Tuesday Morning.
September 25th, 1917.

(5th letter)

Honey love,

Do not think that I have forgotten my promise to write to you three or four times a week. Nothing in the world — outside of seeing or hearing from you, of course — could give me greater pleasure than doing this, if I thought that you would receive my letters — but I have heard of so much mail going astray recently, that I had been sent to the other side, that I think it better to write you only two letters a week until you get over there, and can send me a more definite address.

Voilà une excellente idée. Oui?

I received a note from Aunt Dana this morning, asking for your name in pencil and your...
correct address. She is going to get a letter of introduction for you to General Pershing, from Mrs. Darrach—the friend of the General's who is assembling the fund of twenty thousand dollars for the purchase of a section of ambulances for the use of the American Ambulance Field service in France, as a memorial to Mrs. Pershing. Auntly is assisting Mrs. Darrach in getting this fund together, you know. I am going to write Auntly to wait and send the letter, when you are located over there, so that you will be more sure of receiving it.

Dorset, you will have been gone two weeks tomorrow. I wonder if the truce has passed as slowly on the old Atlantic, as it has in our little city. As I have said several times before,
I repeat it—the few days that you have been away seem like months, years for I might even say centuries. I miss you more and more all the time—if that is possible—but one thing I am not going to do, and that is worry. I know that you are going & have good luck & great success over there, and that you are coming back to me safe and sound. Then—what a wonderfully happy life we shall have together.

Every minute of my time has been occupied since I wrote you last Friday afternoon. I met Georgiana at the library & she introduced me to one of the head women in the non-fiction department. I told her that I wanted some good books on the different European countries—that I had.
a friend who would probably be traveling in Europe a great deal during the next few months, and that I wanted to keep pace with him. She immediately brought fourth three, and said that they would be a good starter for me. They are "A Wanderer in London" by Lucas, Clifton Johnson's "Among English Hedgerows", and "French Life in Town and Country" by Lynch. I began reading the first one Friday evening. It is very well written and most interesting. It gives you a wonderful idea of London. Really! I felt quite like the wanderer. It is going to be heaps of fun taking these imaginary tours.

Saturday morning I superintended the cleaning of 113, studied French all afternoon.
and in the evening I went to
the Newark Theatre with Dad.
It has been beautifully remodeled
and is now very much like the
Strand in New York. We saw
Pauline Frederick in "Double
Crossed". It was very good.
After, we went up to the Hotel
for something to eat.

Sunday morning I slept
until eleven, took a long walk
before dinner, read all afternoon
and went to Christ Reformed
Church in the evening with
Doris measles.

Yesterday afternoon I went
up to Princeton. We read "Hagen"
for an hour and a half, then
had dinner, and left directly
after, for your home. We had
a very pleasant evening with
your mother who was feeling
pretty well. I can only say
pretty well, as she had been canning peaches all day, and was therefore tired. I think she is also a bit nervous on account of not having heard from you; but of course she talked and reasoned with her and I think, soothed her mind a little. The minute I receive your cable I am going to jump on a car and go down there, or if it should come at night, I shall go down early the following morning. Maybe six o'clock, I shall be so anxious to spread the joyful news.

I called up Martha Hannock this morning, but she was not at home. Her mother is dreadfully worried about her. She feared that the poor girl is almost broken-hearted over
Harold's going away. She cries all the time and has lost ten pounds in the last two weeks and a half. They have had to send her down to the shore, to see if the change won't help her. No one in the world could miss anyone any more than I do you. If my tears flowed in proportion to my loneliness, I should be able to flood the world, but "will power" is my life saver. It is too bad that Martha cannot exercise hers.

Marguerite Markham is coming up this afternoon, Maries tomorrow afternoon, Thursday I am going down to the Red Cross rooms to make surgical dressings and to get some mood to make a baby's blanket.
to our family—this blanket will go to the Belgian Relief for some kiddie over there. I am going to knit six-inch squares and when I have the required number, sew them together. Artie dear, if you would like to have one of these—I mean a big one made the same way—let me know and I shall start it immediately.

Sweetheart, I love you,
I love you, I love you. (I hope that wasn't embarrassing for the censor), and what wouldn't I give if I could prove it to you with my strength. (???) But that time is coming. I suit it, honey? And maybe sooner than we expect.

Yours forever, Betty.
From:
118 Delaware Ave.
Newark, N.J. U.S.A.

Newark, N.J.
Sep 25, 1917
4:30 PM

Lt. Arthur A. Schmon,
Field Artillery, U.S. R.
American Expeditionary Force

Unassigned.