Saturday P. M.
April 20th, 1920

My own dear sweetheart,

Home after a very pleasant little trip to Newark and East Orange. I reached mother Schmon's at two o'clock Thursday afternoon. We sat around chatting until quarter of three and then went up to Schweiger's. Marie had a dandy spread for me which consisted of a four layer orange marmalade cake.
crackers and cheese, and chocolate. All were well there and sent you lots of love.

In the evening mother Schmon and I went to Schneiders. Mr. S. is so wrapped up in Real Estate that he talks about nothing else. He has just bought three twenty-five hundred dollar lots from his mother-in-law. They are in a very pretty part of East-
Orange. He is going to build three houses for them, which will cost about nine thousand dollars a piece and he expects to sell them at fourteen, fifteen thousand a piece. He'll get it, too, homes are in such demand. They also had lovely refreshments for me—French rolls, Swiss cheese, chocolate cake, coffee with cream.
We got home around twelve thirty.

I slept until quarter of ten yesterday morning, then got up, dressed, had breakfast and went over to Tillie's. There was much excitement there. Her son Roy had been hit by an automobile last night before and was in bed with a high fever. He is pretty much knocked.
We, but fortunately his injuries are external. Mother and I spent the afternoon in the park raving. We spoke of our darling many times and wished that you were there.

I had supper at six and left immediately for Louise's. We had a nice party there. Fat came
as brought Dorrance Moore with him. Ollie was unable to come the last minute, so we four played bridge most of the evening. Dorrance and I left them trailing far behind in the dust. Then the final scene was figured up. They wanted to know about shelter. Bay and needle to say I talked muchly.
in the subject. They sent their best to you, darling.

This morning I met sister at Bambege at ten-thirty. We strolled around the stores until three and then returned to this dear little town of Bloomfield.

Your night letter was waiting for me, dearest.
I felt sorry when I read it and realized that you had wanted me to wire you last Sunday instead of this. Now you must have worried when that long looked for night letter did not come.

You surely did have a dandy cruise in the woods. Five hundred miles! Where! Some trip! How did you find things, dear? I am so glad the painting is finished up.
I can hardly wait to see the dear little place. It must be beautiful.

I have just flown New York Western Union and sent my urgent letter. The Bloomfield office closes at 9 P.M. I told them to send it "R. U. S. H.!!"

We expect the Georgians up for dinner tomorrow, but I am afraid that she will not get here, as the Erie trains are not running due to a strike.
The walk from Bloomfield Center would be too far for her, so the engagement will have to be postponed I guess.

I am pretty tired tonight after my enormous little vacation. I am going to bed at P.D.F.

Good night, my own.

Your heart, mind, and everything...

Bubbles.
Monday A. M.
April 12th, 1925

My own, own Daddy,
Another Anniversary
has come around. We have been
married eight months today.
Marry-d eight months and live
together only two months and a half. Isn't that the limit?
Well, dear, it's a good thing that
we didn't know how long the
separation was to last when we
parked. I'm sure I would have faced away right on the spot. Thank goodness it is almost over now—four more weeks at the most and in all probability only three. Fra la la, la, la, la, la W-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l!!!

Dearest, be sure to let me know what road to take, so that you will be waiting for me at the right station. Um! I can hardly wait for that
moment to come when I get off the train and am taken into my Daddy's big, strong arms. How much are you looking forward to it, dear?

The strike situation is growing worse. The Pennsylvania train stopped running yesterday and this morning all ferry boats. Commuters are nearly wild. Soon going to Newark are all right so far, but to New York, of course.
helpless. It is feared, yes, that trolleys may stop and some everything will be tied up. It is causing all food to go up in price. Bread was twenty cents for a small loaf today, meat has just about doubled and so it goes. Our old new house in Shelton Bay where we haven't those things to worry about. Be a good boy and come up for your little wife in the very first truck.

Lovingly, Robbie.
Captain Arthur A. Schmon
9/8 Colonel Walter Ray
Price Bros.
Quebec
Canada.

Kindly forward.