

Wednesday afternoon

January 21st, 1920

105th

My own, own dear hubbie,

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? Gracious! It does to me.

Well, mother had the final examination on her eye yesterday. The doctor has persuaded her to go to the hospital for her operations, or 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 "mountain side" in Upper Montclair on Monday and the first operation will be performed on Tuesday. Edna took Father and 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 bang 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 and 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 Beruns, Doris and Nellie were here, but I do not think that they enjoyed themselves very much, this was such a gloomy house.

Georgina 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 Schmon's to-morrow, for my visits won't be very frequent for the next few weeks. Friday sister and I have to do a lot of shopping for mother, preparatory to the operation and Saturday is that

shower 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 Lana, Aunt Susie and Mrs. Dowden. I promise to keep them all informed about mother.

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

and kisses - millions of them and
then some, dearest.

Bubbles.

Thursday afternoon
January 22nd, 1920
106.

Dearest,

Have just finished a letter to Mother Schmon. 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 rag. 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 Ketcham.

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

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

you would be glad about
Ruth's and Russ' intentions
to visit us. Won't 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 and a couple of pieces
for the reception hall. I want
Villa [Witimuchimu] to make a
big bit.

Hope the Montcalm will go in
early March. I do so much want to
return - the sooner the better.

love, hugs and kisses, dear
Lessie

NEWARK

JAN 23

8:30PM

1920

N.J.

Captain Arthur A. Schmon

c/o Ontario Paper Company

Shelter Bay, P.Q.

North Shore Gulf of St. Lawrence

Canada.

Via Quebec.