[*Letter from Flora Pillsbury (1887-1921) to George Nichols (1889-1961)*]

Camden, Me.

October 19 – '14

Dear friend George: -

You don't really think I want to come, do you? Honest I do but I can't possibly, as I told you there is no one to do my work and Mr. Wilcox goes on his vacation this coming Wednesday – for two or three weeks, so if I should ask off, Mr. Montgomery would think I was crazy, as I shall be Boss while he is away. Mr. Montgomery is away so much of the time that he can't keep track of things himself and will depend on me to do it all. I don't mind what people say (or not very much anyway) as long as I know I am doing all right.

I suppose I mind as much as anybody else but I wouldn't let it stop me from doing what I wanted to. This time its not a question of whether I want to or not – but a question of whether I can or not and the answer is can't. A good long ride through places I have always heard of and never seen, and at just this season of the year, really I can't think of anything I would like better.

I never thought of telling you anything about Susie's yarns (if that is what you meant I should have told you) as she wasn't hurting anyone but herself by telling them and it really wasn't any of my business. If she had been telling lies about you that would hurt your reputation I should have contradicted them, of course, as I should want and expect any real friend to do by me. Yes, I always felt that we were friends, not because of anything that ever had passed between us but I had a feeling that if I ever needed a male friend I could depend on you for a good deal and that you would understand more than most of the boys. I certainly couldn't ask for a better, so far as I know.

I just read over what I have written and it reads rather "mushy" – I don't mean it to but I can't stop to hunt up better words to express myself – you'll have to "take an Irishman as he means" – etc.

Next Sunday "Tid" Felton wants the crowd to spend the day at his "cottage by the Sea" – or in other words, at the lake. He has been inviting us all summer and if its put off much longer it will be too cold to go so I guess if its pleasant he will find us there. Its cold enough today for November, the wind and rain together are taking the leaves off pretty fast, it will look like Fall all right when this is over.

Mr. Irish worked the 3rd and 4th degrees at So. Hope Wednesday night and he really shone like a star for once for the reason that none of the officers, except the L.A.S., knew their part and could not even read correctly. There were about 20 people present, including 6 visitors. That grange is in a pretty hard way, even the master does not "tend out" they say, and they were glad to have us come over. We are going to see if we can't get a crowd to go over from our Grange before the traveling gets bad.

Everybody is going to Penobscot View next Thursday evening. Nothing like a supper to draw a crowd, is there?

Grace Fuller's father died Thursday and was buried yesterday morning. Poor Grace it seems as if she has had more than her share of trouble lately – she looks like anything but a happy bride.

Robbers in town – Morrow's Jewelry Store was broken into sometime Saturday night. Mr. Morrow told me today that he thought he had lost about $150.00 worth of goods. I suppose they know as much about who did it now as they ever will – anyone might break into every store in town and nothing would be done about it.

Well, I don't know anything to write that will interest you so will close. Don't think you are the only one who likes to get long letters.

Hope you are having a fine time and feeling better. Did you take your medicine with you this time?

Sincerely,

F.E.P

P.S. Please don't think I shall stay at home Saturday because I want to, for "Honest Injun" I shan't. Don't know as I even thanked you for the invitation but I meant to as I really do appreciate it. Why don't you pass it on to someone else? Its too bad to enjoy it all alone and there are probably quite a number who could and would go. Flo.