

Thursday Evening.  
September 20<sup>th</sup>, 1917.  
(4<sup>th</sup> letter.)

My very, very dearest,

Eight days! Gracious! I never knew that time could pass so slowly — and when I look ahead and think of the long time that will elapse before I see you, why I just feel like sinking thru the earth.

I have managed to keep busy every minute since you left, so as not to think too much. Tuesday afternoon I went down to Marquette Markharti. There was another girl there — Hazel Manners a friend, by the way, of Hilda Ills — whom I had never met — and Harvey Herold. Harvey had come home from the hospital in New York to get ready to go to Wrightstown. He was not exempted as he

thought he would be, on account of being a medical student, and left to-day, I believe, with hundreds of other conscripted men for Camp Dix. He sent his best regards to you, dear. Marguerite has asked me to join a little sewing club to which eight girls belong. They meet every other Monday and do Red Cross work. I shall be initiated at Hazel Manner's home next week.

On my way home from Marguerite's that afternoon, I rode up to see Peggy Townley. Scoop had just left there, after a little visit of two days. He had come from the School of French Warfare at Cambridge, and was going to the camp at Wrightstown, where he has been stationed. My!! why weren't you put there!! Wouldn't it have been blissful?

In the evening Georgiana

came down, and we read over "Hazeu". It certainly is very, very interesting. She is going to take a couple of special courses this winter, and she wants me to study right along with her. At the end of the term she will give me the examination papers, and see what I can do with them. Won't that be splendid? Truly, Artie, I am so enthusiastic about studying, that I hate to waste a minute's time on anything else.

Wednesday morning I studied French. In the afternoon Maud and Mildred McCracken came and we had a nice little visit together. They also wished to be remembered to you. Amy Hewes Bradley came down in the evening. She is in Newark on a house hunting expedition. They are going to move from

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Philadelphia the first of October  
I surely will be delighted to have  
her so near. She brought me a  
beautiful pillow for our "chest" -  
one of those small ones that you  
throw on the bed in the day time  
to make it look dressy. It was  
of the finest kind of Madiera work,  
over shell pink satin. It will  
go well with our white (???) bed  
room - won't it, dear? I mustn't  
forget to give you her best, too.

To-day we had our jolly picnic.  
The girls, Mildred McCracken,  
Maude and Marie Robertson, a  
friend of the McCrackens whom  
I did not know before - called  
for me in Mildred's car at ten  
o'clock. We took a lovely ride,  
ending at the Orange Mountain  
Reservation. We left the car  
on one of the roads, then walked  
way back into the woods, and

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ate our luncheon by a little brook. Really, it was one of the most picturesque spots that I had ever been in. After finishing our mid-day repast, we stayed for a couple of hours, and then motored some more before returning home.

To-morrow I am going to meet Georgia at the library, and we are going to get some real good books. As I told you in my last, I shall take out a few extra ones on "Traveling Through Europe" etc. Distance from foreign lands, is not going to keep me from knowing something about them.

I am going to study all day Saturday, & in the evening Dad and I are going to the theatre, to see Olga Petrova. Sunday I shall write you again, before or after church, and Monday I am going down to see my Mother.

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to be, at 428 <sup>6.</sup> Aron Avenue.  
Have you ever heard of that  
place before?

I shall finish this in the  
morning. My darling if you "il  
est tard et j'ai sommeil."

Friday morning Sept 21<sup>st</sup> '17.

Sweetheart, our little party  
yesterday had made me so  
sleepy, that I almost took  
a journey to dreamland while  
I was sitting last night. I  
went up stairs, threw myself on  
my bed, and didn't awaken until  
Mother called me at ten o'clock  
this morning. Just think! Sleeping  
eleven hours without taking off  
my clothes.

I have just been reading an  
installment of Ambassador Gerard's  
"My Four Years in Germany." It is  
running in serial form in one  
of the papers, and it is most interest-

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ing. I am cutting each install-  
ment out, and shall save them  
for our grandchildren to read.  
Our grandchildren! Doesn't  
that sound funny? I wonder  
if we will still be jumping  
"Jim Crow" when that time comes.  
I hope so; for even tho' we have to  
grow old in age, we must not  
in spirit.

Archie dear, I am going to  
make believe that you have  
asked me - how much? - and  
say in reply that the combined  
strength of everybody in the  
whole world, wouldn't be great  
enough to show you, nor could  
words tell you how much I  
love you.

A boy on the street is singing  
"Over There" and it has made  
a few little tears trickle down  
my cheeks. I wonder why!!!

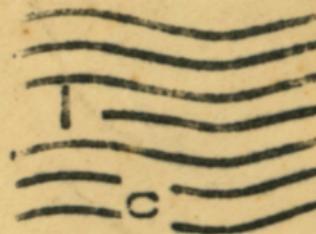
They are flowing harder and  
harder so must stop.

Bye-bye, my own sweetheart,  
Yours,

S.

X X X X X X .

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



Lieut. Arthur A. Schmon,  
Field Artillery. U. S. R.  
American Expeditionary Forces.

Unassigned.

P. A. School,  
Saumur, France.