

For William

Feb. 1909 -
Sunday

Dearest Sis

I'm going to write you a few lines although I'm afraid I've absolutely nothing to say.

I've been lying about the house all day, doing nothing and consequently feel as lazy as can be.

I'm sending you by this mail a paper giving the press-report of our "Gomen of the Guard". It's a pity it was not reported on the second night as it was then much improved.

I have not seen the photo yet, but they say it's not bad.

We have continued to get plenty of fun out of it and I'm afraid will be quite ready for any new kind of mischief to carry us over Lent.

The Last Ball comes on Tuesday over at P.A.

[Faint, illegible handwriting on aged paper]

My face when it is made up with a mustache etc. looks exactly like the old pictures of Dad. I was quite surprised, when the fellows had finished me, to see what I looked like.

Our weather is first-class — just barely freezing most of the time.

I hope you survived the Carnival week. Did you go to the Baumgarten's dance.

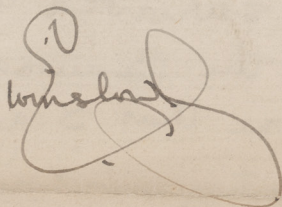
Mother tells me that I got an invitation — which was interesting but not very exciting.

The first night of the performance I had two glasses of sherry before going on the stage. My partner wanted to know what it was she smelt and I told her it was the ether-gum with which they stuck on our mustaches. She said Oh; I was afraid you had been drinking something. She seemed quite content and did not appear to mind the glue-y smell at all. The next

evening I had to tell her that we used a
different kind of glue — which by the way
was quite odourless.

I'm beginning to tell tales on myself
so its time to stop

Your loving Uncle



This is the way Ruth signs her name only.

