



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



Co C. S. A. T. C
University of Chicago Division
5639 University Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

My Own True Sweetheart -:

Well dear,
I waited all day for mail from
you and am now truly disappointed,
for the only thing I got was the
Stjärnan from Oscar. A whole
day without any mail from my
little girl. As soon as I could get
away from cleaning my new
rifle, I called up your office,
and was informed that Miss Shogren
had not been down today. I signalled
the operator and asked for your
number and she didn't want to do
it for the same nickel but as
I persisted, she finally got the
number for me. And then I talked
to you. And you weren't feeling well,



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and you tried to tease me about your going to Church tonight and I art taking you home. Well, do your worst, tease me all you want when you're far away, but look out when I get home. No teasing allowed then for we'll have time only for loving.

Yes, instead of drilling this morning, we all marched through the Quartermaster storehouse and were given our rifles. You should have seen them. They were covered with a coating of thick, slimy, sticky, greasy, green, vaseline. Our next job was to clean them. Orders were to have them cleaned by retreat tonight. Alon and my pal's roommate and I started in at two o'clock and ended up at five. At inspection tonight there was not a single rifle in the company that was clean from the doggone grease.



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So in the morning Joe is going to clean and polish for three steady hours at his rifle. They are some American rifles, made for Russia and weigh thirteen pounds, and are four feet six inches long. We have no bayonets and straps as yet, but are soon to get them. Uniforms are ready from shoes to underwear, with the exception of hats. They have exactly sixty eight of them here, and so we have to take turns wearing them. My turn falls on Sunday, Dec 22 and I am to be granted a leave then to come home and see you. In the meantime I have to either go bareheaded or swipe a hat some place. But just as long as I come home I should worry if I have to run around with only a towel and a bar of soap, as Sam does now when he takes his annual bath.



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in the morning.

By the way,
Alm is in our Company now and in
the same barracks, on the same floor,
a few rooms off from mine. So
we are together most of the time.
What do you think of that, sweetly.

I suppose you
read about that guy in Great Lakes
who was married by proxy to a
woman in Egypt. When I get
big and am sent to some place
in Alaska, or Honolulu, will
have to try that stunt too, don't
you think? Will get a great
big write-up in the paper and
everything. What do you say to that?
Better ask your sister for advice
on the matter. Just for fun, see
what she says.

Mess was rotten
all day, food was good, but me



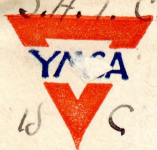
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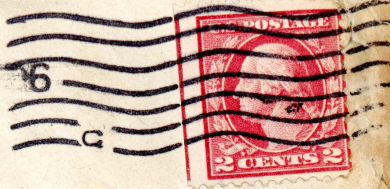
didn't get enough and couldn't get a second helping. For evening the cocoa, at least some of it, was sour, so we poured it all out and went off to some more. That was fine so we made a second meal on cocoa, bread and butter.

By this time I suppose you are on your way home (9:45). I trust that this message finds you much better than when I called up. This is no letter at all, because nothing of interest has happened and I can't tell you anything.

I sure do wish I were with you, Grace, just for the sake of being near you. That's how I feel and I hope you're as lonesome as I. But then, just wait till I get home. Then it will be just "me and you".
Lots of love
Joe.



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Miss Grace Shogren,
1000 N Lockwood Ave.,
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