

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



At the Fort. 191
July 6, 1918.

Precious Little Wife:

I miss you oh so very much this foggy morning, and oh how different from the grand time we have had the last few weeks.

I am very much alarmed at the pain you are experiencing, but I think the auto ride and some other things has made you sore in those parts. Be sure and let me know if it gets any worse.

About the room — I have just been looking at the newspaper for opportunities in getting you a place in San F. While you are looking for a place to stay, I believe it would be best to do it all up at once. What do you think about it? If this draft had

not tied up things so that
it is impossible to get away,
we could fix it up in a
short time. But as it is we
will have to have a little
patience, until we can work
together on it.

Dear Gretchen how I love you
and miss you, and you can
rest assured that I shall come
to you at my first chance.

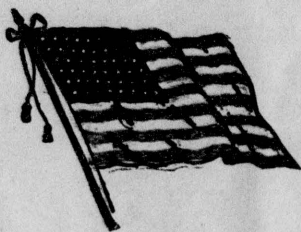
Excuse this very short
letter, but it is full of love
to you — my little inspiration
and lover. Write to whenever
you can get the chance, for your
dear voice over the phone, your
sweet letters, and the Hope for
the future is all I have to
console me.

I will come to you
just as soon as I can.

Your lover and most
airborne husband —

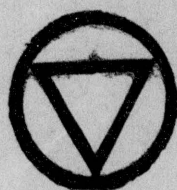
Charlie Boy

WAR WORK COUNCIL



Army and Navy
Young Men's Christian Association

"With the Colors"



Fort McDowell, 19

July 8, 1918.

My Darling Wife.

My how I want you tonight, but I heard your dear sweet voice over the phone, and you can't imagine how much better that makes me feel.

I have been finishing pictures since 5 o'clock, and the rest of the day has been spent in study and work around this old camp. Things seem to get worse every day. I don't seem to have half the time now that I use to have, but if I could

only see you, nothing else would matter.

It is now 9.30 p.m., and I have until 10 to write to you. If I put it off until tomorrow, I will not be ~~able~~ able to get it off to you on the moon boat, and then it would get to you a day late - and if you watch for letters like I do, you are sure disappointed when they don't come. You have been so prompt I've heart to write, and I hope you get mine on time too.

Is your pain gone out of your stomach entirely? Please write and tell me all. I can not ask everything I would like to over the phone. Be sure dear one to take some good foot baths and those pills when it comes time. How I wish I might be with you Darling this night. Pray Metchen that this old thing be stopped soon before

we are seperated.

Do they treat you decent
since you came back?

Remember you don't have to take
any of her impudence but
don't say any thing unkind
to them. I am sure I can
get away in a few days
and then we can see how
quck we can get placed.

God bless you dear One
for I must close now - they
are turning out the lights.

Good night precious Gerlie.

Oh how much I love you.

Your own husband
Charles.

Many kisses.

over.

Hello Sweetheart:

This is Tuesday morn.
and I have just time
to add a few words before
I mail this letter and
start for the West side.

Good news Dear - I heard
that I might get to come
to town Thursday. ~~What~~
that be fine.

Good Bye Darling
until I see you
Yours Always and with
all the love in the world
Lovingly Charles.





WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS



"With the Colors"

Fort Mc Dowell, 191

July 9, 1918.

Precious Sweetheart:

I looked for your letter this morning but it did not come until afternoon. It was a grand letter, so full of love and confidence.

I love you too little wife, and hope that I return some of the love you give to me.

How I wish I could be with you where I could see your dear face and kiss your precious lips. And so a thousand and one things for you that is so impossible over here.

You have read my letter by this time about getting a room, and if it is not apparent what her "game" is to you - it is quite plain

to me that she will not get a chance to fool us, because I made up my mind what to do when we came back.

So don't make any reservations for front rooms in her ~~attic~~ attic. By paying her \$5 per and the Dutch treats would be more in the long run than if you were paying twice that much. And what would the good times be she is speaking about — Old dances, theaters, or other cheap amusements. They couldn't be anything else because she is not refined enough to enjoy anything real good. We want to be with some one who can inspire us with higher ideals, instead of dragging us lower and lower.

You will find there are thousands of good people just like you speak of in your letter, and I am over joyed that you have found them out, because it will remove a great

deal of the fear that has
 been down in your little
 heart about meeting people,
 and I hope you accepted
 the invitation to the social
 with the minister and his
 wife. I only wish I
 might get to come myself.
 Don't give Aunt any thing
 definite about going away
 until I come over, for she
 is the kind that would
 just tell you to pack up and
 go. In case she should
 do anything like that just
 pack up your duds and
 have a dray come and
 take your trunk to the Y.W.C.A.
 until I can come over. I
 just found out I can not
 come over Thursday Dear,
 but I have reserved Sunday
 if it is possible to get off.
 I see by the San Diego
 Sun where the California
 prote starts in trancment
 for here July 15-16-17th
 so we will be shut up

again at that time.

Precious one I must close and call this a letter this time. This is my second letter today, but I would write another if I had the time to write.

Your own husband who would give the world to see you.

Trust in Him and He will take care of us

Yours Always
Charles Byron

P.S. Many kisses.

P.S. #2.

Don't worry about the situation at the house for I will settle it quick this time.

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"

Fort McDowell, 191

July 13, 1918.

Precious little Wife:

Butchie dear! you have been so faithful to ~~me~~ write to me, and what a great joy it has been to me to get a letter nearly every mail. I guess you know how you feel when you come home and do not find a letter there.

You Sweetheart I am worried about our condition, but I am trusting in Him for he surely ^{will} take good care of you dear heart. But oh how foolish for me to take the chances I did.

I talked to you over the wires this morning and told you nearly everything, but will send these few words to let you get a few words from me in case my plans fall thru. I asked the 1st sergeant about the pass for Sunday, and he said

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

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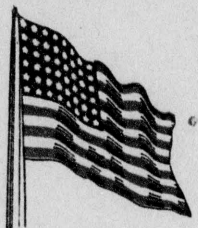


191

He would ask to get one, but I don't have much confidence in him so do not know the out-come of it yet but I am always hopeful. Be of good cheer little wife - better days are coming, and even thou our little one really is coming I am sure we both will welcome it with a great joy. And do not worry about being ready for it, for we can get along some way, and be happy too.

Oh Sweetheart forgive me for being so jealous, but it hurts so when I think that I have not got all your confidence, please forgive me, for I was to hasty in writing what I did. If only I could come to you I could kiss take all traces of doubt away.

Oh just to see your smiling face look up into mine again, it seems I just can't wait



WAR WORK COUNCIL

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ARMY AND NAVY

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



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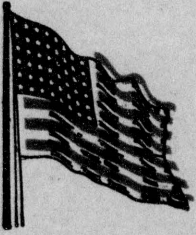
another day. But I will try
and be patient.

God bless you Sweetheart
and take care of my Darling
Bertie is my daily prayer.

Your devoted husband,
Charles Byron.

Love & Kisses that will last
forever to you dear girl.

C.B.



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



Fort Mc Dowell, 191
July 15, 1915.

To You Sweetheart ~~my~~ Guiding Light:

I am happy tonight little
girl, but very lonesome. I have
thought so much today of the things
we did yesterday — oh what a
grand time it was. I felt that
freedom that I never have felt
since staying in Oakland, and
oh I long to be to our selves, but
if you live with Herbert and Katherine
I suppose it will be the same
old way again — Always having
to consult some bodies opinion
and ideas before you can do any-
thing, but I don't see any other
way out of it. I should never
like to see you living over in
Frisco alone, just to make it
more convenient for myself, and
should not feel right to have

✓

you living there where you could
go home where some one would
be every night. I think and
think of the time when we
can again start our little home,
and have a little darling to love
and worship.

I am going to phone to
you in a few minutes, so I will
not ask how you are feeling now,
but will tell you how I feel.
Just a little tired, my eyes burn;
probably from loss of sleep - don't
you think? Very, very happy, and
a great longing to see you and
be with you, never to be separated
again. That is how I feel.

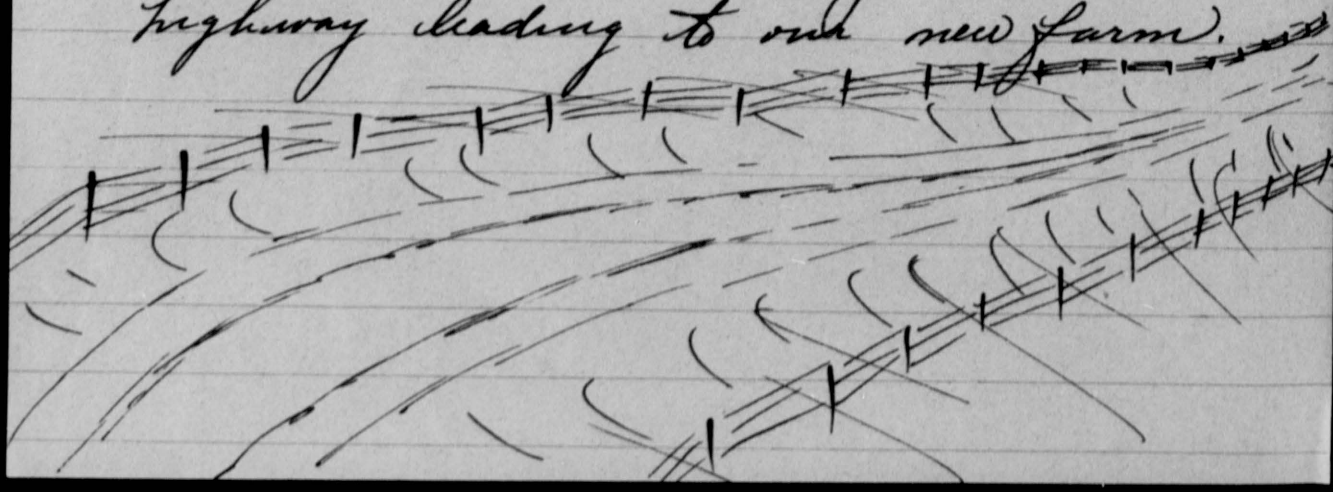
We spent most of the day
cleaning up for the inspection
by Lieutenant Colonel _____
which was at 3:20 p.m. After
that "John Band" had a rehearsal
which lasted until 4:20 p.m.
Played for retreat, and marched to
"chow". I ate very little, but thought
a great deal of some of those
wonderful little dinners we
had at National and up on the

Hill side at J Street.

