

Whippany, New Jersey  
Wednesday Morning  
August 21<sup>st</sup>, 1908.  
148.

My own,

We left Newark at five o'clock yesterday afternoon and arrived here around six thirty.

We dined at seven and sat on the veranda chatting the rest of the evening.

I got up at nine o'clock  
this morning, had breakfast,  
then took a long walk all by  
"myself" thru the woods and  
along some of these beautiful  
country roads. Have just returned  
and I feel perfectly marvelous.  
Oh! I tell you "this is the life"

Aunt Etta's home is lovely;  
quite spacious and beautifully  
furnished with old, massive  
furniture - most of it being

Oriental. The view from here  
is superb. Woods, fields and  
mountains are all you can  
see. I am looking forward to  
the time when you can come up  
here with me, for, Artie dearest,  
it is the most wonderful place  
for lovers, that you could imagine.  
There are "comfy" little nooks all  
around, where we can read, and in  
between lines, embrace and kiss  
each other. Oh, if that time

were only here now!!!

Well, sweetheart, luncheon is ready. We get all kinds of lovely vegetables from Uncle Henry's little farm, <sup>and</sup> just thinking about them gives me a huge appetite.

Bye-bye until to-morrow, dear boy.

Your own,  
Mama.

Thursday Morning,  
August 22<sup>nd</sup> 1918.

Dearest,

One year ago today we  
announced our engagement.  
According to days, our anniversary  
was yesterday, but I suppose that  
dates are really what we should  
go by. It was on Wednesday night  
that you brought me our ring -  
this beautiful ring, that as I sit  
here in the sun, sitting, is spark-  
ling and making little diamonds  
dance all around me. On Thurs-  
day we went to Sea Girt and do  
you remember how enthusiastic  
the boys were over the surprise

we had given them? "Thems was  
the happy day." — — —

After luncheon yesterday,  
I read for about an hour and a  
half, and then went out in the  
big field next to the house, and  
gathered an armful of black-eyed-  
susans and "queen's-lace." Brought  
them home, arranged them in  
a large bowl for the porch table,  
then walked way back behind  
the barn, climbed one of the pear  
trees and sat on a top branch eating  
the delicious fruit. When I had  
had enough, I returned to the  
house and dressed for dinner. Last  
evening Uncle Henry took us  
for a lovely ride.

This afternoon we are going to motor over to Chatham to see sister. She is spending a few weeks with Cousin Edna.

We expect Dad up to-morrow evening to spend Saturday <sup>and</sup> Sunday, & we have planned some nice little trips while he is here.

It is eleven thirty now, & I am going to take this down to the Post office and get the mail.

Another good-bye nearer your coming home. Oh, doesn't that taste well?

All the love in the world,  
Your own,  
Pessie

-From-  
113 Delarain Ave.,  
Newark, N.J. - U.S.A

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Via New York