Sunday Evening.
July 28th, 1918.

13 Y.

Dearest,

I've been sitting here for the longest time thinking about our wonderful month, that last year this time it was so swiftly approaching. I would give anything in the world if we were about to live those four weeks over again. And yet I am glad that it isn't a year ago, for in those eleven long months of this dreadful separation are one, and we are that much nearer the time when we shall be living together permanently. But, dear, if the end of the war is not in sight by Xmas, you will come home on leave, won't you? I want you to not only for my own sake but for yours. Darling, you need a complete change. This period that you are passing through is dreadful for your nerves, and you ought to get away.
from those horrible battle scenes for a while—get away where nothing could remind you of it. The ocean trip would do wonders for you and when you returned, after having spent a few weeks here, you would feel like a different man, and be twice as well fitted for the great task remaining before you. Then, too, seeing you for that little time would add ten years—and probably longer—to my life. I'm sure, for my poor heart is just pinning away for a sight of you. However, think it over and do what you think best.

Artie, I was a naughty girl today. I didn't go to church. This morning I overslept for the first time and when I awoke, it was much too late for the early service. As it was so awfully hot, I just couldn't bear the thought of getting up and going at eleven o'clock to read farewell chapters in the Bible and then went out on the
manda. To enjoy the Sunday papers. We had company for dinner (Miss Gruen) and at three o'clock Mildred McCracken and her husband took me for a lonely ride in their car. Returned just in time for my thirty tea. This evening Mrs. came down to tell me about the lovely time she had had at Lake Minnewaska.

And so passed my Sunday.

Now I am going to put my self to bed.

Good night, dear.

All my love.

Kisses & hugs.

P.S. I saw in this morning paper that the First Division is fighting just west of Rheims in
that night, long? Magnificent work is being done in that bore hole—so I call it—between Soissens and Rheims. I can hardly wait to see what is going to happen after the line has been straightened out. I tell you, me boy, are the ones that can take the $ out of Shell.

Well, again good night.

[Signature]

Monday Evening.

Hello! Sweetheart,

I have just returned from the movies where I saw "Peacocking Crusades"—a marvelous picture. It showed the work going on in some of our large ammunition plants, shipyards, and uniform factories. We saw thousands and thousands of
boys training in different camps throughout this country (Army and Navy) and in France. I saw the first transport landing near there and as the boys got off it said, "The greatest moment in their lives. You could tell by their faces that it was. It was wonderful to see them march thru the streets of Paris. We followed them to the front and watched them go over the top. We saw General Pershing addressing some of the troops and I was wondering all the time if it were the 1st Division. I tried to find my Artie in the crowd, but was badly disappointed. Oh! there were many, many interesting things in the picture, but as they are probably "every-day sights" to you, I won't take up any more time telling you about them.

This afternoon I went down to see Mother Schmon. Artie, she feels perfectly
terrible as the way Guss is neglecting her.

Father and I then went to see him, which I did immediately.

But, Artie, I think a few words from you might help a great deal more.

Mother and Father are well and are planning to go away for a week or so. I do not know where they will go, but a change—no matter how small it is—will do them lots of good. They sent you their fondest love.

On the way down to your house I stopped at Beehive and bought another pair of shoes. They are very stylish—sort of Oxfoads with military flaps.

Goodness! here it is the twenty ninth of July and the last letter that I received from you was written on June twentieth. The news surely is ancient by the time it reached here.
It is almost two weeks since the last batch of mail came. Here's hoping the postman will take pity on me real soon.

Darling, I'm terribly, awfully, dreadfully I and a lot of other things - sleepy tonight. I haven't any more idea of what I've been saying than the man in the moon, so forgive me if I have sounded foolish.

'Nightie-night, dear heart.

All yours,

Dessie.

Wednesday Morning.

July 30th.

My own,

Just a few million hugs and kisses for you today.

Sincerely,

Kipie.
American France

Arthur

New York 1918