



ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
"WITH THE COLORS"



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My Dear Little Girl - Nov 3, 1918

Well, we're all back in the army once more and busy (?) at study. At this time, if you are good, you'll be in church listening to the venerable Mr. Gordon. Remember, when I get leave for a Sunday evening, you and I are not going to church. We'll have one of our own, won't we, dear. Time never before was so precious to me as the two hours I was home today. I can truthfully say that my minutes were limited in number. In all the hurry I even forgot to thank you for that sweater. Is it too late now? It certainly means a lot to me to have you make it for me. As soon as I get



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back here, my roommate noticed it and commented on its neat and to use his expression, "nifty," appearance. He said that judging by the sweater, you must be some girl. What do you think of that, Sweetheart? I replied that the sweater didn't tell all about you, and he said, "Well I suppose you ought to know." I guess I do too. If I keep on telling you things like this, you'll see so high that when I come home again, your line of sight will go clear over me. I'd better keep on growing don't you think.

By the way, have you found out yet, what to do in order to feed a fellow. Maybe my Ma can give you a line on it. Or ask me,



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I'd be glad to volunteer some information.

Do you know Grace, when I kissed you goodbye this afternoon, I didn't think that Ma was there at all. In fact the only thing in my mind was, that I was leaving you for another week. At any rate she didn't faint nor get mad, and if you didn't mind, I'm not a bit sorry I kissed you as I did. Next time, well, make it a regular one, what do you say? Isn't it too bad we didn't get a chance to visit your nice closed-in front porch? When I do get a chance, leave it to me to make the most of it.

At 6 o'clock formation tonight there was no roll



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call, so I could really have
stayed ^{away} until half past seven.
Doesn't that jar you? I just think,
that much more time to spend
at home with you. If I had
only known. But then there's
no use crying over spilled
milk is there. I'm sleepy
right now and I can
imagine that bunk with
its eight inches of straw, and
one blanket, and two army
blankets, and no pillow and
no heat, and lots of cold
air and no one to disturb
your inmost thoughts. Then
is when I think of you and
it is with those thoughts that
I go to sleep. When all is well
between us I sleep well, but
last Friday when we had
that scrap, I lay awake



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thinking a lot of things. Grace,
I hope the time will never
come when you and I can't
ultimately agree. I don't like
to think of what the results
might have been if you had
persisted in telling what you
thought. I'm a dogged old
cranky stubborn mutt, when
I feel that way, but I realize
that we can't afford to lose
any time over any fruitless
quarreling. So much for that,
I don't like to speak about it,
but I'd like you to know what
my idea is. I hope you'll
understand, dear.

By the way, Grace
you forgot those dill pickles,
didn't you? And I wanted
them so badly too. But
oh that sweater, it's sure



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is a corker, let me tell you.
Wait till Dow comes around
in the morning and I show it
to him. Then he'll have to
make his girl take a second
seat when it comes to knitting.
Leave it to me, I'll tell the
world.

In a few minutes
we march back to barracks
again and at 10:15 taps
will blow. Do you remember
at the memorial service in
church, when that Marine
bugler sounded taps? When
the room is dark and you
can think, that music, very
strange and uncanny, floats
into the room, and my imagination
wanders, yes, wanders miles
and miles till it reaches a
certain spot, "somewhere in France,"



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and there tarries for a while. Then a picture of Dove comes before me, Dove with unshaven, dirty face and ragged, muddy clothes. But Dove with his winning smile and open countenance. Do you think Grace, that I could go wrong with a vision like that before me every night?

But the big thing that keeps me, is the assurance that when all this bustle of war is over I can come back to you dear, and really appreciate you. If I don't learn another thing here, I'll be satisfied. And the same I've that left you is coming back the same old I've, except maybe a little bit wiser for the experience.



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Probably this letter has
been ^{written} in a rather serious
line, but please pardon me
dear, for I am telling you
exactly what my thoughts
are. Whether or not this is
a "regular" one is up to you
entirely. Will you tell me
when you answer?

Yours for the next time I
see you

Joe.

P.S. Gee I forgot the room
number in your building. But
I suppose you'll get this anyway,
Joe.

My address

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