

Thursday P.M.

Darling,

I saw in the evening's
paper that a bad snow storm
has swept Eastern Canada
and that all the telegraph wires
are badly crippled. I am
awfully sorry, for I wanted to
send you a night letter. In
it I was going to ask you

to send my gray scarf to
Mr. Grogan and tell him to
keep it for me until I reach
Quebec. I want to wear it on
the boat, dear. Some one of
these days I intend writing to
him. He thinks, I imagine,
that I do not want to re-
turn until February, but I
shall tell him that I want
to go back on the very first

trip of the ice breaker, which
I am sure will be in December.
Ooh, much joy!!!

To-morrow I am going
up to mother Schmon's. I'll
stop at the bank with that
paper that I signed and incidentally
cash my check. My, but it will
come in handy! I surely am tired
of borrowing money from mother,
and she ought to be "kinda" tired
of lending it to me.

I suppose that Walter
is there by this time. How
does he like Shelter Bay?

Is Villa [Uitumusumu]
almost finished? Try to
get some good pictures of
it (interior and exterior) for
me. I am just wild to see
the dear little place.

Write to Bubbles oodles,
Daddy, dear. She is [awsul, awsul]
lonesome. Your loving,
Wife