Washington Street School,
March 10th, 1919.

My darling hubbie-to-be,

Well, my work here has started. I am quite relieved about something. I thought I should have to take the seventh and eighth grades, but I was informed this morning that I'd only have to go as high as 6th A. Mr. Ambright said to me, "Miss Reynolds, the boys and girls in the seventh and eighth grades look older than you, and they're such lads, that we think it advisable to
put a man substitute in those classes. I was tickled to pieces.

In some of the schools I eat luncheon with the rest of the teachers, but as they are all so much older than I here, I stay by my selfies. Of course it gives me lots of time to think, and needled to say what my thoughts have been about this move. I have been trying to picture our little home to be (maybe) on the shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and guess what came to my mind! a beautiful log-cabin may
off in the woods. Can you imagine anything more romantic than that? My greatest desire has been to spend my honeymoon in such a place and when I received your letters describing Colonel McCornick's property, I realized that there was a big possibility of my wish coming true. Just think, dear, you and I in the wilderness, with no one to interrupt our love feasts. Oh! my heart beats a million times faster when I think of it. If I could only lie in your arms now, receiving some of those wonderful kisses — But
I must be patient. My Artic boy will soon return and then, and then–um! "Um!!"

Please don't forget to cable me when you are coming, for I would love to meet you! "Meet you!" My dearest, doesn't that sound marvelous? I say it!

And now the preparation of a geography lesson must interrupt my happy thoughts.

Yours—heart, soul, mind & body.

Leslie.

Kisses & hugs.
Sunday Afternoon,
March 9th, 1919.

My own dearest

Your 197th and 198th mitten on February fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth came yesterday. Yes, dearest, it has been a long, long time since I have mitten you anything confidential, but the fact is, while the war was going on our marriage seemed very hopeless, and I didn't have the heart to talk about it. Then when you were assigned to the army of occupation, so much more joy was knocked out of life, that somehow I felt too blue to think of the bright future, and let my thoughts dwell on this dreadful separation. But now everything looks so different. Artie, my darling, since I received that wonderful news last week I have been the happiest girl imaginable. I know that you will succeed in getting your discharge, and just think, honey, it means that two months from now we will
be married and living all by ourselves up in that beautiful St. Lawrence region. 

Ah!!! Isn't it a grand and glorious thought

Oh! sweetheart, I want you so, and you must come home soon.

I understand perfectly what you mean about imparting your change of view and plans to Mother Schmon. You are right in waiting with that bit of information until you get home.

You asked if I have ever tried to estimate how much it would take to run a home. No, dear, I haven't, but don't you think it depends on one's income? We would have to adjust our living expenses accordingly, and the important thing will be never to live beyond our means. At present the cost of living in the city is outrageous. Everything has gone up fifty per cent within the last year, and I don't see much
chance for improvement for a long time to come.
Of course, Artie, your position way up there in the
country will impose very different conditions, and
for those we cannot prepare until we know
more of the details.

All you say about married life being
a school is true. We have been on dress parade
when we’ve been together, and we’ll have to
learn a great deal about each other. Won’t
it be nice if we find hidden charms instead
of faults? Well, darling, my happiest thoughts
are those about our future. The sooner we
can start our journey along the matrimonial
path, the more joyful I shall be.

I had a lovely time yesterday. Georgie gave
sister and me two opera tickets for the afternoon.
We heard “Meriella” and it was indeed very beautiful.
Barrientos, the soprano, has a magnificent voice,
one of the finest that I have ever heard. We met Uncle Dick and Ethel at the Knickerbocker after the opera and had tea. At seven o'clock we went up to Hunter Island Inn (that lovely place on Pelham Bay) for dinner. Left there at twelve and arrived home around two-thirty. I got up at noon to-day and had breakfast and dinner together.

To-morrow morning I begin my relief work at Washington Street School. I'm not looking forward to it a bit. The school is very old and unsanitary, the teachers are most undependable, and the principal is a 'nut,' with a capital 'N.' The children are mostly all colored and are old enough to be in high school, thus making the discipline very hard. But it's all in the game, and after all, it's the three dollars a day that appeals to me, so why worry about the people I come in contact with?

I'm going to take a little nap now, dear, so bye-bye. My love to yourself.
1134 E. 15th St.
Newark, N. J. - U. S. A.

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NEWARK
N. J.

1st Lieut. Arthur A. Schmon,
Hdq's, 1st Battalion,
Fifth Field Artillery,
American Ex. Forces,

GERMANY

U.S. A. P. O. #729
1st Division - Army of Occupation

Via New York