Just now I must stop writing until I return from phoning to you.

I tried to call you just a little to noon, for you had not come home yet, so I took a little walk down thru the park where we went to eat our lunch the last time you were over here meditated on the good time we had yesterday. After that I took a little walk around the road to the ^{un}Quartier Station, and back to the telephone office — this time I reached you. And oh so very glad you are back safe, and also that you come sick. But hope you will be well very soon.

This drawing is the highway leading to our new farm.

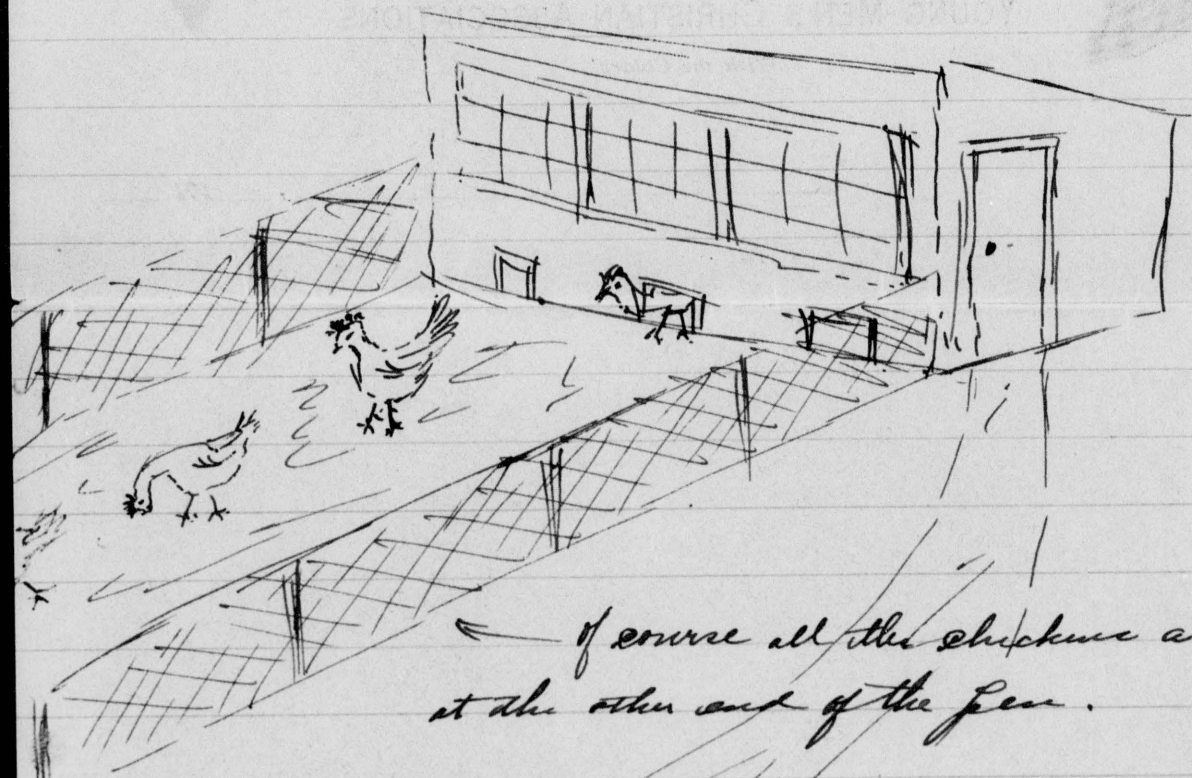


and this is the house we will
suppose will be on the place.



and of course in back of the
house
you probably find a few

chicken houses similar to this.



Of course all the chickens are
at the other end of the pen.

Some day later I will
send you a few more snap shots
of our farm.

Your loving husband and
Sweetheart.

Chas Byron

P.S. Some of the boys have just confirmed
the story that we are coming to town Thurs.

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"

Fort McDowell,

191

July, 15, 1915.

My precious little girlie:

Back again to the old army life, after one of the happiest days of my life. You were happy too. And everything was so much like the 18th a year ago. I hope all our wedding ~~anniversaries~~ anniversaries will be as happy as this one, and I have every reason to think as the years pass by one after another that I happiness shall increase. Oh Bitchie you must know in some measure that I love you very dearly, and though I seem so weak in many things, I would gladly give my life for you. And I know you love me with all your heart too, and that was why I was so very very happy yesterday.

To day the Inspector General of the Army is to be here and we are cleaning every nook & corner in preparation for his coming.

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

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2.

We did not have concert or guard mount, so I spent the time in practice.

I hope you are feeling much better than you did yesterday dear, also that you are getting along all right with your sickness, without pain and sickness.

Please excuse my great haste in this letter, but I will write to you again today and tell you all.

Be brave, and trust for the best, and I will be with you just as soon as I can get to you.

Your loving husband and Sweetheart

Charles Byron

Handwritten signature in cursive script, oriented vertically.

Small handwritten mark or signature.

Small handwritten mark or signature.



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



Fort Mc Dowell, 191
July 18, 1918.

My Precious Little Wife, just one year
to day.

How long and at the same
time how short it really is, but
oh how much has taken place.

I am positive I will
get as pass, for I prayed
for it last night and this
morning.

I just have time for
a few words before going to
concert, so I can send this
letter off to you on noon mail.

I received your
precious letter, with money
enclosed - thanks darling.
I can hardly wait until I
can see you Sweetheart.

I hope you are feeling in
better health than when I
left you the last time; but
doubt if you have had time

to get well.

I heard some very fine news this afternoon, Hefti, the cell player, who stands in with Major Hallie, said they were going to raise this band to 50 pieces. That is music to your little ears is it not?

My darling I just wonder where where we will be on our next anniversary. I know one thing - what ever happens my love will be stronger than ever. And I am just as sure that your love for me will grow stronger each day - perhaps more than mine. I never dreamed what a wonderful happiness to behold and call all my own - a beautiful woman's love, her soul, and her whole life - Dear heart you have reserved nothing from me, and long before you came into my life, when my imagination took great flights into the unreal, it never dared to

to dream of such a wonderful love, such explicit confidence, that you have in me, and I pray to God, when I feel closest to him, that he will aid me and give me added strength to be worthy of you. You, of whom I dream, You who is at the beginning and end of every thing I think or do, You are to me the "Most Wonderful Little Woman" in the world, with your great shinning eyes, that talk without speaking, when they look up into my face. It is no use to try to describe you, all I can do is to just call you "wonderfully beautiful" but that falls so far short of what is in my heart, but it is of no use, my vocabulary is too limited.

Just believe me "My Shinning Light" you are my "all in all".

I am so happy too that I may spend this one

day of all days with you.

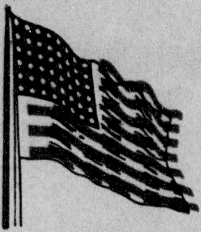
God is good to you
and I Gretchen, and I do try
to thank Him.

I must close now, again
wishing you my little life
every happiness at the end
of this first wonderful year,
and the beginning of a
new one - perhaps more
responsible and wonderful
than the past. Let us live
that happy day over once
again

Today Gretchen Dear,

Your devoted husband

Wesley Byron

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



Fort Mc Dowell, 191
July 19, 1918.

My Own Darling Gretchen:

I am almost at a loss to know what to write to you.

I feel so terrible lonely, and impotent. But it seems that nobody cares.

Yesterday was such a day of miserable blunders, that I shall always regret coming over, to mar a "Day" that its ^{me} should stand out so bright above all the rest, that all the other days together could not equal it.

And when I wanted to see you the happiest, you turned on me almost in ~~an~~ anger.

I never dreamed you would take it so. I could not see why it wouldn't make you glad and happy - but I can see now I was only thinking of myself, and wish ever so

much that I could give it over
 again; sometime when you
 seemed to love me a great deal.
 But I had thought of it for
 such a long time, that I could
 not keep it in my pocket
 another minute - I wanted to get
 you some gift when we were
 married, but you understood
 why I could not get it at that
 time. And then again, I could
 not blame you for not liking it;
 it was so large and clumsy, but
 I made provision for that luckily,
 and when I come the next time
 you can go with me, and you
 can pick out one to suit the
 size of your neck. I was afraid
 at the time it would be too large.
 But Brecken, a great deal of love
 is in it, for I have thought a
 long time, and planned much to
 get it. Love it just a little dear,
 to please me, won't you. I am
 returning the one your mother gave
 you, that I forgot and run off with.
 You will like it better to wear
 that the other one, but where

we get it changed I want you to wear it for me.

