Saturday Evening
December 28, 1910

My dearest Daddy:

We have just returned from New York, where we spent a most enjoyable day. We left here at eleven o'clock and went right to the McAlpin for luncheon. My big sister, blowing me. We finished quite early, so walked leisurely up the avenue to Thirty-ninth Street, where the theatre was. We saw Marguerie Rambeau in "The Unknown Woman." It was splendid.

After the theatre we went up to the Astor Center. After much telephoning I succeeded in getting the name of a man in the "American Railway
Express Company, who will trace the fish for me.

Brother Jess and Boydie came in on the six o'clock train from Boston. Dear me, I wish you could see Boyd. He has grown six inches since I last saw him - being five feet ten then, and five-seven now - just his Aunt Lottie's height. I hardly knew him. He told me that he was very anxious to come up to see me next summer and he can hardly wait to meet his Uncle Arthur. I'm sure that you two will be crazy about each other. We got home at seven-thirty.

There was a letter from that Mea...
Brann has brought around to tell you about her writing to that man in Quebec about theMontreal. This letter is the answer. Here is a copy of it—

"Dear your letter of the 16th instant asking the date on which the Government is. Within Montcalm departs for her first trip to the north shore of the river St. Lawrence and in reply would say that as this ship is now engaged on work connected with the Charlottetown, P.E.I. agency of the Department of Marine and I do not know at present when she will come back to Quebec under my direction, it is not possible for me to say whether she will make any trip this winter."

If you will write me just after New Year, I may then be able to give you some kind of information in the subject.

Signed,

W. Beland

Agent in charge of the Department of Marine

Darling, Dean's tell you an terrible I feel about this. I simply couldn't stand not seeing you until Spring. I'm mother has had the operation it will take place the first of January as I don't easily leave around February first as I originally planned. Oh, if the best will only go up them on rather down.

I must see you soon, dear. I am so
as lonely as ever since you left. Daddy, I simply can't wait much longer. I can't! I can't! I can't!!!

Dearest, if the boat doesn't run, could you come down to Quebec with the dog and take me back to Shelter Bay? I wouldn't mind the trip, dear. I'd do anything to be with you again!!!

It is about time for me to be ill (?) again. It is about time, but Damn late — our whole week late — to-night I am going to take the old quinine and hot water. I hope it will bring it on, as I have had quite a little pain in the last few days.

I am awfully disappointed about
having received a telegram from you this week. Bos!!! Bos!!! I feel like crying my eyes out really. I'm so blue. Please, please, please write me weekly. I must hear from you.

Have the letter started to go back and forth on the slats? The mail that you mentioned having left them December first never came. I'd give a good deal to know when those precious letters of yours are.

Well, dear, it is bed time now. Goodnight, best and dearest one in the whole world.

I love you! """""""""""""""""""""""""""""

Yours, forever,
[Signature]
Sunday P.M.
December 21st, 1919

My dear dear Daddy,

Your night letter came this morning. I am tickled to pieces over the two gifts you are going to give me. Fur-umm!!! How I love them. I haven’t decided whether I want beaver or fox. Marten and mink are beautiful, but a little old. I will think it over and wire you my decision. Thank you, Daddy dearest, so much. If you were here I’d grab you and hug and hug you.

Dearie, you asked if I considered it necessary to remain here. If mother has the operation yet. I feel no of course. But according to that last letter from the Marine
Department, if the Montcalm goes at all, it will be very much later than the tenth of January—probably in late February or March. By that time the operation will be all over and mother’s eyes pretty well healed, so that my stay here wouldn’t be any longer than we expected (until the first trip of the ice-breaker). I don’t know how I am ever going to wait so long to see you, dear. It seems like years since you left me instead of two months. If I hear that the boat isn’t going at all, then couldn’t you—oh! Wouldn’t you please come down to Quebec and get me with the dog team? I would be able to go in early February. Well,
we'll have to wait and see what happens.

This afternoon I went down to Rother with Brother. On the way home we (Jess, Boyd, Brother and I) stopped at Dorena's - Mrs. Roth's sister's, where we stayed for a half hour. We returned home for six-thirty supper. This evening we had lots of music - with the piano, ukulele and our beautiful voices. Amen! Boyd is taking dancing lessons now and he's quite good at it. His idea of rhythm is excellent, which is very essential to good dancing. Jess and Boyd left at nine-thirty and then we all
came up to the living room to talk over our two kinds parties—
the one here Tuesday, the other
at Mother Thursday.

Sister has just gone to
ted, brother is standing in the
doorway saying "good-night" and
poor sleepy little mother is sitting
next to me asking when I will
to be ready to go. She is sleeping with
me these days, you know.

I can hardly wait to receive the
mail that is coming down on the
trucks. So la-la-la la la! Won't that be
wonderful? Oh! So wonderful to get my
dear Daddy letters.

Nightie-night, my dear sweetheart.
How much, honey? Please tell me
over and over and over again.

Always lovingly,

Bubbles.
Captain Arthur E. Schmon
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