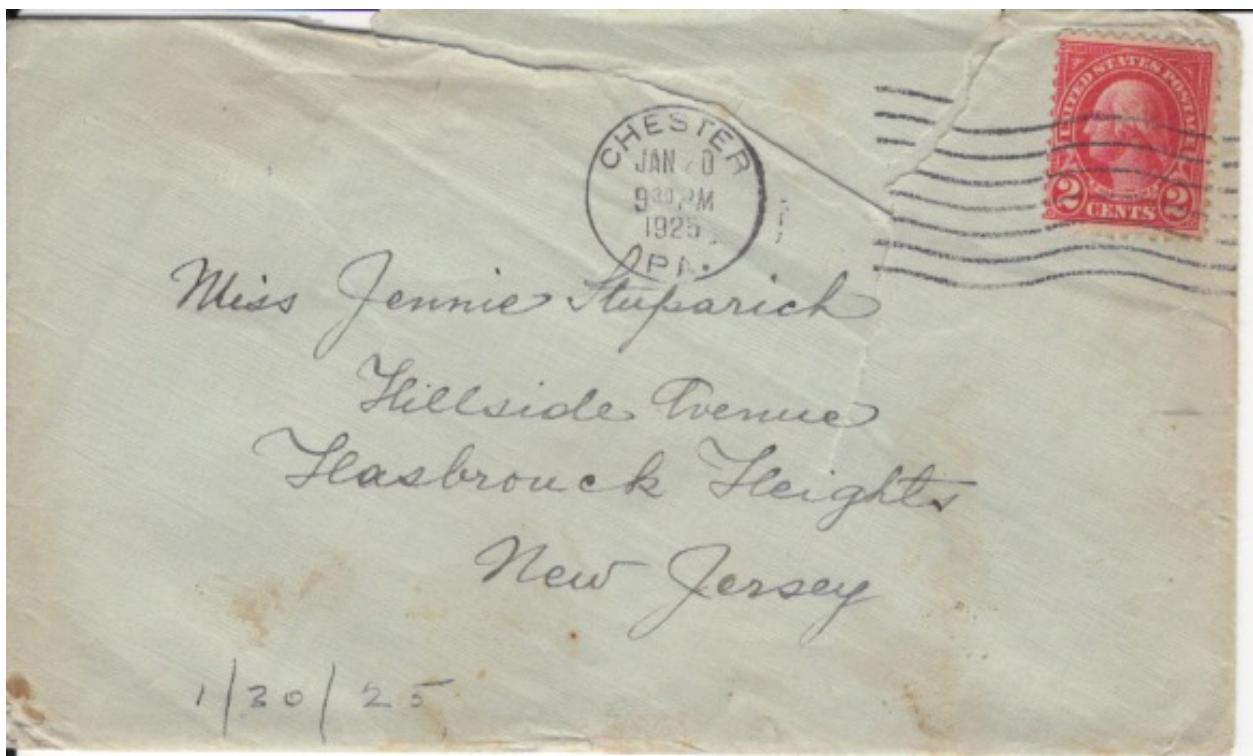


Nico's Letters

1925

January 20, 1925
Chester, Pennsylvania



Chester, Penn.
Jan. 20th 1925.

Dearest,

Yesterday I received with great pleasure your dear letter of the 12th of this month. Now I am hastening to reply, but just a few lines, for during the week I'll be home and then you'll know everything far more better than from a written piece of paper. Though we arrived to at Philadelphia Saturday, I could get your letter only late yesterday for we layed at anchor on the Delaware River until Monday morning.

Today we moved again and presently we are at Chester discharging the remainder of the merchandise. If everything goes on as expected, I hope to be home Friday or Saturday. Well, a few more days than I'll be through with this business. Though people are fine on board I should hate to remain any longer, so, as soon as we arrive I'll run home and stay there at least for a while.

Jennie, you had many kind thoughts
for me since the holidays. That's dear of
you! I am very glad and thankful to
you for such things.

I received your second letter before we left
South Africa, and as I told you in my
last letter from down there. I did not answer
because it was too late to do it.

You are telling me lots of things about the
recent "Lusignano Ball", and I am glad
you had a good time on that occasion.
If I was home, probably I wouldn't have
enjoyed it as you did. If not for you (or
some friends) perhaps I wouldn't have gone
to that ball at all. I wonder if you can
understand me yet.

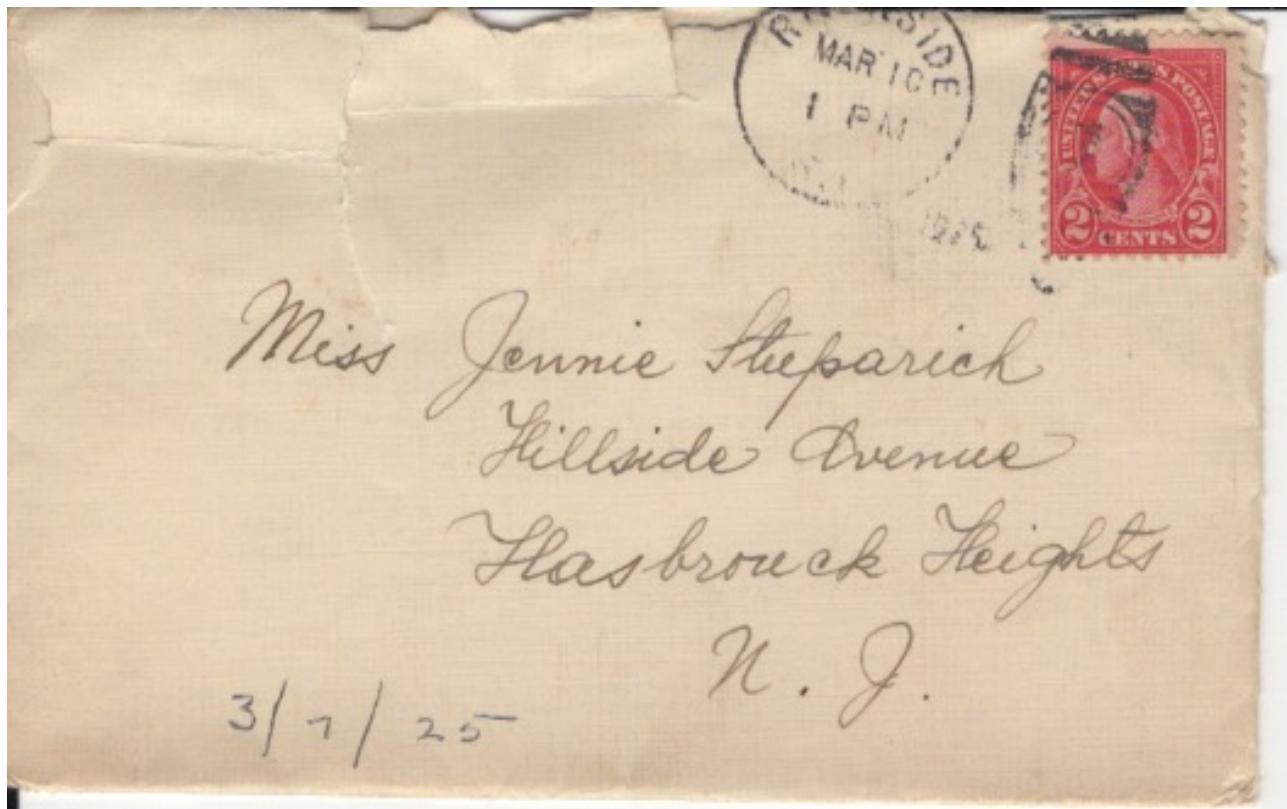
I am sorry to hear those bad news
on account of Alfred's last trip, but I do
hope that I'll find him all right when
he get back to New York.

It snowed today, and heavily too for
quite a long time, therefore I haven't had
any intention to go ashore, but it is for
you that I am going now — I guess I
would do anything for you, dear little thing.

Well, the boy (?) shall close now for it's
getting late and he is not acquainted of
this place, and therefore doesn't know where
to find the post office (if there is any) or a
letter box to put this letter in. Yes, the boy, as you
call him. I wish I could be a boy and
start it all over again, but here in America.
King (do you know him? I don't think so.)
always tell me that I take life too seriously.
What a contrast between his thoughts and
yours! Remember me to Mary and
to every body of your family.

Sincerely yours

March 4, 1925
Riverside, Rhode Island



Riverside R. I.
March 7th 1925.

My dear little thing:

I am sorry, Jennie, that I couldn't send to you the telegram as I promised you but I have been so busy today that it was impossible for me to do it.

Anyway, I do hope that you will understand and that you won't mind when you'll get this letter.

I am on board the Dixie Arrow and tomorrow

we leave for San Pedro, and not for San Francisco as I have told you before.

So I am writing you from Mr. Comandish home, and as he presently is out I can't know San Pedro's address, therefore I'll ^{leave} this letter here and he will mail it tomorrow and at the same time he'll write the address on the outside of the envelope. So, Jennie, you'll have lots of time to write to me to California more than once, while I'll be thinking of you

all the time.

The ship I am on is very large, and nice and clean, & therefore I like it very much. The rooms we have are very large too, so that we can even dance in them if we want to. In general the ship is much better than the last one I have been on. The offices seems to be nice, as well as the captain, so I hope everything will go fine on board.

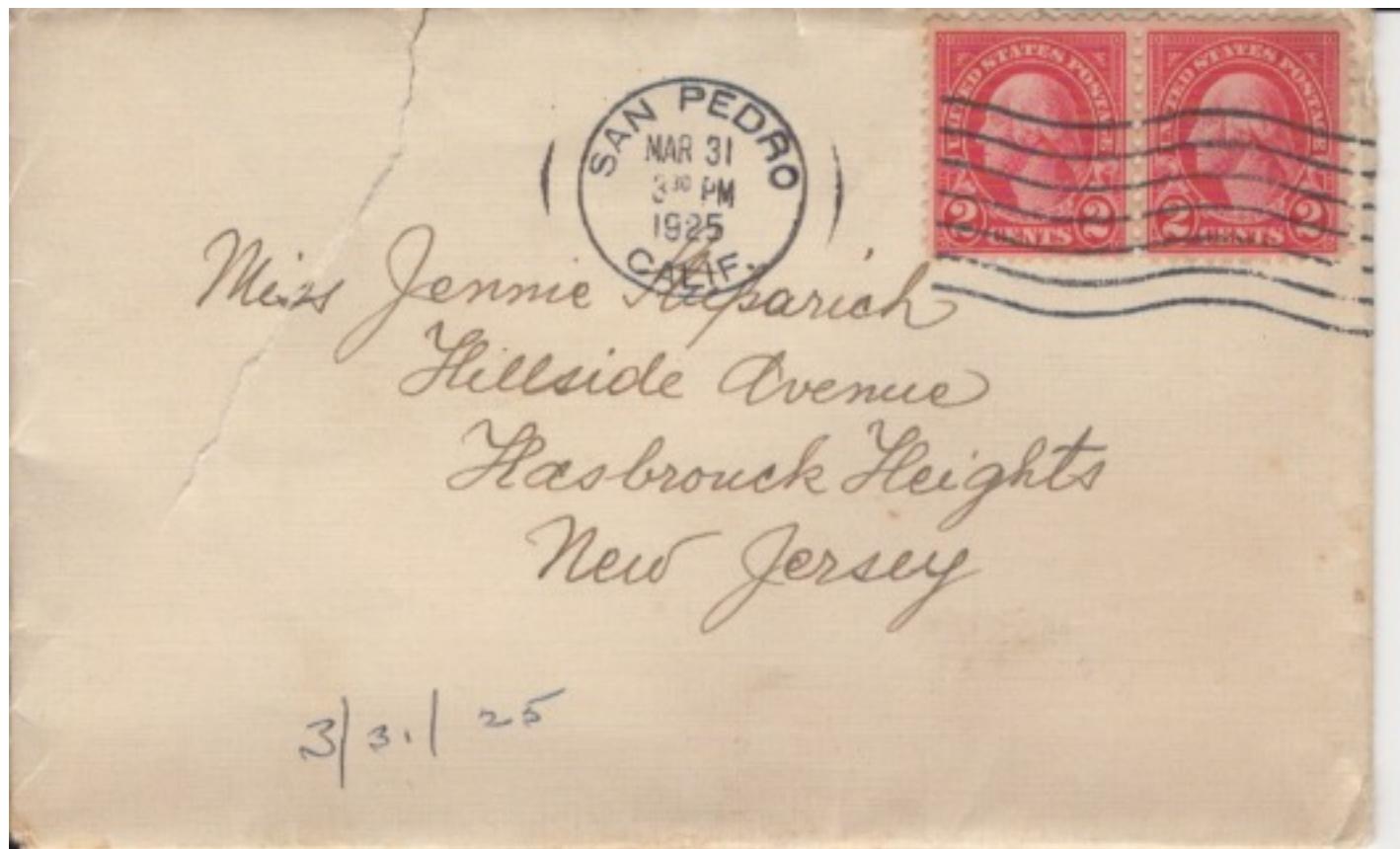
For the round trip it will take us about forty five days, but they don't know yet if

we'll come back to Providence or New York, anyway, when I'll know the right place I'll let you know.

