

**R**

Wednesday P.M.

My dearest,

I can't remember if I told you yesterday, how much I appreciated, and enjoyed your letter. Artie, you were a darling to write such a long one, when you were so dreadfully busy; and yet, if you hadn't — now for a little confession — you wouldn't have heard from me for quite a few days. You see, dear, while I knew

your work down there  
was going to be hard, I  
had no idea that it would  
be as bad as it is. When  
almost a week went by  
and I hadn't heard from  
you, I became a little bit  
angry — I could think of  
no excuse for your seeming  
negligence, and I determined  
to give you a nice little  
wait — But — when your  
letter came, and I read about  
your terribly crowded pro-  
gram, I was awfully  
ashamed of myself, and it  
made me feel as though I

ought to write to you every day, to make up for my naughty thoughts. The only reason why I do not, however, is because the degree of value of anything is in proportion to its rarity, you know. So enough said.

I am so happy when you tell me your plans, and — to use the old expression — "talk things over with me." It makes me feel so much more important, and "closer" to you. If there is anything

should loathe, and be  
unhappy about; it ~~would~~ be  
to be made a "doll" of, and  
never be included in the  
"serious stuff" (as you would  
say.) - That reminds me of  
Itsen's "Doll House." Doesn't  
it you?

I had such a nice time  
with Miss MacBride last  
Friday evening. She called  
me up from downtown at  
six thirty, and said she had  
just finished dinner,  
was all alone, and wanted  
me to go down and go to  
Procto's with her. I met

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her at seven thirty and we went right over to the theatre. It was a splendid performance and it surely did cheer this lonesome child up.

Monday, Miss Mac Bride came up and gave me another French lesson. My friend Mrs. Mac Cracker also knows a great deal of French. She was at school in Paris for a year, and

studied for five years  
in this Country, with  
a French professor, so  
you see she will help me  
a great deal with the  
pronunciation. We -  
Mildred and I, are planning  
to read some French books  
together.

I shall be busy nearly  
every day next week  
with rehearsals for the  
Concert, June twenty  
ninth - a week from  
this Friday Evening.

You remember I told you  
we are going to give it  
in礼拜堂 for the  
benefit of the Presbyterian  
Church up there. Here  
is a part of the program  
that I imagine will  
interest you

Ukulele accompaniment by Celeste Reynolds

Don't I flatter myself?  
Uncle Dick is coming  
down for us (the five girls  
and Chaperon) Friday after-  
noon. We are to dress

and had dinner at the  
Mc Evans. Some of them  
have to return that eve-  
ning, but I imagine a  
couple will stay all night  
at Aunt Etta Reynolds.  
I have been invited to spend  
the week end, but, <sup>as yet</sup> I haven't  
decided to accept.

Dearest, again I say,  
take good care of yourself <sup>as</sup>  
don't tax your health.

All my love,  
Betty.



Mr. Arthur Schmon,  
3<sup>rd</sup> Battery,  
Field Artillery,  
Fort Myer,  
Va.

P.O.I.C.