

Wednesday Evening  
January 23<sup>rd</sup>,  
46<sup>th</sup> letter.

My own beloved,

The address in your  
cablegram was so very in-  
definite, that I am going  
to wait until I hear from  
you again, before continuing  
the lengthy messages. Will  
write you a few lines every  
day as per usual, but will  
keep most of the news until  
I can be sure that you will  
receive it.

Nineteen weeks ago  
today you left me. Just  
think! Almost five months.  
I'll take back everything  
that I have ever said  
about two people forgetting  
each other, after being  
separated for a time.  
Goodness! I love you  
more and more every day,  
and as the weeks go by,  
your absence is harder  
for me to bear. But I  
must be brave. I came

across this poem in an  
old magazine to-day. It  
is entitled "Courage"

Because I hold it sinful to despond,  
And will not let the bitter-  
ness of life  
Blind me with burning tears,  
but look beyond  
Its tumult and its strife

-----

Because I lift my head above the  
mist,  
Where the sun shines and  
the broad breezes blow  
By every ray and raindrop kissed,  
That God's love doth bestow

-----

Kept bravely back, He makes  
a rainbow shine;  
grateful I take His slightest  
gifts, no fears  
Nor any doubts are mine

---

Dark skies must clear, and  
when the clouds are pass  
One golden day redeems a  
weary year;  
Patient I listen, sure that  
sweet at last  
Will sound His voice of cheer.

---

Then vex me not with  
chiding. Let me be.  
I must be glad and grateful

to the end.  
I grudge you not your cold  
and darkness – me  
The powers of light befriend.  
--Celia Thaxter.

This appeals to me a  
great deal and during  
this time of trial, I  
am going to try to keep it  
constantly in mind.

Well, "honey bunch," my  
friends Bismarck and the  
Emperor are waiting for  
me. I am going to spend

the remainder of the  
evening with them. Aren't  
you jealous?

Goodnight, my precious  
sweetheart.

All my love and all  
myself

Your own,  
Letty.

Thursday

Good morning, darling.  
How is 'ou to-day.  
Do 'ou love me a whole

lot? ... How much?

I am going to Hilda's  
this afternoon and to Peggy's  
to-night. Voulez – nous  
venir avec moi? Wish  
you could!!!

“Bye” till to-morrow

Kisses, hugs

Your

Letty.

From NEWARK N.J.  
113 Delavan Ave., JAN 25  
Newark, N.J. U.S.A. 430 PM  
1918

2<sup>nd</sup> Lieut. Arthur A. Schmon,  
Fifth Field Artillery,  
American Expeditionary Force,  
France.

Via New York