I'll have to close now because its getting late and these people wants to speak to me, so I'll say good-bye again to you dear, and I'll send you many and many of those firey (so I'll call them) kisses with lots of dear thoughts

Yours nice

March 30, 1925
San Pedro, California



San Pedro, Cal.
March 30th, 1925.

Dearest Jennie,

I received your letter this morning, just at the time we arrived at Pedro. I was quite disappointed when they handed me but one letter from you - I expected at least two or three, for, you had time enough to write them. But, when I opened it, and I found it quite voluminous, I felt a little better. You have to know that since we left Panama I counted the days and even the hours that separated me

me yet - you don't know me yet. But when, in some time from now you'll know me better than you do at the present time, you won't make such silly thoughts on my account. Perhaps, it is you who that will be tired of such long a waiting and that will change the mind. Who knows? You girls are absolutely different than the ones in the other side, but we, even if we live in America, our love (you know what I mean) is always the same. - And you are writing to me such things right away in the first letter... Well, I hope to see you, and talk this matter over, as soon as we get back to New York; for I can't answer to you on this account

from your letters, and then... one, but one only from you! It's something to be disappointed about it. You don't have me to tell you that when one is far away from the ones he loves, the greatest consolation for him is when he gets letters, news, from them - it means everything to him. Well, I do hope that next time it will be different.

You start your letter in some funny way, dear. You are telling me about the possibilities of my changing the mind in about five years from now, when Nico will have succeeded (?) and Jennie won't be as attractive to him as she is now. Poor little thing! You don't seem to understand

because of lack of time and than I can't exprome my thoughts as I would like in English?

You are telling me about the result of the application you made for the new position. You made quite a chat of out of it (as you say it) and you finish saying that you must be boring me. Then you start with something more interesting for me, as: House-cleaning, fixing the beds, washing the dishes and the like - really it bored me to death. No, dear, don't misunderstand me; I like to read everything you write to me, and I wish I could know all that you are doing during these days that I am away from you.

When for the first you wrote to me

it was during an afternoon, which (I am so sorry) you spoiled, being such a fine weather at that time, just to make an apple pie and to write to me. So, making apple pies and writing to me is just the same, perfectly thing to you. Isn't that wonderfully nice?

How would you call the time I am spending now in writing to you, when you should have have only a couple of hours left out of a to go ashore, out of a forty two days at sea? If I only could murder you now, I would do it, but with.....

I am glad you went down to my house that evening. I wonder what kind of nice time^{could have} you had with that crazy

And instead of interviewing pious teachers (as you call them) and preasters I would take things as they come. Some day I am going to see you in some monasteries with a kind of white or black robes on you. Am I?

I am sorry you got my letter so late. I don't think it is Mr. Conandick's fault because I know that he was going to mail it on Monday, and there was no use to do it before because Riverside is a small place way out from Providence. Perhaps he mailed it in the evening of that day when he knew the address to that he had to put on the back of the envelope, that is is why the letter came so late.

We had a wonderful trip all

cousin of mine. I don't want you to mention him any more.

I am glad to hear that they increased your salary, as I am sorry that you are so much tired of the work you are doing. But, Jennie, you that believe so much in the Almighty (is this the right word for him?) your patience must be as great as "Job's" one; so why don't you trust in the future? Some day will come when you'll get the kind of position you would like to have. Just patiently wait.

What should I say on account of the work I am having now? I know that I can't compare my situation with yours, but the ideals are the same.

the way over - I did enjoy it. What interested me was more than anything else was the Panama Canal. It's very interesting, from the construction to the views that one can enjoy way it is constructed, and then one can enjoy some beautiful views. & I have always been on deck from the time we entered it until we came on the Pacific ocean, and not one point of it escaped my sight. Naturally, when I was at the wheel I couldn't look around for I had to be careful with the steering, because you find mostly such narrow places where ships are passing by, (a few feet distant) that you have to keep both four eyes on them otherwise you run

the risk to make enter the ship's nose into the other's hull.

I wrote you a letter from Panama Canal and I told you of that my "partner" has a beautiful camera. We took tog lots of pictures which I am going to show you when we get back. He is teaching me how to take pictures for it isn't an easy matter with that camera, so if we'll stay for a longer time in New York he will lend it to me any time I want. Really he is a nice fellow.

As I wrote^{to} you in my last letter, it is said that after discharging the cargo w she have to go into the dry-dock. But I don't believe it until they put us in, because

I would be the happiest of men if I should find you waiting for me in Providence. But how long would last that happiness?

Perhaps for only one evening or merely a few hours. Let us hope that such things won't happen and that she will run to New York as she did for the past two years.

Easter is nearby, and by that time we shall probably pass through the Panama Canal. I hope some letter from you shall be waiting for me down there. I don't have the least idea of the custom they have in this country on the occurrence of that holiday and if they send ^{just} the seasons greetings I'll follow mine and say:

they may change orders at any time. I hope they won't. We don't know yet whether we shall go first to Providence or not for they may give us orders even two or three days before the arrival. Anyway you can see in the paper something on account of the port and the day of the arrival. We are expected to arrive around the twenty-second of the coming month.

If we should go to Providence and I shouln't be able to come to New York, and if the same thing should happen for two or three times, you poor dear Jennie, you couldn't stand this! It would be hard for me too, and in such a case

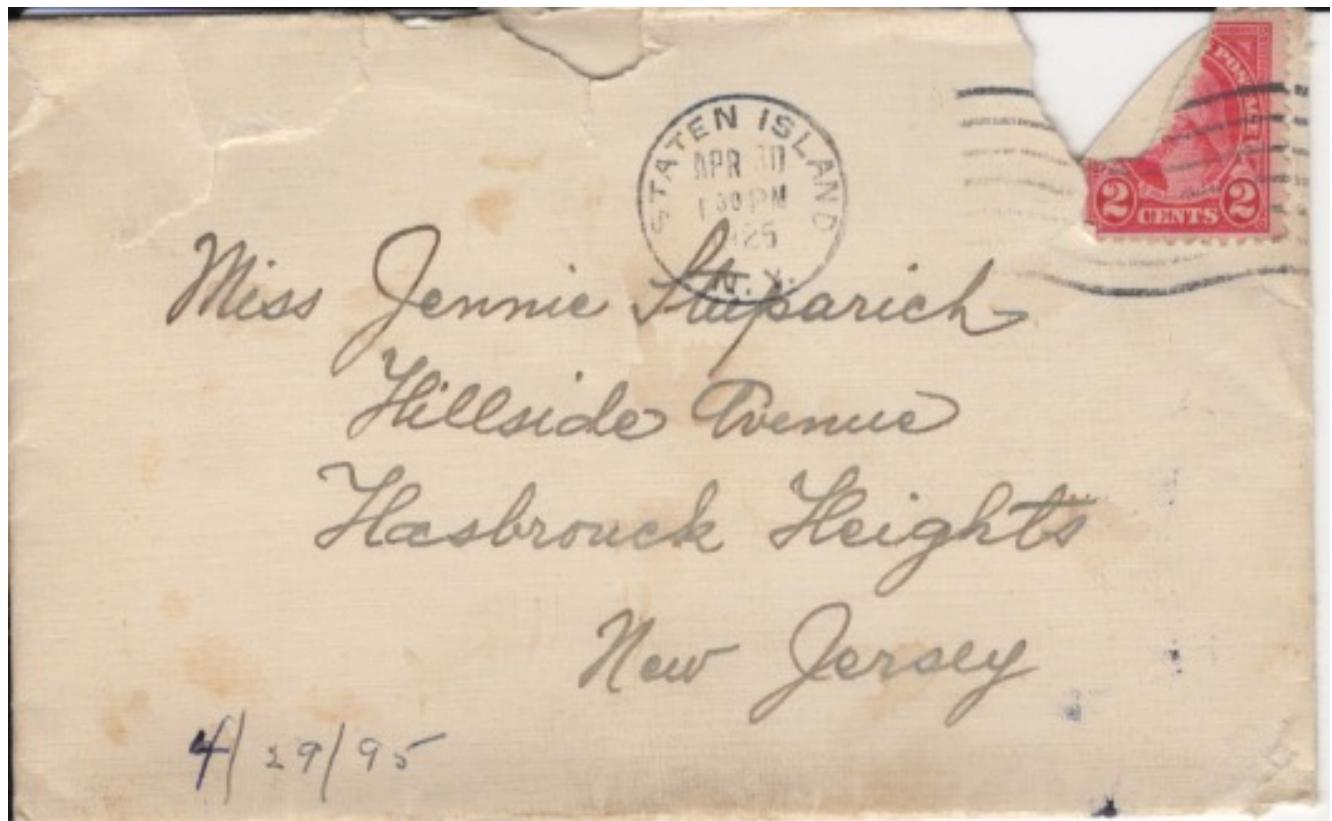
"Buona Pasqua" to you dear being unable to send you anything else but one thing.... all my love.

I have a very little time left just to go ashore and to & to buy something that I need because during the night sometime we leave, so I shall close now; my best regards to Mary, Irma and to your parents

Lovingly yours
Nico

P.S. Please don't criticize my writing because I wrote it in an awful hurry.

April 29, 1925
New York Harbor



New York Harbor
April 29th 1925.

Dearest, dearest Jennie,

I am writing to you these few lines just to send you dear my last good-bye.
We are anchored off the Quarantine Station awaiting the captain, and as soon as he comes we'll leave. While I am writing to you and thinking of you dear, you are there, in your office, perhaps thinking of me.... yes, I know you are. But if

do. Then I'll get your dear mail and I'll be so happy.

I'll have to leave you dear for the boat may come at any time, and I want to give this letter to somebody to mail it for me. With many many dear kisses I'll say good-bye to you, my dear, dear Jennie, good-bye, good-bye

Your own

Nico

circumstances will keep us away from each other, in spirit we'll be always, always and wholly together - won't we?
Jennie dear, if you only should know how dearly I love you, and now that I am going away from you I can feel that my love for you is greater than ever before. And last time that we went out together you almost doubted my love for you, when you started to... remember. Well, as time goes on you'll realize it and you won't doubt me any more.

