



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



Nov 8, 1918

dearest Sweetheart-

Today I've got the softest job I ever had in my life. Just sitting at a desk in the same manner as I did at the office, only there's nothing to do. When the mail comes in, my duty is to type a list of the names and post it. If any lucky bird gets a box of candy or some eats, I don't let him go before we get some. Isn't that just lovely? The company is out in the rain drubbing like good fellows and here am I all alone in the lieutenant's office, just dying to see you, dear. The boss said this morning that we get our uniforms at 8:00 Saturday (tomorrow) and immediately afterwards get our shots. They have curious and disagreeable effects, something



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like seasickness. Wednesday, a fellow
fell over in a faint and fractured
his skull. Last night the roll
was taken three times after twelve
o'clock, and the same goes today.
At study, when I wrote your letter,
I just had a Tribune and was
looking at those jokes about the
soldier on leave. Now, sweet, just
for spite, I'll do worse than he
did, when I come home. Just for
the mere fact that you ever entertained
any such ideas. See now what you
got yourself into?

The only trouble
with this job is that when I
go to eat, there is nothing left.
This noon I had to content myself
with washed potatoes, eggs in cream,
bread and butter and pie. So you
see it's not all fun by any means.
So Mer is



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going it with your sister Lillian
Morie? Well, all good luck to
them if they're serious and more
luck if they're not. I suppose
she will learn by and by, and
it might cut out some of her
prejudiced sarcasm. Did you
ask her yet about that marriage
by proxy? See what she has
to say, will you?

It's been raining
all day and so I'm glad I've got
the job I have. The other poor
Yanks are out in the rain now
doing their best.

I guess, dear,
you'll have to be disappointed
this week, for there is no way
at all possible, for my coming
to see you. Unless some special
privilege is granted, formations
will be held very regularly in



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Saturday and Sunday, so no one can get away. According to what I hear, we can't have anybody come to see us either. Loggme it anyway. Why did this war ever come for? I didn't order it, I'm sure. I'll call you up Sunday morning anyway, some arrangements as last Sunday. Either before Sunday school or after. Do you see, dear? If I can come home for only an hour I'm coming over to see you. Get that?

I don't go to study tonight, so I am writing to you now. Three o'clock.

The Lieutenant came in and gave me some work to do that will last the balance of the day. Be good Sweetheart until I see you again.

Your Own
Joe



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