

Whippany, New Jersey

Wednesday Morning

August 21st, 1918

148.

My own,

We left Newark at five
o'clock yesterday afternoon and
arrived here around six thirty.
We dined at seven and sat on
the veranda chatting, the rest
of the evening.

I got up at nine o'clock
this morning, had breakfast,
then took a long walk all by
"myselfies" thru the woods and
along some of these beautiful
country roads. Have just returned
and I feel perfectly marvelous.
Oh! I tell you "this is the life."

Aunt Etta's home is lovely;
quite spacious and beautifully
furnished with old, massive
furniture – most of it being

Oriental. The view from here
is superb. Woods, fields and
mountains are all you can
see. I am looking forward to
the time when you can come up
here with me, for, Artie dearest,
it is the most wonderful place
for lovers, that you could imagine.
There are "comfy" little nooks all
around where we can read, and in
between lines, embrace and kiss
each other. Oh, if that time

were only here now!!!

Well, sweetheart, luncheon is ready. We get all kinds of lovely vegetables from Uncle Henry's little farm, and just thinking about them gives me a huge appetite.

Bye-bye until to-morrow, dear boy.

Your own
Wifie.

Thursday Morning,
August 22nd, 1918.

Dearest,

One year ago to-day we announced our engagement. According to days, our anniversary was yesterday, but I suppose that dates are really what we should go by. It was on Wednesday night that you brought me our ring- this beautiful ring, that as I sit here in the sun writing, is sparkling and making little diamonds dance all around me. On Thursday we went to Sea Girt and do you remember how enthusiastic the boys were over the surprise

we had given them? "Thems was the happy days." - - -

After luncheon yesterday, I read for about an hour and a half, and then went out in the big field next to the house, and gathered an armful of black-eyed-susans and "queen's-lace." Brought them home, arranged them in a large bowl for the porch table, then walked way back behind the barn, climbed one of the pear trees and sat on a top branch eating the delicious fruit. When I had had enough, I returned to the house and dressed for dinner. Last evening Uncle Henry took us for a lovely ride.

This afternoon we are going
to motor over to Chatham to
see sister. She is spending a
few weeks with Cousin Edna.

We expect Dad up to-morrow
evening to spend Saturday and Sun-
day, and we have planned some
nice little trips while he is here.

It is eleven thirty now, and
I am going to take this down
to the Post Office and get the mail.

Another "good-bye" nearer your
coming home. Ooh, doesn't that
listen well?

All the love in the world

Your own,

Lessie.

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

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

Forces,

Via New York