A

DAVID LUPTON'S SONS COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

OFFICE OF VICE PRESIDENT
ENGINEERING
SALES

December 1st
1 9 2 5

Dear Kay:

I can think of three possible reasons why anybody writes to anybody who is going away; one is that he are glad to get rid of her, another that he envy her, and the third is that he wish her well.

You never have been any trouble to I - reason No. 1 is out. I never fancied going around anybody's world with my own aunt, though the aunt proposition has fairly definite possibilities, provided the selection part of it were unlimited. Being unacquainted with your fortunate companion, and judging the thing from a general standpoint in the cold light of raw reasons, I would say, judicially, that No. 2 is ausgegangen. Thus, by a process of elimination, we arrive at No. 3. Which is what.

I am prompted to do a special bunch of well-wishing because of the utterly ultra optimistic way in which I became apprised of it.

Scene - The Parlor Chez O'Brien

Dramatis Personae - Mr.
Mrs.
Me

Mrs. (Rhetorically), "You remember Kay, don't you?"

Me (Crossing my knees - yokelly), "I sure do."

Mrs. (Following up her advantage), "She is going around the world - sails Thursday with her aunt."

Me (After Shakespeare), "Hot dorg! That'll be great."

Mr. (Brightly), "'Twill be if she comes back."

Mrs. (Reproachfully), "Why, Harry!" (Accent on the last two syllables.)

Me (Scenting scandal), "Sheiks, perhaps."

Mr. (Setting in his chair - that setting which portends a tale), "I can't help thinking of a friend of mine. He

had a daughter - a charming girl. He gave her everything - educated her at Syracuse."

Me (Soto voce), "How rash."

Mrs. (Shaking her foot), "What did you say?"

Me (Surprised), "Nothing."

Mr. (Swallowing hard at the interruption), "When she got thru there, he felt she needed more polish. He wanted her to see the world. He sent her to the Mediterranean. She went to Egypt. She's still there."

Me (Displaying Pepsodent), "Like the place?"

Mr. (Dramatically), "No - dead."

Mrs. (Reminiscently), "Why, HARry!"

Me (Repetition for emphasis), "Sheiks?"

Mr. (Dispassionately), "No - typhoid."

Mrs. (Faintly), "Why, HARRY!"

Me (Clutching at a straw), "Was her aunt with her?"

Mr. (Thinking hard), "Somebody was."

Mrs. (Elusively), "WHY, Harry!"

Me (Hopelessly), "Well, it looks bad for Kay, because to go around the world one stops at typhoid - I mean Egypt - I've been reading pamphlets. But I believe that a Rensselaer County constitution can stand anything, particularly with an aunt to help it."

Mrs. (Resetting her grins), "Why, David!"

Mr. (Sighing a sigh), "Well, I hope so, (sigh #2) I certainly hope so.

Thus, most hilariously, did I first hear of your departure. Thus, amid paeans of Thanksgiving (it was the day after) and Hymns of hope, did I learn of your good fortune. Thus, and thus only, am I brightening your parting hour with these well-chosen words of cheer.

From my limited experience as a guest of My Uncle (Sam), I learned several important things

which may be of use to you. To wit:

English water is dangerous - drink Scotch.

French water is dangerous - drink cognac.

German water is dangerous - drink schnapps.

Italian water is dangerous - drink* bastanti.

_____ water is dangerous - drink _____.

(Fill in blanks for countries I haven't been in.)

* Bastanti means enough - use your own judgment.

Incidentally, the world's best seasick remedy is celery and champagne, and that is no bunk.

You have probably been advised to look over more places than you could visit if the trip lasted until Labor Day, instead of April. But if you lie over on the Riviera, take a tip from a presuming crusader and ride the narrow gauge railroad from Nice to Digne and back. It is an overnight trip, staying at a little inn at Digne where they fill your alimentary canal most delightfully. That's not the main object of course - the scenery in the Maritime Alps is what one goeth for - but the filling station isn't so bad.

There is one other suggestion - as one romantically-repressed cuss to another - and that ends those. If you desire to drive the Chrysler between the big concrete posts again a free woman, look out for Nice under two conditions, viz:-

1. Sunset
2. Moonrise

Fortunately for me, I witnessed both with your erstwhile boyfriend Mackey and even with him was romance rampant within me, which is why I slip you the friendly tip. The Mediterranean is poison to single blessedness under them conditions.

Hence and consequently, however and be that as it may, the Empress is about to do her stuff. May she deal gently with you, may your hours be pleasant, poetic, and polygamous, may you be utterly immune to the bacilli maldemer, nostalgia and typhosis. And someday after April, when the Jordan - or her successor - meets the Chrysler -

or what have you - on the road to the Lake Shore House, may we pull up hub to hub, you broadened by travel, I bent and well nigh busted by Philadelphia, and, after the count of three, depose in unison.

"When I was on the other side -"

Until then, much good luck.

Sincerely,

David Sandmen.