Monday Evening
December 22, 1919

My beloved Daddy,

This morning Boyd came up early and we went downtown. The crowds were perfectly terrible. It took us from nine until one to get some holly, almonds, dates and stamps. I had an awful headache when I reached home. I thought that a good brisk walk would do me good, so right after luncheon I went up to Hilda's. She was going
out, so from there I went to Margaret Edges. She was anxious to take a walk too, and we went all around Branch Brook Park. It was a beautiful over-head, but under foot—oh, my! My feet were soaking wet when I got back, and being unwell I had to make a dash for hot water and alcohol. The walk cured my headache, tho.

I feel perfectly splendid tonight. We have just finished dinner and mrs. Dam going to get ready
for the theatre. Sister, Dariz, and I are going together and Brother Jess and Helen Potter. After the performance we will meet and go someplace for a bite to eat. Dasey, do you know what I wish? Guess, desert!

I must run along.

Good night, my love. I want to put my arms around you, dear, and hug and kiss you another time, another time, another time and forever.

Your little baby, Bubbles.
Sweethart,
Home after a very pleasant evening. The show was very pretty and we had a nice little time with brother after it.

Another, good night, my dearest.

All the love in the world.

Yours forever,

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