Nov. 29

My dear family,

Just got your lovely letters (Ruth's & mother's) written on 12. 20½. Only 9 days, pretty good. Is what? Think it must be mother's frivolous spirit that made the letter so light, it just blew me. She is just getting to be the liveliest member of the family, and as for this match-making, I can only wish she had been as enterprising about 40 years ago and then her eldest daughter's bones not have been withering on the Spinster's stem. However, better late than never. But look here, before any really serious decision is reached.
I should like to see a photograph of the young man & a specimen of his handwriting (if possible on a cheque) & an impression of his palm to a private view of his hand known by another might also be a good thing but as doubt she will attend to that without waiting for the suggestion. Please describe much more fully in next letter. This is exciting. I think I shall have to go to the Swansea market & begin collecting spoons.

You do sound honestly wildly & the letters among in Ottawa are a positive wail. Snow by the feet & terribly cold?? Are we sorry we are here? I foresee to know your feelings by mentioning
that I am writing now with two windows open. It is true the fire is burning, but chrysanthemums & even roses are blooming in the garden next door. Yet they say this is wintry weather & abnormally cold as they get it. It dropped to 32° (above) the other night & everyone talks about it. Still I admit I have bought a woollen skirt. I know mother will approve of that - & I never seem to have too many clothes on. If it is windy or foggy, you need wear three blankets & still "feel it." This year, however, seems to be a very good year - lots of sunshine & very little rain, so we are just lucky. Last year was long at home.
My life is uneventful. My companions go down
home to French lessons or shopping but after one
attempt at the latter in which I did not distinguish
myself for extra speed or endurance, I was ordered
to "stay put." Nobody will take me so I have to
remain pleasantly at home and I think your
Christmas box is going to be a very thin one.
The潮水 v. rush really are terrible & I think
I shall wait till later on to find you what
I want. By the way the jam sales will be
on in a month. Does anybody want material
for a dress from Liberty - silk, satin, calico
velvet, linen & what colour & how many yards.
Silk probably about 5 shillings a yard, cotton
about 2 shillings - plain or printed (Hand
blocked) housewife says the fire is too hot &
he has come over to lie under my couch.
he gave us a hard fight to other nights. He had roasted pheasants for dinner (amphibly 100s) & Sara, the maid having been specially ordered not to shave much a bit. Now pheasants have nice diabolical little bones, as sharp as flax & as hard, & tough got one in his throat. He coughed a bit before his time but not seriously but in the middle of the night we were to hear him gagging & choking. His grandmother & I brought him into one room & he would have choked himself black in the face if he hadn't been black all ready. Then just as we were deciding to leave the family & have him taken to a bed, he had a coughing spell & felt easier & he sank back on the pillows, feeling like parents with a child with the grip. Soon it became clear he had either coughed it up or swallowed it & lit the latter. He questioned was, when it stuck into his linings t
make a hole. A dog that knew “hard swallowed arithmetic” home to death. Henri thought. You can imagine all the barking and retching half sob, or be thoroughly engrossed in it. However nothing happens so we think he probably coughed it up, like a sensible dog, just now he is crouching his hind legs under the ring and pretending it's a rat.

Letter from Cyril Davenport saying he is sailing this week. His book is in the hands of Mr. Y. pub.

Long letter from B. saying he is coming over. He sounds very bright and well but says he family is home as usual. I am sending her a cheque and some little things for the girls.

Best wishes to Pepys next time, love to Bottry.

Tompins, Amersham.

Tante

Nice letter from B.
2 Golders etc. Nov. 29

My Dear family,

Just got your jolly letters (Ruth’s & Mothers) written on the 20th. Only 9 days pretty good, Eh what? Think it must be Mother’s frivolous spirit that made the letter so light, it just blew over. She is just getting to be the liveliest member of the family and as for this match-making. I can only wish she had been as enterprising about 40 years ago and then her eldest daughter would not have been withering on the spinster stem. However, better late than never. But look here, before any really serious decision is reached

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I should like to see a photograph of the young man & a specimen of his handwriting (if possible on a cheque) & an impression of his palm. A private view of his bank book by Mother might also be a good thing but no doubt she will attend to that without waiting for the suggestion. Please describe much more fully in next letter. This is exciting. I think I shall have to go to the Thieves Market & begin collecting spoons.

You do sound horribly wintry & the letters arriving from Ottawa are a positive wail. Snow by the feet & ‘orribly cold!! Are we sorry we are here? I forbear to harrow your feelings by mentioning

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that I am writing now with two windows open - It is true the gas fire is burning but chrysanthemums & even roses are blooming in the garden next door. Yet they say this is wintry weather & about as cold as they get it. It dropped to 32º (above) the other night & everyone talked about it. Still I admit I have bought a woollie shirt. I know Mother will approve of that - & I never seem to have too many clothes on. If it is windy or foggy, you could wear three blankets & still “feel it.” Lots of sunshine & very little rain, so we are just lucky. Last year was lovely at home.

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My life is uneventful. My companions go down town to French lessons & shoppings but after one attempt at the latter in which I did not distinguish myself for either speed or endurance, I was ordered to “stay put.” Nobody will take me so I have to remain peacefully at home and I think your Christmas box is going to be a very thin one. The crowds & rush really are terrible & I think I shall wait till later on to find you what I want. By the way the Jan. sales will be on in a month. Does anybody want material for a dress from Liberty’s – silk, satin, calico velvet wool, linen & what colour & how many yards. Silk probably about 5 shillings a yard, cotton about 2 shillings - plain or printed. (Hand blocked) Wuffie says the fire is too hot he has come over to lie under my couch.

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He gave us a bad fright the other night. We had roast pheasants for dinner (awfully good) & Dora, the maid having been specially ordered not to, gave Wuff a bit. Now pheasants have the most diabolical little bones as sharp as glass & as hard & Wuff got one in his throat. He coughed a bit before bed time but not seriously but in the middle of the night we wakened to hear him gagging & choking. His “grandmother” & I (Auntie Mabel) brought him into our room & he would have choked himself black
in the face of he hadn’t been black all ready, then just as we were deciding to wake the family & have him taken to a vet, he had a coughing spell & seemed easier & we sank back in our pillows feeling like parents with a child with the croup. Soon it became clear he had either coughed it up or swallowed it & if the latter, the question was, would it stick into his lungs &

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make a hole. A dog Dora knew “had swallowed a rabbit bone & bled to death.” Horrid thought! You can imagine all the loving & petting Wuff got & he thoroughly enjoyed it. However nothing happened for we think he probably coughed it up like a sensible dog. Just now he is burying his hair brush under the rug & pretending it’s a rat.

Letter from Cyril Inderwick saying he is sailing this week. His book is in the hands of N.Y. pub. Long letter from B. saying [hus] is coming over. She sounds very bright & well but says the family is broke as usual. I am sending her a cheque & some little things for the girls.

Will write to Rufus next time. Love to Bobbie

Toujours amour

Tante

Nice letter from E.