Last time that we went out together it was two days ago and that evening we had the most happiest time than ever before. I'll always remember and think of those few hours that we passed together for the last time until I see you again.

I feel so gloomy today, and "rotten" when I think that I won't see you for such a long time, but, I do hope that in a few days from now I'll get used to it as I usually

May 22, 1925
San Francisco, California



San Francisco, Cal.
May 22nd, 1925.

My own darling Jennie,

Indeed it's mighty dear
of you in writing me so many a
long letters. I received every one
you sent to me (six) and to tell
the truth I didn't expect so much
from you dear. Since we arrived
I think I am the happiest
man in the world - so dear to
me are those letters. When they
handed them to me I really
couldn't believe at first sight that
those were all from you but as soon
as I got them I recognized ^{them} as
yours and believe me I didn't

know where to start. If you should know how I longed to get them, how anxious I was to know something about you, you would admit that I well deserve them. As I see, you sent to me by mail of a parcel of chocolate fudge of your own made. Jimmie, I appreciate your kind thought very much, but you shouldn't have done it unless you were sure about our port of destination.

Now, you see, orders were changed and your dear parcel did not reach me at all.

Perhaps it'll wait in Cedros for the next landing of the "Dixie," but this will be far from being there by that time. I would have been much delighted in receiving such a dear thing from you, but now that things went wrong I'll try to believe that I got it however. Next time you'll have to be more careful, understand dear?

Now I am going to do something that you'll say is not right for you, that is in writing to you such a short letter while yours were so many and long ones. You'll think that I am selfish in this respect, for I always want too much while I am bound to give so little. But I'll try to explain to you how circumstances are

right now. We arrived late last night and have been working ever since. Just now is two o'clock in the morning, so you see, instead of going to sleep I am writing to you because early tomorrow morning or sometime tonight we are going to leave and I am sure that I'll be busy all day long with scarce a chance to have any time left. So, how can I write a long letter in answer to all that "grazie di Dio" you wrote to me? It's perfectly impossible, and believe me I am worrying about it, but I do hope that you will understand. I'll start to answer to all those letters as soon

as we leave and shall mail it when we pass through the Canal. Though it'll be reach you a by the time I'll be back home I know that just the same you'll be glad to read it. Then I want to ~~say~~ ^{you} that even if I haven't the opportunity to write to you as I would like now, that I am always with you dear, at any time thinking of little sweet Jessie. Well, I suppose this isn't necessary to write at all because you know what my feelings are toward you by this time. If I only could have the chance to write to you I would love to go on for pages in answering to those darling

letters of yours, but I can't help it, really
I can't. All that I'll say to you now
is that most of yours & dear thoughts
are just the same as the many I had
since I left New York. It's intuition,
telepathy or whatever it is, I know that they
match perfectly. Of course it is a natural
thing, for, our thoughts minds have been
always meeting, our ideals (with the except-
tion of some little thing), in a few words
the great love of for each other. You
are telling me how always you dreamed
of a little house of your own, That you
can manage by yourself and make
it prettier by your good tastes. It is
a dear thought of for Jessie, and you
must know that I am not far behind
those feelings about a nice, cozy little home.
And you already started working things
for it - really that's clear of you.

Jessie dear, as I already told you
it must be borne in your mind that
this can't be realized nor today neither
tomorrow just on account of my present
awful position. I don't mean that the
tomorrow mentioned shall be eternal, or
that I imagine the embroidery you are

doneg never endable as Fenelopes
are, not at all, but it will take
some few years until I'll be in
such a position as to make those
dreams come true. No sound mind
would take such a step without
having the necessary means.

One more thing about the last
evening we went out together. I
imagine what your feelings
were about it for I know your
ideals and your love, and remem-
ber that I feel just the same on
account of that, as you well know
it. But, Junie dear, Times comes
when ... I don't know... we can't,
I would say, live in that world
of ideals - it is in our own

nature, don't you think so? I
know that we both are a "little"
hot-blooded - it's the main reason
for that - and as for me especially
I understand it very well. So,
if even circumstances shall keep
us apart, I'll say as you did
that it'll be better in some way.
But remember Junie that in this
very way we'll learn to love each
other far more better than if
we should be always together. It
is a truth, as in our own case, and
I can see and feel it in my-
self.

Have you received the letter I
wrote to you from the Canal?
I am glad you got the last

letter I wrote to you the last moment before
I left New York, as well as for the wireless
I sent you on the first Sunday at sea.
I was so gloomy that day and I felt
a little relieved when I sent to you those
few words.

I received a letter from Dobruck and
only four pictures - I don't know what was
the matter with him. I guess the pictures, ~~as~~
if they are all as the ones I have, are a
disappointment. I expected something better
out of them. Anyway I don't think you
will put all the blame on me for in most
of the cases it must have been the shaking
hand of the one that snapped them; then,
you'll understand, it was my first expe-
rience with that camera. But some of
them I suppose are quite passable.

I also received a letter from Mary and
really I was very much delighted in
reading it. I didn't expect to receive a
letter from her I didn't want to write
to her while at sea as I promised her,
but I thought to answer to her letter if
there was any at my arrival in Frisco.
And now that I got her letter and no
time in the world left how can I answer
to her? I can see her disgusted about this,
and with all the reasons. So, for Jedediah,
please explain to her how things have

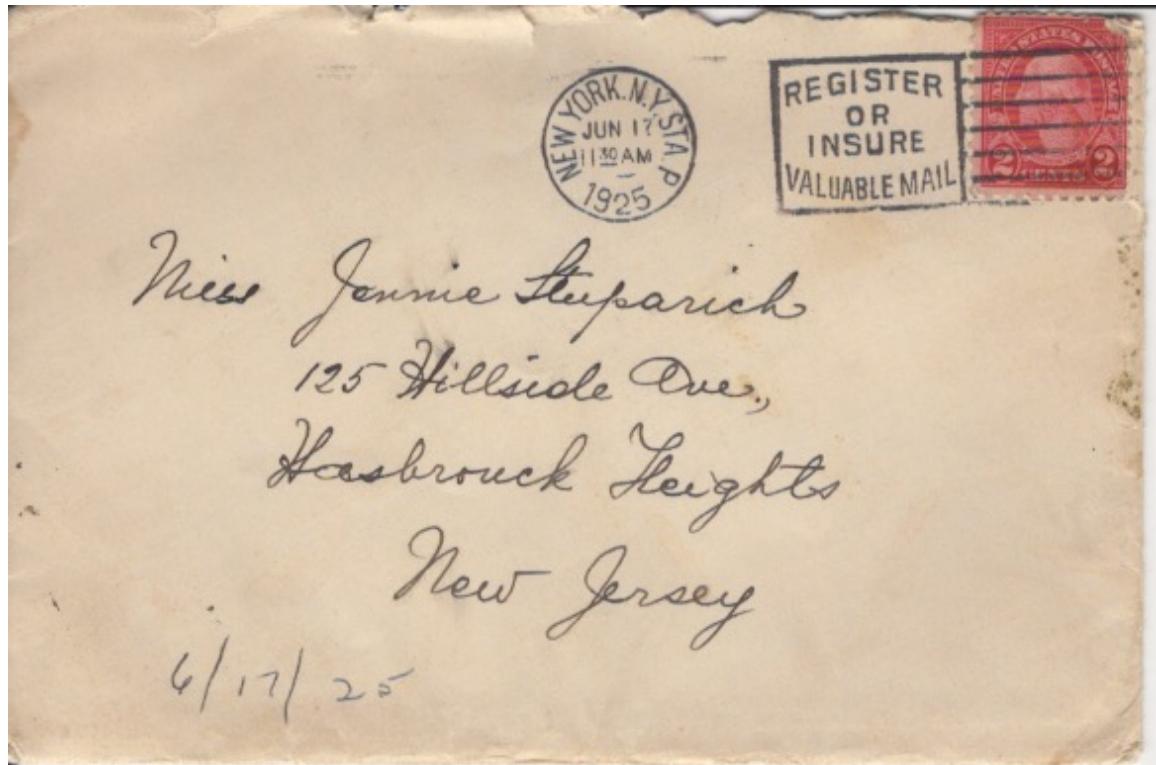
been with me and that I am
awfully sorry I couldn't do it.
As she starts her letter with the
saying "better late than never";
you too use a little of "tactic"
and apply that proverb for me,
and tell her that I won't fail
to write to her from the Canal.

I am really sorry to disappoint
you about ^{not} sending to you this
letter by air-mail, but I can't
go ashore at all for we are very
far away from the town and I'll
have to give this letter to somebody
to mail it for me.

I am so tired and sleepy, and
down already began, so I shall
close ^{now} with all

With all my love -
Your own nice

June 16, 1925
Off the Quarantine
Station, New York Harbor



Off the Quarantine St.
June 16th, 1925.

Dearest Jennie,

How is my darling girl?
Did you get any sleep this morning?
As you see, we are still here and
we shall leave ~~as~~ either late
tonight or tomorrow morning.

This afternoon I wanted to go
abalone and call you up, but
when I was half dressed already
I changed my mind. Really I
couldn't stand any more for I felt
so sleepy and tired - You know,
I didn't get any sleep for two
days. Then my lips are so sore -
what have you done of them last
night? Lots of times I wonder

what would become of them if
we should always be together - we
love each other so much as to get
hurt even. O, but what a pleasure
hurts those are! However I feel
much better now. I just got up -
it's about nine o'clock. I am
on watch until midnight, then
I'll turn in (a term used here) again.

I thought, too that perhaps you
wouldn't have been able to get
off the office in the afternoon if
you went in later this morning.

Well, if even we have been
together only once this time, I
think we have seen enough of
each other since yesterday afternoon.
Think, Jennie dear, that we

have been together all through the
night! How good it was to be
all alone after such a long time
~~of separation~~ of my being away
from you! I think we had the
happiest of times, and I'll live
with the remembrance of it until
I see you again. With that stormy
weather outside, being all alone
in the middle of the night, was
wonderful indeed. Remember
how suspicious we were of every
slight move, of the windows shaken
by the wind. By the way, did
they say anything to you today?

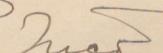
This morning I came
aboard on time and everything is
fine.

I heard somebody saying

that ~~as~~ perhaps we'll go to
Lewes City instead of Beaufort,
but nobody is sure about it. You
had better inquire at the office
and send the letter by air mail
because it will take us only six
or seven days to go down there. I
hope to be back in about seventeen or
eighteen days. It would be too bad
if they should send us to Providence -
I hope they won't.

I shall leave you now because
I am on watch and therefore I can't
stay "below" longer.

With the dearest of thoughts
for you dear, and with all
my love

Your own 

July 9, 1925
At Sea



At Sea
July 9th, 1925.

My own darling Jennie:

I am writing to you as I promised I would while at sea. It is not on account of the promise that I am writing for today I just felt that I had to write to you, dear. But, you must know, that if even I wouldn't feel like writing, my thoughts are and will always be for the little girl I love so dearly. Only four days ago we left New York and, naturally, such a short time seems to me as ages - it doesn't seem true to me that only five days ago we have been together. Since that night I have been

thinking a great deal of you, dear, and I feel partly to blame for what happened after we left aunts' house.

