

Chicago - May 12 - 1918.

My dear Dave:-

All day today I have been wondering what you were doing. I am all alone with Gus & Bell ~~to night~~ tonight as the folks went to hear Belly Sunday. It has been raining nearly all day and I have felt much like the weather but am going to try to shake it by tomorrow. Wish you were coming over this evening dear and we could have one of our quiet chats. I have many things to tell you dear that will have to wait for that night. It is Mother's day today and as usual the mothers were decorated with the white carnations.

This week finishes the Belly Sunday meetings.

Did I tell you that they had a flashlight taken of the 2 choirs

taken together. They were about
4000 in all in the picture. I ordered
one. The pictures I expect will be about
30x12 inches. I am going to quote a
song that is quite a favorite at the
tabernacle and outside as well. The
music was written by Rodehaver, the choir
leader and the words by Gabriel. The
title of it is: "We'll be waiting when you come
back home"

1) You have gone to fight our battles,
In the trenches "over there"
You have left your home & country
For the war-torn world "somewhere"
Tho we may not stand beside you,
As the days of trial come
Yet as mothers, sweethearts, brothers
Will be waiting when you come back home.

2) Next your heart you wear a picture
Of the one you know is true
Be it mother, sweetheart, sister,
They love and pray for you.
In the trenches sick or wounded
Thoughts to you will always roam
and with old time true affection
Will be waiting when you come back home.

3) You have gone but you are with us
For we see you through our tears
You shall never be forgotten
Tho the months grow into years

2.

Not until the stars of morning
Fade and fall from heaven's dome
Can our loving hearts forget you.
We'll be waiting when you come back home.
Chorus - We'll be waiting when you come back home
With a welcome you will understand
We'll be waiting when you come back home
From your service in a foreign land
You will find the home lights burning
And each loyal home heart yearning
For the time of your returning
We'll be waiting when you come back home.

There is no news to tell you dear
as nothing is doing any more. I
have had the blues today dear and
I know I ought to be ashamed of
myself but dear they are all for
you. I know dear that I said
I was going to shake them for
good but once and a while they
will come back. I would give anything
dear just to hear your voice once
more and see you again if only
for a few minutes. I wish you

could come dear but I know dear
that when its over we will not have
to part again. That hope sweetheart
is what makes life worth living.
I know Dave I have many things to be
thankful for and I am sure that you
not take your place or heal that ache
just for you. I know I am a great
big coward for feeling the way I do
not near as brave as my boy who is
willing to give his all but sweetheart
I hope you will understand and
I will try to do better and be brave
a cheerfulness at all times just to please
you but sometimes dear it is so hard.

There is no news and this has
been a mighty gloomy letter to
send to you dear so well close.

Folks and Bill send their
regards.

So you dear sweetheart I send
all my love and trust and heartache
from a heart overflowing for you
dear.
Your Grace

SW 5/15,