

Thursday P.M.
November 20th, 1919

48.

My own dear Hubbie,

Cousin Edna called for mother and me at one thirty this afternoon. We went right down to Phoenix to look at the woolen caps that Georgiana had spoken of. I didn't get one, as they were not heavy enough. Then we went on down to Buyers and there I found just what I wanted — a hand knitted helmet, made of lovely thick wool and lined with angora. It was three dollars and a quarter. From there we went to Bamberger, where I looked

at the sale dresses. I didn't like one of them. They were so long and tight that if I were to have one on while walking with snow shoes, I would find myself standing feet end up every few minutes. Guess I'll have to decide upon a skirt. I would like a regular English walking one. They are so good looking and give much freedom to the limbs.

We returned home at four o'clock. Sister and Edna went for a long ride and mother and I spent the rest of the afternoon chatting and sewing (I did the latter of course and took an important part in the former.)

This evening I ran around to

Glaesers for a little while. They
are neighbors of ours, who live
on Lincoln Avenue three doors
from Mac Caskill. The family
consists of the mother, father,
two boys and a girl. Freida is
a great deal older than I, but
she has always liked me and I
her, and have consequently seen
quite a bit of each other. She is
about thirty two. Henry was a beau
of mine once. We went to grammar
school together and even after I
was in High School we went to
dances occasionally and he often
took me to the theatre. He is twenty
four and is about to be married. The
ceremony will take place next
Wednesday night and just at present

4

Henry feels as if he were walking
in the air. The youngest boy -
Frederick - is twenty one. He is
at that "I am the only one on earth"
stage (a little belated, but here
with much force.) They were all
at home this evening and we had
lots of fun. It seems a shame
that you have never met them,
dear, but you never seem to be
in town at the same time.
They were at the shore when we
were married, and the week that
you were here in October they were
all in Bernardsville. They are
so anxious to know you and sent
their best regards and kindest
remembrances, etc. in spite of the
unacquaintance.

5.

It is ten fifteen now. I
am going to read for a while and
then go to bed. How I miss my
little study periods with you, dear
— those study and reading periods
each night after dinner, also
the getting undressed and going
to bedde. That companionship was
indeed not I tell you, honey, that
this is a lonely old world with
you so far away. Oh, how I want
to be with you, Daddy my own!!!
Let us hope and pray that it will
be next month.

Nightie night, dear one.
Your very loving
Wife.

Friday A. M.
November 21st, 19.
49.

Beloved,

I slept like a top last night. Got up at nine this morning, had breakfast at quarter of ten and here I am, just having finished.

Again the postman went by without bringing me some letters from my Daddy. Boo! Hoo! what a cruel world this is!!! Please telephone — pardon! I mean telegraph me once in a while, dearest. I must, must, must hear from you or I shall pass right off the earth. I am going to send you a night letter

Monday or Tuesday and do hope
that it will reach you by Thanks-
giving.

Bye-bye until this evening.

Lovingly,

Bubbles.

Friday P.M.

50

My dearest Daddy,

First and foremost —

Please send me the dimensions
of our bureau, chiffonier, dressing
and living room tables. Mother
burned that paper with them on
accidentally this morning. I had
put them on the table with a list
of things that I had to get at the
market, and she picked them up
with some newspapers and put them
into the fire. I hate to trouble you
like this, Daddy dear, but I do want
to get new covers.

Right after luncheon to say

Trav down town - literally speaking
I got into a jitney and it took me
down town - and did some shopping
for mother. Returned at three o'clock
and spent the remainder of the
afternoon reading, at least until
five fifteen when Peggy (Tomley
Carpenter) came in to say "good-bye".
She is to move to her new apartment
to-morrow. It is way up in Montclair
Heights, so I won't see her very much
in the future. The report about her
being with child is untrue. Peggy
said, "Look at me! I'm as flat as a
pancake." And so she is.

After dinner I went up to Dris-
Ms., where I stayed an hour & 1/2. I
have just returned from there and
am going to bed now, as I have to get

up very early to-morrow. We are
going to Parkway you know.

Nightie-night, my love.
All your love,
Bubbles.

Saturday A. M.

Nov. 22nd

50. Part II

Over dear,

We are about to leave for
Parkway, so just a line.

I love you, love you, love
you, Daddy my love.
Over again,
Bubbles.

X X X X X X X X

P.S. Don't forget that I want to spend
Christmas with you. B.



Captain Arthur A. Sch.
G. Ontario Paper Company.
Shelter Bay, P. Q.
North Shore Gulf of St. Lawrence
Canada.
Via Quebec.