



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



Oct 25, 1918

My Own Sweetheart -

I'm in
the army now, and in to stay.
We had to report to the
Lieutenant at four o'clock and
there we got two blankets
and a mattress sack, and
the pleasing information that
no passes were to be issued
over Saturday and Sunday.
Gent that luck, dear, and
I was going to see you tonight
and tomorrow and all day
Sunday. At retreat I was
instructed to report for a
shot in the arm, allowance
and insurance arrangements
at four o'clock Sunday afternoon.
Mess
tonight was exceedingly "messy",

we had beans, cornbread, butter
ten slices of white bread and
a gallow of cocoa. All I got
of the latter was a cup and
all my efforts to secure more
were all in vain.

Were
at supervised study now, but
I haven't any books from
which to gain knowledge, so
in telling my troubles to
you, my dear. If you haven't
anything else to do between
eight and ten o'clock every
evening, allow your thoughts
to run out to Private Joe,
doesn't it sound quelly?

Oh yes,
I forgot to tell you what we
did with our blankets and sacks.
The first we did was to go
through all the barracks in
search of sleeping room. Benny
(another Oak Park lad) and I
finally picked out a room, which



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had one extra cot in it. We went into another room and swiped a cot and brought it to the room of our choice. We placed our blankets and books along with our names on a paper, on the cots and hid off with the mattress sacks. In under the grandstand we found some bales of straw and we took possession of them in quick order. Our sacks were soon filled and we returned to our bunks with them. The result is that we have mattresses about a foot thick and very comfortable (?). That remains to be seen.

After the mess tonight I went over to Don's room and explained the situation to him.

He started laughing and kidding me with "Ho Ho Joe - you're not going to see your girl tonight, He who laughs last has the loudest giggle." Now wasn't that mean?

But sweetheart, do you know what I did? I fired a book at his head - and missed.

I'll get him next time, though.

At 8:45 we had a ten minute recess, and I found him diligently writing to his girl, so I copied some paper and an envelope from him. Wasn't that nice?

Lots of fellows ditched tonight and ain't going to watch and see what they get. Guard house for 30 days, most likely. My corporal is one of them, but I shouldn't worry, I were in the Army now. See my bear? What do you see? Tell me quick.

I wonder what you are doing just now you ought to be in bed. But



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I suppose you're ^{working} on the sweaters.
Believe me, dear; I'm going to
ask for a pass next week and
as soon as I get home me for
you, kid. When Joe comes
marching home, you are going to
give him every minute you can
spare, and he isn't going home
at nine o'clock, either.

In five minutes we will "fall in"
to march over to barracks.

In yours in love
Waiting to see you soon.
Regards to the folks
Joe

My address is.

Private J. C. Thor
Co. "G" S. A. J. C.
University of Chicago Unit
Chicago, Ill.
Barracks # 10. - 5639 University Ave.

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Miss Grace Shogren,
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Chicago, Ill.