

Saturday Evening

December 20th, 1919

78th

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 Mc Alpin 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 Marjorie Rambeau in "The Unknown Woman." It was splendid. After the theatre we went up to the Grain Central. After much telephoning, I succeeded in getting the name of a man in the "American Railway

2.

Express Company" who will
trace the fish for me.

Brother, Jess and Boydie
came in on the six o'clock train
from Boston. Dearest, I wish you
could see Boyd. He has grown six inches
since I last saw him – being five
feet one then, and five-seven now,
just his Aunt Lessie'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 here that Mela

Braun had brought around. I told you about her writing to that man in Quebec – about the Montcalm. This letter is the answer. Here is a copy of it –

“I have your letter of the 16th instant asking the date on which the Government ice-breaker 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 in 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, or trips along the North Shore this winter.

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

Signed

T Beland

Agent in Quebec of
Department of Marine.

Darling, I can't tell you how terrible
I feel about this. I simply couldn't
stand not seeing you until spring. If
mother has the operation it will take
place the first of January, and I could
easily leave around February first as
I originally planned. Oh!, if the boat
will only go up then or rather down.
I must see you soon, dear. I am so

so lonely and homesick for you.
Daddy, I simply can't wait much
longer _ I can't! I can't!! I can't!!!
Dearest, if the boat doesn't run, couldn't
you come down to Quebec with the dogs
and take me back to Shelter Bay? I
wouldn't mind the trip, dear. Goodness,
anything to be with you again!!!

It is about time for me to be
ill (?) again. I say "about time," but
I am late – one whole week late – so
to-night I am going to take the ole
dose _ quinine and hot waters. I hope
it will bring it on, as I have had
quite a little pain for the last few
days.

I am awfully disappointed at not

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having received a telegram from
you this week. Boo!!! Hoo!!! I
feel like crying my eyes out really
I do, Daddy. Oh! I am so blue. Please,
please , please wire me weekly. I
must hear from you.

Have the letters started to go
back and forth on the sleds? The
mail that you mentioned having
left then December first never came
I'd give a good deal to know where
those precious letters of Hubbies are.

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

I love you!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
yours forever,
Lessie.

Sunday P.M.

December 21st 1919

79th.

My dear, dear Daddy,

Your night letter came this morning. I am tickled to pieces over the Xmas gift you are going to give me. Furs – Um!!! How I love them. I haven't decided whether I want beaver or fox. Martin 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, hug and hug you.

Dearie, you asked if I considered it necessary to remain here. If mother has the operation "Yes". If not "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 Rothes with Brother. On the way home we (Jess, Boyd, Brother and I) stopped at Doremus' – Mrs. Rothe'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. Ahem! 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 Xmas parties –
the one here Xmas eve, the other
at Rothe's Xmas day.

Sister has just gone to
bed, brother is standing in the
doorway saying "good-night" and
poor sleepy little mother is sitting
next to me, asking when I will
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
sleds. Fra la-la-la-la. won't that be
wonderful? Oh! so wonderful to get my
dear Daddy's letters.

Nightie-night, my dear sweetheart.

How much honey? Please tell me
over, over and over again. Always lovingly

Bubbles.

XX

NEWARK

DEC 22

6 PM

1919

N.J.

Captain Arthur A. Schmon

c/o Ontario Paper Company

Shelter Bay, P.Q.

North Shore Gulf of St. Lawrence

Canada

Via Quebec