

Thursday Morning,  
January 16<sup>th</sup>, 1919.  
216<sup>th</sup>

Dearest,

Yesterday morning I received a call to go to Central Avenue School. It was quarter of ten when it came, and I had to do some tall hustling to get down there by 10.15 (A substitute is allowed until 10.15 to reach a school, and after that she is docked.) Just as I was leaving the house the postman came along. I nodded good-morning, and started to rush right by him, but he said, "Whoa there! I have something for you." I'm becoming so

used to seeing him float by every delivery, that I never dreamed it would be a letter from you, but it was – not just one either, but nine, and three postcards. Maybe I wasn't happy – Oh, garçon! I didn't get a chance to look at them at noon, for there were so many teachers around, and somehow or other I like to be all by myselfies when I read my sweethearts letters. Amy Bradley and Mrs. Rowley were here when I got home, so that meant another postponement of the great joy.

    Last night was our party with Uncle Dick in New York.

3.

We went to Rectors, and had a very nice time indeed. What do you suppose he bought each of us girls? – a beautiful Kewpie doll. I selected one dressed in rose to go in our rose boudoir (someday), and of course until then, I shall keep it in the sacred chiffonier. All the girls have them on their dressing tables or bureaus now, but I haven't seen one as pretty as ours. Considering the price he paid for them, I suppose they ought to be lovely. They were six dollars a piece, and they're only six inches tall.

But to go back to the best subject

4.

of all – It was quarter of  
one this morning when we  
returned. I just about tore  
my clothes off, hopped into  
beddies, and then read my letters.  
“Gracious me!” what a love feast  
I had. I can’t help repeating what  
I have so often said – “you’re the  
most adorable sweetheart in  
the whole big wide world.”

Darling, I am dreadfully  
worried about you. In your  
last letter you mentioned  
having a cold and fever. Please  
be careful, dear. When you feel  
the least bit ill stay in bed,  
for it’s walking around when  
you’re running a temperature

5.

that brings on pneumonia.  
During the epidemic nearly  
all the deaths came from  
just that thing, so take  
your little wife's advice and  
be careful.

.....

A call just came to go to  
Eliot School, so I'll have to say  
bye – bye.

Ever yours,  
Lessie

Friday Morning

Honey dear,

Back to Eliot School  
again. Please don't think  
that I'm never going to  
answer your dear sweet  
letters, for I surely am, and soon  
too. I am going down to see  
Mother Schmon to-morrow  
just so that I can spend  
Sunday afternoon writing  
to you. This school teaching  
business keeps one pretty busy-  
By the way, I haven't seen Georgi  
since New Years day. The poor

2.

thing is so rushed, that she hardly has time to breathe. Last night she telephoned and told me to be sure to tell you how busy she is. She realizes that she has neglected you dreadfully lately, but as soon as her examinations are over she'll make up for lost time, so you have something to look forward to anyway.

Hilda Hartdegen stopped last night. She was feeling dreadfully blue – but I will keep all that until my

3.

Sunday's letter. It is late  
now, and I must hustle  
on to school.

I love you, my own.

Your,

Lessie. XXX

Everything  
nice comes in threes.

What say?

L.

From  
113 Delavan Ave.,  
Newark, N.J. U.S.A.

NEWARK N.J.  
JAN 18  
7 - PM  
1919  
N.J.

1<sup>st</sup> Lieut. Arthur A. Schmon,  
H'dgs 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion  
Fifth Field Artillery,  
American Ex. Force,

1<sup>st</sup> Division

Via New York