I shouldn't have let you read that darn paper at all for it really was not what I felt toward you or what I feel when I see all myself, but only one of those horrid thoughts that at times come to my mind during my blue moments when I long for you and need you most. I am so sorry you felt that way, but I do hope that you understood me last time and that you'll forgive me for that. When I am away we are eagerly looking forward to the time of our being together, we count the days that we are apart, and when finally we do see each other

and those few hours so sacred to us shall we spoil with those trifles? No, from now on we are not going to mention those things again - it is too bad we did so in the past. Even if I did say something on that matter to you, you shouldn't have taken it seriously because you well know by this time how I feel toward you. Is it necessary to tell you how I care for you, how I love you? It is not, and then, how could I express myself in writing? When I am with you, the expression of my eyes only doesn't tell you everything that mere words cannot?

Since we left I have been thinking and worrying too about the way we parted last time. Though it isn't the first time that such thing happened I feel miserable when I think at the

way I left you that night. I am sorry for that, Jennie, but you well know that mostly I am compelled to do it, otherwise wouldn't I take you home? Though, they told me that we were going to leave in the morning, still they were able to change orders as usually they do, that's why I was afraid to take a chance if I wasn't earlier on board. We left that morning, and God knows how sorry I was that I didn't come with you that night, but it was too late.

Though you won't get this letter before the next week because are I can't mail it before Monday, I just had to write to you about such things, and I am glad to have them off my mind. Tomorrow I'll write you again. Until then, darling girl - Good-bye,

July 10th, 1925.

Here I am again with you, dear.
Now, I want to tell you how and
when I got aboard that night.
As you know, I went to Journal
Square where I took the bus that
brought me to Greenville. From there,
with another one, I went to Bayonne.
I got off at 22nd St. where a small
trolley is supposed to run down
to the St. B'l Plant. at that time -
it was about one o'clock - There was
no trolley and no taxi to be found
in the surroundings, so I had to
walk all the way down. It took
me about half an hour to get to
the gate, and when I got there I
was all wet for in the meantime
it started to rain. I stopped in the
watchman house and waited for

the rain to cease. But, it never
ceased, so and as I couldn't
wait anymore I ventured through
that damp plant. It rained
cats and dogs and when finally
I got on board it was already
two o'clock. I was literally drowned,
but, what did I care? It was
all for dear Jeannie. I hope you
didn't get caught in that rain,
and that you came home all right.

I got up early that morning
and at about seven o'clock we
were ready to leave. Of course,
I didn't have any chance to write
to you, as I told you that I won't
have any. I wanted to phone from
the dock, but I changed my
mind for it was too early and
perhaps everybody was asleep at

that time. Before eight we were
steaming down the bay while my
dear Jeannie was still in bed
and perhaps sleeping, am I right?
Since then we have been having fine
weather; and the nights are beauti-
ful because lighted by the moon-
light. Yesterday and the night before
we have been sailing all along the
Florida Coast. At midnight we were
off Palm Beach, and so close to land
that we could see the automobiles
running along the beach and the
trains passing by. It was a pleasure
to stay out on deck on that beauti-
ful night - all alone - thinking and
remembering.... I enjoy these nights
because I am on deck from midnight
until four in the morning. The dawns
that follow these nights need not to

be described. They all remind me
of that morning that followed the
first night we have been together last
time, remember? We were there - near
the window - and did not notice
the dawn, and when the day light
began to come in through the window
it was time for me to go. Those few
hours passed so quick!

By the way, did that spot
disappeared before Monday? If it
did not, I suppose the man you
are working for noticed it. If so,
I would like to know what he said
to you.

You want to know what happened
to me? Well, my lips were so sore
and swollen as never before, and
Sunday night they were bleeding too.
Next time we are together we'll keep
a respectable distance from each other (?),
understand.

Since we left New York we changed the watches; so now I have the twelve to four watch. I don't know if you have any idea of these watches - I guess I told you once about them.

I'll tell you how I am passing the day. From noon until four in the afternoon I am on watch, then I am off until midnight. After supper I read or chat with somebody until seven, and at half past seven I am already in bed. Don't you think I am a good boy?

While nice is in bed, his little girl is, perhaps, on the way home from the office if she is not going somewhere else. At twenty to twelve I get up, have my coffee and a smoke, and then on watch again until four in the morning. Then I turn in until breakfast time, that is

I never feel sleepy on the night watch as I did in the one I had previously. When we get back to New York, this watch will enable me to remain ashore until noon, if there won't be any changes until then.

If you'll know the time of the arrival, please, don't tell anybody about it, because I'll do the same as I did last time if only I'll have the chance.

I'll leave you dear, because it's eight o'clock already, time for me to go to bed, otherwise I won't be able to keep my eyes open after midnight.

Fool-by dearest.

eight o'clock to the morning. I am off then until noon and most of the time I am reading or doing my personal work. That is, washing, sewing (?) and other little things. I wish you would help me sometime. This watch is supposed to be worse because one never can have a straight sleep, and as you see I never can't sleep eight hours consecutively, but four before midnight and the other four in the morning. After all, it is only a matter of getting used, because now, I rather like it. I like it for the fact that I am off in the morning and, as far as known, it is to be the best part of the day in which one is better fit to do anything he likes. Secondly,

July 11th, 1925.

These are the last few lines I am writing to you before we get to Beaumont. We are supposed to arrive tomorrow before noon at the Sabine. If we get there in time we'll proceed to Beaumont otherwise we'll have to wait until the next morning, because it takes more than six hours to pass through the Canal. Tomorrow or Monday I hope to receive your darling letter, and if only I'll have the chance I'll answer to you, dear girl. I am afraid your letter won't be as cheerful as your last one just because of last time episode. I am really anxious to get it - I can't wait until until tomorrow.

Since yesterday we have been having a terrible hot weather; the temperature on deck was over hundred

this afternoon. Never since I can remember I experienced such a heat. Needless to say that the appetite disappeared, and that instead of gaining weight some pounds of sweat poured out since yesterday.

I wish I could be with you out or somewhere on the beach tomorrow - I should be so happy!

Perhaps you'll be on the beach and I hope you'll have a better time than I will. Tomorrow I'll be busy all day long, and most of the time shall pass in fighting mosquitoes. That's the way I'll enjoy the holiday.

Several times it came to my mind the way we planned to pass my supposed "vacation", and I feel so miserable when I think how it all ended.

because it is the only thing that relieves me - that makes me happy when I am ~~as~~ away from you. I was so anxious to get to port just for that sole purpose, and if I don't get anything until tonight, I think there will be a reason for being disappointed. I am off today, but I am staying on board awaiting for the mail to come. All kinds of disgraces happened since we arrived. We didn't go to neither to Beaumont nor to Port Arthur, ~~for~~ but we docked at a place fifteen miles distant from the first and twenty from the second.

There are woods all around us, there isn't a human being living down here but clouds of mosquitoes that have been ~~are~~ torturing us since last night. It's only one dam pipe from inland that's loading the ship, that's why it'll take us ^a longer time

Well, this kind of life won't last an eternity, and the day will come that we'll be together, then we will be so happy.

I'll have to leave now for it's getting late, and as soon as I get your letter I'll be with you again.

To you, dearest Jennie, all my love.

Beaumont, Tex.

July 13th, 1925.

I don't think, Jennie, there is a more disappointed man than I am in this very day. We arrived last night, now it's about noon and I am still hoping against hope to get your letter. As you know, I am always looking forward to your letters, I am longing for them

~~than~~ for that purpose. We'll leave this place tomorrow morning and outside the Sabine we'll complete the cargo by means of barges. We'll start on the way back Wednesday morning and expect to be home get back to New York the following Wednesday if the weather will permit it.

This afternoon I'll go to Beaumont to mail ^{to} this letter and at the same time to do some shopping.

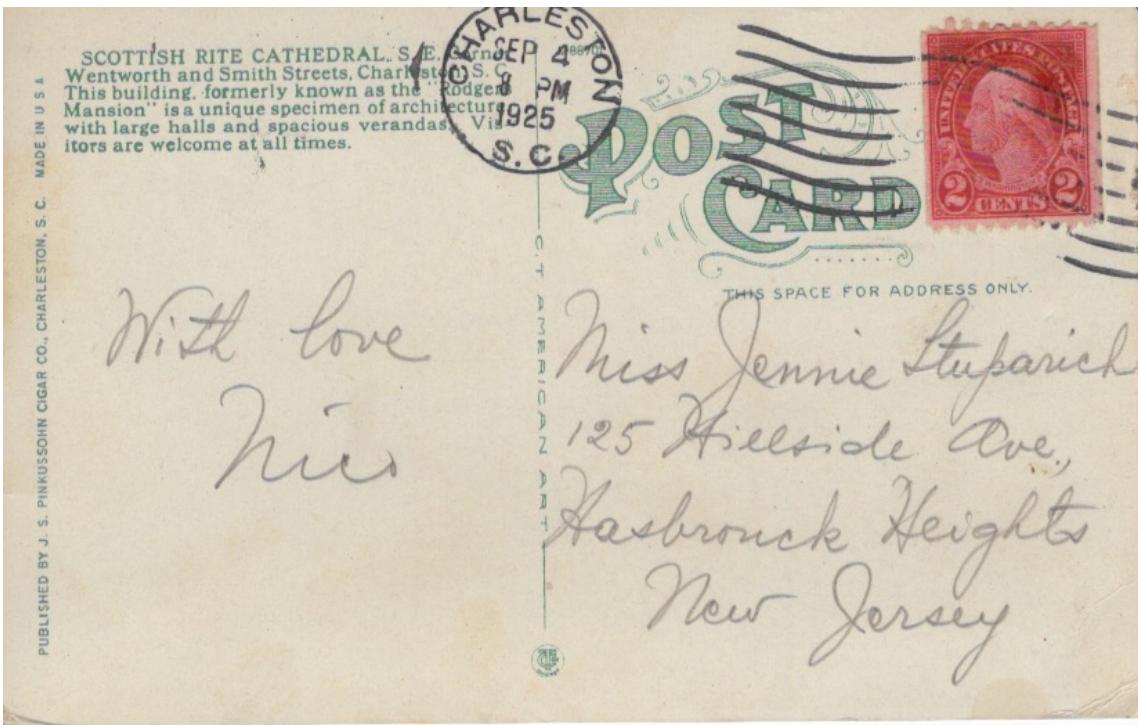
I still hope to find your letter when I come back from Beaumont for the mail service is the only reason of this delay.

