



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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December 25, 1917.

To the Bunch Who Are now Working for Uncle Sam:

Mr. Hunter thought the best Christmas gift we could send to our "Sam-mies" would be a long, gossipy letter about the staff and has assigned me, Brownie, to do the job. Juicy bits I have aplenty and then there are bits not so luscious but just as interesting.

Of course you all know Mr. HAL-STEAD is not among us any more, and The Tribune folks have been in mourning for some months, but Mr. C. George Krongness of Chicago has been asked to fill the gap, and has been on the job now about two months, which has lifted us somewhat from the depths. We did miss Mr. Halstead so much, y'know.

The most unusual thing that could happen to a newspaper man is Vic Harris' experience. It is whispered that his wife had fallen heir to \$100,000, and Vic is already making plans for the spending of same. It seems the farm Friend Wife's Folks owned in Pennsylvania has turned out to be a coal mine and operations are to be begun next spring and by next fall the Harrises will have an income of THOUSANDS a month. At least, that is the way the story goes.

Did you know Mr. Harting, who was on the day desk, was stricken with apoplexy while working one day about a month ago and died a few hours later?

The Handsome Michener has left The Tribune home for the Bellman, where, I understand, he has very little else to do but draw a large salary and drink tea.

DeLos Lovelace, who never would look at a girl, suddenly announced his intention of marrying the sweet Maud Hart, whom, it appears, he had been secretly wooing for some time. They were married Thanksgiving Day and after a short honeymoon DeLos returned to Camp Dodge and Maud continued her work at Mrs. Wakefield's publicity bureau. But I understand Mrs. Lovelace is spending the Holiday season with her dashing lieutenant.

Hicky, the girl smoker, who has been casting longing eyes at New York for some time, has decided, in spite of the awful rent it'll make in her heart, that she simply must be going. So sometime the first part of January she will pull up stakes and give us a sad imitation of "So Long Mary." But she will take with her our poetess, Ella Morse, who has fallen in love with Hickey's manly qualities and refuses to be left behind. Together they hope to conquer New York.

The youthful Mr. Jimerson, who returned to the staff last September a married man, has joined the Fond Fathers Fraternity, having been a papa now for almost two weeks. ("It's a boy"). George Akerson, incidentally, expects to become a member of the F. F. F. next March, which, perhaps, explains why he has taken to knitting. Algot Swanson, who, six months ago, made the shy boast that he anticipated joining the fraternity in the near future, has made good and is the father of a two-months old girl, who, by the way, is the most beautiful girl baby in the world.

Mr. Pauli, who filled the little tele-graph room on the fourth floor of The Tribune, has secured a commission and is now a lieutenant in the signal corps.

Received a postcard from Jim Baker informing me of his leaving for Italy, where he will continue serving as an ambulance driver.

Hazel the Wise received a card from Frank Faude some time ago saying he was on his way, but he didn't know where he was going. So far as we know, he has not yet arrived.

Hal Denny is now at Camp Cody. If you want any more information regarding him, write to Lorena Hickok.

Burke lost out at the Second Officers' training camp at Snelling and is back on the job again as assistant night city editor. But he says he's going to join the aviation corps next spring.

Which reminds me that Billy McNally secured a commission as first lieutenant and is now at Camp Crook, Omaha. He came into the office and stacked up on kisses before leaving.

We have a sad case on our hands, now. May Rogers, now Mrs. Langebek (I should have said the Countess Langebek) has lost her husband. He died December 16, quite suddenly, of heart disease, and May hastened to her Tribune friends in Minneapolis for sympathy. She arrived at my apartment last Saturday night, and boys! You should have SAW her. Now you all know me well enough to understand that I am not making sport of the poor girl's sorrow, but she was the most perfect picture of grief I have ever beheld. She wore a little black bonnet draped with a long veil which hung way past her waist, and in one hand she carried a huge suitcase and, held tight in the other arm was a can of something or other. I hastened to relieve her of the "can" but was warned instantly to be careful, Brownie. After I had taken her in and soothed her somewhat, I started to put her things away and had occasion to move the "can," whereupon I was again warned to be careful. Said May, "be careful, Brownie, be careful." Becoming curious, I asked her what it contained, and this was her reply: "The remains of darling Jack." Boys, she had carried that canister of ashes all the way from New York and she intends to keep it with her. It now reposes on my dressing table, where it will remain until Sunday afternoon, when May leaves for Winnipeg, her home.

