

MARINE HOTEL, NORTH BERWICK.

MOTOR GARAGE.

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

HYDRAULIC LIFT TO ALL FLOORS.

(HOTEL) TELEPHONE NO. 110.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—
"MARINE, NORTH BERWICK."

Dearest Laura:

I have a
great deal to thank you
for — two sweet letters
and the apron. Words
fail me about that
dear apron. It is so
like you somehow.
like you to think of
it. I have not had
the courage to bathe
Faith yet. I hold
her in my lap, on
it, and toast her
at the fire after the
bath, before her
clothes go on again.
It will be so useful
though for I am going

to begin soon to scrub
her, and then I am
think of the "night out"
the nurse will have to
have (the thought
frightens me rather at
present). I never
realized I could grow
so over a wee baby. I
don't outwardly.
You wake up in the
middle of the night, and
restrain myself with
difficulty from going
just to see if she is
still there.
So strong and makes
more than $\frac{1}{2}$ lb a
week which is a joy.
I shall send you the
snapshots soon. She
has great big gray
eyes, a dear wee
mouth and a chin
with an adorable dimple.

I can't tell you what she means.
I marvel that such a wee mite
can call out so much love.

It was dear of you remembering my
birthday too! But then you are
such a dear, Laura. How I long
to see you.

How are the turkeys doing this year?
I would love to hear of you

making a lot of them again.
Then you might think of coming
over with Cilee and Charlotte.

Laura, that would be so lovely.
What a time we would have.

You must be longing to go to Gladys
and George. I often think of

them. What a sweet wife she
will make and how I hope he
appreciates her -

I can't write more just now, but
will soon again. For there are

simply heaps of letters I must
write - I shall thank you. Dearest

Laura. For the April. I shall
think of you when I wear it
and many other times as

well.

Mayora.