Looking forward to our next meeting. I am as ever

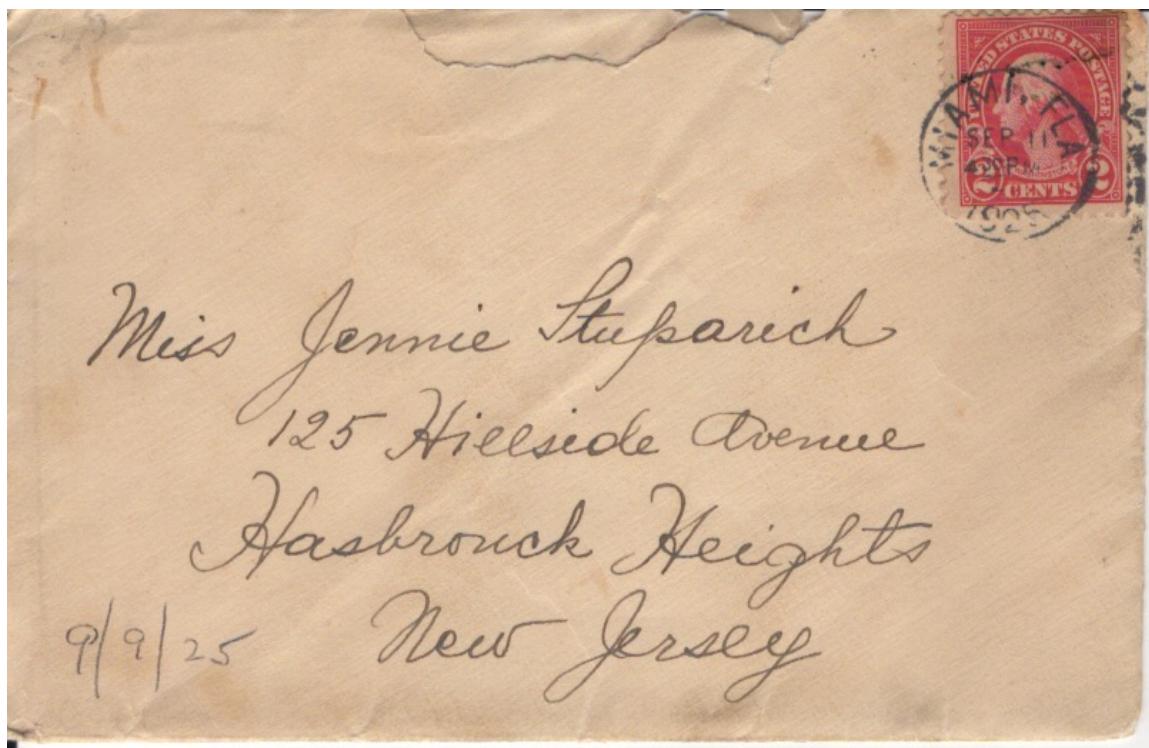
Your all own
Nico

September 4, 1925

Charleston, South Carolina



September 9, 1925
Miami, Florida



Miami, Flo.
Sept. 9th 1925.

Dearest Jennie,

I have
a little time left, so I thought
a good thing to write you
a few more lines. We were
supposed to leave this morn-
ing, but, for one reason or
another the departure has
been postponed for tomorrow
morning. I am very disappoint-
ed for this because we
won't be in before Monday
morning and Sunday
night will be, naturally,

The financial circumstances
are really disastrous with
me this time. I'll do it
the next trip if only I'll have
the opportunity.

Since we arrived I have
stolen a good many watches
at the gangway, and this
is all that I am doing
down here. I have found
these watches rather pleasant
and the four hours are
passing so quickly. Passen-
gers are coming in and
going out all the time.

Most of them used to stop
and talk to me, and
made the acquaintance

spoiled. I thought to be near you that
night, but, now that is out of question.
Wednesday, I suppose, we'll have to
leave again, so that we'll be staying
there for only two days. At any
rate, don't let this worry you, and
we'll try to make our best. When
we'll be back the next trip, they are
going to put this boat into the
dry-dock. If a rather long time
will be required for the repairings
to be done, then they are liable
to discharge us all. If so, I
should be sorry because I
am already getting used to the
people & aboard and to the boat
itself. You must know that I like
it much more than the last one
I was on, and that I am much
happier here.

We are already three day in Miami
and didn't see the town yet. Only
yesterday I took a walk as far
as the post office where I mailed
the letter I wrote to you. I would
have loved to go out to the beach
and take a swim at least, but

of some well to do people.
Speaking to them is rather
enjoyable, but there are
some who make you the
most sillyest questions in
the world. When I come
home I'll have lots of
things to tell you, and
some good one's too.

In your last letter you
were telling me about Mr.
Desphant and of his kind
interest in us both. I am
really glad that at least
somebody feels that way
toward us. I guess I would
like to meet him sometime

that was an eventful but
perfect evening after all.

We'll have some more
of those evenings in the
future and we'll be so
happy.

I want to mail this
to you before I go on watch
so I shall close saying
that these few days won't
seem so long.

With all my love and
many many good thoughts
for my darling Jessie

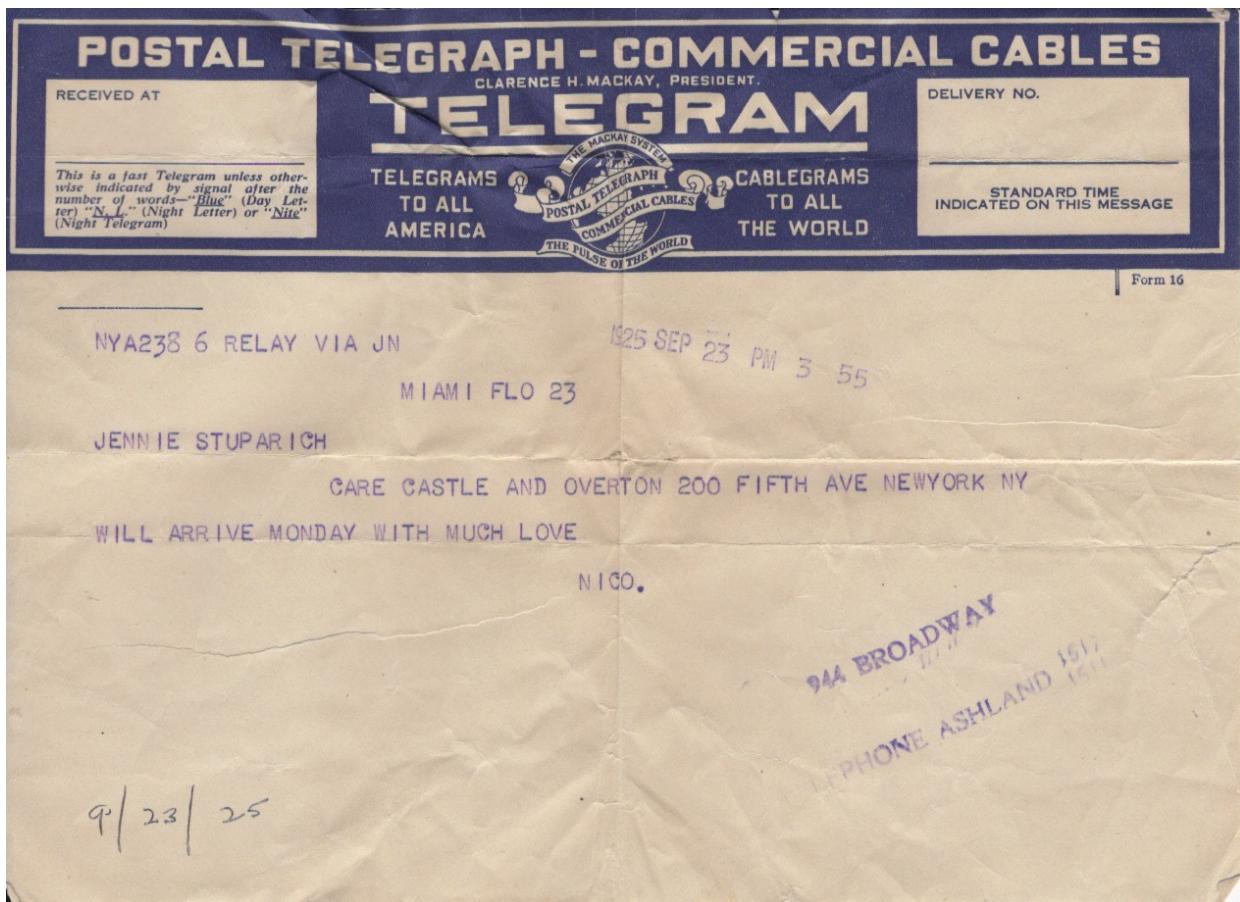
Your all own
Nico

when I'll be able to speak English
better than I do now. I think
that instead of improving I am
getting worse, and this and the
last letter, I think, is a good
example. Have you had a
good time last Saturday at "the
wedding"? I am just dying to
know how you passed that night.
I suppose it must have been
wonderful, wasn't it?

If we get in N.Y. Monday
morning (try to find out) and if
you could possibly come down to
the pier before one o'clock, I
should be + very glad to see you
before going home. If that won't
be possible then I'll call you up
and tell you where
and when we'll meet.

Have you been lonesome since
I left you? Any bad feelings
going around your mind? I
hope not, and that my little
girl will be the same as she
was that wonderful night previous
to my departure. As you put it

