



June the second.

Hello! Busy Man,

Why this hasty response?  
To help along the "Good Luck  
and Fortune Society," of  
course.

I'm waiting for my auntie  
and Uncle Dick, who are  
coming down from Whippans  
in that little Packard car,  
for us artists. ("Artists" is  
good isn't it?) They are due  
at two fifteen (it's that now)

but if he's like someone  
else I know (?), I'll have  
time to write Artie a long  
letter. Well, the eventful  
day is here at last, and  
what fun we're going to  
have. I shall tell you all  
about it in my next; but  
this I want to say now, —  
I wish, wish, wish you  
were going with us.

I was perfectly darling  
of you to write such a lengthy  
missive, during the height  
of your exams, and I can't

begin to tell you how  
much I appreciated it.

I had a splendid time  
last Saturday in town.

After the wedding we,  
with a few others, went  
down to the Waldorf for  
afternoon tea. The music  
was wonderful and the  
party so congenial, that  
we almost forgot to  
come home.

Ding it!!! They are  
here. It's awful sorry  
it's dot to top, but yet

time, I'll do better.

Tà v dia,

dessie.

P.S. I bet you didn't hold  
your fingers crossed last  
Saturday. Understand?

L.