

Tuesday Morning

Dear Mom:

As Mr. Carter won't be in until late this morning, I take this opportunity to tell you of the doings of the past two days. Believe me, they have been quite something.

Wasn't Sunday a beautiful winter day -- a really lovely snowfall here that began about 8 and lasted until about 2. About 10 o'clock the three of us (the fourth, Margery Kerr was away for the weekend) went over to the apartment and cleaned. Then back for a nice turkey dinner at Milbank, after which we packed our things. That was some job. Around 4 we had most of the stuff ready and I hailed a cab and took one trunk and a load of suitcases over. Jean followed shortly with another cabload. In addition to the two cabs there were twelve individual armfuls of stuff walked over. Some of the girls helped us. We went out for supper and then packed and unpacked most of the things and left at 9. It was a good thing we didn't have to sleep there Sunday night. And we were just dead tired. Yesterday morning when I woke up I thought my arms would drop off they ached so from so much carrying. They feel even worse today. The joys of moving.

Yesterday noon I bought some dishes, plain, in four pastel colors, pink, blue, green, yellow. Very pretty. I went to market on the way home and we all helped get dinner last night. We had sausages that the Jones left, mashed potatoes, apple sauce (canned), raw carrot salad, chocolate layer cake and milk. And we had it all ready by 10 minutes of seven, which was quite good. We had lots of fun doing it. Right now we are all planning meals together and doing the work together, until we get used to it, or want a better system. Harriet got up and made the coffee and oatmeal this morning, which with grapefruit juice and coffee cake, constituted our breakfast. We are going to buy some fish for tonight.

I really think the whole thing is going to be just fine. We are rather crowded right now with ~~xxxxxx~~ very limited closet and drawer space, but we hope to get straightened out before too long. I slept in the little room ~~by~~ myself, which I will do right along for a while at least. Didn't sleep too well of course the

first night, but hope to do better. The place is very quiet, or at least it was last night.

I received my first Christmas card yesterday from Lena & Dalton. Would you please send me their address. Must get busy and write mine.

Last night I went to four stores looking for butter and there was none to be had. Can you get it? Hope to get some at our nearest store tonight, but then they will sell only 1/4 of a pound.

The concert Saturday night was just fine -- all Brahms, with my good friend, Rodzinski, of the Cleveland Orchestra, conducting. He is so nice. They played the same program that was broadcast Sunday afternoon.

Just called up Uncle Jack at the Fiedler's. He was eating his breakfast -- it is now about 11 o'clock. Went to the movies yesterday. Some life! Says he isn't coming up for Christmas. Guess you and I will have to go it alone this year. Will try to persuade Fred to come up. Haven't seen him since last week but expect him around sometime soon.

Must stop now and will write more again soon. Be a good girl and I'll see you a week from tomorrow night.

Affectionately,

Julia

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