Sunday Morning,
August 18th, 1878

146

Mystery.

"In the dark night,
Thine eyes;
In the still room,
Thy voice;
In solitude,
Thy presence and Thy touch.
But when the daylight comes,
And dreams are flown,
It is the world surrounds me—
yet— I am alone."

All the love in the world for my
hubbie, from his
Wife. X X X X X X.
Monday Morning,  
August 19th, 1918.

Dear [Name],

One year ago this time Jesse Jim, you and I were motor-boating over to Hecksburg. Do you remember the little walk we took after leaving the launch (Oh you boy of Shuyler's!), and the nice dinner we had at the hotel, and how we rushed back to Tottenville, changed our clothes and went up to New York to meet mother and sister at the Grand Central Station, and our ride home with Uncle Dick. Is our visit at St. Barnabad Hospital? The way I remember all these things, one would think that I had kept a diary last year. I didn't, tho. Every day in that month was a red letter day which I shall never forget, and each event will stand out as clearly
in my mind, so if I had kept few daily registers. I could even tell you
many things that you said to me. — I wonder if you are thinking of those
happy days! ... I suppose not! your mind
is so occupied with big things, that you
do not have time to think of the sentimental
things, which make up such a large part
of a woman's life.

Aunt Jana just telephoned from
Whippany and said that Aunt Etta wants
mother and me to go up there tomorrow for
a week. They are coming down for us in
the machine sometime in the afternoon,
and Dad is invited up over the week end.
I do not care very much about going,
but the little change will do mother
good, so I won't consider myself.
Well, honey-bunch boy, I'm going down to Red Cross now.

Bye-bye for today.

Your vault-friend, ever and ever,

Essie.

Threes et hogs.
NEWARK, N.J.
Aug 19

2nd Lieut. Arthur A. Schmon,
Hdq's. 1st Battalion,
Fifth Field Artillery,
American Ex. Forbs,
France.

Via New York.