Ridge Street School,
March 6th, 1919.

My own,

My birthday was a very happy one. If it hadn’t been for the thought of our little home on the gulf of St Lawrence, it wouldn’t have been so happy, but the mental picture of that, had me flying around the house like a bird just freed from life-long captivity. I received lovely gifts. Mother gave me a beautiful casserole. The top is glass and the lower part silver. It will look stunning on our table, dear. Dad and Aunt Tante gave me money, Mother silk stockins, Grandma two pretty pieces of underwear, sister two handsome large Madeira towels, George a box of flowers, Doris a cut glass low-bowl dish, and as I have told you before, I can hardly wait to see what my Auntie has sent me.
for I'll love that best of all. Georgi and Doris had dinner with us and Gus came up in the evening. I told Georgi about your letters, and it made her wildly excited also. She thinks that you will be released from the army immediately. Oh, if you only are. She promised not to say anything about it to mother Solomon and we didn't mention it to Gus either, for fear he would let it slip out unconsciously at home. Please do not laugh at me for jumping so at conclusions, but dearest, I have already made out a long list of things that I want for my trip. It's a terrible disappointment it is going to be if it doesn't take place. Oh! I shall feel like passing away right on the spot.

This afternoon I have a club meeting. Going from school makes it awfully late.
when I get there, but I'd rather miss an hour or so, and make that little three dollars, for all dems two dollars'll come in fine when de meddin bells ring.

I'll be glad when I finish at this school. High grade work is really very hard, when your experience has been mostly in first year. The discipline is difficult here, because we have the children of all the celebrities in Newark, and if you say, "Boo!" to them, their parents come to see you. I have had no trouble in that line, for I have avoided the "Boo", but the regular teachers are being constantly annoyed by the visits of four parents.

Well, the first bell just rang. The luncheon period is much too short to suit me, but never mind, my dearest, I'll make up for these short chats, when we are on the banks of the St. Laurence.

All the love in the world,
Wife
From
118 Delaware Ave.,
Newark, N.J. - U.S.A.

MAR 6, 1919
10:00 P.M.

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.