September 23, 1925
Miami, Florida

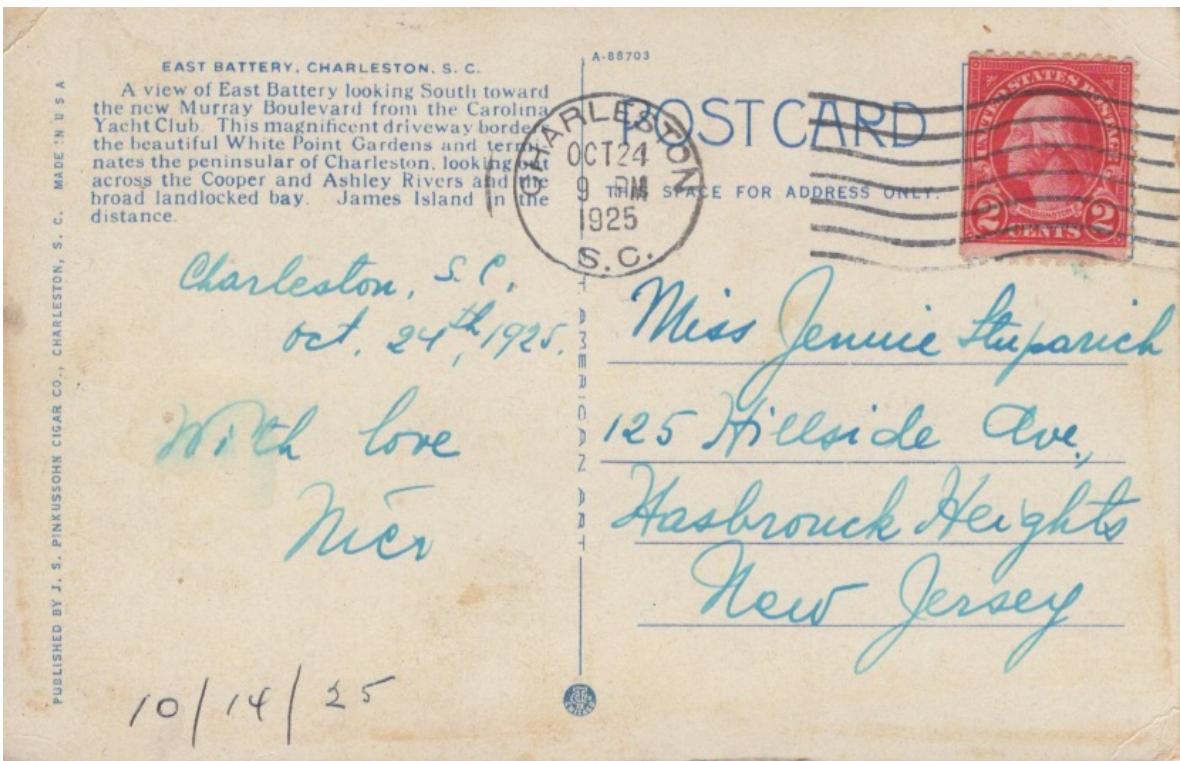


October 24, 1925

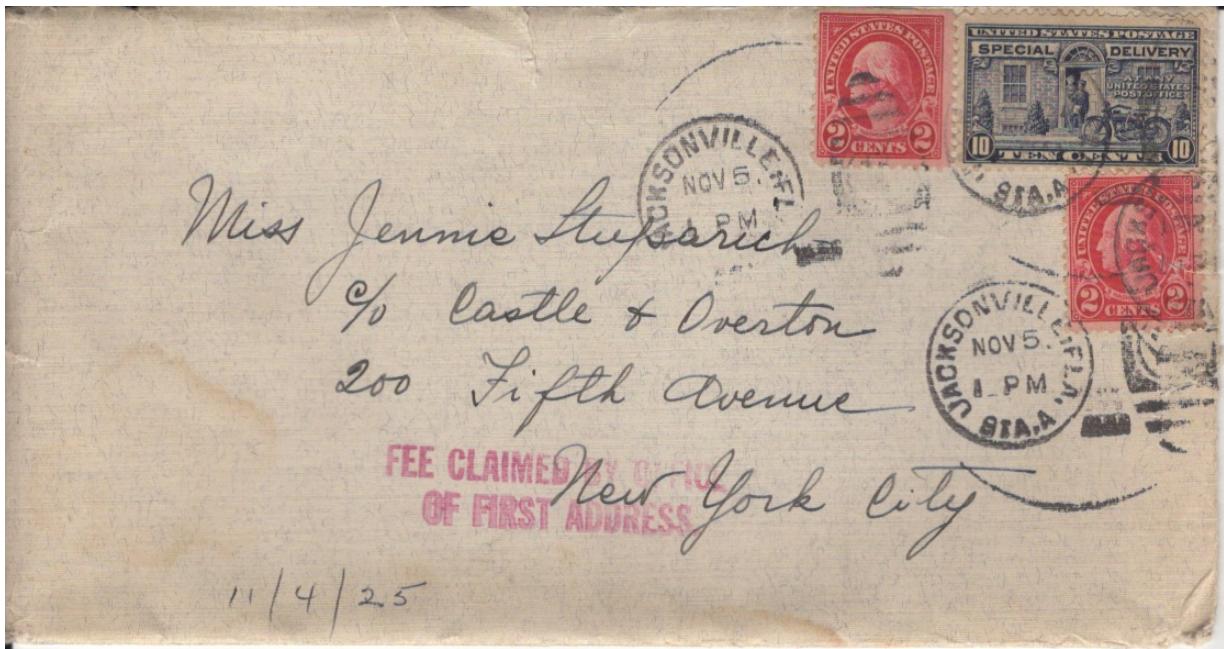
Charleston, South Carolina



EAST BATTERY, CHARLESTON, S. C.



November 4, 1925
Jacksonville, Florida



Jacksonville, Fla.
Nov. 4th, 1920.

Dearest Jennie:

It was about noon that I received your darling letter. I expected this letter last night, at the arrival, and when I learned that there wasn't anything for me I was rather disappointed. I thought there was something wrong - a misunderstanding perhaps, so that you didn't want to write me at all. But, as you told me in your letter I received in Charleston that you would write to Jacksonville, I thought at the same time that the cause of the delay was the mail service. At any rate I decided to wait for I wanted to answer your both letters, so here it is already nine o'clock - quite late - and I won't be able to mail it before tomorrow morning and, naturally, it will reach you later and worrying on your part won't fail, I suppose. For the misunderstanding I apologized.

at the day we left. As you well know we left New York on Saturday. That afternoon, when I called you up, I didn't think it was Saturday — really, Jennie, I didn't — and that you would be off at one o'clock, but I thought it was like any other day and that it would have been impossible for you to come down to the pier to see me off; that's why I didn't tell you if you couldn't possibly come down and see me. I realized it when we were already out, and you can't imagine how sorry I felt for that but it was too late. That evening I kept on saying to Alfred how stupid I was and how we could have been together on board for a couple of hours before the departure. I thought of that afternoon many a time and, really, I can't forget myself for such stupidity. So, you see, dear, that if I didn't even mention to you to come down to the ship, I didn't it intentionally. Perhaps, you were ready to come down, and when I called you up and no word in that respect from me, you certainly were disappointed,

✓ weren't you? While at sea, I thought that, perhaps, little Jessie was among the crowd somewhere, watching me at the time we left without my noticing her. Now, I know that you weren't there because you went straight straight home after lunch that afternoon. You didn't write me a word about it - perhaps you didn't want to give me any satisfaction, am I right?

When we arrived in Charleston and I received your letter, you can't imagine how happy I was that day. It was a surprise for I didn't expect anything from you so early.

About our last experiences I understand the way you felt, that still, I cannot help writing to you something in that respect. After all that you told me that evening I cannot help but thinking that every time ^{that have taken} I took you to the train you felt in the perfectly same way, though you were always telling me that it was perfectly all right. I know, Jessie, and well

too, that it isn't nice for you to go home alone, and neither for my not taking you at home after being an evening together. I realized that all the time for I know how awful it is for a man to part from a woman in that way, but, you well know have knew that there was always a reason for my doing so. I know that if people - your girl friends - should know of this, they would criticize me, but, I think that by this time there ought to be a little of understanding between us. I think that sometime you should overlook at least some of the "little things that mean so much to you" when you well know that at times it is impossible for me to fulfill them, due to mere circumstances. Wouldn't I gladly take you home all every time we go out if only there should be a sure and quick way back home? Do you think I would let you go home like that? No, I wouldn't. — I haven't been used of acting that way. You must realize that I am not built of

5 iron and that Nico, too, needs some sleep at least once in a while. If during my last three weeks at home I would have gone to bed, at every second night at three and or four in the morning, what would have happen of me? Even when we are at sea I very seldom get more than six hours of sleep out of twenty-four. And you keep on telling me to care for my health, to take this and that, for you know that mostly I ^{am} looking awful, and how I am losing in weight. The sleep that I am losing is the most important factor for my looking the way I do, otherwise I would feel far more better.

If after being the whole afternoon together — six, seven and even eight hours at times — don't you think that sometimes you too can sacrifice that half an hour for my own sake. I mean in cases when there is father in the train or somebody else that you know and that would walk home with you? It is that half an hour the reason for my going to

bed at three and even at four o'clock
in the morning. Then you have to think
at all the times that I am coming
up there alone, hence the my late coming
at home. These things, Jessie, you should
consider sometimes and do some-
thing for my own sake, as I told you
before. Enough of this now for I wrote
quite enough on this subject, and
I hope that this will help you to
understand me a little better.

I am still having that darn
cold - I don't know how I'm going
to get rid of it. I will follow your
advice, and before we get back
I'll take some of the medicine
you are telling me.

The trip wasn't very nice - we
were nearly rolling most of the time.
The weather is not an ideal one
down here - it's damp and raining.

Alfred is in my room now.
Naturally, I am glad I have
succeeded in getting him down
my room with me. He is getting
used to the life on board and
is much more content than he
was the last trip.

X This is the second day that we are here and you won't believe me if I tell you that I just went ashore to buy something that I needed. Really, I don't feel like going anywhere at all. I enjoy much better staying aboard. They are the musicians are playing every night, and during the day too - They are exercising and, believe me, they use to play some wonderful piece of music which I enjoy very much. It's good to have them on board, especially when I so seldom I have the opportunity of going out to the theatre when I am in New York.

I hear that we are going to make one more trip to Jacksonville and then that we'll go again on the old run to Miami. If this is true it will be so much better because we'll have ^{more} time off in N.Y. than we are having now.

We are supposed to leave this afternoon at three o'clock for

Charleston and N.Y. If we won't be delayed in Charleston and if the weather will be fine I hope to get in New York Sunday afternoon some time.

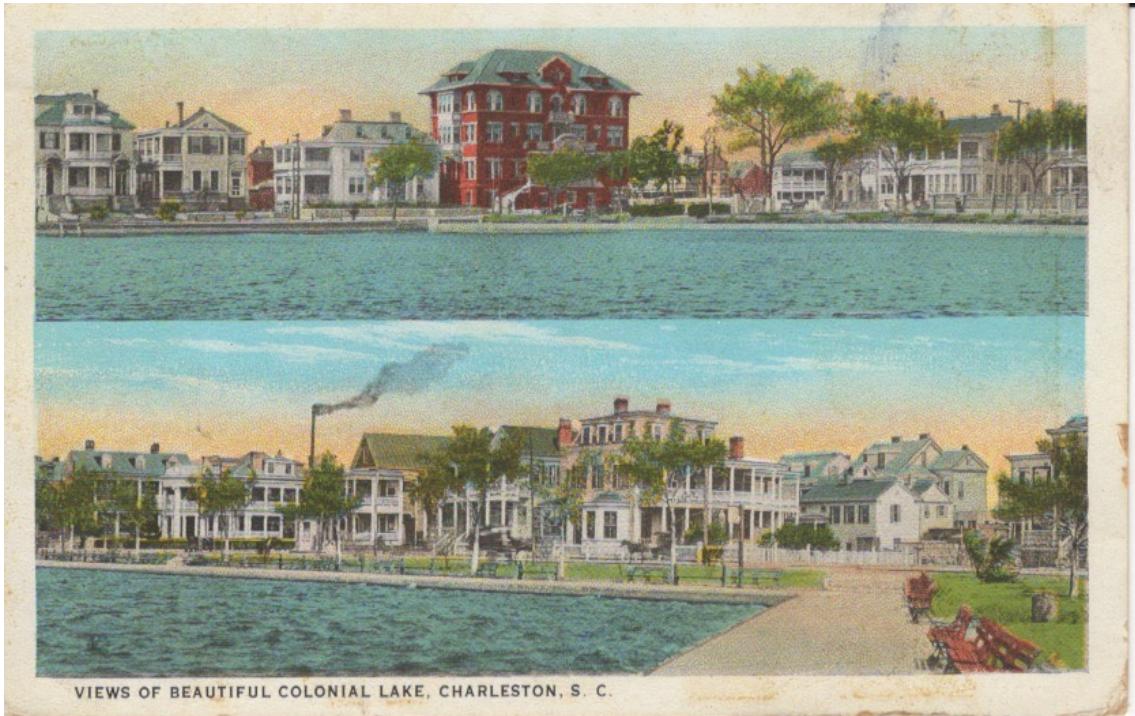
I'll have to close now for I want to send this off otherwise it will reach you too late, and I don't want you to think that I am neglecting you.

With all my love and many many dear kisses

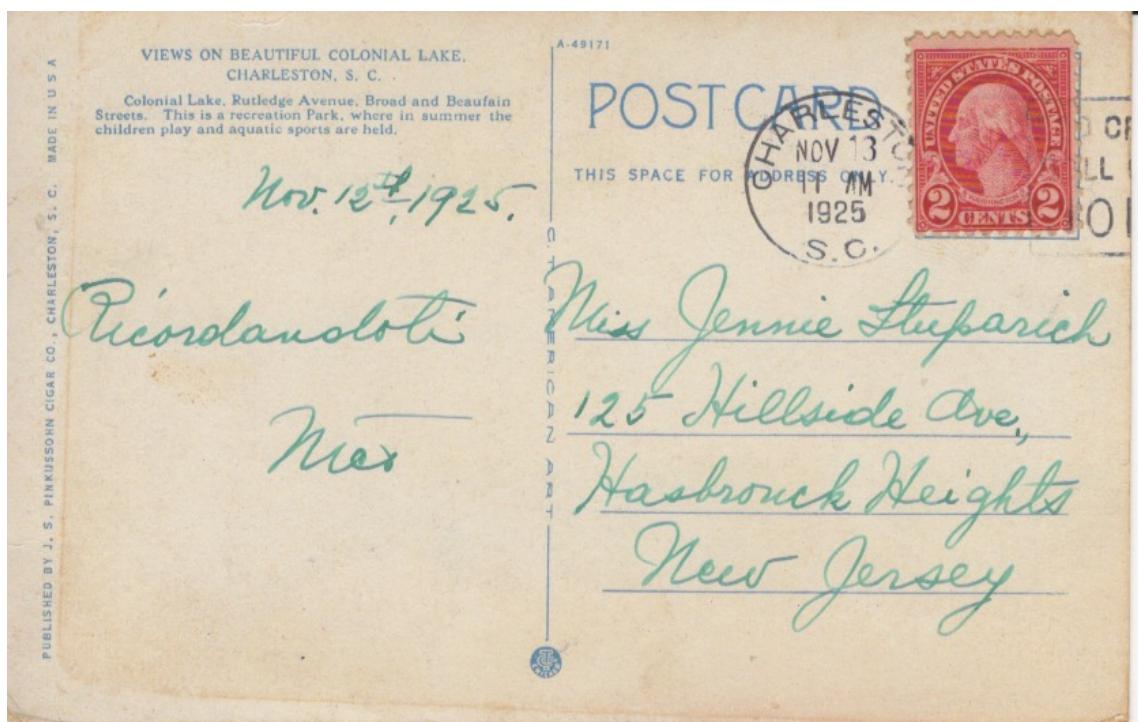
I am as ever
your own
Nico

November 12, 1925

Charleston, South Carolina



VIEWS OF BEAUTIFUL COLONIAL LAKE, CHARLESTON, S. C.



