Dear...

One year ago this morning my dear friend left me. Just think, dear, one year ago. I can see you so plainly as you stood out on Washington Avenue waiting in a jitney... It came along (you waved a last farewell and jumped in). I shall never forget the feeling that I had. It just seemed as tho my all had been taken from me, and that I had nothing in the world left to live for. For weeks my heart felt as if there were dozens of knives...
running then it. I couldn't draw a free breath. Oh! it was agony. But time, the natural healer of all wounds, has relieved that dreadful pain, and has left a dull feeling of sadness, frequently interrupted by one of happiness, when I just beam at the thought that a whole year of this dreadful separation is over, and that we ought soon to be together again.

Dearest, yesterday's letter consisting of three parts. Part one contains my usual message, in the second envelope I put a cake of Baker's chocolate, and in the third, one of Wildair's. Please let me know if they reach you in a satisfactory condition, for if they do, I shall send more. That is the only
may we can get anything to you, you know, as hands typing.

Martha and Harold returned from their honey moon last night. We are going to leave for Camp Meade this afternoon. I have just been talking with her. Honestly, Patric, she is as happy, that her voice sounds more as if she were singing than speaking. We all think that Dick Hart

degrew in the steamer that was torpedow. It was two hundred miles out when it happened. You know. The was able to get back to the port from the which it left. Thirty five of the crew were the only ones killed, and they were in the room where the explosives were. Dick is perfectly safe of course. It only means that his arm
home will be deferred a week or so. It’s a good thing Helen doesn’t know it, or she would be almost crazy.

My export license has just come, so at last I can send little Helen’s sprock. Hope she will receive it!

I want to get my tennis things ready for this afternoon, so will hustle on.

Bye, bye, my own.

Affectionately,

[Signature]

XXX...
Thursday P.M.

Darling,

I'm about to leave for Maude Douglas' to try to cheer the poor girl. She feels perfectly dreadful, and I'm the only one she wants to see.

Dick Hartley came at Newport News, Virginia yesterday morning, and arrived in Newark a few minutes ago. Mrs. Lewis called me up right away. She said that I looks splendid 2) That Hilda is so happy that she can't eat, sleep, or do anything else. Lucky girl!!

Oh, dear! Mrs. henry left. (? ? ? ? ?)

I had a nice tinkle with Gus yesterday. We played tennis.
afternoon, and she returned with me for tea. I am going to drop in to see mother Schum for a few minutes today, too.

Bye-bye, dear.

Please come home soon.

Always your loving,

Lisa.

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

2nd Lieut. Arthur A. Schmon,
Hq's, 1st Battalion,
Fifth Field Artillery,
American Expeditionary Forces,
France.

Via New York.