

Saturday Morning  
July 20<sup>th</sup>, 1918.

130.

My own dear sweetheart,

The two missing letters that I thought were floating around the ocean, have just come. They are #4 and #5, written on June 8<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup>.

I am very glad that you were not given the opportunity to go over the top to capture those two German guns. Of course it was perfectly dandy of you to volunteer, but I hate

To think of you throwing  
yourself into any unnecessary  
danger. You do in enough  
as it is - God knows.

I think too, dear,  
that the Boche have passed  
their zenith and are now  
on the decline. Let us hope  
that it won't be long before  
the triumphal march of  
the allied armies moves thru  
the arc of victory. Thrills run  
up and down my spine at  
the thought. Just think,  
darling, the old war over &  
you & I united at last.  
Oh joy, joy and more joy!!!

I was glad to hear  
about your dinner party

with Dick Hartdegen. Yes,  
Mrs. Hand I see quite a  
lot of each other. It is funny  
we are as different as day and  
night, and yet only a  
short time ago we were  
taken for sisters. In the  
first place, she is a  
real blonde - Oh the blondest  
blonde that I have seen in  
a long time and my hair  
is very dark now (thank  
goodness! (?)) and there is  
quite a difference in our  
height, too. But anyway, on the  
occasion that I just mentioned,  
we were motoring and  
stopped at Martha Tammick's.  
She rushed out to the car

and while we were talking, some friends of hers came along. She introduced us to Mrs. Cohen, Levy or whatever her name was, said to Hilda and me, "Are you two girls sisters? You look so much alike." We looked at each other and vowed to think that any sane person could take us for sisters. Mrs. Tunis-Hilda's mother - said, "They look nothing alike. The one is a blonde and the other a brunette. I thanked her profusely for those kind words and then told them about my Act of admiring brunettes. Well, Hilda proceeded to tell

them how much her  
Picnic admires blondes  
and they were all laugh-  
ing at us. After we had  
finished the little discussion  
Mr. Cohen said, "It's a good  
thing, for there won't be any  
danger of the boys falling  
in love with the other  
fellow's girl." Since then, how-  
ever, Hilda and I have been  
calling each other "Sister."

Last night we had a  
nice time together. The sister,  
brother-in-law, nephew and  
two friends of theirs went  
in one machine and Mr. and  
Mrs. Putting, Mrs. Turnis,  
Hilda and I in another

and we would soon be  
at Cranford. They had planned  
to take the ferry over to  
dear ole Tottenville and  
then go thru Staten  
Island, but the Jamesons  
had two blist-ernts, which  
prevented the original plans  
from materializing. The  
first was in Elizabeth,  
the second in Cranford and  
while we were waiting  
for the last one to be fixed,  
we had quite a lot of fun.  
First we walked all around  
the little town sight-seeing,  
then went into a store for  
ice cream, where there was  
an automatic piano. You

dropped a nickel in the slot and it played all the popular songs. We had it going for almost an hour said Hilda and I had a good time dancing. We left there around ten-thirty and reached home between quarter-past and half-past eleven.

Hilda stopped here again this morning on her way to and from the dentists. And some afternoon next week we are going to Proctor's together.

I must go down to luncheon now, so bye-bye dear heart.

Yours  
Jessie.

XXX X XXXX

Sunday, July 21<sup>st</sup> '18.

My darling Artie,

Yesterday afternoon I went to another wedding over in Christ Reformed Church. Do you remember Stanley Van Duyne from Barrington High? Well, he and a girl by the name of Ruth Kingston were married. He is a corporal in the army and is doing some kind of work in Washington - where they are going to reside temporarily, after a short honeymoon. Oh! How I envy all these married couples. Weddings seem to be all you hear about lately and as each one takes place, it makes

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me all the more keen  
about seeing the Kaiser  
with a lily in his hand.

Dearest, I surely am  
anxious to hear what  
happens to you - whether you  
become adjutant to the new  
major, are sent back to a  
battery, or are transferred to  
Colonel McCormick's organization  
as his adjutant. I know that  
you would prefer the last, so  
here's hoping. My candid  
opinion, tho, is that you are  
commanding your Battalion  
so well, that they won't be  
in any hurry to send a new  
major there.

Yes, dear, I know that the

list of promotions is  
published in this country  
first and I am always  
watching for your name  
to appear on it, for I feel  
sure that you will soon  
be a 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut.

I am glad that you like  
the book I sent you. Do  
you remember my telling  
you that I had ordered  
some more? Well, a few  
days ago I received word  
from Haines that they  
couldn't get them for me.  
I am terribly sorry, for those  
tiny volumes are the only  
thing in the book line  
that I can send you.

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I received a lovely  
letter from Maude Dwyer  
yesterday. She is at her  
sister's home in Deep River,  
Conn. and is having a  
dandy time. She asked for  
your address, dear, so I  
imagine that you will  
soon hear from her.

I also received a note  
from Maude Speare Dwy.  
loss. She and Leslie are  
so happy. They have a  
tungalow with another young  
couple and the four have  
dandy times together. "Gush"  
Tuttleman and Ray Decker  
- two old Barrings boys, whom  
you probably remember - are

5.

stationed at Houston too now,  
and they see quite a lot of  
them.

Pardon the abrupt close,  
but I see that it is time  
to get ready for church.

All my love for you,  
my dear darling boy. Kisses  
and hugs.

Your own,

Sweetheart.

8/11/10 To you

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



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2nd Lieut. Artillery Co. C  
Hdqs. 1st Battalion  
Fifth Field Artillery.  
American Ex. Forces,  
France.

Via New York.