Wednesday - 9.46 P.M.
[Feb 25, 1920]

Dearest :-

There never seems to be any time at all for a real long chat with my jemima and I want to have a beautiful long time with you every day but it simply can't be done. We were awfully late getting our dinner tonight 'cause Vivian didn't get home till half past seven and then when we got the dishes washed & dried & the box with our christmas present pictures in it which just came today. Hi Tenbey well done & think, honey, - the framing & mat and I like it heaps & oos: love girl & in just within, and within for the time to come very, very soon when will hang it in our very own living room. There wasn't any letter waiting for me tonight when I got home, dear, and I was expecting it so much and counting on it that I was awfully disappointed but I shut the miserable mail service has slumbered again. Will you have another big fit of snow last night, dear. When I started out this morning there was about six inches of loose new snow on top of all the rest and it was fierce walking when we walks had been cleared at all. Tonight it's grown cold and fearfully windy & the windows are rattling like the dickens. Mummy has

been up most of the day today but she isn't herself yet by a long ways and is pretty weak. But she's really behaving exceptionally well for her and not trying to do a thousand things which she shouldn't. Today, dear, she had a letter from Marion Eldridge asking father and her to come to dinner with them on the night of March 30 when father is to speak at it. I didn't know he was going to speak then - hadn't heard anything about it - but anyway it's nice of her to invite them out for dinner when he's out there. Your girl, I'm sleepy and ought to be starting for bed now I guess - I'm ashamed to admit it - but I've got to make up my bed for I can't help in as it hasn't been made all day. Pretty soon our household will be all over the hospital stage and we won't have so many discrepancies in the system but at present we certainly do look down under difficulties. But, all a' rave, honey. I'm glad your Birdsie's just bustin' happy cause his own girl "luf" him, doesn't she?

Million bushels of love and kisses, dearest.

Your very ownest,

"Birdsie"