

Nov. 18, 1918

My True Little Dear -

Once more at study, dear and I'm wishing I were with you. I waited all day for your letter, but none came. Suppose it will come tomorrow. The fellows kidded me about not getting any mail, and although I didn't like it one bit, I had to grin and bear it. Yours truly had to grin and bear it. Pretty soon maybe I'll be able to stand your teasing without minding it at all. Nevertheless don't try it on me yet any more than you consider necessary.

Rumors are current here about our discharge, but none are as yet reliable. No official notice has been given. They're getting more and more strict here now, marking you for every little thing. But Joe doesn't get any black marks on his record, he wants to go home and see his little Sweetheart. That's his one thing to look forward to. And believe me, when he does come home to stay, it's "me for you." See?

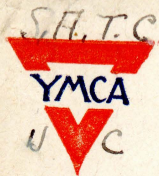
I really don't like your attitude in regards to that letter of Schutze's, ^{with} reference to Dave. I am speaking frankly, Grace, because I cannot speak otherwise. I can't tell you what or what not to do, but according to God, it is nothing for you to

know. I feel as if you are sort of blaming me for not wanting to tell you. I'm not positive about not telling you, but if my judgment forbids me to, can't you, if you love me, let it go at that? I certainly don't keep things away from you, but there are things about our jurisdiction that we cannot control. I don't like to bring this subject up before you, because it makes me feel rather awkward. Of course you have your own ideas about the matter and I'd like to know what they are. Would you mind writing about it?

Today has run off very smoothly and nothing exciting happened. Barracks police turned out fairly well, I knew the Non Com in charge so had to sweep for only half an hour. Was finished at eight o'clock - before you thought of beginning your work. Mess was good all day, exceptionally, so at noon.

I haven't said much in this message but I'm still yours. I wish you were with me now, just for one kiss - no, many kisses and to hold you in my arms. But wait, dear, Joe will come marching home before long.

Until then and always
In yours
Joe.



"WITH THE COLORS"



Miss Grace Shogren,
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