I was in good time for the car at Hudson, but troubles came thick and fast when I tried to get a car to take me to the dock. But by paying the price, you can do almost anything if you pay the "price" I got a fellow to take me in good time.

There is one thing money won't do - it can be paid in any amount you name, but it won't buy "love" It can help some times, but it will not stand the test of time.

I received a little note from mother sending her congratulations to us for the 18th, and thanking we were happy.

Father sent a short letter also; it was for you and I together. It reads that he has been very sick again or he would have written to each of us. I will not bother you with the letter, as you dislike him so much

I am sure you would not care to read it. Mother's is just the same as the one she wrote to you, only shorter, and without the card. But I think they meant that for me too.

I have gone thru the regular duties of the day, but everything seems so empty, so terrible lonely. Tonight instead of moving pictures, we have to attend a lecture given by some English soldier and poet.

Just now I have had to discontinue your letter a few minutes, to be a poet myself. ^(Shortie) He had a letter started to his girl, and had 3 lines of a verse he thought rhymed, so I had to think up a fourth line for him.

I am glad now that I did not get my uniform yesterday, I am almost out of the notion of getting it. But I suppose father would be offended if I did not get it, but I shall wait now until this wears out a little more, but you never

can tell about me, I am so terribly changeful, anyway I am not decided, that will be the best way to put it.

I must close this letter before you tire of reading. I am going to keep on telling you that I love you more every day, but I am thinking I will have to do other things to make you believe it.

I shall always be your devoted and loving husband
 Charlie.

P.S. # 1.

Don't write to your mother or my folks about the "gift" they won't understand.

P.S. # 2.

Please forgive me for every-thing that displeased you.

P.S. # 3.

Your pendant looks like you have tied the end of the chain together. — Be careful or you will lose it.

C.S.J.



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



Fort Mc Dowell, 191
August 5, 1915.

Precious Little Wife:

Just a few lines as you will get it sometime Monday. I will send it over on the moon boat by Tom, for I can't send in the by mail from here on Sunday.

I suppose you are still provoked at me from the tone of your voice over the phone this morning. I don't know if it was because I called you out of bed so early, or because I did not come over today, but I am sorry for both, but I was afraid you would come over to meet me even though I ~~had~~ said I was not coming over yesterday. But I really was coming over when I told you that, and if you did come over to meet me as you said you

was, I would have been there to meet you, and if you did not come I intended to come over to you in Oakland, as I have done so many times - have I not Sweetheart? When I came back last night I found out they were going to send out 5 of the Toys and 2 of them had paid me for work that I have not delivered so it was up to me to get it out. You will forgive me won't you, Gretchen, for you surely know I have made every effort in my power to be with you every moment that has been possible for me to get away. I don't blame you for not wanting to come over to Grimes to me, but I forget about all those things some times and just think of the time that I would get to spend with you, that otherwise is spent in going and coming. Some times when we don't about my coming you have not even waited for me,

But even at that you are a thousand times more sorry to me than I deserve. This is the first time I have let anything come in the way of coming to see you, but even last night after I knew I had to finish the pictures for the fellows, I thought I could develop the film last night and print the pictures this morning, so I worked very late, and developed them, but when I got up this morning I found that on account of it being so foggy that they were still wet, so I knew I had to either give them money back, or not come to see you. So that is why I telephoned, but after I phoned to you, I saw I had made another blunder, and if I had attempted an explanation over the phone you would not understand, and by that time it was too late to put in for a pass. So I shall come to you the first moment I can and

perhaps you won't hold it against me by that time.

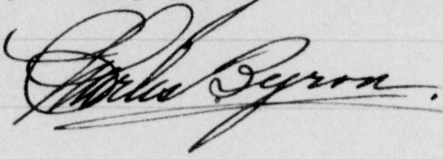
Has Herbert found a house yet? I hope he gets one where I can get to the car drive easy, but I suppose he will have a hard time getting one at all. What are you doing this afternoon Sweetheart? I sure wish I was with you if only for a few minutes, but I will try and be present until I leave some next Thursday.

My papers have not come yet for my transfer, and it will be some load off my mind when things are all fixed up. But I suppose it will be just one thing after another until this old war is over, and we get on our little farm.

I wonder if you are writing to me this afternoon — some way I am afraid I will not get ^{not} a letter from you, at least, before Tuesday. Oh it is such a ~~great~~ beautiful day and I feel so lonely

with out you dear, I want to
be with you even thou you
are provoked and disapointed
at me.

I am going to chere now
and get this off to you. I will
try and write some more to
you tonight. God above knows
I love you, and I feel that
he will care for my precious
Sweetheart.

your loving husband

 Willie Byron.

Many, many kisses.

P.S.

Tell Jennie that Tom never
received her letter.

At the Fort.

August 5 1918.

My Darling Wife & Sweetheart

Oh how thankful I am this day is almost finished, for I sure have had my hands full. To start with I had to fight myself to stay on the island, instead of coming over to see you. But I knew it was the right thing to do for I finished up at least \$4.00 worth of pictures and got them ready for delivery in the morning. About 78 prints, and I took 3 new pictures. And I know if you knew why I was not coming over you would not care, but when I called you up I changed my mind, for you sure was provoked, then I knew reasons would ^{not} count, and what was worse I could not put in for a pass then.

I got by in guard mount and concert fairly well for the first time, but I had heard nothing definite of my transfer, so I thought

you would be anxious to know,
but after phoning to ^{you}, I felt I made
another blunder by telling you I would
call you again in the evening,
and I was afraid you would
wait for the call, and for a while
I had a notion to call you again
and tell you not to stay round
the house for that, but in thinking
it over, I felt sure you would
not, so I did not call you again
until evening, but Otto said you
had gone some place with Herbert.
I wish it was me instead of him,
but I might just as well get
acclimated to this old island for
there is no chance of me getting
away but once a week from here.
See but I am homesome and tired
and I would give anything to see
you. Tonight both teams of players
missed the boat, and I had to play
the old lass against the whole red team,
and if you don't think that is some
job, just try it some time. My
underclothe were so wet from sweat

that I had to change them.

I received no mail today, but hope tomorrow will bring me some.

Tonight I looked and looked across the bay and tried to wonder where you were and what you were doing and if you were having a good ^{time}, but I am sure you would see I wish Thursday would roll around for I can hardly wait until I can see you and be with you. Do you still feel cross at me like you were over the phone this morning? I suppose you think that I did not intend to come over anyway, but I hope you will believe me, I wish we were in each others sweetheart tonight, and I am praying that this old war will soon end and give it to us.

Just your affectionate husband.

P.S. You may be interested to know that I was told to move over to permanent quarters this evening and that is what I had to tell you over the phone.



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



Fort McDowell, 191
August 6 1918

My dear little Honeybunch:

I just couldn't wait any longer, I had to call you up and hear your voice over the phone. It seems like ages since Saturday, don't it seem a long time to you? I will inclose Katherine's letter sure in this letter, so you can read it for it is for you too. Sweetheart I am coming over tomorrow to see you even though it is just for a few minutes for I don't see how I can wait until Thursday it seems so far away, but if I do not make it these few lines will come to you.

This evening over the phone I told you I had not heard from you, but I had, I got your short letter this morn

But what I meant was I had not heard from you since you received word of my appointment. I could not tell over the phone if you was real glad or not. But I will know when I see your face the next time I see you.

Have you heard from the folks lately? It has been a long time since I have had a letter. But I have not written to them for some time, so that accounts for it.

Dear little Sweetheart I can't write any more tonight, for I am all in. I love you & cherish, and can hardly wait until I can see you and get a big kiss & hug. Have you got any for me? Good night darling, perhaps I will add a few lines in the morning.

Your faithful lover.



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



Fort Mc Dowell, 191
August 5-1918.

Dear Cooper:

Your letter of the first
receiv



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



Fort McDowell, 191

August 12, 1918.

My Precious Beautiful Wife:

A few lines to you this morning to tell you oh! how much I love you, and what I am doing.

Last night I managed to get still during the pictures but I was sure tired. We did not have to play for our lights went wrong, so we could not see to play. But of course we had to stay to play one piece at the last. This morning I did not feel much like getting up, but I did and have managed to get a few things done. One of them was to eat breakfast, fix things up around my bunk and practice about an hour.

and now it is almost time for regular rehearsal. I am afraid I will have to make a very hard effort to play this morning to get any music out of my horn!

But tonight will find me early in bed and tomorrow I shall feel fine as usual.

Darling I'll bet you are all in too, are you not? You go to bed early every night until Thursday and then we will get to be together again. Oh! how I do look forward to that time.

Gretchen I had a wonderful time yesterday, did you?

No news Sweetheart my little Angel Wife, but I shall write often and let you know anything that turns up, and if it is very important I will telephone it to you.

Good Bye Darling,
Your faithful husband,
Charles Byrow.



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



Fort Mc Dowell, 191

August 17, 1918.

Dearest Lover:-

Saturday has come around again, but I am not coming to town today, but I wish I was and going to see you.

I thought of calling you up and see if you would fix up a little church and we could go out to Lake Merritt and spend the afternoon, but I could not get in touch with you. I called up last night and Aunt said you were out to dinner, and I called at the store ^{this morning} and ^{she} said you were not in but had to work from 2 to 4 so that ~~there~~ there was no use of me coming over if I could not be with you. I've got so I don't like to

come in the store very well.

