

Tuesday Morning,  
May 13<sup>th</sup>, 1919.  
278.

My very dearest,

Last evening I had the most enjoyable time that I've had since you went away. All morning I had felt terribly queer. It wasn't blueness, for July is too near for that, but I guess it was impatience for July. I didn't know what I wanted to do. I tried studying, reading and sewing, but none of those things satisfied me\_ so right after luncheon I got dressed and went down town.

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I did a little shopping and then I wandered thru the stores, looking at all the pretty things. During my wanderings I met a great many people that I knew and who did anything but help my state of mind. The first was Ruth Rutan. She lost her mother a short time ago and the poor girl was so sad she could hardly talk. Just looking at her made me feel terrible, too. The Prudential was "letting out" as I passed and who should come forth but Ethel and Agnes Case. Ethel looked

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as if she had lost her last pal and upon making inquiry, learned that her best girl friend is to move to Connecticut this week. The next one I meet was Stella Grimes, who was also "down in the dumps" because her sister is very ill with the flu. I walked on and pretty soon I ran into Mrs. Pennington (isn't her first name Tessie?) and her mother. They were in deep mourning. They told me that Jim had passed away a couple of weeks ago. It seems that he had the flu

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about a year ago and it left him with serious lung trouble. He spent last summer at some hospital in the mountains, but he was too far gone to be helped. As you can imagine, they felt very bad and by the time I left them I was quite sure that if I met any more "glooms" someone would be wearing mourning for me. The aforementioned queer feeling was just as bad when I reached home, as it had been in the morning. After dinner I sat down at the piano, and after playing two or three chords, I knew that that

was the cure I needed. I went thru the whole Princeton song book and sang our old favorites. Then I played my new pieces "Tackin Em Down," Oh Helen!," "Salvation Lassie o' Mine," Oh! Susie, Behave." "How'll We Ever Keep Em Down on the Farm After They've seen Paree!" "You're In Style When You're Wearing a Smile," "Belgian Rose," etc. They are all real lively and by the time I finished (10.30) I felt like a care free two year old. And that's the way that you find me this morning.

Honey, I read an article in the N.Y. Times that has made

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me too happy for words. It said, "July 1<sup>st</sup> will see practically all American troops out of France and the Army of Occupation will begin immediately to move homeward. Between Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> we will have no troops upon the Rhine. This is the plan and only a blank refusal by the Germans to sign the peace terms can change it, and that may make less change than might be expected. The 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Divisions will be the first divisions of the Army of Occupation to go

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home. These two divisions did more fighting than any other two divisions and gained more glory, and America's most unbounded enthusiasm cannot be out of proportion to what they deserve." I truly believe now, my darling, that you will be here in July. Oh! isn't it wonderful? – only two more months. I feel like jumping up to the sky. Oh  
I am so, so happy!!!

Bye-bye, until the next. Your own true,  
Lessie.

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

NEWARK N.J.  
MAY 3  
10- PM  
1919

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N.J.

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