Andy Keefe has just been heard from by Monsieur le Editeur de la Ville. He mentions being in the building where the "King of Austria slept the night after his army lieked some other army a few centuries ago and where Napoleon and J. Caesar and all the other big military geniuses hung around." He says Attila was there to and explains that he is the one the Germans get their ideas from. Andy is librarian of the army school somewhere in France.

We have received word that Yala Squire has joined the American Aviation Corps in France.

Well, I think I have told you all the gossip of the shop, except, perhaps, that our Great Big Beautiful Doll, Hazel, has mortgaged her next year's salary to send Christmas boxes to all her beaux who are now wearing khaki. Lillian Taaffe, who has been ill for about two months, will return to work the first of the year.

Everybody sends heartiest Christmas greetings and best wishes for the New Year.

BROWNIE

Rec'd
Newspaper

we pay for it in a short story - published by Cat. mag

like

can you eat this
1918

Belgian
from
1918

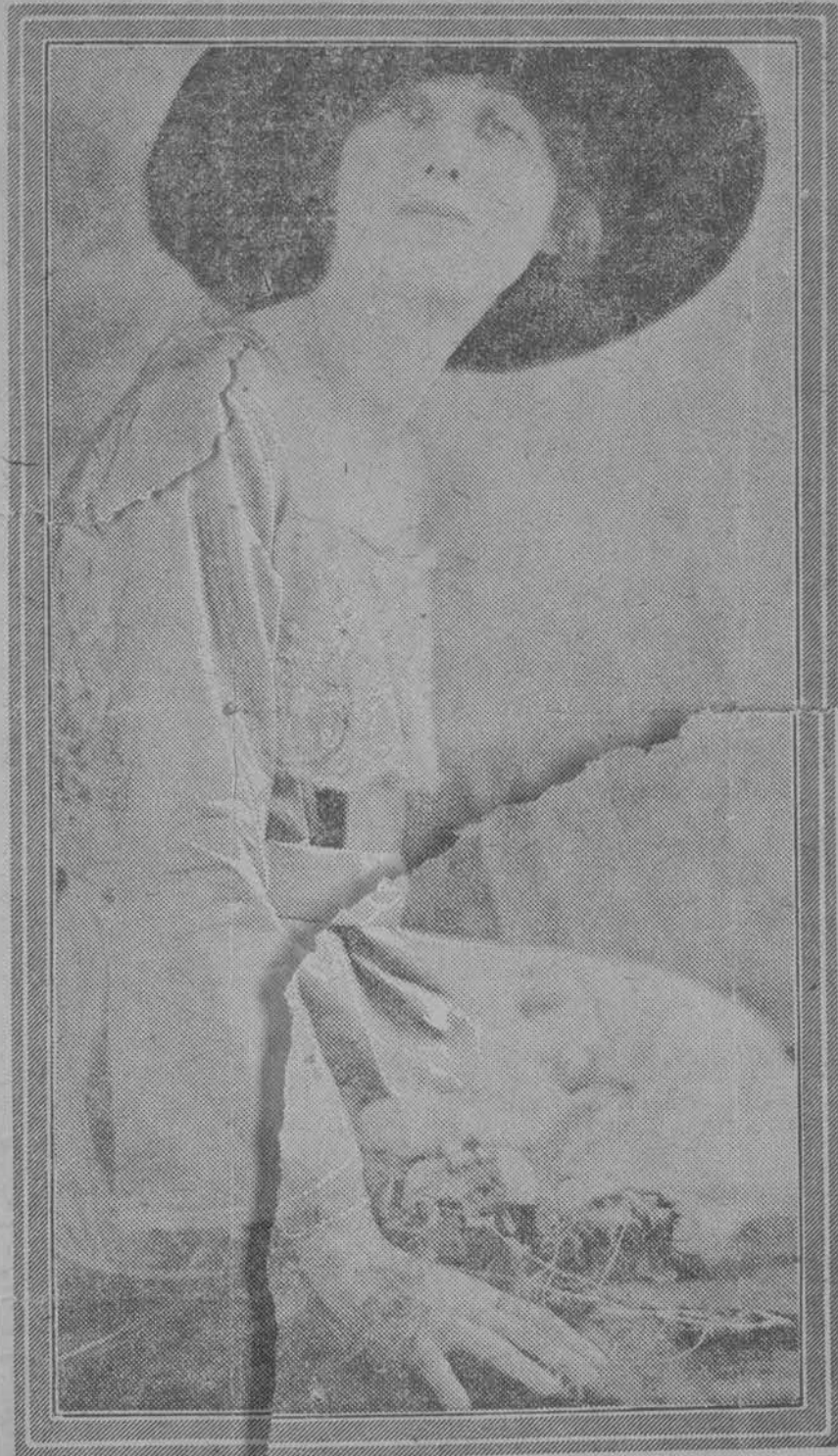
Vericocole

December 14, 1917

Friday Evening,

THE M

BRIDE TO LIVE IN DES MOINES



MRS. DELOS W. LOVELACE was Miss Maud Palmer Hart. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Hart, 905 West Twenty-fifth street. Her marriage to Lieutenant Lovelace was an event of the month. Lieutenant Lovelace and his bride are at home at Des Moines, where Lieutenant Lovelace is stationed at Camp Dodge.

—Photograph

If you use this, please send this original back.



TO 64
FEET

Mrs. Delos Wheeler Lovelace

Mrs. Lovelace was formerly Miss Maud Palmer Hart, daughter of Mr. Thomas W. Hart, 905 West Twenty-fifth street, before her marriage to Lieutenant Lovelace, which took place Thanksgiving day at her parents.

SDAY NOVEMBER 29 191

*Maud Palmer Hart
Wedded to Lieut.
Delos W. Lovelace*

Miss Kathryn Cusick Becomes
Bride of Mr. Patrick O'Don-
nell—Friend-Seham Wed-
ding Solemnized.

The marriage of Miss Maud Palmer Hart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Hart, 905 West Twenty-fifth street, and Lieut. Delos Wheeler Lovelace was solemnized this afternoon at 5 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents. The officiating minister was Rev. J. H. Friend-Seham.

