

Nov. 13, 1918

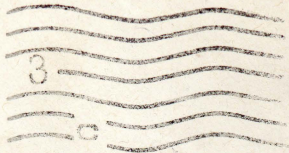
Dear Sweetheart of Mine. -

I'm going to take a chance tonight at study to write to you. I've got a few minutes left and I'm not going to waste them. Talk about being lonesome! Why dear, sometimes I don't know what to do with myself, I get so blue. According to all indications, I'll be home to see you Saturday and Sunday. Of course unexpected things may happen, but as far as I can see, passes will be given out. At any rate I'll call you up Saturday and let you know one way or the other. Your two letters came today, one in the forenoon and the other tonight. They sure got a welcome reception from your Truly, too. I'm anxious to see the proofs of your pictures and certainly feel flattered that you want me to pick one of my choice. If I'm going to have my snapshot, I suppose Sunday will be the only chance. But then we're crossing the bridge before we get there. Love leaves for

our officers camp tomorrow morning at
seven o'clock. They go to Camp Grant.
He got leave from 6 o'clock until 12 o'clock
tonight. I think he hurried home to see
his folks and his girl. His sister is at
the hospital, not expected to live either, so
his mother is rather upset. Has Ma
changed our service flag to three stars
yet? If she hasn't, there'll be something
doing when Joe gets home. Gee it's two
weeks since I was home, I wonder how
the old burg is. You and I will go to
that choir party, or whatever it is and
see who is left at Church. The following
Saturday, I S convention, will see about
later on. The bugle is going to blow in
two minutes so I'll hurry and mail this
message. Sweetheart, I'm just aching to see
you, and when I do, Oh you dear!
Until then behave yourself and I'll
do the same.

Your petite soldier.
Joe

S.A.T.C.



"WITH THE COLORS"

Miss Grace Shogren
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