

Wednesday Morning,  
September 11<sup>th</sup>, 1918.

159.

Dearest,

One year ago this morning my sweetheart left me. Just think, dear, one year ago. I can see you so plainly as you stood out on Washington Avenue waiting for 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

2.

running thru 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 consisted of three parts. Part one contained my usual message, in the second envelope I put a cake of Baker's chocolate, and in the third, one of Wilbur'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

way we can get anything to you, you know, so here's hoping!

Martha and Harold returned from their honeymoon last night, and are going to leave for Camp Meade this afternoon. I have just been talking with her. Honestly, Artie, she is so happy, that her voice sounded more as if she were singing, than speaking. Well all think that Dick Hart-  
degen was on the steamer that was torpedoed. It was two hundred miles out when it happened you know, and was able to get back to the port from which it left. Thirty five of the crew were the only ones killed, and they were in the room where the explosion occurred. Dick is perfectly safe of course. It only means that his arrival

4.

home will be deferred a week or so.  
It's a good thing Hilda doesn't know it,  
or she would be almost crazy.

My export license has just come,  
so at last I can send little Helene's  
spoon. Hope she will receive it!

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

Bye-bye, my own.

Lovingly,

Lessie   XXXXXX

Thursday P.M.

Darling,

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

Dick Hatdegen landed at Newport News, Virginia yesterday morning, and arrived in Newark a few minutes ago. Mrs. Tunis called me up right away. She said that he looks splendid and that Hilda is so happy that she can't eat, sleep, or do anything else. Lucky girl!!! Oh, dear! how I envy her. (?????)

I had a nice time with Gus yesterday. We played tennis all

afternoon, and he returned with  
me for tea.

I am going to drop in to  
see Mother Schmon for a few  
minutes to-day, too.

Bye-bye, dear.

Please come home

soon

Always your loving,

Lessie

Pardon haste

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

NEWARK N.J.  
SEP 12  
130 - PM  
1918

2<sup>nd</sup> Lieut. Arthur A. Schmon,  
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Via New York