Yesterday I made 80 prints and I have them to finish this afternoon, so I will be busy, and the time won't drag out so long.

I received your letter this morning saying you have not had any results yet. Don't be discouraged Dear. Everything will come out all right I am sure. Just trust in Him who always takes care of us.

I wish I had known earlier in the morning that you would not be working late tonight, for I would have put in for a pass for you to come over, but I did not want you to get up early and come over here, after working late. Last night I got to bed about 10 o'clock, but it was an accident. The "pictures" came to a pause and everybody thought it was the end so they got up and left, and I was sure glad too.

The island seems deserted this afternoon, everybody has gone to town. Only 3 others besides myself and two of them are asleep. My heart feels so lonely when I think I am not going to see my Sweetheart.

I got my pass to come over tonight, but I think I shall take your advice and go to bed early. It would break up your nights rest too, and I might do something that I shouldn't for I can't trust myself just yet. Someday I will.

You speak in your letter of our Farm. You I think of it too, and in a more practical way than I did. That is another reason why I did not come over this afternoon. I would have spent unnecessary money and not been able to see you either. Of course I would come in the store and say "hello", but that is not enough - I want to come and see you where I can talk to you and put my arms

H.

around you, and maybe get a skin, or at least be with each other a few minutes to our selves.

Where I am writing beside my bunk, I can look out of my window right over to where you are in Oakland, and I imagine I can see you at your desk working away or talking to some of those good-looking fellows that work around you, or perhaps talking out the poor "Jew".

I am wondering who took you out to dinner last night. It better not be anyone with men's clothes on or I will choke him, but if ~~you~~ it was some lady friend I hope you had a nice time.

I was just counting up what I can bank this month so far and when all expenses are paid, it will amount to \$35⁰⁰, and if you bank all the money from the government that will make \$65⁰⁰ to put away.

It is almost half past one and I must close and get to work on my pictures as I won't have to work after the show. You know I promised not to work at night any more when I did not have to, and I am keeping my promise too.

Just a word or two about what I am thinking of our farm. Last night they showed "Mary Pickford" in that play we saw a week or so ago, where she had to go to work on the farm as a cook, and I enjoyed the picture again because I could see you and I working there doing so many things, and loving each other and our little ones too.

I must close and get to work.

Good Bye Dearest Love
Your husband always,
Charles Byron

A whole farm of kisses for you.



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



Fort McDowell,
August 19, '18.

My Own Sweet Lover:

How I miss you Sweetheart
this morning, and wish that
I might be coming in from
"our" fields to the call of
the dinner bell on our farm,
instead of getting ready to
go to dinner with this set of
farms. Oh, some of them are
the lowest possible class of
society, but I don't think
I shall acquire any of their
filthy characters, but when
I come over to see you
and can spend a few hours
with a woman whose character
is so spotless and shines
so bright, you don't wonder
at me hating to return to
this dreadful place
I feel since I left

you yesterday that we both
have started on a new road
that will lead ^{us} to, bigger and
better things. I had a
wonderful time Gretchen
what little time we were
together yesterday, and I know
you must love me a great
deal.

Dearest I have felt so
bad all morning that I have
wanted you to be in your
present condition, but it seems
that I am so weak when it
comes to that, I suspect you
almost dislike me sometimes.
We don't need a little one
just now, during these awful
times - just to think I might
be taken away any moment,
and you be left ~~with~~ here
all alone, I don't know what
I could do. But I am trusting
in Him to help us like He
always does. But I don't
see how He will help me
when I don't help myself.

I don't like to talk to you
on paper for I am afraid
some one will read it that
has no business to.

I don't feel very spry
today, do you? I feel like
laying on my bunk all
after noon, but I believe
you know I won't. I
would feel ashamed to be
there resting knowing my
poor little wife was working
away to help make ends meet.

I just counted up
what we spent yesterday, and
guess how much it was
only 6.25. But it was
worth it. But from now
on we are going to think of
our farm and stumps for the
present.

I don't know just what
I am going to do this after-
noon but I guess it will
be finish pictures. I
am wanting for a letter from
you all ready, but letters
are the best but its seeing
you dear, so that is why

I look forward to them.

I will close now, and
keep in mind I love you
ever so much. More than
I seem to.

Your own loving husband,
Charles Byron



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



Fort M^cDowell,
August 20, 1918.

Dearest Gretchen:

When you see so many letters dated the 20th you will think that is all that I have been doing ^{today}. But really I have just used the spare minutes that would not work in good other ^{things} ways, and besides I ~~thought~~ ^{think} the time was well spent, don't you dear?

This is just after supper and I have come back from the beach where I have made two fellows pictures, but I think this will be the last for I am getting just a little too much of a name as a photographer to be good for me. Three fellows have been after me to take their

pictures to-day and I refused
to take one of them.

When I came back
I found a letter waiting
for me from you and
one from Mother & Father.

You say you was
glad I came over last,
night - well perhaps you
was but you sure kept
it to your self dear. You
didn't seem very glad to
me.

The boat is coming in
now, and I sure wish I
was coming over to see
you but I am not tonight.

If you and Jimie are
coming over Sunday be
sure and let me know
so I can put in for passes.
Tom asked me tonight
at ~~at~~ supper what you
and Jimie were going to
do, but I told him I
thought it was all off,
that you and her were
not on the best of terms.

But you fix it up between
you and her.

Yes Bitcher I believe
you will miss me if I
should be taken away from
you; more than you think
now. Sometimes you
don't seem to care very
much, but I remembered
one or two times when
things looked pretty blue
for us, and when I came
back to you. I am sure
you wanted me a great
deal. But way down in
my heart I felt that it
will all come out all right
and I will not be taken
away from you. Don't
worry darling, but by
looking at the cold facts we
can be prepared for anything
and that would be much
better than supping you
with such terrible news,
don't you dear?

I will inclose Mother's
and Father's letters and
I will answer them later.

Remember Dear Heart that
I love you better than life
it's self.

Your own anxious Husband,
Charles Byrum.


 ARMY AND NAVY
 YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS


"With the Colors"

Fort McDowell

West Garrison.

August 20 1918.

My Dear Little Wife & Sweetheart.

This is the day we come over here to play, and it makes it much nicer because it makes the time go quicker to have a change. At the best it is all very monotonous.

This is the second note I have written to you this morning, but I thought I would write again and let you know that nothing official has been done about sending any of us away.

Mr Peterson said he ~~thought~~ thought they would send the younger fellows away no matter what is done with this place.

I have tried to keep the uncertainty of the situation as long as

there was a ray of hope left. And for a while it looked like I might be left here for you, but I think the best thing now is for you to be prepared to know in case I shall have to leave in or a few days notice. But they say they give you about a month to get in a new outfit. So if they break up this camp I may be here several weeks. The boat just whittled so I will stay until I get back to East Side.

I am now on the boat and will improve the time by writing a few more lines to my Sweetheart.

I received your letter of yesterday saying what a nice time you had Sunday, and I only wish I might help you have a good time every day of your life. But I am afraid it is not very often that I can show you a real nice time. I take too

much for granted sometimes
for instance last night, ^{I thought} you
would be so surprised to see
me, but instead you hardly
opened your eyes to see me.
I forget that you don't think
of me as I do you, and I
forget that I am very inconsiderate
in taking away and breaking
up your sleeping hours, but
dear I get so hungry to see
you that I forget every -
thing but you, and then
when I come and find
things the way they should
be - "the cold facts", there is
something inside that hurts,
but I know you will say
"Oh your feelings are hurt too
easily." But I guess I was
made that way, and I
find it rather hard to
change them although I
feel I am making a
little progress. A year
or two of this dreadful
situation of being tied up
in the army, and perhaps

I will be like you want me.

Back again to the old spot, and am writing at the Y.M.C.A. It is almost dinner time but I am going to do without today, for I shall feel better without it. This day will be a long one for I have to play for that long picture tonight. I wish you was going to be here to see it for it was taken on the real battle fields of France. But it would not be possible, unless you would go with me, to see it in Oakland Thursday night, and I will take you if you will go with me.

Have you heard from Katherine of Herbert this week? I wish they would move up so you could have a decent place to stay, for I can hardly see how you can stand it there much longer.

You speak in your letter that I do not take your

situation seriously, but yours
are mistaken dear girl, for
I am hoping and praying
that next month will set
matters all right. For more
reasons than one. But I
didn't want you to worry any
more that you could help.
Why I will worry so much is
that it is my fault, and if it
does come, it will not be wanted.
And then if something should
happen to me if I go away
then there will be a burden on
your hands when you should
be the ~~best~~ best able to take
care of your self. And altho
you may not believe me
now, you might want to
care for some one else, and a
little baby would be out of
place. But I hope every-
thing will come out all right,
and when next month comes
around we will find we
have had our worry for
nothing.

I have my pass with
me, but I shall not come

again until Thursday to the house so if Junie wants to sleep with you, you will know what to do.

I am coming over to Oakland on Friday to get some films fixed tomorrow, and I will bring some books over that I will get ready to send home in case I do not stay here.

You mention in your letter that we must start to save now in earnest, but just to show you what a habit it is with me,

As I was coming over to you last night I had bought a paper before I thought of it.

This afternoon from 3 until 4:30 we are going to have orchestra rehearsal, and then picture work the rest of the day.

Write to me soon Sweetheart.

Your husband always,
Charles.

All the kisses you want.



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



Fort McDowell, 191

August 20, 1918.

