

Sept 24, 1943

Dear Emily

Can you remember
back twenty years or a little
more of being up to Grammas
one morning when the aunts
and Gramma were sitting
around the dining room
table sewing and little
Emily wanted to do likewise
but had no thimble. Then
Gramma went up stairs and
produced a gold thimble - a
wedding present from two
Bebe boy cousins. Of course
little Emily was delighted
and sewed like the grown
ups. After a while when tired
of sewing the Aunts chased
little Emily out doors around

the blue bushes east of the
house and when they returned
the thimble was missing and
we all searched and searched
for many days but with
no success. One day this week
Margot Sheldon while playing
near the hedge in the Love
yard picked up the missing
thimble and gave it to
her mother who cleaned it
and saw the name "Lizzie"
engraved on it. She knew
that to be my name from
hearing Helen Keys call me
Lizzie so she phoned
your mother about it. If
you remember we all agreed
not to tell your mother about
the loss so she was ignorant
but knew that I had a

3

gold thimble as a wedding
present so phoned me about
it and I explained and
now how the thimble look-
ing like new with no marks
to show that it had lain in
the dirt for twenty years or
more. I don't think that you
went across the hedge but
perhaps were chased to the
hedge and threw up your hands
when the thimble flew across
I'll not write any family
news as I heard your mother
^{and} that she was writing to you

to night and she writes
such voluminous letters that
theres nothing left for me
a cold drizzling rain at
present - equinoctial perhaps
Beulah not home this week
end. Go to sleep -

Love
Gramma