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Wednesday P.M.

My dearest,

I can't remember if I told you yesterday, how much I appreciated, and enjoyed your letter. Artie, you were a darling to write such a long one, when you were so dreadfully busy; and yet, if you hadn't – now for a little confession – you wouldn't have heard from me for quite a few days. You see, dear, while I knew

your work down there
was going to be hard, I
had no idea that it would
be as bad as it is. When
almost a week went by
and I hadn't heard from
you. I became a wee bit
angry – I could think of
no excuse for your seeming
negligence, and I determined
to give you a nice little
wait – But – when your
letter came, and I read about
your terribly crowded pro-
gram, I was awfully
ashamed of myself, and it
made me feel as though I

ought to write to you every day, to make up for my naughty thoughts. The only reason why I do not, however, is because the degree of value of anything is in proportion to its rarity, you know. So enough said.

I am so happy when you tell me your plans, and – to see the old expression – “talk things over with me.” It makes me feel so much more important, and “closer” to you. If there is anything I

should loathe, and be unhappy about; it would be to be made a “doll” of, and never be included in the “serious stuff” (as you would say.) – That reminds me of Ibsen’s “Doll House.” Doesn’t it you?

I had such a nice time with Miss Mac Bride last Friday evening. She called me up from downtown at six thirty, and said she had just finished dinner, was all alone, and wanted me to go down and go to Proctor’s with her. I met

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her at seven thirty and we went right over to the theatre. It was a splendid performance and it surely did cheer this lonesome child up.

Monday, Miss MacBride came up and gave me another French lesson. My friend Mrs. MacCracken also knows a great deal of French. She was at school in Paris for a year, and

studied for five years
in this Country, with
a French professor; so
you see she will help me
a great deal with the
pronunciation. We –
Mildred and I, are planning
to read some French books
together.

I shall be busy nearly
every day next week
with rehearsals for the
Concert, June twenty
ninth – a week from
this Friday evening.

You remember I told you
we are going to give it
in Whippany for the
benefit of the Presbyterian
Church up there. There
is a part of the program
that I imagine will
interest you

Ukulele accompaniment by Celeste Reynolds

Don't I flatter myself?
Uncle Dick is coming
down for us (the five girls
and chaperon) Friday after-
noon. We are to dress

and have dinner at the
M^c Ewan's. Some of them
have to return that eve-
ning; but I imagine a
couple will stay all night
at Aunt Etta Reynold's.
I have been invited to spend
the weekend; but ^{as yet} I haven't
decided to accept.

Dearest, again I say,
take good care of yourself and
don't tax your health.

All my love,
Letty.

NEWARK N.J.

JUN 22

1-PM

1917

Mr. Arthur Schmon,

3rd Battery,

Field Artillery,

Fort Myer,

Va.

R.O.T.C.