November 27, 1925
Miami, Florida



Miami, Fla.
Nov. 27th, 1925.

Dearest Junie:

Late last night I received your much delayed letter which I am answering you now that's quite early in the morning. I was rather disappointed when at the arrival there wasn't a word from you, and God only knows how I felt all day long, though they assured me that the mail service is always delayed down here. When, finally at night, the mate came toward me with the so much longed letter in his hand, I think I was the most happy man in the world — you should have seen me then and there. But, how long did that happiness last? Only a few minutes later I was the most miserable thing. I, that was looking forward this time to a nice, full of love, cheerful letter, I got just the opposite of what I thought and have been longing since last I

have seen you. I suppose I had the
reason for expecting that much, for,
during my last ^{stay} in New York, apart
from those little incidents, I think
we had the best of times - everything
seemed to be so nice and lovable
with us - "i vicoli del nostro amore
più stretti che mai". I am always
longing for those sweet, dear, letters of
yours & when I am away from home,...
and when I do get them I feel so
rel much better, I forget all about
the troubles and controversies of
life I am going through. Really,
Jennie, I should write you this
time in my own language for I
could express my inner-self so
much better, but, I am afraid
doubting if you could understand
me, so, I think I had better
try to do my best in English.

So, little girl, you think
that Mrs. has never been thoughtful,
has never used any consideration
at all for little Jennie! Oh, how
I wish I could be near you in

this very moment and - "nello stato d'animo che mi trovo" - talk to you. Jessie, I don't think you ever fully understood me - and I am afraid you will never - otherwise you wouldn't talk to me in the way you do.

What does your mother know, as you are writing me, about my tardiness in meeting you the last few times? What does she know about my writing to you when I am away from home? That she brought such things to your attention as to come to the conclusion of my being so badly thoughtless? This is, I think, only imagination on your part just to come to the subject "Thoughtfulness" in regard to gifts, flowers, etc., that surely your mother mentioned to you more than once. Is thoughtfulness, as in our case, based on chocolates, and candies and flowers? Don't I know that it would have been thoughtful of me in bringing you

at least once in a while, some little things? Don't I know that it was almost my duty to do so? How many times didn't I tell you the way I felt about it, and how I have been always worrying in this respect? If I never brought anything to you it's because I always wanted, and you well know it, to give you for the first time something worthwhile at least, for I was afraid that if I would have started with things mentioned by you now, that it wouldn't have been appreciated by you. So, if I didn't do until now what I was thinking of, it's for the simple reason that I couldn't afford - I really couldn't, understand - otherwise what is it that I wouldn't have done for you? Lots of times you asked me what I was doing with my money. Jimmie, if you should only know how duty-bound toward my family I have been eversince I came to this country, just because of "circumstances", perhaps

3,

You would think of me differently.
I always thought you were understanding me - really, you were encouraging me - for you have been telling me all the time that you understand how things are with me, that you know the way I felt about, that you didn't care about what you people thought or said abo in such respect, and many other things that made me think it was so nice and brave of you. It's awful, Jessie, for me now that I know that perhaps you never meant what you said to me. You think, and perhaps always thought in the very same way as your mother did and does. Why, then, didn't you talk to me frankly as you are now, before this rather long period elapsed? I would have made any possible effort to please you and your mother too.

As far as my tardiness is concerned, I know well that I am to blame - I heard

enough of it already. What's the use
of explaining any more if you don't
want to use the least bit of con-
sideration for me? Naturally, I am
to blame just because I wanted
to please both parties — my people
and you. Be sure that it won't let
it happen any more, and I do hope
that you'll forgive me if I have been
so cruel to you.

Do you mean to tell me that
I have been thoughtless too in
regard to my writing to you? How
can you say such things? Haven't
I written you every single time we
made port and whenever I had
the chance? Once you told me
that I am inheriting some qualities
from my mother — I wonder if
that isn't to be applied in your case.
I wish I could only forget about
all these things, but, I think, it'll
be pretty hard for me.

The night we left I felt
in such a good mood, and I
think that there wasn't a minute
in which I hadn't had Jessie in

my mind. I have been so happy in thinking of you, all alone at home for that sole, ideal purpose, and have been wondering how beautiful and great is becoming our love for each other. Now, you are writing me that that evening you were very, very tired and that you were a rather glad you didn't go for the you would have been dead the next morning. How nice that sound to me, now. Then you are writing: "I must become accustomed to solitude for I shall certainly have a great deal of that later, won't I? What a great sacrifice is that to you, isn't it? What does that mean to a great, uncommon love? Isn't solitude that people, capable of great love, are seeking?"

Indeed it was nice to have you on board the afternoon before we left. I wish you could come down, and pass together the last few minutes, every time before we leave, but, that'll be hardly possible, isn't it?

I couldn't distinguish you from the rest
of the crowd at the end of the dock
when we left - there were too many
and we passed too far off. For how
many effort I made I couldn't have
a glance of you for the last time,
and I was disappointed for that.
I waved to you in the hoping that
you at least would see me.

Yes, somebody on board asked
me about you and they all had
nice words for my little Jeannie.

I am glad Mary enjoyed
that afternoon on board - I am
sorry I couldn't entertain her better.

Regarding what I told you
about "practicing a little more
restraint" you again, as it is usual,
misunderstood me. Do you think that

I told you that because it would
otherwise spoil our love? But, don't
you know that the more we are together
and the greater my love is for
you? Perhaps you don't realize this,
but I do. The only reason why I
spoke to you like that is on account
of "salutarianess" and nothing else.

5/ Hope you'll understand me.

Then, after you read what I wrote
you have written you are writing me:

"Therefore, Nino, let's be more careful".

What do you mean by that? I want
you to save that little book and
whenever we'll have the chance we'll
read some of those epigrams
together because it seems to me
that you didn't fully understand
her.

About the girl you are telling
me, I don't know whether she was
on board or not — there were so many
tall and blond girls on board this
trip that I could have hardly recog-
nized her.

Why, Jeanie, you are asking
me to write you in Italian sometimes?
Perhaps, my letters in English are
not satisfactory, aren't they?

Before I forget I want to
tell you something that I like so
much about you, that is, about
you writing me when you are
tired and sleepy, thus, putting

down lots of nonsense, as you
are plainly telling me. I am
glad I know it — thank you.

We are leaving tomorrow
morning for Jacksonville and N.Y.
If the weather won't be very rough
I hope to get in Wednesday morning,
sometime.

By the way, did you receive
the telegram I sent you on
Thanksgiving day?

I wish I could find some
good news from you in Jackson-
ville — it would cheer me up
on the way back at least.

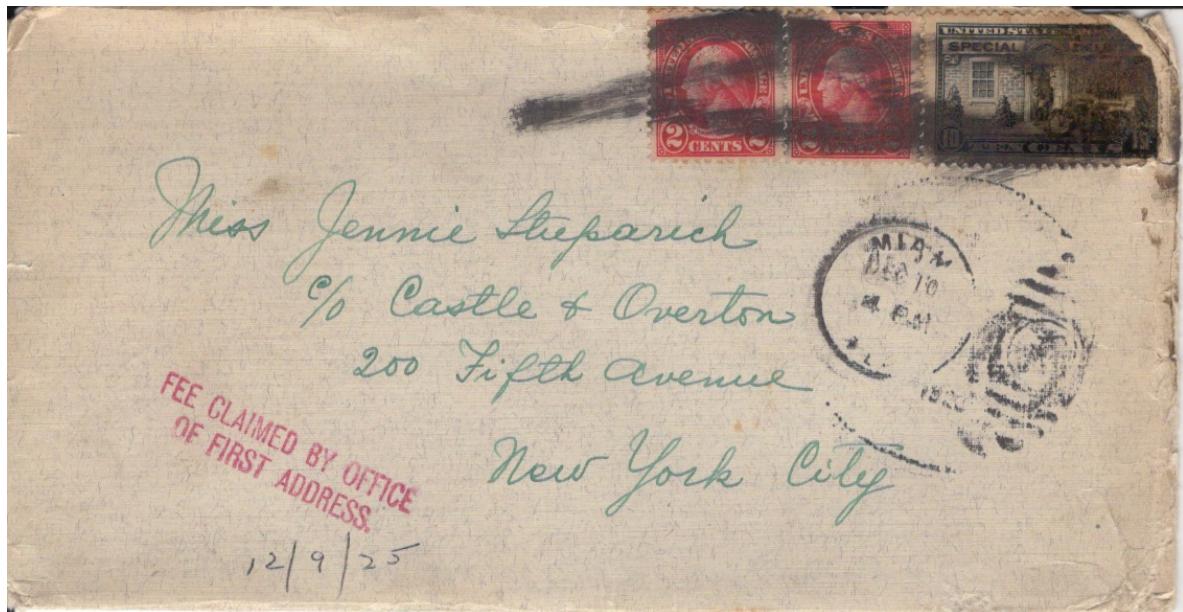
I shall close now for I
want to send this off to you
as soon as possible, otherwise
remarks on your part won't fail,
I suppose.

With the sweetest of thoughts
and kisses

Your all own
Niet

P.S. How oddly you ended your last letter!

December 9, 1925
Miami, Florida



Miami, Fla.
Dec. 7th 1925.

Dearest Jennie,

As usual, I received your darling letter delayed. We arrived yesterday, rather late in the afternoon, and had to wait - it was a long waiting - till tonight to hear from you, dear.

I have been so impatient, though I knew the cause for the delay and have been prepared to it.

Your letter sounds so much different than the last ones, and needn't say that now I am in a quite different form of mind and so much happy than the last time I came down here. Jennie, you are a dear. I really couldn't think of you being like you were a couple of weeks ago - simply, it all seemed impossible to me, and I wasn't mistaken, though it all hurted

me so much. I am so glad
you came to that conclusion
and that finally you feel in
the same way as I do. As you
say, we have got to work to the
same end, our sorrows ought
to be mutual and have to
share sacrifices for the happiness
of both of us in the future. I
only hope that from now on you'll
be always like you were last time
I have seen you, and that you'll
always think in the same way
you did when last you wrote me.

It all is, Jennie, for the ideal
of our love and you'll realize,
that no matter what the controversies
and difficulties in the way,
to overcome till "our dream"
will be realized, that we shall
always be just as happy as ever.

