Monday P.M.
April 5th, 1920

Darling,

Another beautiful day! If I keep on being caught in showers, I'll begin to wish that April had never been invented.

Yesterday afternoon it cleared up beautifully. I called up in my Sunday go to meeting and went to Newark to see Georgians. It surely
was a great little reunion after almost three months. I was delighted at seeing her look so well. She had a dandy color and had gotten a bit stout. Grade, Loren and Ed Fryer were around all the time, so we could not have a personal chat, but Georgie acted so very indifferent to Loren that I imagine she has gotten well over that little affair. I do hope that their being
together again won't start it going all over again. Georgie is still having some trouble with sciatica in her limbs, but that is only natural. That always takes a long time to disappear. Respect herself here some day this week.

Your Fyfe actually makes me ill. He is the biggest chump in seven states. He is the kind that is always trying to hold your hand, give...
you a little squeeze, et. on
the sky. He tried it a couple
of times with me, but I gave
him such looks that he
didn't do it again. This is a
plain enough bit of I shall and I feel
heart sorry for her, falling
for him, as it were. She is
only human, and I suppose
that his attention filled the
empty space in her life

She has been feeling
time, you know.
Just as I left Georgia yes
terday an awful thunder story
came up and I was drenched when
I returned.

Today again I was caught
in a similar way. I went
down town to shop in the
sunlight, ole sun went under
a cloud and down came the
rain. I missed my train and
had to come home by trolley. I
knew the long walk in from
Bloomfield Center! Well, by the time December 19
Smith Street I looked like a drowned rat. feet more
juicy. I have spent most of the afternoon taking a
hot bath, alcohol rub,
changing my clothes. I also
washed my curley locks. Chance
used to say.
We are getting to igales
gradually, and everything looks
very nice. The folk are going to be real happy. I know. Aunt Flo cannot do enough for mother and the knowledge of that will relieve us all of our former anxiety when we are away. Even Trixie and Dick - the cat - get along nicely. Only once did they come to blows and they were both so tanged up that they gave each other the abusive treatment for three days. Yesterday
I noticed them getting a bit friendly and I say they are most congenial.

I know you will be tickled to pieces I hear that mother has excellent vision. She can read the finest print in the newspaper, see every bit of dirt on the furniture, floor, etc., the powder on my nose, everything. We are delighted.

And now to read the paper. I almost forget what we looked like we've been so busy. One more...
Tuesday P.M.

Beloved

It is quite late. The Wrights were here for dinner and waited for almost a midnight train. We have had an awfully nice day. Elizabeth came and early this morning to spend the day. Bill came up from the city at six o'clock with Father and Uncle still. They surely are looking forward to coming up to our place next summer. They expect to arrive
around July first and will stay as long as we want them. Enjoy Elizabeth's company more than I used to, as she does not talk incessantly now. She lets someone else have the floor every once in a while. They have invited me to go up to the Montclair Club the twenty-fourth of this month. It is to be ladies' night. I told them I would if I were still here.

Dearest, I forgot to tell you in Sunday's note that I have decided to wait until this
Coming Sunday to send you wire. As long as you are going to stay this the trouble until tomorrow. That is certainly what you must have meant me to do. It surely is a long time since you have heard from me. How can you ever wait, dearest? Does almost break when I do not hear from you.

Darling, I am growing so happy from that the time for my reunion is drawing near. Few more weeks at the most.
and then — Boy!!! It is too wonderful to be true. Don't think, dear, that the second will be more wonderful than my first honeymoon? Oh, I can hardly wait.

I am writing this in Sister's room and she informs me that it is very past her time. I must flee from her room immediately, if not sooner.

Good-night, my darling. All my love.

Yours & kisses,

Ruthie.
Wednesday P.M.
April 7th, 1926.

My very dearest and bearest,

Our little family is quite small today. Aunt Elb went away early this morning. Babe is up in Montclair, Dad and Uncle Stillman at business, Sister at school, so mundane and I am keeping house. It seems so nice to be able to hear myself think once more. When so many people are around you do everything under difficulties. Um! Would I be happy when I am back in my own cozy little nest, where
we two lovery doves can bill and coo all by ourselves.

As I sit here writing I can see two airplanes having a great big fly over the house across the street. They are performing all kinds of fancy stunts. We are only a short distance from the aero mail station—Yellow Field—and the planes are flying around us all the time. Yesterday there was an awful accident. A young man about twenty-two, who was starting a flight to Chicago, ran into a tall chimney on the Tiffany Factory in Forest Hill and was killed! The chimney and the machine were smashed to tiny
We expect to go down to see the remains of the accident tonight.

Tomorrow morning I am going to Newark to see Mother Schmool. Marie Schweiger has invited us there to spend the afternoon and in the evening we are going to Schnieder's. I will stay all night with mother.

Friday I go to Louise Morley's, where Pat and Bill are coming in the evening. I will stay there all night and Saturday morning at ten-thirty I am going to meet sister down town. We are going to shop and probably go to the movies.
I hope you have not forgotten that you are coming up on the first (1st) boat to meet your wife. She is waiting very, very impatiently for the train to come. Sometimes when she sees the airplane passing her she feels like jumping into it and holding a pistol to the flyer's head saying, "Shelter Bay is your life!" Yes, dear, if the separation does last much longer I shall most certainly be driven to desperation.

My heart, soul, mind, body, and everything for you, my own.

Yours forever and ever

Lessie. X X X X
Captain Arthur A. Leamon
9c Colonel Walter Ray
Price Bros.
Quebec
Canada.