

39<sup>th</sup>

letter. Sunday Evening.

January 6<sup>th</sup>, 1918.

12 o'clock P.M.

Beloved,

Another day has gone by, and your cablegram has not come. You cannot imagine the state of excitement that I am in. I go around the house like one in a dream; not hearing a thing that is said to me. Every time the phone bell rings, I begin to tremble, thinking that it is Western Union with the message; and what will

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it be? Oh! what will  
it be? - "I am feeling  
well" or something else?  
I suppose I am foolish  
to let my hopes dwell on  
such a lofty pinnacle,  
but I cannot help it;  
that is my nature. Well,  
time will tell, so I must  
have patience.

I had a very pleasant  
time to-day. Called for  
Mother Schmon at three  
thirty, and then we went down  
to Schweizer's. They had  
a house full of company;

3.

-Mrs. Schaeffer- your mother's sister-in-law and her two grandsons, Auntie Carrie, another Mr. and Mrs. Schweizer and their children, Tessie's Arthur, and Mamie's friend (forgot his name). Mother and I left at half past five, went home for tea, and then attended the Evening service at Mother's church. It was "English night" and I enjoyed it very much. I came home right after church, studied for awhile, and that brings me up to the present moment, which is rather late.

4.

I have a great deal to  
do to-morrow, and must get  
up early, so night – night.

Millions of hugs and kisses,  
and all the love in the World  
for my darling boy.

Monday Evening the 7<sup>th</sup>.

I surely have had a  
busy day. Got up at six o'  
clock and studied until  
seven thirty. Had breakfast,  
and then rushed right over  
to my grandmother's in  
Lyndhurst. Stayed there  
for luncheon, but <sup>left</sup> immediately  
after, for I had to be over at

5.

Dad's store at two o'clock,  
which I succeeded in doing.  
From there I came home, but  
was here only long enough to  
put on a little afternoon dress,  
and powder my nose, and then  
I went up to Margaret Edge's  
to a little party. I met a  
friend of Allan Machin's there,  
-a very sweet girl by the  
name of Isabelle Maruha.  
She is the girl whom Jap  
Righter took to the Triangle  
Show, when he was visiting  
Allan last winter. She hears  
from Jap occasionally. He is

6.

doing Y.M.C.A work in Denver. We didn't get home from the party until quarter of seven. I had dinner and then went around to Peggy's. She has fully recovered from her attack of la grippe. She told me a lot more about Scoop, which I hope that someday, I shall be permitted to tell you. Peggy sent you her kindest remembrances, darling.

I received a very sweet letter from Chaunce to-day. He is still in Anniston working hard. He had been home for a couple of days during the holidays

7.

but on account of the awful rush, didn't have time to call me up. I also received a pretty New Year's card from Rube. Isn't it nice of your friends to remember me, dear?

To-morrow afternoon I am going to a little party at Amy Bradley's and shall spend the evening studying and writing to my sweetheart. Wednesday Georgiana comes down to hear me in history. We haven't had an opportunity to study together for three weeks; so I shall have a great deal to recite.

Well, another day and

8.

no cable. Mrs. Robinson  
hasn't received one from  
George either, so guess what  
I am beginning to think,  
-that maybe you and he  
are on the way home and  
are going to surprise us. Oh!  
Oh!! Oh!!! don't I wish it  
were so. But I must stop  
those foolish thoughts; for  
way down deep in my heart,  
I have a tiny, little feeling  
that I am going to have  
one huge disappointment,  
when that cablegram  
comes.

9.

I am terribly homesick  
for you to-night, my dearest.  
What wouldn't I give to  
be with you! Please hurry  
and tack the stars and stripes  
on the Kaiser's back, and  
come home to me. When I  
begin thinking of the thousands  
of miles that separate us,  
I could almost pass away.  
Honestly! dear.

Lest I start myself  
shedding another one of  
those Niagara Falls, will  
stop and study a little.

Bye-bye, hubbie dear.

Your very own

XXXXXXXXXX Lessie.

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

NEWARK N.J.  
JAN 8  
~~130~~- PM  
1918

2<sup>nd</sup> Lieut. Arthur A. Schmon,  
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(Please forward)

Via N.Y.