Jennie, there is nothing
to forgive, and remember that
I'll not consider what you
are going to write me insincere
or without meaning, for, now

21

I now that "il tuo amore è degno
del mio"; if I said anything like
that to you it was because last
time I have been in such a bad
no form of mind that I couldn't
help it.

You are telling me the
way you passed that Sunday
at Barbara's house, and how great
a fun you had in having that
"little thing" all to yourself. You have
been thinking and wondering at
happiness I would give you if
some day, what you were thinking,
would be realized. Though, it is
natural for a woman (not for
all, though) to feel that way, I
think that it is so sacred and
divine of my little Jessie. It
ought, you know, to be realized, and
the happiness, not only for you, but
for both of us will be so great.

And what you were planning
with your friend Alice is also
what I thought of many a time,
though I never told you about —

You know, I am quite reserved.
What a happiness wouldn't it give
to us that little place, all our own?
A long time has to pass yet, but
our love will be ever the greater and
everlasting, and for the fact that
so little we are going to see of
each other, that long time won't
seem so long after all. I know
that many are going to be the
difficulties, and that it'll be
pretty hard seeing the position I am
in now, and that but with the
little that we'll be able to
put aside we'll try to do our
best, won't we?

It's a bad news, Jamie
dear, waiting for you and that
wife, perhaps, disappoint you very
much. As far as I am concerned,
I have been disappointed and
worried ever since we left Jack-
sonville, but now I got over it for
it simply cannot be helped.

It seems as if our being delayed
in Miami is going to be a

3/

an interminable question. We were supposed to leave on Thursday and already in Jacksonville they notified us that we wouldn't leave before Saturday. This time it isn't the freight that's keeping up but some unknown, unlucky reason. It's terrible to be compelled to pass these two days down here while we should spend them in N.Y.

Not only me, but everybody is disgusted for this. I do hope that these delays won't happen any more otherwise it'll make me miserable everytime we come to this place.

If we won't have very rough weather - that is, strong wind northerly wind, for, if it is southerly then I wish it would blow as it never did before, it would just push us ahead -

I hope to be back by Wednesday.

I have been thinking so many times already at the way we could have a little time, at

least, to ourselves, but, I think that the weather will decide it. At any rate, please don't let this disappoint you too much - we'll try to make our best.

If you remember, I told you what to do, last time, about what you would like to have from me for Christmas. Won't you, please, get "it" before I come home?

You know well that I won't have a chance to go anywhere this time. This is certainly a queer way of giving presents, isn't it? I suppose it never happened to you before. Well, under the circumstances it can't be helped and, naturally, it ought to be considered.

We didn't have stormy weather on the way down, as you expected, but we had a quite nice trip for the season we are in.

My cold isn't a serious thing anymore - I think it's getting

41
better by now.

We had a hot day, and, I think, it's going to be worse tomorrow, while you ^{are} certainly having pretty cold up there by this time, am I right?

You counted my letters and found that you had only twenty-four. You thought you had some more, and you know why? Because all of them are so voluminous that one could count for two. I didn't have to count yours for I knew how many I had. There are only 26, and so this all of them are! Am I exaggerating?

Your pictures, Jennie, are really fine, and am so glad to have them - I have been looking for them for such a long time that, I think, I deserve them. Two of them I placed in my room where

I can best see them, and
every time I am in I can't help
but looking at you, and think -
Bring of my darling little thing.

Tomorrow I'll be busy all
day long and won't have a
chance to be with you any more.
I want to send this off
tomorrow morning as soon as I
can for I am afraid that
you might not get it far by
Saturday.

It's very late - after
midnight - so I shall close
hoping that these few coming
days won't seem so long

With the sweetest of thoughts

Your all own

Ned

November 27, 1925
Miami, Florida



Miami, Fla.

Dec. 25, 1925.

My own darling Jennie,

A Merry Christmas to you
my beloved girl.

In this day, when
every body want to be home among their
own people and loved ones to enjoy
the cheerful atmosphere of this happy
occurrence, I am so far away from
every body. But my thoughts and
soul are all for you and with you,
my darling Jennie. If it wouldn't
be for your darling gift and your
lovely card I wouldn't even know
of this event that used to give me
such delight, when years ago, before
going to sea, I was still a boy.
Ever since I started this life I
passed many a Christmas away
from home, the occurrence passing
as an ordinary day. But, now,
though away from home, I am

much happier because I know that
I am loved so much and that in
this very day you'll be thinking of me
more than in any other one. Since
yesterday I kept on thinking of you,
dear, more than ever before. I ima-
gined you at home today, among your
own people, surrounded by gifts,
and so happy. Last night, my mind
followed my little Jennie to church,
at the midnight mass, and I could
just see you "mignocchieto come una
piccola santa pregar" for our dreams
to come true and for your far away
Nies. Oh! How I longed for you last
night, and how I wished that I
might have been up with you! I
would just have loved to have gone
to church with you at that time,
and then home—all alone. It was
about twelve o'clock last night that
I fell asleep with such thoughts in
my mind.

Your darling gift has
really been a surprise to me. Though,
I was almost sure that Alfred
had something for me, I didn't

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have the least idea of the nature of it, until last night when we exchanged our gifts. I am so much pleased of your gift, Jennie dear - I really like it so much. I'll keep care of it not only because I like it, but, because it's the first one (apart from the little one you brought me that afternoon in Central Park) given to me by the girl I love so much. And, Jennie, your card Christmas card is the sweetest one I have ever seen.

I received your sweet, dear letter on Wednesday night, delayed as usual. If my last two letters were the most sweetest and most lovable you ever received from me, yours is certainly the same this time. Now, that you are not any more the doubting, pessimistic little thing that you were some time ago, I am, naturally, so much happier than ever before. You know, Jennie, those sad days of a few weeks ago were about the most terrible and disappointing ones for me since the time I have known you. But, those day are past and

forgotten, and now that we are so happy
I only hope that we'll never experience
these again.

We arrived here on Wednesday morning, having been delayed in at Jacksonville. You are asking me to tell you how I am passing Christmas, that's why I am a little till late in writing to you. Yesterday I have been working all day and long and felt so tired in the evening that I thought it would have been a poor policy trying to write to you ^{and} ~~so~~ I decided to wait till today. So, you see dear, here I am with you now, writing and thinking of you - this is the way I am passing Christmas and, you must know, that in this way I am much happier than if I should go out as I thought I would when still at home. We are having a wonderful, clear day, the characteristics of which are quite different than on a Christmas day way up North; sleep, too, is another reason why Christmas doesn't look like it at all.

I am sorry for you, Jennie, knowing
that many a time you are not
satisfied with conditions at home.

I wish I could help you, Jennie,
try to get over it — the day will
come that those sad scenes will
be gone for ever.

As you are looking forward
to my next home-coming so I am I,
Jennie dear. I also hope that the
weather will be fine on the way back
so that we might be in on time.

You are suggesting me some arrange-
ments so as to have him out of the
way on New Years Eve. You know dear
that I'll make every effort so that
we may be together on that night, for
no matter in what place we could
go that the evening wouldn't be a
perfect one for us unless we are
all, all alone. I told him ~~and~~ indi-
rectly of what you are suggesting,
and what he could do on that
night, but, the poor boy really can't
afford it. He is telling me that he
is already ashamed to go out with
that old suit and that he wants to

buy a new one when we get back. If so,
he'll be completely broke and told
me that the only thing for him to
do that night is to stay on board
or go come up to your house "if they
want me" he says said. He said
he would love to go out with the girls
and see the New Year in on Broad-
way, but.... Naturally, I told him
that he'll be welcomed up to your
house (as if I were the boss), and he
told me he would do so and
wait for me to come back with you.
He said "if I were you, I wouldn't
stay at home, but would take her
out and have a good time some-
where". Can't you think of him talking
like that? "Pau, pau et se dismissa".

It was so thought full of you,
dear, about the gift you were
planning to give to my mother. I
really appreciate such thing and
I thank you so much. After you
left me last time, I was sorry
I didn't tell you about buying
some little thing for her, but, it
was too late.

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I never thought, dear, that you would
be so much pleased with my gift.
I am as pleased as you are
when I think that you are so
delighted over it.

No, Jennie, I didn't expect
any eatables from you because
I knew that it would have been
impossible with the poor mail service
down here, and in such a short
time. Just your thinking of
doing so is enough to satisfy
me and make me happy.

By the way, that fountain pen
I had the afternoon you came on
board didn't belong no to me at
all, as you thought; it belongs to
one of the boys and carelessly I
put it in my pocket before leaving
left home.

It was about ten o'clock last
night that I went ashore, not far
from the boat, to buy some fruits
and cakes. I came back right away
in and in such a poor way
we celebrated Christmas Eve. We
were alone in the room, and sat

one near the other, having your pictures
in front of us and trying to believe
that pretending that you were there,
keeping us company. Perhaps, in
that very minute you were thinking of
me.

I didn't expect Alfred's gift
at all. I am sorry I didn't know
he was going to give me ^{some} anything
otherwise I would have bought some-
thing for him too.

I received Mary's card. Will
you thank her for me, please?

We shall leave tomorrow morn-
ing sometime. I am looking
forward to your letter in Jackson-
ville.

By the way, did you receive
and understand the meaning of
the telegram I sent you ~~on~~ yesterday?

I shall close now for I
want you to get this by Monday,
otherwise you'll be certainly disappoin-
ted.

Hoping that these few more days
will pass as quickly as possible,
and with the most loving and
sweetest of thoughts I am as ever
your own Nell

December 27, 1925
Miami, Florida



CLYDE S. S. COMPANY
ON BOARD
S. S. _____

Jacksonville, Fla.
Dec. 27, 1925.

Darling Jennie,

Just arrived
and received your sweet,
dear letter. I think I am
the happiest man aboard -
those letters of yours are
so comforting!

We shall leave in
a few hours, and am being
kept busy, so I won't have

any time left to answer
my beloved girl. However,
I thought to write you at
least a couple of lines
hoping that these shall
reach you on time and that
it'll be welcome as well.

Christmas is all over.
It certainly wouldn't have
meant anything to me if it if
it wasn't for your thought-
fulness. Besides your darling
gift, and the knowledge
that you were thinking and

longing for me, were the only
things that gave ^{me} relief that
day - outside of this,
gloominess prevailed. God
knows if I have been thinking
of you and longing for you
that day! But, if we
didn't have the consolation
of being together on that
great event, cheer up dear,
for New Years Eve, at least,
will be ours - all ours, and
we'll make up for what we
lost. What I planned for
that night I already

wrote you in my last letter.
If any changes are to be
made, that is, if you would
like to go in some place
worthwhile going or seeing,
that is up to you. Alfred
is planning to go up to your
house that night, so, he won't
be in our way at all.

It was so thoughtful
of you, dear, to give mother
that present. I am very
glad for she'll be cer-
tainly pleased. I know,
dear, how much obliged
for this, and all the

CLYDE S. S. COMPANY
ON BOARD

S. S. _____

I am so sorry for this and
for all the rest of the
trouble I gave you in the
last few days. You are
a brave little thing, and
I appreciate such "gentile
prowess" so much. Nobody
else, but Jennie alone,
can do such things.

Alfred just came
in and told me that
that "old krank" wants

the newspaper, so I'll
have to go uptown in a
few minutes and at
the same time I'll mail
you this to you.

I suppose we'll be
in in the morning as we
did last time. I wonder
& if I shall see you
at the arrival?

With all my love
and the sweetest of
kisses Your own loving
Nico