



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



Dec 3, 1918

When I come to think of it, it's a pretty long time since I wrote to you. But, Dear, there isn't anything to say except that I'm very much in love with you, and am impatiently awaiting the day of our discharge. It's not such a long way off now, so I'll be home before you know it. And then, sweetheart, it will be mainly "me and you." won't that be grand and glorious fella'?' But you mustn't disturb the peace for a whole week, as yours truly is going to sleep over the entire period. Get that?

Today we have no drill, thank goodness. There's snow on the ground and by noon the drill field would be a regular pig pen with twelve hundred pigs waddling around in it. Some experience, mud up to your neck and



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mud splashed over your face. Every day sees some new regulations laid down, and we'll all be mighty jubilant when our papers are handed us and "Johnny comes marching home."

It's been such a long time since I held you in my arms, I can't remember how to do it. Suppose we'll have to learn all over again. But just wait, dear, until I'm free once again, I'll swear this is the last army I'll ever join.

There is a fellow in my squad by the name Johnson who hails from Joliet. I spoke to him yesterday and he told me about Arthur Chablatron. He says the gov is about thirty years old. What do you think of that? Peace be unto them!

Your letter just came and you may be sure, I read it with eager interest. Let old Quastrom stay up



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in the air, it might do her good, that is, if she doesn't fall down to hard when she wakes up. Talk about lonesome! I can't really express the way I feel about it. But I'm not blue, not much anyway, for I have a big thing to look forward to, haven't I? Under ordinary circumstances, I might feel that way, but really can't get that way now. You all are counting the days now, pretty well count the hours, and finally the minutes.

I'm attending classes, but am not really interested any more. Nobody does give a doggone now, there's really no use.

Be good, dear, and don't be surprised if we should come walking up to see you one of these days. Until then behave your little self and oblige

Yours Joe.

S.A.T.C.
YMCA
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"WITH THE COLORS"

CHICAGO ILL.
DEC 3
1918
1-PM
130PM
ILL.



Miss Grace Shogren,
1000 N Lockwood Ave,
Chicago, Ill.

MAILED AT CHICAGO, ILL.

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