

Thursday Evening.

March 28th, 1918

77th letter

My own "tootsie wootsie,"

If you could have seen this little ["girl"] this afternoon, you would surely have thought that she was about ten years old. But "I don't care" – as Eva Tanguay says, we had lots of fun. For a long time Martha, Hilda and I have been wanting to take some

pictures of each other, so
one day last week we
met at Koenig's, were
given a lesson in loading
and unloading Brownie II,
each bought two rolls
of films, and this afternoon
went up to Hilda's and
took thirty-six "snaps." As
usual, tom boy Lessie was-
n't satisfied remaining on
the ground, but had a lot
of my pictures taken on
tree tops (Oh! you petit oisean)

fences, and even one on the roof of a near by garage. The girls were almost in spasms the whole time, watching me jump around. Dearie, if any of the more dignified ones turn out well, I may send you some. Would you care to have them?

This morning we received a letter from our cousins, saying that they are coming next week.

I imagine they will stay
about ten days, and Oh! I
am so excited about it. Just
think, dear, I haven't seen
Edith for eleven years. Her
fiancé is in Cambridge, Mass.
studying aviation, and while
she is here, he is coming
to Newark on a little furlough.
He will sleep at the Treat,
and be up here the rest of
the time. These girls whose
sweethearts are in America
ought to be the happiest of

the happy. Never mind,
when my Artie comes home
during one of his "leaves," we'll
show the world what a
happy couple is. Won't we,
dearest?

Maude Spence telephoned
me this evening to tell
me the date of her wedding.
It is to be this Wednesday
evening – April third.
There is to be a reception
at her home after the
ceremony, for the relatives

and closest friends; and
much to my surprise, I
was invited to that, too.
I am going with the
Rutans, and return to their
home to stay all night.
Won't we have fun, dear?
Do you not wish that it
were our wedding? Ooh! I
do!!!!!!

Well good-night, sweet-
heart love.

Oodles of hugs and kissed
from your little girl, who

loves, loves, loves you,

adores, adores, adores you'

and

idolizes, idolizes, idolizes, you.

(and heaps more)

Letty

Friday the 29th.

Beloved,

I got up bright and early this morning. Made surgical dressings until quarter of twelve, and then went to the "three hour" service at my church. I had luncheon when I returned, and right after, M^cCrackens telephoned and invited me to take a little ride with them. After being in that warm church for three hours, I was very glad to accept and they came right

down for me. We had a
glorious ride. Went almost
to Morristown and the country
was so beautiful in its
spring attire, that I hated
to have it end. They coaxed
me to return to their home
for dinner, but as I was
expecting Doris down this
evening, I couldn't. They
are very charming people,
and I am so glad to have
them back. You know they
have been wintering in
the South; at that lovely

hotel in Ashville, N.C. "The
Grove Park Inn."

Well, Doris came down
after dinner, and we spent
the evening reading French.

I am going to beddies now,
for I want to get up early
to-morrow and go downtown
shopping. I want to buy
Maude's wedding present,
and a few little things in
the "Evening dress line," to
embellish myself with
that night.

Oh! dear this excitement is

nice, and it helps to take
my mind off of these
sad days – but there isn't
anything I do, that I
thoroughly enjoy. I always
have that heavy, heavy
weight hanging to my
heart and of course when
one has that ones' happiness
is bound to be impaired. But
I must remember two lines
from that little poem, "Courage"
- "Dark skies must clear, and when
the clouds are past
One golden day redeems a weary
year," etc.
If that golden day would only

come soon!!

Do you realize, dearest,
that ^{the day after} to-morrow will be our
anniversary? One year engaged.
Just think of it.

Bye – bye until next time.
What is next time? Why, to-
morrow of course.

All my love for you, hubie
dear. Millions of tight
squeezes, and long kisses. And
when we finish those, we'll
begin again.

Your own,

Lessie.

X X X X X X X X X X ---- more kisses for good
measure. L.