

Friday Morning

Good morning, dear,

I have a tennis engagement this morning, but simply couldn't go, without sending my Artie a little "surprise message."

I surely am an ambitious creature these days. I was up at five o'clock this morning and studied French until seven. Artie, I am wild about it – and just think; beside learning the grammar

from the regular text book
-which is half in English -,
I am reading a book
entitled "En France" (In France)
written in French; and it is
so interesting – all about the
Country and the people.
After breakfast I spent
an hour reading the
paper. Wasn't Mr. Wilson's
"Flag Day" address splendid?
I wonder if you were
fortunate enough to hear
it. This afternoon I am

going to do Red Cross
work – surgical dressings –
and I have promised my-
self to retire at eight
to-night, so I will feel
like getting up again at five to-
morrow in order to study.

How are you getting
along, dear? Is the work
growing harder, or does
it seem easier now that
you're getting used to it?
Tell me all about it.

I surely am terribly
homesick for you. Do you
miss me, too?

Remember me to all
the boys I know.

Heaps and heaps and
then more heaps of love,
Lessie.

NEWARK N.J.

JUN 15

130 PM

1917

Mr. Arthur Schmon,

Company 13,

Fort Myer,

Va.

Training Camp