have not made them a visit yet, and she now thinks it uncertain about your doing so, I suppose your uncles think it best, that

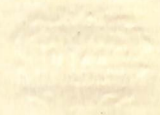
you should, ^{not} be running about much
this cold weather, and no doubt
they are perfectly right, I hope
your grandpa is not sick, I have
been expecting a letter from him
for some time, and begin to think
he must be sick, or I should
have heard from him, before this
give my love to him, my dear
child, and tell him he must
not forget Mama. Willie is
well, and happy, he has a pair
of long boots as he calls them,
and a large warm coat I have
made him, in which he defies
all sorts of weather. Frank has
been a little sick for a week past
but he neither loses his appetite
or his spirits, so I expect he
will soon be himself again.

I hope to hear from you
very soon my dear Kate, be

a good girl, and try to trouble
those around you happily

From your affectionate mother

J. Irving



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