Dearest Arctic boy,

Yesterday morning, just after I finished your letter, Hilda H. called up to tell me that she had received some mail from France, and wanted to know if I had, too. I told her that our postman hadn't come yet, but if I got any, I'd let her know right away. Well, guess what! I received six, yes, more than Hilda, so
I can't say any more that Dick Hartdegen is a better correspondent than my Artie. You certainly are improving, darling, and it makes me very happy. But, Artie, what on earth was the matter with you when you numbered these messages? You have sent me two eighty-four-twips-sites-seems and eight! The first group coming one minute ago, and now the second. The last eighty-eight was dated July second, and one written in June twenty-third was numbered ninety-nine. Please tell me, dear,
if you have forgotten how to hunt. If not, and we are just slightly mixed up, I shall put you on the right track again. Darling, these should have been 90-91-92-93-94 and 95 our next time, get them straight.

Well, I began reading my letters and I saw in the first one that Dick Hartdegen was to return to the States. I was so filled with happiness for Hilda, that I rushed to the phone to tell her the wonderful news. The line was busy, and it
It was a good thing, for it gave me a chance to read further. I found that the ride had been changed. It would have been dreadful if I had built up her hopes and then had to dash them to the ground. But somehow another I think he will come yet. Oh! I cannot tell you how it makes me feel when I hear of all these officers returning. I'm glad for the sake of their ideals, and yet I'm afraid...
to think that you can't come—so I am like mad one minute, and cry like a baby the next. Then again, when I think of the foolishness, probably a couple of years more, but my not being able to go over there to you, it just don't care whether I live or die. Honestly, if the Passaic River were a little nearer, I'd be tempted to jump in it this minute; I feel so blue.

"..." Celeste Reynolds, Jr.
are a naughty girl. Stop talking that way, 

Try to be as teach 
as your sister wants you to be.

You adorable man to think 
of giving me a chest. Dearest 
it's just exactly what I want 

and need. Oh! I can hardly wait 
until I may get it. They are wonderful things you think. 

not only for my troucannon, 
but when we are married, 
it will be just The Thing.
keep our clothes in so that the moths won't get at them—your dress-suit, etc. and my furs, etc. I wish that you could select it with me, dear, but since mine, you will receive a full description of it. Ooh! I hope that I will hurry and get here. I'm so excited about it.

Thank you for subscribing for The Stars and Stripes for me. I have seen one or two copies.
of it already & it is very interesting. I will let you know as soon as mine begin to come. You are an exceptionally thoughtful lover & I surely do appreciate all that you are doing for me. "The Prose Poet" was very funny. I laughed much much over it.

Darling, about this furlough business at the end of a year. It is true, cause I have heard it from many authentic
sonics. Of course they are not going to obey the man to return.
One must ask for what she wants these days and being a law, you
cannot be refused. You must come, dear. When I stop to
think about it I am completely
thrilled. Oh, to be in your arms
again, receiving some of those
longingly ones. Do you remember
them, Arlie? Weren't they
r-o-o-d-e-r-f-u-l? Oh! I think
say yes! Please come back, de
That we may dwell again
on those summits where the
god of love cast his brightness
and cheer.

Hilda Hartdegen just
telephoned. She has heard
that Richard is on his way
back, and will probably arrive
in a week. The lucky girl!!!!!!

Do you remember Bill Brooks?
He is a Princeton grad., and
went to France with Dick last
year. It seems that he was just returned as they say that Dick was positively to sail a week after he did. Hilda is the happiest girl you ever imagined. She could hardly talk, she was so excited, and didn’t blame her. If it were you that were coming this would couldn’t be large enough to hold me. I only hope for her sake that it isn’t a rumor, and that
he really will be coming back.

Martha Hannoch is expecting Harold Hirsch, too. The authorities must have changed that order for the 1st Division very suddenly. Well, I have come to the conclusion that this is a d—unfair world.

Dear Ed, yesterday afternoon George and I went into Mr. Schimnow's. Georgiana said that she was going to
tell you about our visit, so there is no need of my doing so. One thing I do want to say is, and that is—Mother Schindler is as dear, sweet and true as ever.

Last night Dris as I went to the movies. We didn't care very much for the picture, so left before it was over. Mother, Dad and sister were in the waiting room. When I returned, I sat down with them and pretty soon brought up the subject of my
going to France. I said, "If a way of getting there should present itself, would you consent to my going?" Absolutely not, was Dad's answer. He said, "Celeste, you've got to think of cold facts. What if you were to start men, and Arthur shine the killer (my heart sank here) before you reached there. Imagine it! Alone in a strange country, with some to turn it. Now, what would you do?"

I couldn't answer him for a minute or two and he said again...
Tell me what would you do? all I could say was "Pray I think I'd die," and he said "Of course you would." We were all silent for a few minutes, then I said, "Well, what if an airplane should sail over this house now, and drop a bomb down, killing all but me? What would I do then? One is just as reasonable as the other. I knew that they wouldn't agree with me, but I had to say something. Then sister and Dad brought up the
Subject of my duty to mother until I am married, but dear mother said, "I would never interfere with your happiness, Jessie. If I thought that you could go live there and be with Archie all the time, I should willingly consent, but the chances are that you would be sent miles away from him. Even tho' he did have a furlough every few months, what would you do in the meantime? You are just like I am; you would die..."
of distemper. You can't stand running. You feel faint when you see a drop of blood, so you better give up all idea of going." It is true, I always shudder when I see blood. But I imagine I could overcome that if I tried. Then, Dad said, "Aleste, get that nonsense out of your mind. America is the only place for you at present. When you are married, I'll have nothing more to say about you, but until then you are six long...
hands, and you will do as I say. Thus end the perfect evening. Oh yes, very perfect. It makes me think of the man at Pontoosuck that time. He said, "The world is full of ups and downs, but I haven't been an up for so long that I wouldn't know one if I fell over it." That's the way it is with me as far as perfect days and evenings are concerned. But I must think of that little
verse -

"It is easy enough to be pleasant When life goes by with a song. But the man truth while Is the man who will smile When everything goes dead wrong."

Artie, I’m going to invest in a nice broad smile immediately. I’ll wear it until it’s worn out, and then get another one.

Dearest, I could go on talking to you for hours and hours, but
look - 20 pages. I must stop,
+ I shall be accused of trying to
take up space in some ship, that
could be occupied by troops.

Our return, delayed, until

Your own,
Lessep

XXX X XXX X X X X X X
Newark, N. J. - U. S. A.

AUG 6 5-PM

1918

2nd Lieut. Arthur A. Schmou, 1st Battalion, 5th Field Artillery, American E. Forde, France

Via New York