Tuesday P.M.

Daddy dearie,

I have been so blue and homesick today that I could have cried my eyes out. Oh! Sweetheart, will the time ever come for that ice tucker to go down? I love you so and miss you so that dearie me if I don’t see you soon I’ll die. Please keep reminding Mr. Morgan to let me know when
that boat goes, for if I should miss it, I must be 
disturbed. And if you should 
hear of its sailing, dear, you 
say then know it. The way 
I talk anyone might think 
that I am having a very 
unpleasant visit. On the 
contrary, I am enjoying my 
little sojourn here very much. 
I am with the family most of
the time and they are all perfectly wonderful to me. They can't do enough for me. Show me with love all the time, but with it all there is that try, try desire to be with my Daddy. I want to be where my heart is — in Shelter Bay.

I can hardly wait to hear about the house. Have they started the plastering yet? I
forgot to tell you that I cannot find out whether or not that auricle can be taught in Canada. I shall keep on making inquiries, tho', dear, and hope to hear something about it soon.

Well, Daddy my own, bye-bye for another time. All the love in the world, your little Bubble.