

Saturday Morning

July 20th, 1918.

130.

MY own dear sweetheart,

The two
missing letters that I
thought were floating a-
round the ocean, have just
come. They are 84 and 85,
written on June 8th and 11th.

I am very
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

2.

to think of you throwing
yourself into any unnecessary
danger. You are in enough
as it is – Lord knows.

I think too, dear,
that “the Bochi 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 and
you and I united at last.
Oh joy, joy and more joy!!!

I was glad to hear
about your dinner party

3.

with Dich Hartdegen. Yes, Mrs. H and 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 blondiest [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 Hannock's. She rushed out to the car

4.

and while we were talking, some friends of hers came along. She introduced us and this 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 roared 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 Artie, admiring brunettes. Next, Hila proceeded to tell

5.

them how much her
Richie 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. Her sister,
brother-in-law, nephew and
two friends of theirs went
in one machine and Mr. and
Mrs. Glutling, Mrs. Tunis,
Hilda and I in another

6.

and we motored down to Cranford. They had planned to take the ferry over to dear ole Tottenville and then go thru Staten Island, but the Jameson's had two blow-outs, 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 down the little town sight seeing, then went into a store for ice cream, where there was an automatic piano. You

7.

dropped a nickel in the
slot and it played all the
popular songs. We had
it going for almost an
hour and 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 Proctors together.

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

Your

Lessie

X X X X X X X X X

Sunday, July 21st '18.

My darling Artie,

Yesterday afternoon I went to another wedding over in Christ Reformed Church. Do you remember Stanley Van Duyne from Barringer 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

2.

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

Dearest, I surely am
anxious to hear what
happiness to you – whether you
become adjutant to the “new
major, are sent back to a
battery, or are transferred to
Colonel M^cCormick’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

3.

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 1st 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 Hahne's 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.

4.

I received a lovely letter from Maude Dowden yesterday. She is at her sister's home in Deep River, Conn. [Connecticut] 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 Spence Douglass. She and Leslie are so happy. They have a bungalow with another young couple and the four have dandy times together, "Gush" Tobleman and Ray Dreher -two old Barringer 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 own darling boy. Kisses
and hugs.

Your own,
Sweetheart.

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

NEWARK N.J.
JUL 21
11 - PM
1918

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

Via New York