

Friday P.M.

Daddy my dearest,

Yours of October
twenty-ninth came this after-
noon. Darling, I cannot under-
stand why you have not heard
from me. This is the ninth
letter I have written you since
you left and it is only Friday.
You must have felt perfectly
dreadful that night when you
returned to the Hotel expecting
to find a message waiting for
you and none was there. Poor, poor
boy, how sorry I feel for you. I
am quite sure, tho, that my

letters reached you before you
left Thursday noon.

I know that I shall be
delighted with the interior decoration
of our home. The description of the
material that you ordered sounds
wonderful. You were very wise
to take things into your own hands.
My ideas were a bit impractical
I know.

So you met Mr. Grogan's
daughter! She is the one that
I reminded Mrs. Grogan so much
of. Do I resemble her, dear?

I shall keep the wool and

fur moccasins in mind and
get a pair when I reach Quebec.
Oooh, doesn't that sound wonderful?

It was indeed very nice of
Mr. M^{ac}Farlane to tell the Captain
of the ice breaker about my trip
to Shelter Bay this winter and before
I forget it, dear, when you write to
Mr. Grogan again ask him please
not to forget to notify me by
telegram when it is to sail. Daddy,
I can hardly wait to get back to
you and I hope, hope, hope that
it will be soon!!!!!!!

I have been at home all day to-day. Aunt Susie's little family came late this afternoon and had dinner with us. We hadn't seen them for seven years, so you can imagine that their visit was most enjoyable. They left at nine thirty and it is about half past ten now. I am going to read for a while and then go to beddies.

Daddy dear, the nights are so dreadfully hard without you. As dusk approaches I seem to think that my boy must come

running in and when you
don't, I – well, there is no
use in describing the feeling.
I know that you understand.

I hope to receive a telegram
from you soon telling me of
your safe arrival in Shelter Bay.
Don't forget the night letters,
dearest, that you have promised
to send later on. I must hear
from my Daddy often, or I
shall be very, very unhappy.

Good-night, my dear one.

I love you, love you, love you

Bubbles

Saturday A.M.

My dear, dear Daddy,

The letter that
you wrote just before sailing came
this morning.

I am so glad that
you finally heard from me, for it
would have been very hard if you
had had to leave Quebec without
having received a line from your
wifie. This may sound conceited, but
I am merely judging from my
own feelings had the tables been
turned.

My telegram hasn't come

yet. Ooh, I hope it gets here
quick, so my worries will be
over!

This afternoon sister and
I are going down town. I shall
make inquiries about the material
for our floors.

I spent a very restful night.
Got up about ten this morning,
had breakfast, read the paper
for a while and now it is
time for luncheon.

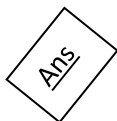
Bye-bye, my own dear.

Love, hugs and kisses for the
dearest man in the world who
is adored by his little

Bubbles.

P.S. Pardon change in pencils. The other one broke.

B.S.



NEWARK
NOV 2
1 AM
1919
N.J

Captain Arthur A. Schmon
Shelter Bay, P.Q.
North Shore Gulf of St. Lawrence
Canada.

Via Quebec. c/o Ontario
Paper
Company.