

Saturday P.M.
November 22nd, 19.

51

My own darling,

Sister and I have just returned from Parkway. We have had a lovely time. We met the rest of the little party at the Pennsylvania Station in time for the 11. 42 train and arrived at Elsie's about 12. 15. We sat around and chatted until two o'clock and then luncheon was served. We had lovely things to eat and everything was so pretty - favors, place cards, table decorations, etc. - that I think I shall be raving about it for the next ten years.

Elsie's mother and father died when
she was very young and her two
brothers and she have been brought
up by two old maid aunts - sisters
of her mother. They live in a
beautiful home, have lots of money
and most important of all are
the height of refinement. She
is the only girl that I know
(I am very sorry to say, for I do
wish that there were more) that
has been brought up in the
atmosphere that I so dearly
love. Elsie did not want to depend
entirely upon her aunts' financial
support, so after completing her
High School course went to the
Ethical Culture School in New York
and took up one in Kindergarten work.

She is now the assistant in the
Kindergarten at Eliot School.
But to go back to this afternoon—
After luncheon I played the
piano for them a while and then
we played bridge. We had two
tables and it was most enjoyable.
We took the five-thirty train
back to the city.

I have been sewing all
evening. Everyone admires the
handkerchief case that I have
made for Doris, so I am going to
make one for Georgie. She will
appreciate my handwork and will be
crazy about the handkerchiefs enclosed.
I will put a card inside saying "From
your children." I will be so glad when
I have the Ymas gifts out of the way.

so that I can continue the
pretty things for our home.

The other day I wrote
to Mr. Grogan, asking if the
Guide would continue to run
until January and how often
the trips would be made. This
morning I received the following
night letter - "Letter received to-day.
Guide and Labrador will arrive
Sunday. Both vessels will leave
about Wednesday next. Cannot
get definite news of any other
trips this season. If other trips made
will advise you."

S. P. Grogan."

I do so hope that the boats will
keep on running, for I want my
Daddy to meet me at Murray Bay.

so that I can spend Xmas
with him. The arrival of these
trials to-morrow means mail
about Tuesday. Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!
Hurrah!!! I will be so happy to
hear from you, dear, for I am so
very much the opposite when
your letters don't come.

I am all well again, sweet-
heart. Complaining now? Thank
goodness!

Good-night, my own.
I love you, love you, love
you, Daddy dear

Your ever loving,

Bubbles

X X X X X X X X X X X X
X X X X X X X X X X X X

Sunday A. M.
November 23rd, 1919.

52.

My darling Boy,

I got up at seven o'clock this morning and went to early church. Have just returned and am about to sit down to a breakfast of griddle cakes with luscious maple syrup right from Vermont. Wish you were here to enjoy them with us. It doesn't seem right to have anything that my hubbie cannot have. But I suppose that Mac or George is showing his skill in the art. Are they as good as Bertha's?

Speaking of things &

eat, reminds me of something.
When you remove the furniture
from the McCormick cottages
don't forget the things in the
kitchen

wash tub and board
ironing board
iron
broom
tea strainer
muffin tin
flour sifter
sugar bucket
glass jars
egg beater
can opener (cork screw)
meat chopper

The large aluminum pot that
mother gave us is in the chest in

the living room. These are all
that I can remember now. Be sure
to get them as I will need them
when I return and if you wait too
long the place will be snowed in.
I would also suggest that you
put Colonel McCormick's furniture
where it belongs.

I must run down stairs now
and eat, dearheart.

Ever your loving
Bubbles.

Sunday P.M.
563

My own dearest Daddy,

It is almost
collection time & I want to get
this letter in the box so that you
will receive it on the Labrador
& Guide the end of the week.

I spent the morning
in the kitchen with mother, learn-
ing how to make goodies. Took a
bath early this afternoon, dressed
and sat in the living room reading
until three thirty when Aunt Etta
and Uncle Henry walked in and
surprised us. They stayed for tea
and have only just left.

I am going to continue my reading of this afternoon. Have almost finished Promela and am at an intensely interesting part.

Good-night, my Daddy. I want to put my arms around you and hug, hug, hug you. How much, my sweet heart dearest? Please tell me over, over and over again.

All your own,

Wifie.

X X X

P.S. Don't forget, dear, to come to Murray Bay if the Guide continues to run.

Lovingly,
Burt.