

Monday Evening

Dearest Moms:

Am very busy at work these days and as I didn't have a chance to write to you today, am going to take my pen in hand to tell you about my very gay weekend. It was about the gayest I've had since I've been in New York - and all do to sweet Mrs. Reed!

I'll go back to Friday evening when it was so nice to talk with you, dear. Then I washed my hair and got all cleaned up. Got up around 8:30 Saturday, took my time getting dressed and left to go up to the office at 10, after hearing the last movement of Beethoven's 9th, the grand choral finale we have on the vic. Worked hard from 10:15 to 12:15 and got a lot done. Then I walked down to the Biltmore, but was 15 minutes late, felt very ashamed. Mrs. Reed was waiting for me and we had lunch there in the small dining room of the Women's University Club--a nice luncheon, but not very much of it and I was hungry in the middle of the afternoon. Remind me to rave to you when I see you about the hat Mrs. Reed had on--bright scarlet velvet, with little feathers of the same color on it--simply stunning on her white hair and with an all black dress and Persian lamb coat. She looked lovely and is so nice, although quite a talker. We took a cab over to the Opera House--I paid the fare! She has grand seats, in the balcony (next to the top layer) but first row, right in the center. Just perfect. I enjoyed the opera immensely--perhaps it was because I had seen it so recently. Think I liked it better than I did three weeks ago. I didn't tell her I had just seen it, for one can always see a thing like that any number of times. During each intermission, we got up and walked around and had an awfully nice time. The place was just packed. Afterwards, we walked over to 5th avenue & I put her on an uptown bus & I took one down home.

The girls had a very nice supper, after which we listened to the symphony and then went out for a walk and some refreshments later in the evening. I was still dressed up and felt very festive. The girls didn't know Sunday was my birthday, but finally got a confession of it out of me. They knew it was sometime around now. Sunday morning I didn't have to take Helen's Sunday school class as she didn't go away. She had left, as usual & Hat & I had breakfast together. When I joined her, I found at my place a card from her with a pretty hankie in it--so nice of her. Helen is going to take me out to dinner on Thursday for a birthday celebration. I'm going to meet her & Hat over in Brooklyn at what is supposed to be an unusually nice place--Sear's.

Sunday went alone up to St. Thomas'. It was perfectly beautiful there. Took communion. Came home on the bus. As Hat & I were alone for dinner, we had planned to go out, to Peter's Backyard for their 85¢ Sunday dinner before 3 o'clock. But that was in pre-war days, we found out, much to our misery, as we had to pay \$1.50 each, but it was fun for a change, although the food wasn't anything to rave about.

While I was at church, Mrs. Reed called me & I was to call her back. Couldn't imagine what she wanted. She wanted me to join her and Mr. Reed for dinner at 6 on Sunday at the Lafayette, over on University Place here in the Village--one of the best and most famous eating places in New York! An Army pilot friend of Elinor's and her husband's was in town and they wanted me to join them. So, Sunday afternoon, I took a short rest & fixed my fingernails & got all beautiful. I wore the same dress I wore Saturday, but I guess it didn't matter--my best black silk with the green--more dressy than

the new wool one I bought, and it looks very well on me, I think. I wore a different hat, though, more dressy--a little black cap, with black sequins & a veil-Margie's. It looked lovely with my hair.

I walked over to the Lafayette & as I came down the street I saw the Reeds going in, so I did better than on Saturday on the meeting end of it. Mr. Reed is so nice--I thought of you and how you have wanted to meet him and of how jealous of me you would have been had you known! Price means nothing to him. We had cocktails, wine with the dinner, and special things to eat not on the menu. It is Mr. Reed's favorite eating place and they know him there. The Lt., Ralph Benz, was from ~~TAMMAM~~ Tuscon & grew up with Elinor's husband. Mrs. Reed had met him when she was in Sacramento. He was a very nice chap.

