

Thursday Evening

September 20<sup>th</sup>, 1917.

(4<sup>th</sup> letter)

My very, very dearest,

Eight days! Gracious! I never knew that time could pass so slowly – and when I look ahead and think of the long time that will elapse before I see you, why I just feel like sinking thru the earth.

I have managed to keep busy every minute since you left, so as not to think too much. Tuesday afternoon I went down to Marguerite Markhart's. There was another girl there – Hazel Manners a friend, by the way, of Hilda Ill's – whom I had never met, - and Harvey Herold. Harvey had come home from the hospital in New York to get ready to go to Wrights – town. He was not exempted as he

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thought he would be, on account of being a medical student, and left to-day. I believe, with hundreds of other conscripted men for Camp Dix. He sent his best regards to you, dear. Marguerite has asked me to join a little sewing club to which eight girls belong. They meet every other Monday and do Red Cross work. I shall be initiated at Hazel Manner's home next week.

On my way home from Marguerites that afternoon, I rode up to see Peggy Townley. Scoop had just left there, after a little visit of two days. He had come from the School of French Warfare at Cambridge, and was going to the camp at Wrightstown, where he has been stationed. My!! why weren't you put there!! Wouldn't it have been blissful?

In the evening Georgiana

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came down, and we read our "Hazen." It certainly is very, very interesting. She is going to take a couple of special courses this winter, and she wants me to study right along with her. At the end of the term she will give me the examination papers, and see what I can do with them. Won't that be splendid? Truly, Artie, I am so enthusiastic about studying, that I hate to waste a minute's time on anything else.

Wednesday morning I studied French. In the afternoon Maud and Mildred M<sup>c</sup>Cracken came and we had a nice little visit together. They also wished to be remembered to you. Amy Hewes Bradley came down in the evening. She is in Newark on a house hunting expedition. They are going to move from

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Philadelphia the first of October. I surely will be delighted to have her so near. She brought me a beautiful pillow for "our" chest – one of those small ones that you throw on the bed in the daytime to make it look dressy. It was of the finest kind of Madeira work, over shell pink satin. It will go well with our white (???) bed room – won't it, dear? I mustn't forget to give you her best, too.

To-day, we had our jolly picnic.

The girls – Mildred M<sup>c</sup>Cracken, Maude and Marie Robertson, a friend of the M<sup>c</sup>Cracken's whom I did not know before – called for me in Mildred's car at ten o'clock. We took a lovely ride, ending at the Orange Mountain Reservation. We left the car on one of the roads, then walked way back into the woods, and

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ate our luncheon by a little brook. Really, it was one of the most picturesque spots that I had ever been in. After finishing our mid-day repast, we sewed for a couple of hours, and then motored some more before returning home.

To-morrow I am going to meet Georgia at the Library, and we are going to get some real good books. As I told you in my last, I shall take out a few extra ones on "Traveling Thru Europe" etc. Distance from Foreign Lands, is not going to keep me from knowing something about them.

I am going to study all day Saturday, and in the evening Dad and I are going to the theatre, to see Olga Petrova. Sunday I shall write you again, before or after church, and Monday I am going down to see my Mother

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to be, at 423 Avon Avenue.  
Have you ever heard of that  
place before?

Shall finish this in the  
morning, my darling for "il  
est tard et j'ai sommeil."

Friday morning Sept. 21<sup>st</sup> '17.

Sweetheart, our little party  
yesterday had made me so  
sleepy, that I almost took  
a journey to dreamland while  
I was writing last night. I  
went upstairs, threw myself on  
my bed, and didn't awaken until  
Mother called me at ten o'clock  
this morning. Just think! Sleeping  
eleven hours without taking off  
my clothes.

I have just been reading an  
installment of Ambassador Gerard's  
"My Four Years in Germany." It is  
running in serial form in one  
of the papers, and it is most interest-

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ing. I am cutting each installment out, and shall save them for our grandchildren to read. Our grandchildren! Doesn't that sound funny? I wonder if we will still be jumping "Jim Crow" when that time comes. I hope so; for even tho we have to grow old in age, we must not in spirit.

Artie dear, I am going to make believe that you have asked me – how much? – and say in reply that the combined strength of everybody in the whole world, wouldn't be great enough to show you, nor could words tell you how much I love you.

A boy on the street is singing "Over There" and it has made a few little tears trickle down my checks. I wonder why!!!

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They are flowing harder and  
harder so must stop.

Bye – bye, my own sweetheart,

Your,

L.

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From NEWARK N.J.  
113 Delavan Ave., SEP 21  
Newark, N.J. U.S.A. 1 - PM  
1917

Lieut. Arthur A. Schmon,  
Field Artillery, U.S.R.  
American Expeditionary Force,  
**F.A. School**  
Unassigned **Saumur, France**