My Dear Wife & Lover:

I was reading just a little about our "Farm" in the Country Gentleman, and I cut out a few pictures and am sending them to you. They are pictures that make me think of our Farm, and wish we were on it, working away making lots of money, and being together every day. I wonder when the time will come, but it surely will some of these days, and then I bet they will have a hard time of taking me away from you again.

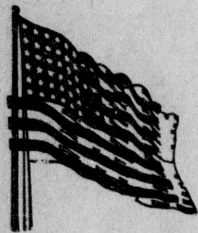
What are you doing this afternoon? Working away

at the store? I suppose you are
having a hard time to keep
awake after me coming in
last night and breaking in on
your sleep. I feel a little
sleepy myself, but I hardly
got any at all. I tried to
sleep on the boat coming over
but the noise of the engines
kept me awake.

As soon as I finish
writing to you I am going
over land to get a hair cut
and by that time I will
have to go to an orchestra rehearsal.
I am going to develop the films
we took Sunday, after the show,
for I am anxious to see them.

I just had time to
write a few words so must
close now.

Your husband & lover
Lester.



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



On the Car.

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August 20 1918.

Yes Sweetheart I dont wonder
that you get so sleepy at
work, and down in your
heart you must think I
am a regular villain,
Well Dear I am one, and
I really dont see how you
can love me like you do.
But I almost go crazy on
that island, and I cant
stand the temptation to come
to you, and would not have
come this time, but every-
body was talking about
being sent away, that I
had to come to you at
that unearthly hour of the
night, but I shall not
any more if I can stand
the pressure of staying.

away.

And then if I go away and leave you in your present condition, you will in time surely hate the thoughts of me. Oh how thoughtless and mean I am to you, but I am trying little by little to get control of myself so that you can love me just a little. I trust if I have to go at all that it won't be for a month or so. And if I should have to - I hope I can spend a few days with you before I go and not have to go away like some of them do.

In a way you are away from army conditions a great deal, and I have tried the best I could to keep the thoughts of me going out of your mind, by making things look hopeful, but now things look like I might

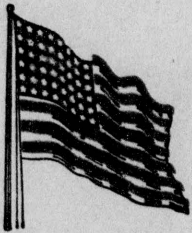
have to go anytime now.
And I didn't want to
wait until the last moment
to tell you.

How ever it turns out
I will try and think it
is for the best.

I am going to slip
this in an envelope and
mail in France.

Your Husband.

Lucas.



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



Fort McDowell 191
August 21, 1918.

My Precious Love:-

Another day, another dollar as the boys say. I hope it brings in some good news about our condition here.

Last night I played for "Hearts of the World", and it lasted until almost 11:00. We all laid in bed until 7:30 and of course missed our breakfast, but I went up to the eat house and got a stack of keds for 10¢.

It is so foggy. I can not see you this morning dear. But I think it will clear up before long, for I love to sit by my window and look over to Oakland where I imagine I am

see you.

Monday night we have to play for a big "smoker" here. There is a rumor around that it is the farewell party for some of the fellows, but I never believe anything like that until I see an order for it. Everybody is sure anxious to find out where they stand.

If I do have to go you will be a brave little girl won't you dear, and write to me every day. You know I will write to you don't you?

Someone just said they saw in the paper where they stood up all places of enlistment and that they had not decided what they was going to do with Fort McDowell but would know in a very few days.

It has been such a terrible strain on you Sweetheart since you come up here that I will be thankful when

we know just where I will
be.

I am praying and trusting
for the best. Must close.

Yours always
Father,



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS
"With the Colors"



Fort Mc Dowell, 191
Sept. 2, 1918.

Dearest Wife:

I have just returned from the telephone booth, where I tried to call you over the phone. Katherine said you had not come home yet.

After supper I walked half way round the island and back, principally to kill time, after which I thought I would get to talk to you.

I shall try again about 7.30

We were paid at noon today and I got \$8.50. Better than \$3.30 don't you think?

I looked for a letter tonight and again I didn't look for one, and my last "think" was right for I did not get one. I mailed you a letter on the 4.30 boat, but had it ready for the 12.30

but got tied² up with ferry
paid off, and missed getting
it on the boat.

Well how do you like
your new place? But it is
better than where you have
been, only it's not near so
private - you at least had
a room where we could
talk alone, but as that only
affects me, it will not
make any difference to you.
And I should feel like I
was sure intruding if I was
to come over late on the
water boat, and I don't think
you would want me tramping
in at a late hour in the
night either; altho you did
not care out at the other place.

You can see I am just
thinking of my own inconvenience
and should be ashamed of my
self. You have a grand home
there and I am glad too, but
you can't blame me for not
feeling at home while I am at
the house, "altho you are paying
for it." I feel just like you

did while we were staying at my folks home. Of course it was not a swell place like where you are now, but they didn't charge me \$10.00 a month for a room and so much for board besides, but just enough to pay for expense of food its self. And the work I don't think will compare with what you will be expected to do here. And all the time we were there I was in a nervous strain fearing a scene of some kind. And I know what a relief it was to get to our J. st home, and oh how short that happiness was.

I can never remember of a time when I ever said a disrespectful word to any of your people, but I know a great many times when I should have liked to at least hold my own, but it would only have caused trouble for you, so I kept still, which I intend to do now, and at any time I happen to

be at the house, which will
never be only when you are
there, I will try to be just
as pleasant and cheerful,
and as little trouble as I
know how.

X X X X.

I started this letter
last night and now another
day has started. Just after
breakfast I came back to
quarters and Jensen asked
me how important the
letter was that I gave him
to mail last night. He
handed it back, saying he
forgot all about it. So I
will take it down and
give it to the Captain on
the morning boat.

It's just commencing
in so I will have to hurry
down to the dock with it.

Your loving husband,

Charles.

I love you, all the kisses you want.



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



Fort McDowell, 191

Sept 5 1918.

My little Sweetheart Wife:

Supper over and just returned from the post office to see if you had sent me a letter, but I guess you was too busy or thought I did not need a letter. I really did not expect one but I thought I would make sure and ask.

We had a fine supper tonight, of cream potatoes, (Liberty Steak) bread, chocolate cake, coffee, navy beans, and I guess that was all. This tasted pretty good for army fare, but I suspect you would not think it was anything extra. I would gladly have traded it for the supper you will have tonight and I don't know what

you will have either.

I am in the room at the Y.M. writing to you awhile, and then I go, and change the water on about 50 prints I made this afternoon. Made 3 or 4 more of myself to send to some of my friends across the sea. After I finished my prints, a soldier and I went out and played 2 sets of tennis. I beat him the first set and he beat me the second set. I think I could have turned him on the second if I had not developed a blister on each big toe, which hindered me getting around quickly. Do you remember when we tried to play on the High School courts at San Diego. I do Sweetheart and wish we were playing a game right now, and that you was serving to me with a score

of (40 - Love). Do you remember
I am trying to explain to
you how to keep track of the
score?

The show starts 20 minutes
earlier now, which makes
it so we can get to bed a
little earlier. I could have
come over every night this
week after the show, but
there is no use, it would
just be the means of
keeping you from your
rest, and someone ^{there} to
listen to every word you
say. But such is life in
the army, and I will
try to be contacted until
I get out. I don't hear any
talk about going away the
last two or three days, but
everyone has their ears
wide open.

Time to give my
prints another bath

Collected \$8⁰⁰ more today,
most of it on work I have
not done. I have just

\$200 more and I shall get that tomorrow morning when I deliver the goods. Government, orchestras and photos netted just \$4800 for the month. I should be able to make much more, but I have to work so underhanded that I have not got the nerve. I wonder what you really think of it. Of course I can hear you say that is pretty good, but I suspect down in ^{your} heart you are saying "he ought to be a, for I wish he was a commissioned officer, and not just a common soldier. But to tell the truth Dear I really have not any ambitions, along what fine and don't know whether I would make good or not. I don't see why the government don't trend the other allotment, for \$3000 of it will be ours. That will

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help a little bit, won't it?
I must call and get
the bank balance, so we
can know what we are
worth. I think I must
have taken out \$30 at least.

Well my dear little
pal, I would love to be
with you this evening, and
I was tempted to go - get
my pass, and reserve
order on the 9 boat, but
I believe since things are
the way they are I'd better
stay here. I have sent
you every day all the news
and most of my thoughts,
and looked every mail
with longing eyes, but
Mack just said - "I
guess she don't love you
any more," but I said
I'll bet "She" does.

Good night dear.

your lover,
Charles.



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



West Side

191

Sept. 17. 1918.

My Darling Wife:

I have looked and looked for some paper to write to you on, but this is all I can find. The Y. M. C. A. only has a tent for a building on this side of the island, and the rain has spoiled most of the paper. I managed to find these two sheets, but they are somewhat soiled.

My! but I was disappointed when I did not get a letter from you this morning, but I know you have felt very little like writing, but I was glad and happy to see you up and dressed Sunday!

~~Love~~

2

and trust by the next time
I come over you will be
intirely well.

I received a letter
from your Mother yesterday,
also a short letter from
Charles Annor acknowledging
receipt of the pictures.

I am back from
West Side again, and it is
almost time for "chow", and
I am hungry too for I
did not eat my breakfast.
Has your stomach got better
or does it still bother you
in the morning. I do hope
you will not ^{be} troubled any
that way, and that your
experience in expectant
motherhood will be filled with
beautiful dreams of your little
one, and not troubled with
ill-health. Whatever is in my
power to do to help you, and
to keep you well, and happy;
I shall surely do Gretchen
Dear.

