

Nov. 17, 1918

My Own True Sweetheart -

Well, dear, I'm at study once again, and I'm not studying. Instead I'm going to write to you and try to tell you how lonesome I am just now. I can't begin to tell you how hard it was for me to leave you, tonight. It was just like tearing something from inside of me, and I'm not over it yet. My bunk is in a strange place, where everybody can walk over it, and nobody around it is acquainted very closely with me. Then to crown it all, I am barracks police tomorrow. Have to sweep and proop up the halls. They don't move them on account of delinquencies any more, but alphabetically and they began at the bottom. So yours Truly is going to play janitor tomorrow, good practice for the time coming when it is "just me and you."

I heard good news when I reached here tonight. The rumor has it that we are to be mustered out before next Sunday. It can't come too soon to suit me, what

about you? I am beginning to yearn for
home and - you, dear, and the sooner, ^{the time comes,} the
better. I love you, sweetheart, and this
absence stuff is getting on my nerves. I've
got to be near you, that's all. I don't
know what you think of this outburst,
but I'm telling you exactly how I feel,
because I love you, dear. I can't say
more because the officer in charge is keeping
pretty good watch on letter writing. But
I'll slip one over on him, anyway. I reached
here at 6:30 and had lots of time on the
way. With lots of love and hoping to see
you soon

I am yours
Joe.



"WITH THE COLORS"

Miss Grace Shogren,
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