

Aug 23/33

Villa Lonaine. Tues.

Dear Nancee.

Your Friday letters came yesterday. Not too bad considering the journey.

I am glad to hear you are accompanying mother to the corner shop to

purchase ice cream cones. I think

she should go every day but never

by the back road and, if possible,

never alone. Now that weddings are

in the air there is no telling what

may happen.

we are living a quiet life most
days but yesterday Mrs. H. drove me
over to call on Charlotte Whitton and
Margaret Grier who have a cottage on
McGregor Lake. Such a road! Dolly
nearly has heart failure. 10 miles, part
of it along the edge of a lake & not
wide enough to pass, drop on one side
& ditch on the other with great rocks

in the middle. We got lost and had to
win and Dolly stalled crosswise in the
road and there we were holding her with
stones. However a nice man came along
& rescued us. They always do, and we
had the most wonderful hot biscuits & tea

& macaroons so that Dolly didn't mind
coming home so much. To-day the sisters
took us for a picnic on one of the islands.

Chicken stew with potatoes, (hot in a little
black iron pot) tomatoes, cucumbers, olives
peaches, bananas, cake & fudge. No

fast days here.

We went for a row to the end of the lake afterwards. The wildest place. We hoped we would see a bear but there were none visible.

I am enclosing the notice of Tom Fairbank's death. I know nothing about its particulars but think he has been ailing a long while.

Must go & pick up a few pine knots for our fire. We go to bed with the birds.

Do you have your cousin come but you do as you best. Are you moving home next week?

Best love. Auntie.

MB Williams to her niece Frances, 23 Aug 1933

Transcription / Additional Information

Aug 23/33

Villa Lorraine, Tues.

Dear Frances.

Your Friday letters came yesterday. Not too bad considering the journey. I am glad to hear you are accompanying mother to the corner shop to purchase ice cream cones. I think she should go every day but never by the back road and if possible never alone. Now that weddings are in the air there is no telling what may happen.

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We went for a row to the end of the lake afterwards. The wildest place. We hoped we would see a bear but there were none visible.

I am enclosing the notice of Tom Fairbain's death. Know nothing about the particulars but think he has been ailing a long while.

Must go & pick up a few pine knots for our fire. We go to bed with the birds.

Too bad your chum couldn't come but you did your best. Are you moving home next week?

Best love. Tante.