

Wednesday Afternoon
January 27th, 1925
105-3

My own, own dear Stubbie,

Do you realize that three months ago to day you and I returned from Shelter Bay? Doesn't it seem centuries instead of just months? Goshaw, it does to me.

Well, mother had the final examination on her eyes yesterday. The doctor has persuaded her to go to the hospital for her operation, as no private residence has the facilities for anything like that. Her last one would

have been more successful had
it taken place at a hospital. She is
going up to the "Mountainside" in
Upper Montclair on Monday and
the first operation will be performed
on Tuesday. Edna took Father and
I sister up last night to engage
the room and two private nurses -
a day and night. I hate the
thought of her having to go to a
hospital and yet I know it is much
better. You should have seen me

when they first told me. I opened
the door for them and mother greeted
me with the following, "I've got to
leave you." I thought that she had been
told she was going to die and my heart
when hung down to my feet. Sister
said, "Don't look so frightened. Mother's
going to be real brave and go to a hospital.
My heart didn't go back into place
at that, tho, for I have a perfect
horror of a hospital, as I said before.
Well, I wanted to cry, but I had
to keep in for mother's sake. She sat

down and began telling me all about it. I managed to control my tears until she had finished and then I made a mad dive for the cellar. I wanted an excuse to stay down there, so I began taking out all the ashes, sweeping the floor, etc., during which time I nearly flooded the place. I finally got control of myself ^{but} I've been perfectly sensible about it ever since. I have promised to go up to the hospital every day (she will be there at least two weeks) and I am going to stay there the first night or two. I seem to be the only one she wants

around, so I want to do everything
to make her just as happy as
possible. Oh, darling, how I wish
you were here with me! I need you
so, so much.

Last night the Beaunes, Dris-
es & Nellie were here, but I do not
think that they enjoyed themselves
very much, this was such a gloomy
house.

Georgiana is coming up right
from School this afternoon. She

is going to bring her examination
papers and mark them here. We
have invited her to spend the evening,
too, and of course have dinner with
us.

I want to run down again
to Mother Schmonie to-morrow, for
my visits won't be very frequent
for the next few weeks. Friday
lister as I have to do a lot of
shopping for Mother, preparatory
to the operation and Saturday is that

Sorry for Ethel ~~Case~~. I do not
feel much like going, but mother
said she would feel terrible if I
didn't. So you see I'll be a pretty
busy girlie.

I have four letters to write
now - to Brother, Aunt Anna,
Aunt Susie and Mrs. Dwan. I
promised to keep them all informed
about mother.

All the love in the world for
my dear, dear Daddy. Hugs

and kiss - millions of them are
then come, desert.

Bubbles.

Thursday Afternoon
January 23, 1920
106.

Dearest,

Have just finished a letter to Mother Schlueter. She expected me down there this afternoon, but I couldn't go on account of some new developments here.

Sister was taken very ill yesterday afternoon. We were up all night with her and this morning she felt and looked like a ray. It is so near the end of the term that

she considers it quite necessary
to go to School and went much
against our wishes. Of course it
was terrible for her to do it and she
had to go to bed as soon as she
returned this noon. I couldn't
leave the house, as we have to give
her medicine every little while
and poor mother isn't able to wait
on her.

To add to it all we expect
a guest for dinner - Miss Kitcham.

The woman with whom she
is boarding has pneumonia
and she has been getting her
meals downtown, so mother tries
to break the monotony for her
by inviting her for dinner. I
usually don't have company
but not during a time like this.

Dearest, your second night
letter came this morning. Thank
you, Daddy. You are a dear &
so thoughtful. I know that

you would be glad about
Puck's and Guss' intentions
to visit us. Wish we have
great fun? I hope that we
will have the rest of our
furniture by that time — a
bureau for the guest room, also
a chair or two & a couple of pieces
for the reception-hall. I want
Tilla Vitumwoman to make a
tig bit.

I hope the Montreal will go in
early March. I do so much want to
return the sooner the better.
Love, long and kisses, dear



Captain Arthur J. Schmon
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