Easter Sunday Afternoon

April 20th, 1916

263.

Dearest,

Just a starter while I am waiting for brother Gus. He phoned a few minutes ago to say that he was on his way up here.

Well, honey, another Easter Sunday is here. All day I have been thinking of our happy time two years ago and wishing, and wishing, and wishing --

-- guess what! But you can't.

You know the card party
that I went to yesterday? It turns out to be quite a surprise on the guests, for Madelyn Fitz announced her engagement to George Robinson's closest intimate friend, by the way. His name is Harry Buckingham. Do you know him? We played 500 until half past four, then we went out into the dining room, where a beautiful table was set. At each girl's place was a large bunch of violets with an orchid in the center and Madelyn's and Mr. Buckingham's cards were tied to the stems with white satin ribbon. "Wide awake Celeste," as the girls called me, said it first. As I made a mad dive for Madelyn,
kissing her right on the nose (as it happens to be the first place that I struck.) By that time the girls were beginning to come to, do it were, and you can imagine there was much excitement around that house the rest of the afternoon. But to go back to the cards—I won the second prize, which I think was much nicer than the first. It was a Madeira tray cloth and indeed very fine and pretty. I am tickled to pieces at all the additions to our chiffonier.

Speaking of additions, mother garnished silk stunning pillowcases for Easter. I am going to
embroider them right away quick. Dearest, isn't it great
tell all the things we are getting?

Laura Robinson was at the party yesterday and told me that
George returned last week. Upon
landing, his outfit was sent to
Camp Deven, and he was mustered
out within a couple of days. He
has changed a great deal. They
haven't seen him smile since
he has been home, and he hardly
ever speaks. Laura seems quite
thue about it, but glory! I should
think she'd be so glad to have
him back, that she wouldn't care
whether he was jolly or not. Naturally,
his experience hasn't made him more
serious, and with that seriousness has come a great development, while they ought to appreciate.

A little later.

My dear,

I had another big surprise in the form of an Easter present. But I shouldn’t have said ‘I’, for half of it is yours. I thought the two handsome serving spoons to match the rest of our silver alınrt. He told George sometime ago that he wanted to give me an Easter present and asked her to suggest something she found out from my own lip (but I was unconscious of it at the time) that I preferred.
things for my home-to-be, so she selected this pair of serving spoons for him. They are beaded and I'm wild about them. 'Wasn't he sweet to give me such a wonderful present?' I'll say so!

George was also here today. She came down at five thirty, had tea with us, and Gus took her home at nine thirty. Her Pat is due on the twenty-fourth of this month. "Oh! What a time for the girlies when the boys come marching home." "There will be some time for her, I guess."??"

I phoned Ethel Cash this morning to find out if gravy
had told her about meeting you, but he hadn't. She was glad to hear all the news.

Dearest, two years ago this time we were sitting on the sofa wrapped tightly in each other's arms. You had just made your sweet confession and I well, I confessed something, too, and answered that wonderful question with a big "yes!"

That night was the beginning of my life (I had only existed before) and at the time I thought it impossible to love you any more, but gracious me! My love was only in its infancy. It has
been growing steadily ever since and someday perhaps another world will have to be made to hold it all.

It is terribly late, my darling, and I have to get up very early tomorrow, so I'll repeat that parting of two years ago (Um!!!??!!???) and the rest is off to beddies.

My lord my life, my all good night.

Your own true,

Petty.
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