

Friday Morning

June 14th, 1918.

114.

Dearest sweetheart,

Yesterday afternoon I left here right after luncheon and did a little Red Cross work before going down to 423. Reached there about five o'clock and much to my surprise, Father Schmon was home, too. He hasn't been feeling very well for the last couple of weeks and has decided to take a week's vacation every month. I had tea with them and stayed until eight thirty. Now Mother is alarmed about your

2.

May check. You wrote that you were going to send your checks for May, June and July home and as the first one has not come, she fears that something has happened to it. Dearest, why don't you write to Washington and have that money business straightened out, so that she will not have to worry about it anymore! Mother and father Schmon sent you their very best love.

When I reached home last night, Doris was here and we sat on the veranda talking until eleven o'clock. Harold Carter has a crush on her now. He calls her up very

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often and to-night she is going to a concert with him. I take back what I said about his being a "boob," for the fact that he admires Doris, shows that there is something to him.

Friday Evening

Just as I had gotten this far, Mrs. Dowden telephoned and asked me if I would go up and stay with Maud while she went downtown. I had a little bite to eat and then rushed right up there. Poor Maud is still quite ill. Beside the old rheumatism, she has a bad attack of [tonsilitis] [tonsillitis]. She looks very, very bad; as pale as

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as-sheet and seems to be losing flesh by the minute. I massaged her head for a while and read her some of the little stories in my Van Dykes "Ruling Passion," which I had taken with me. She enjoyed them very much. At four o'clock her mother returned and then I went downtown to shop. Bought a pair of white oxford ties to wear with my new sport suit, a silk shirtwaist, and a collar and cuff set to put on my blue serge.

Mother and I are all alone this evening. Sister is spend-

5.

ing the weekend with Cousin
Edna and Dad is over at
my Aunt's in Lyndhurst.

Darling, mother just
came in the room and said
"Aren't you going to read to me?"
So that means bye-bye until
to-morrow.

All my love for you, dearest
man in the whole, big,
wide world.

Ever your own,
Lessie.

Kisses
and
hugs

Sunday Morning.

June 16th, 1918

Beloved,

I have just returned from early church. Am going to have breakfast now and then run up to Maud's with some flowers and clam broth. I shall also stop at Georgi's for a few minutes.

Oh! it's a perfectly gorgeous day. I wish that my sweetheart were here to take a long, long walk with me, but _____

Some -day etc. (Oh joy!!)

2.

All my love and all
Myself.

Millions of hugs and kisses

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

NEWARK
JUN 16
10 - PM
N.J. 1918

2nd Lieut. Arthur A. Schmon,
H'dgs 1st Battalion,
Fifth Field Artillery,
American Ex. Forces,
France.

(Via New York)