



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



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Oct 28, 1918
My Own Sweetheart:—

Well,
I'm back at camp once more,
and back to stay for a while.
Right after I got here I looked
slow up and found him in his
room. He related the incidents
of yesterday and showed me
his sweater. It's a peach too, let
me tell you. I have to wait
until I get yours to show him
a better one, though, what do you
think? His girl's sister was
entertaining jackies, as usual, and
slow got peaved at one of them. The
old gob only sat around, did
not take part in any of the games,
but ate like a regular soldier. And
he stuck around until ten minutes
of eleven, can you beat that? Ron
wanted his girl to himself, (just

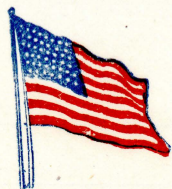


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like I want to have you alone) for he thought he was justly entitled to it, but the jack wouldn't get wise and beat it. Finally Tom began preparing to leave and said goodbye to the rest of the family and left his gun for the last. He went out on the porch with him and they required exactly one half hour to say farewell. That breaks our record, doesn't it, dear? Tom says if he gets home again, he's going to have her alone, if he has to bring her to Skeleton Park to do it. I don't blame him either, I'll do the same if it's necessary.

I stayed in Tom's room until drill time and then made for "home". Drill went as usual, except that I was awfully hungry. And Sweetie, you ought to see what we got for mess. Oh Girl if you



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ever fall for me and I still
retain my appetite, you'll have
to feed me by the tub-full.
Do you suppose you could do
that? Just prepare yourself for
the worst, my dear, it is yet
to come. Well to keep to my
subject, we had roast beef,
fried potatoes, fried parsnips,
bread and raspberry jelly and
chocolate puddin' with cream(?)
on it. And all we wanted for
nothing. So you see, we're in the
army now! Getting a dollar a day
too! Don sits next to me in
War Aims and after I called you
up I found him in the lecture
room. He wasn't feeling well
so he fell asleep. The lecture
was a sleepy one, about the
German government, but I managed
to cop off a few notes while the



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rest had a nap. In English we had to deliver two minute speeches and they were all punk, too. The professor sort of likes me, and after I had spoken he gave a comment on what I had said. Very flattering too. For the first time in my life, I learned that I had confidence in myself, while speaking. There was an hour before the next class, French, so I went with him to his room to study a bit. He was feeling punk, so he went to the doctor, who told him to keep to his bunk.

At French, I was called on and he (the prof) picked on me, for I recited the complete lesson. That wasn't enough, so he began talking to me in French, and I had to answer in French. But there, we're in the army now.

At retreat we got some



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startling news. Big changes have taken place. Our old lieutenant is gone and a new one is in his place. His name is Rady or Radey or something like that. As far as I know now I think we'll like him. What's left of Co "D" is now Co "C". Barracks have been changed for many fellows, but as yet I still have the same one. Bob's company is now Company "E" instead of Co "F". My address is changed so you cannot write to me as yet, but when you can, won't it be grand and glorious?

We had good mess at supper and I am now at study. I wrote a letter to Clemer and when I finish you, I'm going to tackle my French.

I suppose you wonder why I don't speak of myself. I

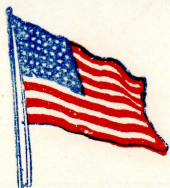


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really haven't much to say. It seems
queer, being away from home, and
I sure do miss you, sweetheart. It
was just yesterday I was with you,
but just think, I can't again until
next Sunday. Regarding the episode
with Billy yesterday. The kissing
part, is not what bothered me, but
I have been thinking. Without
counting after Church last night,
I was alone with you about twenty
minutes at the most. Now is it
too much to ask for more time with
you when I come home? Maybe
I'm selfish, but that is me. See?
Kiss Bill all you please and satisfy
him when I'm not there, but when
I'm there, I want you to kiss
me. I don't know what you'll
think of me for speaking this freely,
but I couldn't keep them to
myself. One consolation is that



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if you do get peeved, I'm so far
away, you can't hurt me, and
you'll get over it before I see
you again.

By the way, the guy
sitting next to me counted the
number of pages I had written and
asked me how I got so much to
talk about. I replied that I hadn't
seen you since last night and
he-died. When he came to, he told
me that he was writing to a girl
he hadn't seen for four months,
and he couldn't write two
pages. Then I died. But I
revived almost instantly.

In an hour I'm going to
turn in and try to sleep. Then
up in the morning at 6:15
and then mess and another day
again. I suppose you are
busy now down at your

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tooth pick office on the fifteenth floor in the loop. But if you, dear, love me girl, don't get the "Flu" now bought his girl a "sweetheart service pin," and was much delighted in the idea. When his girl saw it she said "Oh you crazy thing, isn't it cute?" If I got one for you Grace, would you wear it, just for me? Think it over and let me know when I call you up after you get the letter.

If I was to say anything more I'd run into foolishness, just to counteract my feelings.
 Regards to the folks
 Yours for a "You and Me"
 Joe.



"WITH THE COLORS"



Miss Grace Shogren
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