Sunday Evening
June 8th 1919

My dearest,

Home again after a very pleasant week end in the country. Dad and I reached Whippany around four o'clock Friday afternoon. Uncle Henry met us at the station in the car and took us right up to the house. We removed our dusty traveling clothes and then went down for their lovely veranda and chatted until dinner time. In the evening we took a long ride.

Dad and I got up early Saturday morning and walked...
for an hour before breakfast. Aunt Leta's great niece was there, too. She is about eight years old and too cute for words. Ruth and I spent the morning wandering thru the fields, picking daisies and buttercups. On the afternoon we drove to Morristown and Aunt Leta, Ruth and I went to the movies while Dad and Uncle Henry attended to some business in Madison. That evening we stayed at home and entertained them with some music (poor things! Eek?)

Right after dinner on Sunday we drove down to Chat Hall, where we had a lovely
little visit with the Dickersons. Alex Stobs and his mother were there. He has just returned from a Canadian Hospital, having been treated for lung trouble for the last two months. He looks very well and now the little darling only worry is how to kill time. As he climbed into their beautiful limousine I couldn't help saying to myself, "you poor little rich boy. It is one thing that money has been the cause of a man's not amounting to a man of praise. Cousin Edna brought Dad and me home at seven o'clock. I had the most won-
dearful surprise when I reached here. Six of your letters were waiting for me—those of May 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, and 23. They are peaches, dear, and handmade (me very happy indeed. I shall treasure them forever.

my own.

Nights’-night, honey.
All my love, hugs and kisses.

your very own.

Rebekah
Monday P.M.

My very, very dearest,

I have been teaching up in Peshine Avenue School today. I had a 6 B class, and enjoyed it ever so much. The attendance of the teachers is so good in the spring, that a substitute is lucky if she is called two days a week.

Darling, these last six letters of yours are wonders. I have been them over and over, and they have made my little heart beat a million miles a minute.
I suppose there is great excitement over there just now, while you're waiting for the Rosche to sign the treaty, but don't worry, dear, he'll come across with his signature. I'd be willing to bet anything in the world that my sweetheart darling will be on his way home some month from to-day. You wait and see if I'm not right, even tho' it is too good to be true.

I was very glad to read Quadraned's letter. He said to laugh when he said, "In spite of the fact that God's country goes dry shortly, and..."
That you and I are teetotalers, we'll make up for it when we do get together. It reminded me of something I heard an intoxicated soldier in Morris town say. He was walking down the main street, measuring the sidewalk with a these. So one of the funny ones he pulled off: "The slackers voted the country dry. While we went over the top.

"Now, little beer wagon, don't you cry—\[I'll be a milk cart on the 4th of July.\] Everyone was screaming at him. I have already told you about having sent to
Washington for those 1st Division presents and the answer that I received. I haven't heard any more about them, and I am beginning to think that my order had been lost. I'll write again, dear, and will also add the new list of numbers that you sent me. The check arrived O.K.

Honey, Chance and his girl were not in Roxelle when I was there. The leaks have not seen her at all and do not expect to for a long time. From what Chance told me when he was here at Xmas, I judged that whatever...
years older than he. He called her Aunt Mary and led me to believe that she was sort of an adopted big sister. But I am not surprised at his choice, for Chance has always liked girls lots older than himself. I'm sure she is a peach and I'm crazy to know her. Darling, won't it be fun when the Cloister Inn boys and their wives have a Reunion? I'll say so!

Guess who phoned while I was away? Rebe Drummond! He was disappointed at not finding me at home, but is going to call up.
“Snap It Up”

Soldiers’ Comedy

Coming to Broad

The show that made the doughboys howl in France will make its initial appearance in Newark at the Broad Street Theater during the week of June 16. “Snap It Up” is the name of the production, which is staged by Jersey boys of the 29th Division and has been commended by the leading generals of the A. E. F. as the best soldier show on the circuit in France.

The show will be staged exactly as it was put on in France, even to the smallest detail, and the chorus is composed of the same sprightly “damsels” that cavorted before the doughboys.

The musical comedy was presented in midocean on the homeward trip. A special stage was built on the U. S. S. Powhatan and three performances were given for the sailors and the convalescents aboard. Commander J. H. Murdock of the Powhatan wrote Sergeant Porter, the manager, a letter of praise, stating that he would be satisfied to sail the high seas forever if the “Snap It Up” boys remained on board.

General Pershing, at Chaumont, shook Sergeant Porter’s hand and told him that “Snap It Up” had afforded him more enjoyment than any other performance he had ever witnessed.

The use of the Broad Street Theater has been offered free of charge for the local production through the courtesy of M. S. Schlesinger, the owner.
From
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1st Lt. Arthur A. Schonow
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American Expeditionary Forces

Germany

423 Ave. A
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1st Division

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