No war news from here

about leaving. Every indication that I shall stay here for an indefinite time, and by that time the war will be over, and we, you all "three" of us, you, little —, and myself can go to our farm. A place like you read about would be wonderful, for us, at least until we outgrow it for something better, and larger. You seem to think that, if we had a large farm you would have to work too hard. But I never should expect you to overdo your strength, you know that only too well.

3 o'clock Sept. 17, '18.

Your letter had to be set aside for a few minutes, and ~~was~~ was not finished in time to get it mailed on the noon boat, but I think it will reach you just as soon by sending to you on the four-thirty.

The posters are out for the "fight" this month; and what might do you suppose they are going to have it on? Thursday night. Our only night pass - but if I do not get to come Thursday I shall get off one other night anyway, so do not worry. There is always some latent difficulty or condition to be met in this army life, and I am beginning to get accustomed to its uncertainties.

I shall look for a letter from you tonight and hope you have not forgotten to write me a few lines. I think perhaps I shall call you over the telephone for a little chat this evening, to make you feel glad and to relieve my anxiety about your sickness.

Your devoted husband & lover,
Charles.

A whole army of kisses to you, dear.
Tell Katherine & H. hello & give Paul a kiss. *CB*



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



Fort McDowell, 191

September 18 1918.

My Sweetheart and Wife:

Another day started on its way, and I wonder what it will bring to you and I. The fog is so thick that I can only see a very short distance - can't begin to make out the shore-line at Oakland, just can barely see Goat Island. My mental vision can not see that far some way - it seems blurred and cold like the fog. I have been trying to think about you and I, but things don't seem clear at all. I have been trying to read your thoughts, trying to understand the true conditions as they really are. Just the cold facts as others might look at them.

I'll confess I am so fuddled and mixed up sometimes that I don't know which way to turn. I have to trust to blind luck, and that don't always work out. When I feel that your love is with me; it helps more than anything else. But I am beginning to see these things somewhat — all except one or two things. In loving you Sweetheart I try to love you like you would like to be, and do the things, especially the little things that really count, but you don't reciprocate in the same way. It is no use to tell you what you do, and what you don't do, or to tell you how you feel towards me, for you know far better than I do, but I do know the little things that you love to have me do, you don't love to do for me. But when I stop and think, I have you, and all you have is only me. Perhaps I

can win your complete love
and confidence some day,
and until that time I
shall try to wait.

Is your cold any better
Dear? If you can only keep
warm at night, I am sure
that will help a great deal.
But I think it is your other
condition that makes it so
hard for you to overcome it.

Have you bought any
faby things yet? I guess
I can't help you much when
it comes to that, but I shall
enjoy watching you fix them,
and knowing what they are
for. Someway I am beginning
to hope it will be a little
"Margerette" - just for your
sake



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



Fort M^c Dowell, 191

Sept. 18. '18.

My Dream Wife:

I feel very homesome, and homesick to see you tonight, but don't feel that any extra effort would be appreciated - in fact if I should come in very late and disturb you, I should feel like I was intruding. I got my pass after supper intending to come to you on the water-boat, but after telephoning to you I changed my mind. You neither seemed disappointed at me not being able to come Thursday or did you seem even glad or anxious to place the key where I might find it. I suppose

I am feeling sad because you don't think of me like I am of you, but some day I shall grow accustomed to it, and take it for granted. I forget sometimes that I have you to love, and that you only have me. No wonder it is a task for you to write, and it must be or else you would not wait so long without sending ~~you~~ me a few lines. It is a great pleasure, and I feel real happy when I can sit down and talk to you on paper. Perhaps I write when I should be doing something else, ^{for you.} I think thou, if I was sick that is about all I would do, just write to you all the time. Of course I don't mean by that, that I would want you to use your energy in writing to me;

that would be different. But Gretchen it does get so lonely over here, especially where you don't take the time to write me just a little.

To night I was so sure of a letter from you that I did not wait for Mae to bring it; I went to the post office and waited until it was given out, and then asked them to took thru the Land mail and get mine — and I was very, very disapointed when he said "nothing but a paper".

Young relatives and kind friends will cause you to soon loose interest in me, and I wouldn't blame you either. I think I made too many trips last week.

I learned after the show tonight that Saturday will be dance-night so

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I shall not be able to come that night, but I shall come Sunday afternoon if I don't have to play for retreat.

I could not learn over the telephone how you were feeling, but as it did not take you long to answer I judge you were not in bed.

It is almost midnight and I will have to turn out the lights. I do not know of one bit of news from here that would be interesting, so will close for tonight.

Your loving & neglected
husband

Edith.

You can have all the love and kisses you want without having to return any.



WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"With the Colors"



Fort McDowell, 191

Sept. 21, 1918.

My dearest little Joy + Happiness:

I have been reading for a few minutes in "Scribner" and run across a baby poem by Mary Andrews. Its just like our baby out and out.

I am waiting at the Y M C A reading room until old Mr Beedle takes a bath, and then I shall make a few prints which will make a few dimes for you. I mailed the pictures to all except Mr Ecker, Bruno, and Gerhart, I have not got their complete address.

Tonight we play for the "Enlisted Men's Hop," but wish very much that I did not have to. I don't feel

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well either, and that will keep me from eating too many cones. I wish I might bring you some when I come over but I am afraid they would not keep.

I wish that you did not have to work this afternoon, and we could have been together, but tomorrow is not very far away, and I can stay with you until Monday morning. Of course you will show all about this letter, because I will see you before you see this, but that don't matter, this is just a little heart to heart talk to you while I am looking out thru the warm beautiful sunshine that finally cleared those threatening rain clouds away this morning. I shall bring the incubator home with me so you will be sure to have it in case it shows up a shower unexpectedly.

I must hurry little Sweet-
heart and put this
where the Post Office can
take it to you. You
are all there is for this
old world Dear ^{to me} and I
love you all that my mean
old egotistic heart can
give to you.

Your loving husband,
Charles Byron,

P.S. All the kisses you want.



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



Saturday Morning,
Oct. 5, 1918.

Dearest little Pal:

Just a few lines to let you know I am thinking of you, and love you with all the devotion and tenderness a lover can give to his Sweetheart.

Can you notice any improvement in your cold? Please do everything in the world you can to get over it and regain your strength. I wish I could help you more, but it seems that I can do so very little. But I can help some by loving you, and doing what little I can to make you well.

I thought I should get to be with you this afternoon but we have to play in the

city this afternoon, and play
for the show tonight, so will
have to wait until Sunday,
and that is only until tomorrow,
but even then it seems a
long way off. It is raining
like everything over here and
from the looks of things
over towards Oakland it looks
the same way. But I do not
feel oppressed some way, like
I do sometimes when it rains.
I am just thinking, if we
were on our farm - what
would we be doing. Oh
Gretchen when will that time
come? I get so impatient
for it to come that it
just makes it all the longer.

Last night, Major Holley
and Captain Sullivan were
arrested when they got off
the boat for being drunk.
Everybody is tickled to death
over it. So you see it

don't pay to get drunk.

What did the doctor say when you went down yesterday? I ~~now~~ want you to do everything in the world to get well and strong. And together with whatever the doctor gives you, the next best medicine is happiness, and I shall try to be your doctor for supplying that.

Darling I have about 20 letters to write while it is raining so excuse me for not writing more this morning.

Yours always and forever,

Charles.



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



Fort Mc Dowell,
Oct. 18. 1918.

Dearest Sweetheart:

I feel very much like I am confined in a prison. But if you just keep well Dear I can stand it. I thought after you moved in with Katherine that your troubles would be over. But somehow I dislike to be hasty in thinking anyone is crooked, especially your relatives. But I guess it is time to figure out that he is trying to profit out of you in every way possible. Katherine, the other day, made the statement to me when we were talking about Hugh, and she said Herbert knew nothing of you having to pay \$10.00 for your room.

You know very well that he did, and I have positive he had as much to do with you paying the \$1000 separate from the rest of the house as Hugh's did.

Well Sweetheart I am sure Katherine will take care of you in your present trouble. If I could just get away for a day I could clear it up I am sure.

The lights are to be turned out in a few minutes so shall finish in the morning.

Saturday Morning.

Inspection is over and almost time for concert. Oh it is terrible to be so near to you and yet so far that I cannot come to you. But be happy Sweetheart, and keep thinking of our little babe

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and be working ^{on} his things.
Remember that I am
thinking of you most every
minut, and the thoughts of
you and your letters is
all the joy I have, over here.
So please write to me every
thing.

Your love & Sweetheart,
Lella.

A million times.



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



Fort McDowell,
Oct. 29 1918.

My Dearest Wife:

Received your few brief lines of Monday morning, saying you were very busy, but that yesterday (Sunday) was rather quiet, and that you sat on the front porch with Katherine in the afternoon and thought of me. If you could imagine how I watch the mail for your letters, especially the answers to some of the questions I have been trying to have you send me, you would have spent some of your leisure time in putting a few of your thoughts on paper and sent them to me. I wonder if it is possible that they



UNITED STATES ARMY
CORPORATION'S OFFICE OF THE CHIEF
OF THE ARMY



Written Tuesday Evening.

