

Thursday P.M.

November 13th

34.

My Lamb,

On my way to Mother Schmon's to-day I stopped at the stores. Did a little shopping and then met Father, who took me to a wholesale engraver to see if he couldn't have our cards made up for less than Bamberger's Grover's and Baker's wanted. All these places wanted five dollars for a plate and fifty cards, but Mr. Shurtz will make my plate and one hundred cards for four dollars. Isn't that splendid, dear? I didn't

order five hundred cards for you, as I thought it was silly. You wouldn't use that much in ten years and they are so apt to turn yellow with age, that I only ordered two hundred.

I said that I attended to this on my way to Mother Schmon's. I should have said on my way to club, cause I went to 423 after the meeting. The girls were all present and we had an old fashion hilarious time. I didn't win the prize, altho I came pretty near it. I bid nine no trumps once and made it. I also got a nine heart bid and an eight diamonds. But I was pulled down several hundred

by Louise [Luteri] and Ollie [Hius] putting Emily [Weyrauch] and May [Bunz] in ahead. The next meeting will be here two weeks from to-morrow.

I found Mother Schmon in excellent spirits, in spite of another attack of stomach trouble. She surely does have an awful time with that tummie of hers. She is doctoring all the time, but no one seems to be able to remove the cause. As ^{soon} as she is cured of one attack another follows. Father Schmon is very well. Lessie is expected home from the hospital to-morrow. Marie is to be married December tenth. Outside of that there is no more Avon Avenue news.

Mother Schmon sent you lots
of love.

I [came] home this evening
at nine thirty. Talked with the
family for a while and started
this when they went to beddies.
Now I am going to follow suit.

Nightie night, my
dearest one. Oh! how I miss
miss miss you. All my
love for you, when I wish I were
with.

Your
Lambkin.

Wednesday P.M.

November 12th

32.

My beloved darling,

After luncheon to-day
I took a bath, dolled all up in my
pink satin underwear, pink dress,
and white slippers and stockings
and went out on the veranda to
read. Think of that, dear – reading
on the veranda November twelfth.
It is like summer here absolutely. If
I could only bottle some of this weather
and let it out when I reach Shelter
Bay next month or in January – when-
ever it is.

The girls arrived at three
thirty. We had a very enjoyable time

They left about six, then we had
dinner and this evening I began
[??] some of the calls that I
[??] the neighborhood_ (M^cCaskies
and [Glaesers].) I returned at ten
o'clock, curled myself up in the big
easy chair in the living room and
read for an hour. And so endith
another day – “one day nearer
the box” as Father says – but one
day nearer my return to Daddy dear,
I say.

Nightie – night, my own
Love, hugs and kisses
Bub.

Thursday A.M.

November 13th, 1919

33.

My Love,

There is nothing in the news line so far to-day. I have just gotten up, after having spent a very restful night, and now I am going down to have breakfast.

Dearest, as long as the Guide will continue to run I'll be able to send you newspapers and will confine my letters to home news instead of filling them with current events as I had intended to do when you

were cut off by ice and snow
from the rest of the world.

To-day I have club
meeting and from there I'm
going to see Mother Schmon.
But will tell you all about
that to-night.

Every bit of love in the
world for my dear, dear Daddy.
Ooh! I wish I could hug and kiss
you now!!!!!!

Always your
Bubbles.

NEWARK

NOV 14

8:³⁰PM

1919

N.J.

Captain Arthur A. Schmon

c/o Ontario Paper Co.

Shelter Bay, P.Q.

North Shore Gulf of St. Lawrence

Canada.

Via Quebec.