We finished eating a little before 8:30. When we went out Mr. Reed ushered us all in a taxi, and told the driver simply to go north, then to go up 6th avenue. He had something up his sleeve, you could tell, but even Mrs. Reed didn't know what it was. She had told me on the side, so cutely, that she & Mr. Reed were going home after dinner & Ralph & I were to "do the town". But Mr. Reed was headed for Radio City, it turned out. Ralph had never before been to New York & Mr. Reed thought he ought to see the Rockettes. Think Mr. Reed wanted to see the Rockettes, himself! Anyhow, he asked the cab driver to "linger" in front of the theater while he went in--to come out with 4 seats in the reserved section! So we all went to the movies. It was "Jane Eyre", very good. The stage show was exceptionally good this time, too. A beautiful ballet, and a trained seal and other features. We saw the complete show, all but a bit of the first part of the picture.

We walked down & watched them skate & then out to 5th avenue, where the Reeds took a cab home. Then it was up to me! Gosh! said I to myself. Ralph didn't know where to go and there were so many things we could have done and not being too familiar with all the night spots myself, I was a bit at sea for a minute. But I mastered the situation & suggested we go down to the Village night spot. Wanted him to go to some place noted, so we went to Cafe Society Downtown, right in Sheridan Square here. We took a cab down right to the door of the club. It was a very nice place, colored "buggy-woogie" orchestra, very good, with entertainment in the form of feature singers and dancers, a piano player, etc. I think he liked it. I had a very nice time. He walked me home & I directed him back to Sheridan Square to pick up a cab to take him to a hotel uptown where he was staying. He is stationed out at Mithell Field, getting ready to go overseas.

Perhaps you understand now what I meant when I said I had a "gay" weekend! Quite something for an old lady--and all in the "upper bracket"--meaning good opera seats, expensive eating place, tooting back & forth in cabs, etc.! Been feeling very lighthearted and gay all day today, as a result. Also, practically every aria in the opera has been running through my head--hearing it a third time, as it were.

Just before I sat down to write, I called Pam and had a nice visit. Her last letter from Fred was dated by him January 14th, which wasn't too long ago. She said it was a very cheery-sounding letter, and that he liked his work. It seems he has to go to an army post office to mail letters and he doesn't get there very often, so possibly he puts letters in his pockets and then forgets to mail them. I wouldn't worry about him. Perhaps you have heard from him by the time you get this anyhow. Pam said the other day Al Ward, Fred's pal that lived

nearby here with Earl Olson, phoned her. He has been in the Army down near Baltimore and thought he was about due to go over seas. She guessed he was still in Intellegence, but didn't know much more about his doings.

Got a nice birthday card today from both Helen & Alice.

It was such a sweet letter you wrote me for my birthday, dear. I hope all is well with you. Perhpas if I can get monday, Feb. 21st, off, if Carter should mention it to me, I will come home that weekend, but don't feel I should ask for it as I've asked for so many days recently.

Carter had quite a blow this weekend. With lots of fathers in the office recently having been put in 1-A, he thought he had better look into his situation and went to his draft board Saturday. Found he would probably be called for induction in about a month! Quite a shock. While I had thought he thought he couldn't pass the physical, he now tells me his doctor says is is perfectly all right (save for one eye) and would probably pass it. Poor man, he doesn't know what to do-- try to get a commission in Army, Navy, Merchant Marine, or wait for the draft. He was quite upset today. We spent about an hour together this afternoon just gabbing. It will be awful all around if he has to go.

I guess I've written about enough for this time, don't you? Margie is eating her supper across the table from me and Helen has just come in, so I'm somewhat distracted from now on I guess; besides, must bathe and try to get to bed early tonight. Will dash out and mail this to you tonight so you can get it as soon as the awful mails allow. Let me hear from you again soon, dear, and take care.

All her love from your lovin' daughter,

Julia

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

J. B. Bachelder

115 Washington Place
New York, 14, N. Y.



Mrs. Walter F. Bachelder
2 Harvard Street
Holyoke
Massachusetts

Will you call Sister Blomberg & ask her to write me what she knows about Cas. She'll know what I mean & tell you.

George
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