Friday Morning
February fifteenth
57th Letter

My own darling boy.

Joy!!! I have received four more letters from my Artie.
Your thirty sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth.

Dearest, it is a shame that you have to work so hard, and never have any recreation, but don't you care, when the war is over we shall make up for it. Why, we'll have parties, parties and more parties, until you are
so tired of them, that you'll wish for another war.

So you won't know what to do without an orderly when we are married? Well, darling, I guess that 'wife' will have to take that position. Will you accept my application now? I do not see why it takes mail so long to reach you. Richard Haftdegen gets his letters in three weeks, and all his books have arrived, even one that Hilda sent after Christmas. Your moving
makes some difference of course, but it ought not to take three weeks for mail to be forwarded from one part of France to another. But talking about it won't help, so enough. I do hope, tho', that you will receive the sweater before the Fourth of July.

You said, "If you do not know what to do with some magazines, please send them to me, for I would surely like to read some good English."... Do you mean...
To infer that my letters are
not good English? The very
idea!!!!!!! How are your feet
hurt? No, my darling, I am
only fooling. I know what
you mean, and I intend to send
your magazines and newspapers
regularly now. I do not know
just which ones you care for,
so you might suggest some
in your next. In the meantime,
I hope that my selections will
please you a little bit.
I can hardly wait to hear about your experience at the front. I bet it was wonderfully thrilling. Oh! darling, I am so, so proud of you, and what wouldn't I give to be fighting right alongside of you. Just think of all the kisses and hugs we could have between shots. Um!!!!!! War wouldn't be quite what Sherman said it was, if that plan were adopted. Would it, dear?
I expect Georgiana this afternoon. I am to recite about "The Third Republic of France," and we will probably read a little French.

Now I am going to translate another chapter in "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon."

So bye-bye until tomorrow.

Kisses, hugs and all my love for you, my own beloved.

How much???
Saturday Morning.

Sweetheart,

Guess what came today!! Your thirty-second letter, written January third. I’ve been fortunate enough to see letters during the same week. Georgi came upright from school yesterday afternoon. We spent an hour on my work, which she said I had prepared very well, then we chatted for a while. She went downtown to Dr. Cowin’s from here, to have some polypi removed from
her nose. Poor Georgi has been having quite a lot of the matter with her lately. She had a polypus taken out last week, and during Easter vacation she is going to have another operation performed on her nose. She has a deviated septum, and of course until that is fixed, she will be feeling miserable.

I expect to be studying today and tomorrow. Will go up to my little church in the evening. Monday afternoon I shall spend with Mother Schmow, Tuesday at the Red Cross. Wednesday and D. is going to have a little party, and as the days go on. Bye, bye for this time.

Yours lovingly, Jessie.
From 113 Delavan Ave.
Newark, N. J. - U. S. A.

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2nd Lieut. Arthur A. Schmow
Fifth Field Artillery
American Expeditionary Force
France

Battery A. Camp Meade
Via New York