

In Our Own Dear Home

December 14, 1919

My Sweetheart Wife:

Sorry I kept you waiting-- dad had me write a letter to a friend in England to deliver a letter for him to an egg collector, so I am just two hours later than I expected to be.

Can you see me? I am sitting on the little old chair, by the heater, in the kitchen with my tablet on my knee for a writing desk-escritoir.

When I sit and listen to the clock tick, it seems very lonely in this house all by meself. When I am at work, it is alright for then I make some noise to counteract the tick-tock monotony of our new clock.

Yes I get awfully lonesome at times and dearest, you want me to, don't you? For if I did not I would not miss you much. Never mind me though, Marguerite, I know you are lonesome too - anyway I want you to be - and it will not be long before all will be in readiness here to receive you and you will be ready to help put on the finishing touches to make it inhabitable just for weuns.

(Monday) Oh! Sweetheart, you had ought to see the lonely presents you are getting from all directions.

Uncle Tom sent a clock, Rudolph sent some kind of pretty dish with a silver handle on it, brother Pete sent you six of the prettiest salad forks that you ever could dream of. This morning there cam in the mail a beautiful hand-worked dresser runner from our friend Lena Schwenne. I will write and acknowledge the gifts all except Lena's - you may see her.

Your loving letter came this morning and I'll say you surely are a thoughtful dear with your suggestions. Don't worry sweetheart I am all O.K. and doing nicely even if I am sick with lonesomeness.

After my pen went dry last evening I tried to read but that didn't satisfy so I got our old pal water bottle and "rolled in". Then I was more lonesome but I finally went to sleep and awake quite refreshed to go to work.

I am coming down as soon as I possibly can, believe me, darling.

Lots of Love to everybody from your loving husband, Henry