Written Tuesday Evening.

are holding some of my letters on account of the food situation. I believe I must have written two or three letters to you every day since coming back here, and one especially, telling you about the land going to stay here, did you get that one? In all the letters you have ^{only} written (7), in all you have answered so few ^{of} my questions that you surely have not received all my mail, then again you probably lay the letter down, and when you write to me forget all about what I asked you. If it is not too much trouble, and you have them handy, I wish you would let me know how many letters you have received from me ~~since~~ ^{since} I have ^{been} shut up here this last time. I mean by that, just the separate



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



Fort M^cDowell,
Oct. 30 1918.

Dearest Gretchen:

I really can't understand why you ~~don't~~ not answer the questions I have asked and asked and asked. You must see the letter this morning in which I sent telling Katherine what ~~of~~ was in that letter, and I do not remember if it was in the same letter or not, but it was in a letter I mailed to you the same day (I think Sat noon.) or maybe it was Monday. But in your letter you talk about everything but what I have asked you. It is one or two things you are not getting all my letters or else you are simply not answering my letters.

Did you not get the letter or letters asking for an itemized bill of yours & my account with Herbert & Katherine. I told you as plain as I thought was necessary, but you never have mentioned it except once, and then only to turn it aside, by saying you did not know what I meant by a detailed account with them. After that letter I sent you another that if you got it you could not possibly misunderstand. I will outline once more the information I have to have here, and I want you to get it for me - don't leave it for Katherine or Herbert to send. I will write what I want on a separate sheet so you can see just the figures I want. And I will need it special delivery so I know

that you will be sure to get it.

Of course I do not know anything about the coming business, only it proved to me that the fellow that came to the house was not a real food man or if he was he was in with Hughes, but that don't alter what was done, or what was said. In the first place Kattama might have known, "providing you told her what Hughes did in his first letter to the officers here" that is what I sent you the first special delivery letter for, and you said you received the letter all right. Was so you would understand the whole situation, and could see just how he was working with his lies to get me in bad. Of course his first letter ~~is~~ was so strong of Fleck mind

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about I think they will pass that up eventually.

Katherine is entirely its late with the "borrowing" business. If she felt she had to talk to that fellow, she might have made some remark like that in the first place, but things are started different, and I would not have her compromise her views and religious scruples for me for anything. It is just like she said it was that you used it together, and as you live together it was the only way you could do.

Your old Hughes is harrying it much harder than he anticipated, But Sweetheart don't let that old devil worry you in the least and keep on your guard because he is liable to try any old

must to take those things Herbert
 has from you when he is
 not there. Be sure and not
 let anyone in the house
 when you go to the door
 yourself. Another thing, if
 Hugh or anyone representing
 him or her comes to the house
 don't for goodness sake
 give them the satisfaction
 of knowing the matter has
 even been taken up here
 at the Island, at all (See.)
 If they should come to the
 door just say Hello Hugh
 how are you to-day, and
 see if they don't get sold,
 I'll miss my guess if they don't.
 And tell Katherine & Herbert not
 to start anything about this
 food business until I can
 come over. Now I want you
 to tell just what I say - "this
 is not hot air at all" I am
 in enough trouble presently at

their expense, and I want to handle this now to suit myself. The only reason I wrote and told you about that letter and the ensuing business was to keep you informed.

Sweetheart I am not complaining against you unless you are holding up the answer to the letters I have been writing you, and I don't ^{know} what the trouble is. I don't want to think that you are not answering, and I don't want to think that you don't get my mail. Now it is up to you to clear one or the other up.

The other letter was written last night as you can see, but before I mailed it thought I would wait to see what the morning mail would bring. But it just said you

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got the letter, but answered
nothing in it.

I love you Gretchen
and am getting sicker every
day to see you.

Your husband.

Charles

What I want to know
is on the next page,

and besides I HAVE to
know so please send
it to me just as soon as you
can. If you don't know the
amounts yourself ask Kathene
and Herbert to tell you. From
your letter of some time ago
you said the whole amount
was \$260 - & something, but
I could get nothing definite
out of one set of figures.

C.B.S.



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



I thought I would just write you those few lines in the first 3 pages, and sealed up the letter, but I would not feel right to let it go just that way, although nearly every letter I get from you is much shorter, and written at a time when you are in a terrible hurry to get such an unpleasant task off your hands. That is the way it seems to me when I put 2 and 7 together. I have been writing to you to make you feel as happy as I can, and take for granted that the little things of the day are of interest to you, but somehow tonight I don't feel that they interest you. I write to you lots of

times when I should be sleeping, but I have always felt that I should write to you first. I say times and again that I will not complain, but it gets to become and I can't stand it when I think you don't care, but I am not going to write late tonight, and I shall turn in early. I hope you are happy, and I would give anything to come over to you, but after this I think I shall limit myself to one letter a day unless it is very urgent, as the one has been rather frequent of late. I don't know from one day to the next what I shall have to write you until they settle this food situation with me. I am waiting patiently for the fall I asked for some time ago.

Your devoted and discouraged
husband,
Charles.

envelopes. Sometimes I enclosed
two letters in one envelope —
just count that one letter.
I am sure though that they
do not bother our mail, for
there is nothing in my letters
that they could want.

Well Darling there is no
news just the same old thing
I love you.

Your lover
Charles.



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



November 4 1918.

Dearest Gretchen

Concert is over, but the parade ground has not dried off enough for guard mount.

I have looked and looked in vain for a letter from you since Sunday morning, but you either have not written, or else put it in some old box, where they collect it once a month. But I am helpless; I can do nothing, or any nothing to you that would cause you to let me hear from you every day.

The war news looks better every day Sweetheart and I am hoping and praying that it will end before long, then I will not have to look for letters, I can come home to you and be with you

for ever. For they never will take
me away from you again if
I can help it. I love you just
the same whether you ever write
to me or not, but it is such
a little thing to do, ~~but~~ ^{and} if you
could only half way imagine the
wonderful help a letter from your
Sweetheart is in this kind of a life
you would give me more of your
time in that way. I never finish
reading your letters but what I can
picture you just as you were
writing it. Always in a hurry to
get the job done and over with, and
to doing something worth while.

Judging from your letters
of some time ago, my letters are
reaching you regularly, but I'll
confess I have written myself out.
I am all right as near as I can
be, and would give the world to see
and be with you Sweetheart.

Your husband
Oscar,



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



Fort McDowell,
November 4, 1918.

Dearest Wife:

It is almost bed time, but I am going to write to you a few lines before I go to sleep. It is raining to beat the band, but I hope it don't keep me awake like it did last night. I did not get a letter from my Sweetheart today, but perhaps tomorrow one will come. I mailed one a certain way so that you would be sure to get one sometime Monday. Let me know if you received it will you dear? Did you ever get completely over your cold Sweetheart? You never say anything about it but some way I thought that you had not entirely got over it. Please tell me in your next letter just how you are will you Dear. I have been studying all evening

and now it is almost bed time.
My how I wish I could see you
Darling. I am getting so terribly
home sick to see you. I see
where the Flu is getting much
better in Frisco, so perhaps in a
week or two I can come over, but
it seems such a long long time.

X X X X X X X X

Tuesday morning ^{Nov.} 4. 1918.

My Darling Wife I believe this
is a day when great things are
going to happen. Even the President
is not going from the Capitol to
vote on the account of expecting
great news from over there. The
paper this morning stated that
news of what the Germans would
do is expected in 24 hours, Oh
Darling I do hope it ends now
without fighting any more.
And today is a great election
day too. Perhaps the next time
I can come to you the war will
be over — oh that would sure be



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



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grand. Then we could think of our home as a ~~real~~ reality. I can hardly wait until one paper comes until I want the next one.

It is almost time to go and practice a while before rehearsal. I hope the morning mail brings me a letter from you - it means the whole day for me.

I love you more and more every day I have to stay away from you, and I am praying I can come to you very soon. Here is all the kisses and love you want, and think of your sweetheart whenever you can spare the time.

Love,

Charles.



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



Fort McDowell,
November 6, 1918.

To the Dearest Little Wife in the World:

How I do love you little girl,
and how I want you this night,
only our Heavenly Father above knows,
and I pray to him so often to
hasten the time when I can come
to my Lover. It is nearing the
end of another long week that I
have been separated from you,
but of course it brings us that
much closer to the day when we
can see each other and I can throw
my arms around my Darling.
You better look out when I do come
for I surely ^{will} hug you very tight.

I am almost holding my
breath to see if the Germans
are going to lay down, and
I believe they will, but way
down in my heart it seems

almost its good to be true. Oh I pray that it will end and I can come back to my lover, to you who loves me with her whole heart — and then I can work for you and our babe. I have read your two good letters over and over today, and what a comfort to me after nearly three days of not hearing from you. I don't know what has happened to you when I don't hear from you for that long. These letters were different some way, letters written just to me of the little things that show me how much you love me, and I can't tell you how happy they make me feel.

Last night I would dream of you awhile and then I would be waked up, by the ^{most} awful yelling you ever heard. The quarter was a regular mad house. The fellows were all talking in their

sleep. There are three of the fellows who talk more or less every night, but last night they cut loose in great style. One of them especially. I can't tell you the things they said here - maybe when I come over. Several of us heard them talking, and we teased them to death to day.

I hope I never talk like that in my sleep, it must be dreadful.

But I was dreaming of you all night too. It must be something we ate for supper that made me dream so much.

But I kept my dream to my self and did not talk out loud to the rest of those mites. I had my little walk out to the Point as usual to feel as near to you as possible, and to look across to pick out just as nearly as I can where you are.

