

Friday Afternoon

Dearest Mom:

At last things have slowed down considerably and I am able to start a long overdue letter to you.

That which has really held things up is the fact that Jean's man, Carroll, arrived last Saturday, and that has meant lots of extra doings, late hours, etc. Also, I have been working like a trojan here since a week ago Wednesday when Peg, Mr. Lowe's secretary, left for part of her vacation. (Mr. Lowe is the man Mr. Carter works with. He does all the work, though, doesn't seem to want to relinquish any of it to Carter, who consequently has hardly anything to do.)

Lowe is a slavedriver, anyway; Peg works like the dickens. So I had to do it for the past ten days. Worked last night as well as Tuesday night. But I will get paid extra for working overtime, plus \$1 dinner money for each of the two nights, so that is some compensation, although I am pretty tired. I had to get here by 8:30 this morning, too, in order to finish up some material that was needed for a meeting later in the morning. I also had to come in last Saturday afternoon for two hours and do some figuring and typing. I was going to write to you then, but Harriet came up with me, so I couldn't do it very well.

Yesterday we certainly had some blizzard down here; imagine you had the same. It was a beautiful blowing snow in the morning but it turned to sleet around noon. All the snowplows were out this morning and it was certainly wet and sloppy and bumpy going this noon, although the sun is out today and it is lovely overhead.

The opera was wonderful and one of the loveliest things I ever saw, scenery and costumes. Lawrence Tibbett sang in it, also James Melton, the radio singer.

As you can notice, I am now writing this after supper on the old portable and as Jeanie and Margie are sitting here, interruptions may make this letter not all it should be.

I guess tomorrow will be spent as usual in marketing and cleaning, with a little resting on my part thrown in in the afternoon while I listen to "Faust" which I saw just a week ago Wednesday. I'm thinking of calling up and then going over to see Aunt Corrie on Sunday afternoon, if there is nothing else to do. I feel as though I should do that at least once, seeing I am so near.

I can't think of a thing planned for this next week. Am glad to have a rest from activities for a change. We will probably have some of the Milbank girls over. I had dinner there with Hildegard last night and some of them want to come and see us.

As to past activities, I probably can't remember them all, but here goes. We had quite a time last Saturday night. Carroll was here for dinner, also Margerie's brother, the largest crowd we have had. Just before that two fellows were here to see Margie, so we had quite a houseful for about a half hour. Sunday I didn't go to church. Margie & I got dinner for the crowd. I made a meat loaf again and Carroll said it was very nice. In the afternoon I went over to Earl's apartment to get this ^{typewriter} and the dictionary. They were

supposed to have brought them over to me but that was two weeks ago and I got tired waiting. Saw Earl this time. He seemed very nice. I guess Fred and his friends are out of my class.

A week ago Sunday three of us went to St. Mark's in the Bowery, the second oldest church on Manhattan. It was very interesting. Bishop Manning preached that morning, cunning little old man. I saw in a list of former pastors the name Rev. Alexander Hamilton Vinton, which sounded to me like the one you knew, but this one died in 1881, so I guess it wasn't. Perhaps some connection.

Thank you for the nice letter I received this morning (no, it was last night when I got home.) I certainly hope your health is improving rapidly. Will be anxious to hear how you are. Please take care. I am glad the friends are taking care of you. Don't let the house get too cold. Will it be too cold for me around there when I come home? I think I'll come up next weekend, but may wait until the holiday weekend. If I come I will send you definite word. Maybe your cold won't be well enough, or you will be getting in new tenants, or something, so if you'd rather I didn't do it next weekend, let me know.

Thanks for the enclosures; quite interesting. Would love to have Fred's letters, too. He owes me one but I guess is pretty busy. How does he say he is getting on?

I got a nice letter from Dalton the other day, in answer to the note I wrote on a Christmas card. He said something about a leg injury Lena had. Do you know what it was? I myself wrote 5 letters last Sunday evening, mostly Christmas thank-you notes. I thought it was about time, and all those in one evening is quite a record for me.

I guess most everything has been covered now, old dear. Will try not to have such a lapse of time before my next letter. Was so nice to talk with you the other evening but one would have thought we were both in Holyoke at the rate we carried on. I fear to look at the bill.

Going to bed now. Take care of yourself and remember that I still love you even if I did run away from home.

Always yours,

Julia

Sat. Morning - Your letter received. So glad you are feeling better and being taken care of so well by the good neighbors. How is Dr. Baldwin? Too bad Bea didn't get a girl. Did you receive an announcement? Too bad about Lucy. Guess maybe she really has some trouble. I didn't write in her Christmas card because she owes me a letter. You can tell her so when you write. Am returning her letter. Marketing now so will close.

Love, Julia

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