

Wednesday Evening.
January 16th, 1918.
43rd Letter.

My own sweetheart,

Your cablegram came to-day; but darling, I do not understand it. When you wrote me two weeks ago, you said that if you were to return to America you would put in the cable - I was feeling "well"; if you said anything else, then you were to remain in France in some capacity or other. I took for granted that the "well" was to be the important part; and as I told you in one of my recent letters, my one prayer has been, that that would be the cable message. When the boy brought it this morning I was upstairs. Mother

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called "Celeste, here is your
cable". I began to tremble so,
that it was all I could do to
get down the steps. When I
opened it and saw - Address Fifth
Field Artillery. Well. Love. Schmin,
I thought it meant that you
weren't going to return, and
I burst into a flood of tears.
Then mother read it and
said, "Why, I think that
he is coming. The "well" is there."
I looked at it again and I, too,
thought that it was pretty sus-
picous. You could have said
"O. K." or "feeling fine," - but that
well changed the flood of tears

To one of joy. I asked several people what they thought about it, and each one said "Oh! his coming home." Of course I'm not counting too strongly on it, for the "address" Fifth Field Artillery "throws a lamp on it; but I shall just have to wait patiently for the letter. I'm hoping !!!!!!!!"

I have had a lonely time this evening with the Mezzers. Mr. and Mrs. Mezger took Doris and me to a concert at the Robert Treat, for the benefit of the starving women and children of Armenia and Syria. Florence Mulford Hunt was the chief

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artist, and I liked her voice very much. There was also a brief address by Prof. Talcott Williams of Columbia University, which was most interesting. After the concert we went down to the "Grill" to watch the dancing, and have a bite to eat. Reached home at one fifteen; and now my beautiful little companion on my arm (?) tells me that it is quarter of two.

Darling, how I hope that you are coming home. Even though we could only be together a couple of days, they would add ten years to my life. I miss you more and more all

the time. This separation is perfect agony. I succeed pretty well in keeping a "stiff upper lip" in front of the family, but when I am alone — Oh my!!!

Well, good-night, my own darling boy.

Lots, hugs, kisses and me.

P.S.

I saw this in to-day's paper. It will probably interest you, dear.

FENTON, COLONEL CHARLES W., commandant at Fort Myer, and head of the two camps which turned out national army officers, died to-day of meningitis.

J.

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Thursday Evening.
January 17th

My dearest,

At last some mail, after
a long wait of two weeks. Your
twenty fifth and sixth letters,
darling. Joy!!

I, too, think it terribly
strange that none of your Xmas
boxos have arrived. Richard
Hartdegen and Harold Hirsch
have each received one of theirs,
and they were sent after yours.
Do not worry, honey love, about
theirs not reaching you. Even
tho you do leave the School of
Instruction before they arrive,
they will be forwarded to you.

I'm sorry that you haven't
the sweater during this ex-
tremely cold weather, for I
know that it would keep
you nice and warm. It's like
made of the heaviest kind of
wool, you know.

It certainly was kind of
the men at Drakes to send you
a boy.

Dearest, it is a perfect shame
that none of you are to be promoted,
and not even your marks ~~—~~ to
follow you as part of your record.
I have kind of a feeling, tho,
that it isn't true. The army
heads are doing wild things anyway
these days. I never heard of anything
so unfair, as making D. J. Harris and

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Jakie Barrett, 1st lieutenants.
They are both nice boys, and I
like them, but at the same time,
they didn't deserve first lieut-
enancies after flunking at the
first camp. I grow furious
everytime I think of it. But
don't you care, darling, if
you haven't a captaincy -
You have me and L O V E.
That reminds me of a sonnet
that I heard the other day.

What Is Love?

"What is love?

Love is when you touch me;
Love is a noise of stars singing as they
march;
Love is a voice of worlds glad to
be together.

There is a strong wall about
me to protect me.

It is built of the words you
have said to me.

There are swords about me to
keep me safe:

They are the kisses of your lips.

Before me goes a shield to guard
me from harm:

It is the shadow of your arms
between me and danger.

All the wishes of my mind
know your name,

And the white desires of my
heart

They are acquainted with you.
My blood beats out your name

to me, unceasing, pitiless —
Your name, your name.

My body talks about you in
the night,

My hand says soft, "His hand
is like a shield."

My cheek grows warm remembering
your lips.

My arms reach blindly out
into the dark;

My pulses say, "We cannot
beat without him."

Forget the rest, but anyway darling,
that is what you mean to me.

The more I think about
your cablegram, the more

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sure I am that you are to remain in France. Everyone else thinks that you are coming home; so the only thing for me to do is expect the worst and hope for the best."

Spent this afternoon with Mother Schmon, and enjoyed it so much. There is no news, except that she and Father Schmon are feeling well, and send you heaps of love.

Good-night, my dearest one.
Oh! for a letter soon, telling me that the "well" in the cable means your speedy return to dear ole U. S. A.

Ever yours,
Jessie. + + + + +
+ + + + + and then some g.

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



2nd Lieut. Arthur A. Schmon,
Field Artillery U.S.A.
~~Field Artillery School of Instruction,~~
American Expeditionary Force,
France. 703-52c.

Please forward to Fifth Field Artillery.