What are you doing Sweetheart for clothes? Don't you need some new things for your self - some

dresses for around the house?
 You have, ^{surely} out grown all your
 other clothes. Perhaps Katherine
 has helped my little Wife out
 some way, for I am sure she
 will be a mother to you while
 you are waiting to be a Mother.
 I can hardly wait to see our
 little "red faced baby", and to see
 its Mother giving it a bath in
 the dish pan on the kitchen table
 by the stove. And can I help too?

Oh I want (him or her) to be and
 to look like its mother if you
 don't, but I won't worry about
 that Dearest, for I know God will
 take care of that for us, and I
 hope He makes him look
 exactly like you. Your hair, your
 eyes, your face, and even a little
 baby girl if you wish it.
 I will be contented to love and work
 for you both.

You mention the money
 I sent you - I am glad you

got it, but sorry it was not a thousand times more. I would be tired down this way all my life.

You wonder in your letter if we could get the little J street flat again, but you surely did not think — there will be one more in our family then. In the first place there would not be room enough, second, there might be too much noise at night for Mr Laverdy third, you never could wheel the baby up and down that steep hill could you? I have in mind a cozy little bungalow with just a little more room, at least a bed room away from the rest of the house, and a back yard with some kind of a barn or shed on it. Oh I just love to think of our future Dearest Honey bunch. You are everything in life to me, and if only this cruel old war would cease so we could leave for it immediately I would be one of the happiest men alive.

Your sentence in your letter about the folks meeting us at the train or for us to surprise them is not clear. Which do you think is the best?

Dearest the reason I did not send Chas A.'s letter, was because I had not answered it, but I shall send it in this letter, also one I received from Father. I have received no other mail except a letter from a friend at Camp Dodge, Iowa. Did I ever tell you I got a letter from Tom T. and a photograph of himself? He sure is a conceited boob.

I see by the evening paper that the Flu is still on the decline, so it may not be long before I can see my Darling. We go to the West Side tomorrow to play concert - the quarantine being lifted between this side and there today sometime. I am writing to you down in the room at the Y.M. and old Mr.

Beadle is getting anxious to retire
 so I will close for tonight and
 go to bed myself, hoping and
 praying the morning mail will
 bring a letter to me from my
 precious wife & Savetheart and
 that some news of the quarantine
 will be forthcoming that I can
 come to you. Goodnight Gerlie, and
 Our Heavenly Father bless & protect
 you.

your loving lover
 Charles.

P.S.

Your good letter received today made
 me happier than I can tell you here.
 A.P.S.



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



November 6, 1918.

My Darling little Lover:

Your good letter finally come this morning, and Darling Gretchen you don't know surely how happy they make me. Your letters are next to hearing your precious voice over the telephone. And of course I can not talk to you by telephone because you have not got a phone. But you told Katherine did you not how to get me in case something might happen to my Gretchen, and would want to call me up?

Darling the Huyb's matter has been droped until I can come to town. So do not worry little Birlie and I will tell you about every thing when I come over. But do not worry Sweetheart about it, for there is nothing to worry about at all. The letter you wrote Sunday also

came today, and don't ever tell me
again that you can't express your
thoughts on paper again. They were
simply grand, and just the kind
of loving letters that makes my
heart just glow with happiness.
It is the little things you do every
day, from the time when you open
your pretty blue ~~eyes~~ eyes of a morning
until you close them at night.
You may think those little things
don't mean anything to me, but
they do. I love every more you
make, and when I can not be
where I can see my precious wife,
the next best is for you to write to
me right out of your little heart and
tell me the little things that are
dear to us both. Say! I bet you had
a fine time washing the baby
yesterday - did you imagine it was
your own sweet babe darling.

The boys just say there is
an extra out "saying the state has
gone dry". Don't that good news

Sweetheart? Oh if this war would only end Gritchen I would give anything, but God has been good to us and I am thankful. And Dearest I can't wait much longer to see you - it is getting desperate. Tomorrow we play again on the West Side, so that looks fine - it surely won't be much longer.

Why did you go and make me feel bad by speaking in your letter about your mother's & my mother's letter the way you did? I thought we buried that hatred long time ago, and let's keep it buried for good. Your mother's letter was as loving as could be, that is the reason I sent it to you, and besides I set right down and answered it the moment I got it, so she would know that I appreciated it. Dearest little lover I am going to close now to put this in the moon mail and then I will write you

again tonight when I have
more time. I love you
better than the rest of the whole
world put together.

A million kisses and hugs
that would almost crush you.

Good bye Dearest;

Lucy's



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



Fort M^cDowell,

November 9, 1918.

My Precious Lover & Sweetheart:

I am still under the spell of disappointment caused by that terrible newspaper lie, but I have great faith that they will surrender before Monday evening, perhaps before this letter reaches you. I am disappointed again because all of us felt sure we were going to get to come to town today and that I could see my Sweetheart. But there was nothing doing. I did not even write to you; I felt so sure of coming. But I guess the more we have to suffer now the greater will be Our Joy when Peace comes.

I see Darling by your letter that you have not yet received the sad news that a truce has not

yet been signed. And I wish I could spare you the disappointment that you are sure to hear of soon or later. I know how keen my setback was, and I am sure yours will be just as great.

I will try now to answer the questions you ask in your letter the best I can. Of course by the time you get this letter you will have found out that peace news is false, but I am going to answer them supposing that the Germans sign the Armistice by Monday, and trust you will hear the glad news before this letter reaches you Dear.

You ask first to tell you when to expect me coming over to see you. The nearest I could predict would be not later than a week from today if conditions continue to improve in Friesco. I see by the noon paper that the quarantine has been lifted at Fremont for the soldiers to go as far as some

~~of~~ of the towns around close to Fremont, but they are not allowed to come to Fresno.

And as to being discharged for good from the army; if the Germans sign the armistice now, it will be but a very short time until they release married men from the service on this side.

That is my judgment Darling, as near as I can see now. Just as soon as an armistice is signed there will be some word from Washington that will give us some light on the subject.

Try to be patient little Wife, and some of these days it will all be over before we know it, and then for our ~~at~~ home, and the happiness we dream of so much.

Now Dearest I have answered the questions you have asked me the best I can, and I would like to ask you one question to give me in your next letter. And

that is this - Did you ever get completely well of your cough and cold? I have asked you several times but you never say one way or the other.

Well Darling I must close and also thank you for the beautiful letters you have been writing your lover lately. Keep it up, for that is my only pleasure "~~your~~"
"your letters, and the hope of seeing you soon."

Your lover
Charles.

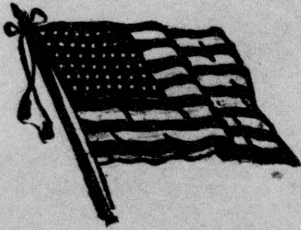
A whole mountain of love & kisses,
and I do love you so so dearly
little Wife & Lover.

NATIONAL WAR WORK COUNCIL

OF THE

Young Men's Christian Association

"With the Colors"



Fort McDowell,
November, 10, 1918.

My Darling Little Pal:

Another Sunday come and almost gone, and I have to start the week without seeing you. Dear, your short, but loving letter came this morning and it paved the way for as happy a day as could be expected away from you. This morning we had regular hand work, and after that I read the Sunday paper until dinner time. Since that big lie come out in the papers Thursday it is hard for me to believe anything they say, so I was glad when show call sounded. We had a good dinner. Chicken too, and all the trimmings. After dinner I took a walk around to the Quarantine Station and back to the little park where we ate our dinner that day.

You and Jimmie came over.

Of all the things I thought of would fill a book. What a grand afternoon too. I would have given anything to spend the afternoon with my Sweetheart, and this evening to take a nice little walk in the moon light for exercise. Sometime soon little lover I am coming to you. Indications seem stronger every day for an early lifting of the guarantee, but I can not give you any time to look forward sooner than the end of the week.

Oh if the Germans would only quit by tomorrow and I come to you and rejoice with my Sweetheart. Wouldn't that be grand and besides it is not an impossibility by any means. If that should come to pass I shall carry this to you.

That is nothing about that Special Del. You never can tell when you will receive any mail that is sent now —

— — — Oh Darling I just

heard the Grandest News Ever,
 the fellows just said "The officers
 of the day said the restriction
 would be over tomorrow. Sweetheart
 I can't write any more, but
 for fear something might happen
 that it is false news I will
 finish your letter. Oh now if
 those devilish germans sign the
 armistice we can celebrate
 together. Even now my
 statement in the first part of
 my letters is being made true
 before I finish writing, it
 is almost too much.

What did you do today Darling?
 Read some, and enjoyed the
 afternoon out on the front
 porch I suppose. Also wrote
 me a nice letter too. I'll bet
 you wished many times throught
 the day, that we were there
 together didn't you Dear? Oh
 Gretchen it seems every day I
 love you more and more. I
 don't do anything, never think
 anything but what you are
 in it or it is for you. You
 are certainly a true loving

Wife to me too. More than I
really deserve. But we sure
have our lives wrapped up in
each other, and so much
depends on this old war
ending. This is the evening
before a great day tomorrow.

Oh Dearest I do pray to night
our Dear Heavenly Father will see
fit to end it all. Darling I
really believe He will too. If
He does and I can come over
we can celebrate one of the
happiest days of our married
life. Dearest I am going to
bed early so that I can hasten
the time to pass quickly.

God bless and keep you Gretchen
my Dearest little Pal, and I
am going to bed hoping and
trusting all is well.

Your faithful lover,
Charles.

Countless kisses, and a love you
shall never doubt,

C.B.S.