

Saturday Evening,
January tenth.

96th

Dearest daddy,

I got into communication with Father Schmon to-day and what do you suppose the dear man told me! That he has been to every restaurant in the city trying to dispose of that fish. Wasn't he wonderful to put himself out so for me? But, dear, nobody would take any. As I have told you before, it is all skin and bones and one can hardly make fish balls out of that. Father Schmon suggested

our giving it to Listers - the people who make fertilizer. They came for it and would at least save us the charge of having it carted away from Ed's to be dumped into the river - we'll say. I told him not to make any arrangements in that direction, but to keep on trying to sell it. In the meantime I will be looking out for a purchaser, too. I have spoken to several private familys[families] and they all say that they could not be paid to eat it. I know that I wouldn't want to, but that is

due to the exposure it has been subjected to and then, too, I'm kinda "phoney" about what I eat anyway.

Ed. phoned dinner time and said that we can make a claim on the railroad if we can prove that thirteen hundred and some pounds were shipped, so I have written to Colonel Ray for information. His ↓ answer will be all the proof we'll need.

I felt so much better to-day that I went downtown for an hour or so. Went to the bank and had my

January check cashed, then paid a couple of bills for mother and bought a "shower" present for Marguerite Markhart. I got her two guest towels (white linen) in which I shall embroider her initial.

Speaking of embroidering, I finished another pair of pillowcases for Villa [Witimuchimu] to-day. I put that large fancy "S" in, you know. They are lovely. The next thing I am going to do is make the covers for our bedroom furniture. Oh! I surely am a busy girl these days. I love

it for the time always passes so
quickly when one is busy and that
is what I want ole time to do now.

Sunday P.M.

Daddy darling,

I was so sleepy last
night that I simply had to stop
here and go to beddies. My trip down
town tired me out dreadfully - so dreadfully
that I slept thru until elven thirty
this morning. I had intended not
going out all day, but at two-thirty

Georgina phoned and asked me if I wouldn't go up there. I could tell that she was terribly blue, so I downed my coat, hat and gloves quickly and went. She surely was low. Poor thing, I do feel so sorry for her. She held onto my hands and cried and cried. I think it is all the reaction ~~of~~^{from} that affair with Loren. Someday - when we are together side by side - I will tell you all about it.

Well, the family has decided to break up and go with Aunt Flo the last part of March and maybe this house doesn't contain some excitement. Whew!!! Between plans for operations and moving we are about on our heads.

Have you heard anything more about the Montcalm? Mela Braun is going to write to the agent (for the Department of marine stationed in Québec) this week. I am hoping

hoping and hoping - well, guess
what I hoped. ----- Um!!!

I sent your helmet in care
of Colonel Ray yesterday. I do
hope that you will receive it, for
it is so lovely and warm. I think of you all
the time, darling, up there in that cold
place. Do you manage to keep warm?
Please, please, please take good care of
Yourself, sweetheart.

All the love in the world for
my Daddy.

Yours forever,

X X X X X X X X X X Bubbles, X X X

Monday Evening
January 12th 1920
97th

Sweetheart dearest,

We have been married
five months to-day. A million and
then some anniversary hugs and
kisses!!!

I have been down town
with Hilda Hartdegen all afternoon.
We didn't do anything of importance-
just made a purchase or two and

spent the rest of the time
chatting and giggling. My purchase
was a shower present for Ethel
Case. It is to be an aluminum
Shower and I got her four small
pieces in that ware – a large salt
shaker to be used in the kitchen
while cooking, also one for pepper,
flour and sugar. They will come
in very handy when she goes
to house keeping.

To-night sister and I are going to the movies. It is to be a benefit performance for the Ernest Porter Post of the American Legion.

Sister just called and said that it is time to get ready. I suppose I must go, as we want to be there at seven o'clock and it is twenty-five of now.

Bye – bye, Honey Bunch Love.
How much?
Yours until Niagara Falls.
Bubbles.

My Lamb!

X X X

NEWARK

JAN 12

10 PM

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.