

Nov 20, 1918

My Own Dear Grace.

Government and Parties of France. Parliamentary republic. - I suppose you wonder what in the world I am writing about. Those words just saved my life. Could begin another sheet if I had one, but you'll have to content yourself with what I have. Got your letter this morning and box of candy this afternoon. Over the phone I told you about treating the sergeants and they told me I ought to get a girl for each day in the week if they would all send me candy like that. I told them there was only one girl for me and that if they wished candy, they could secure their own girls. It sure was swell of you, dear, to send it to me, and I only wish I were with you now holding you in my arms and kissing you. How would you like that?

Yesterday we went on a five-mile march and this morning the battalion marched under the captain. Oh we're some there all right. Rumors as to discharge are numerous and unreliable. But all say that next June will be the latest date at which mustering out will take place. My personal belief is that we'll get home before

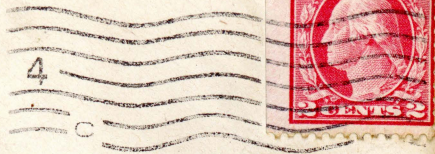
Jan 1. That is what the Major thinks too.

Gee, Sweetheart, I never get a chance to write to you anymore. If I couldn't phone you, I'd get desperate and desert once in a while, I suppose. What I look forward to now is Thanksgiving recess which promises to be for ninety-six hours. If I do get home during that period, what are we going to do anyway? Do you suppose we can occupy all the time? I say yes, what do you say? But there - that's a week off and we can't cross the bridge until we get there, so let's be good while we may.

As your best for Saturday will you. If you can't see your way clear, I'll have to postpone our little visit for "just me and you".

Be good little Sweetheart  
Lots of love  
Joe.

P.S. Excuse appearance of this paper because I haven't any other to write on. Love you truly anyway.  
Joe.



"WITH THE COLORS"

Miss Grace Shogren,  
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