Saturday Morning.
December Twenty-ninth.

Artie my darling,

Your little sweet heart is a very, very sleepy child this morning. Reason — a party with Uncle Dick last night. In fact, I was "out the shop" all day yesterday. I got up at six o'clock, and studied French for two hours before déjeuner (not "petit"). Then I read history, and at ten thirty went downtown. I had a great deal of shopping to do for mother, and by the time it was
finishes, it was too late to come home for luncheon, so I had a bite to eat at the Y. W. C. A. At quarter of three I met Marquerite Markhart, and we went down to Hazel Manners.

Hazel had a very nice little party. Twelve girls were there, and we played bridge. At five o’clock she served refreshments. Then we sang and danced. As usual I had to do my Hawaiian stunt, and what do you think?? They called me “Yackahula.” Ha! Ha! Artie dear, do you love your little “Yackie”? 
I reached home at seven o'clock, and was just removing my hat, when Uncle Dick telephoned. He said, "Have you an engagement for this evening?" No!!!!!! "Then make up your own little party, and we'll go down to Proctor's and to The Treat after." Wonderful! I called up Peggy Formanley first, but she was quite ill with an attack of "la grippe," and of course couldn't accept. Phone Doris next, and she was delighted to go. Then Maud, but she was not at home. Last Helen MacCaskie, Ok!
was very glad to join the little party. He called for us at eight o'clock. We had a box at Proctor's. Without any exaggeration, the performance was the best that I have ever seen in my life. Robert Edson led the company in a little play entitled "Pearl," and Gila Edwards in his "418 Song Revis," were the chief attractions, although the other numbers were splendid, too. It was over at eleven o'clock, and then we went around to the Treat grill. The place was crowded.
with men in uniform, and it made me terribly homesick for my Arthur. A great many of them were inclined to flirt, but I flaunted my engagement ring when they glanced in my direction, and put my service pin in a very conspicuous place on my dress. Their foolishness soon stopped! Helen said, "Oh! you old maid. You're a little fool." All I answered was, "Helen, when I love, I love." She shrugged her shoulders and laughingly said, "Well, that
wouldn't be me." Artie, I pity her. Uncle Dick ordered a delicious dinner, and we ate until one fifteen. He had quite a hard time starting the car, so we didn't reach home until two. He left me here first, then took Doris home, and Helen last.

After that full program, you can imagine that I am very lazy this morning. I intend spending a quiet day. Have a lot of history that I want to look over, also some French which will take up the entire
I: afternoon, and I am going to bedies right after dinner.

To-morn I shall go to my Church. Expect to have tea, and spend the evening with the Nezgeis, so until Monday. Bye-bye.

Will you please take me in your arms, kiss me, and tell me how much? Oh! wishes, please come true, and I shall be the happiest girl in the whole world.

Love, hugs, kisses and

Me.
December 31st, 1917

January 1st, 1918

Dearest,

Happy New Year!! It is twelve o'clock and the whistles are blowing like mad. People are running up and down the streets ringing bells, blowing horns, and shouting, “Happy New Year.” It doesn’t sound much like man time out there, but in here, it is very evident. Mother and Dad are sleeping peacefully—they have had their day and little do they realize how my heart is aching with my Artie so far.
way. Such a difference between tonight and last New Year's Eve. Do you remember, darling, I was at that dinner party in Jersey City, given by the toys. I shall never forget it, for as the clock struck twelve, and everyone jumped up to sing best could acquaintance the forgot you leaned over and kissed my neck. Artie, I was so completely thrilled that I forgot to sing, and long after the noise had subsided, I was still in that other world, to which that wonderful oscillation had transported me. Wouldn't
you have been surprised, if you had known it had affected me? But we will wear a mask.

Ah!!! sweet memoir. I was dreadfully disappointed this afternoon, or I suppose I should say yesterday afternoon. For mother Schmon could not come up. We are having a very severe cold spell. For the last three days the temperature has been thirteen degrees below zero, and the suffering has been intense. Hundreds of families are without coal, and it is impossible
To get it. Now that the government has taken over the railroads, there is hope that the situation will be relieved. But to go back to my hotel. She has had a little cold for the last week or so, and she was afraid to venture out, in fear of it getting worse. Miss Jones came up at nine at two-thirty. He stayed for dinner and spent the evening. In fact, he left only three quarters of an hour ago. We had a very pleasant time, playing double pincushion, dominoes, and checkers. He also heard me with some
French (no vocabulary). Gus had quite a disappointing vacation, for his best girl's face was badly burned on Christmas Day, and he hasn't been able to see her since. He expects to return to college Wednesday, and he said that the only thing that would bring him home again before June, would be the "wedding. Wasn't that sweet? He knew he was safe in saying that, but Oh!!! And I wish that we could fool him. At last the people outside have calmed down. If the ache in my heart only
would. The suffering was terrible when you first went away, but truly, dear, it is getting worse all the time. If you don't return soon, Artie, as sure as my name is Celeste Reynolds (Schmun to be), I am going to France. Yes! if I have to go disguised as a soldier, I will make my way never as a stewardess. C'est un fait.

Good night, my darling boy. I love you! I love you!

LOVE you!!!
All my love, and all myself.

Your son,

Pessie.
2nd Lieut. Arthur A. Schmon
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(Please forward)
Via N. Y.