The bride wore a gown of white tulle and tulle. The skirt was made in a bouffant effect and the bodice was cut décolleté and finished with long tulle sleeves. The tulle veil was held in place with a wreath of orange blossoms. Her bouquet was a shower of pale pink roses and forget-me-nots.

Lieutenant Lovelace is on leave until Monday when he will return to Camp Dodge, where he and his bride will be at home after December 15. Out-of-town guests at the wedding include Miss Marjorie Gerlach of Man-

kato, Miss Florence Macbeth of New York and Mr. Edwin Hart, a cousin of the bride, who is at the Great Lakes naval training station.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Lovelace both attended the University of Minnesota and Mrs. Lovelace is a member of the Gamma Phi Beta sorority.

WE TO LIVE IN DES MOINES



W. LOVELACE was Miss Maud Palmer Hart. She is a daughter of Mrs. Thomas W. Hart, 905 West Twenty-fifth street. Her wedding to Lieutenant Lovelace was an event of the month. Lieutenant Lovelace and Miss Maud Palmer Hart are at home at Des Moines, where Lieutenant Lovelace is now. —Photograph by Sweet.

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as W. Hart, 905 West Fifth
and Lieut. Delos W. Lovelace, son of

the room.
Mrs. J. J. ...
ter's matron of honor ...
of grey panne velvet ...
beading and she wore a corsage bou-
quet of violets and roses. Captain
Bibb attended Lieutenant Lovelace as
best man.

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* * *

The Fighting Four.

By ELAVIM SHRDLU.

Here's to the boys from the office
Who've gone to the trenches of France
In search of the Greatest Adventure
Led on by the Goddess of Chance.
There's Keefe of the whimsical humor
Whose mien is the solemnest yet.
He'll see the ridiculous angle
Whatever he happens to get.
When Larson, the captain, "goes over"
And tackles the Hun where he stands
He'll still be a gentleman soldier
In spite of the blood on his hands.
And Shannon of pinkish complexion,
The boy who will never grow old,
Will smile in the face of a German
And gather him into the fold.
No matter what happens to Lovelace
Where demons of shrecklichkeit stalk,
There'll still be a trace of a swagger,
A don't-give-a-damn in his walk.
The four will be there with the courage,
Be war's story little or long,
And when they come back from the trenches
They'll still put the commas in wrong.