

Saturday A.M.

January 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1920

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My very dearest,

I have been having a wonderful feast on those pictures to-day. I have looked at them so intently that I bet I could tell you just how many flakes of snow there are on the ground, how many pine needles there are on the trees, how many hairs there are on "sporty," how many nails and boards there are in Villa [Witimuchimu] and how many drops of frozen water there are in Rocky River. Now try me and see if I can't. They surely are dandy "snaps" and let me tell you that they have created a dandy longing in me to be up there. I am terribly homesick, dearest, really I am!!!

this is the day that I  
am going to the Opera with  
Helen Meseroll, return with her  
to Georgie's for dinner and go to  
the Y.W.C.A. this evening. Will  
tell you all about it to-morrow,  
dearest.

Haven't received a check from  
Ed. for the fish yet. I wish some  
one would set a cannon off under  
him. He is slower than – well,  
I cannot find a word to describe  
it adequately.

Hope you're real well, dear.  
Take good care of yourself until Wifie  
gets there to do it.

Always your own little  
Girl.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X  
X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Sunday P.M.  
January 4<sup>th</sup> 1920

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Daddy my own,

I had a very pleasant day yesterday. Helen Meseroll and I met at the Tubes and attended the Metropolitan together. The performance consisted of three one act Italian operas – Farrar and Amato being the leading singers. It was marvelous - oh! the biggest treat that I had had in the music line for months, months and more months. We came right out to Newark after they opera and went to Georgie's for dinner. In the evening Georgie, Loren, Helen and I went to the Y.W.C.A. to dance. Gus phone while we were at dinner, so we invited

him to go along. We met him down there. The music was awful and dancing cannot be enjoyed very much under those circumstances, but we made up for it in chatting. On the way out Gus suggested our taking a stroll down Broad Street, but we didn't get very far. We approached a Chinese Restaurant, saw a sign "Chop Suey" and we all got up big appetite right away quick. We went in and a big feed followed. But - I must say that the atmosphere of the place didn't appeal to "much." It was horrid and my one thought upon leaving was "Never again." ... We reached home at twelve-thirty.

This morning Ed. Sleet phoned and told me some very discouraging

news. The fish is not what Brokaw expected it to be and he has refused to take it. Ed is about to take a new position - starts in to-morrow I believe - and cannot take charge of the disposal of it. It is all at his house now. I rushed down to "423" immediately to find out if Gus wouldn't try to sell some of it to-morrow. Brokaw recommended our going to Beardsley's. That is a place that shreds Cod fish and packs it in boxes. If Beardsley won't take it Mr. B. told us to go to some of the fish markets on 14<sup>th</sup> Ave. Gus said that he would do it. Ed thinks that a lot has been stolen, as the barrels are only about - well, a little over three quarters full. The bill of lading said that 1150 lbs. had been shipped.

4.

If that much is only here and  
we can get back what you put  
in it anyway. I will keep you  
informed by win, dear.

I have changed my mind again  
about the furs. I have been told that fox  
doesn't wear well at all - hardly more than  
one season, so I want the beaver. That wears  
forever and it will be lots cheaper in the end.  
Only give me what you think you can  
well afford. I would love a coat of course,  
but neck piece and muff will please  
me just as much. No matter what  
Daddy gives me I will be a crazy  
about it.

And now for the best thing of  
all - your night letter that was here  
when I returned from your house to-day.  
Your message for mother was  
very sweet. She greatly appreciated

5.

it.

I am so glad that both sides of the fireplace will be alike. I bet that that little living room is a dream. How I wish I were in it now, sitting on Daddy's lap in the big wicker chair. Um!!! But that time will be here before we know it. Just think, dearest, it is January fourth already.

I am going to read to mother now. We are still on "The Way of an Eagle."

Nightie night, my own darling  
Daddy.

All my love and all

Myself.

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NEWARK

JAN 5

4:30PM

1920

N.J.

Captain Arthur A. Schmon

c/o Ontario Paper Co.

Shelter Bay, P.Q.

North Shore Gulf of St. Lawrence

Canada

Via Quebec