


 ARMY AND NAVY
 YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION


"WITH THE COLORS"

September 9, 1917

My own dear Grace:-

How to answer your two letters of the 6 and 7, received this noon. This is a dreary Sunday, rainy and chilly. I feel lonesome oh so lonesome for you my dear. Your letters were of such a help to cheer me. Just what I needed.

Good for you dearest, keep away from the blues. What is a few years. After that we can have each other. We are both young yet and shouldn't worry. It is hard I know, but the burden is the same for both of us. Every time you feel blue, look at your ring and as you say, it cheers you. I wanted it to be a comfort. Do I get lonesome for you? Many times I wish, ah if I could only hold Grace in my arms and kiss her, once, but not now and I just


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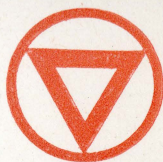

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1917

make myself think of the future and of you and I always cheer up. We have the same pains that hurt and that gives us comfort. Will you give my congratulations to your mother? It will come late, but better late than never.

I wish I could be home for the birthday social. I think of me that night, will you Grace? I suppose I will spend my next birthday in France. Some Class to me. You sure ~~on~~ will have a good looking table. I can just imagine how it will look. Give me a piece of cake and send it to me, will you Grace. Just a piece from your table.

That is the way to talk. You work like a trooper. I like to hear you say that, but I don't hear it. Ha! Ha! I am glad your cold is so


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much better.

Now for your letter of the 7. Your weather must be like ours. It is very cold and dreary. I was cold all morning and I was wishing for you to come and warm my hands. They were really cold.

I am glad your Auntie did not mind. (They are playing Uncle Josh and the carpenter on the phonograph) my sending you letters. I wouldn't have cared if she did. How is that? Thanks my dear for those words. They mean a lot to me and you will never regret writing them. It is a pleasure for me to write to you. I don't think I could love you very much if I only wrote once a week if I had time to do it ~~often~~ more often. Could I? That is the way I feel about it.


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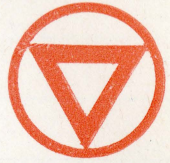

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As far as I can help it you will get a "Special" every Sunday while I am in this country. I hope the post men will do their part. My last letter (which I hope you will receive today) was not much of a letter, but it tells you I was well and feeling good. It makes me laugh to think, if only the others knew. Wouldn't they open their eyes.

No my dear Grace, I was only teasing. I could never say that and mean it. Your trust in me will not be in vain. I love you and care for you to much, to mean it. Now are you satisfied?

Don't I wish you could have been with to share my trip. May be some other time. If not the east, the west.

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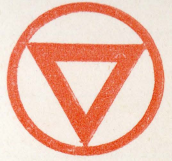
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Yes you will receive your pictures pretty soon. I have sent back my proof so they ought to be ready this week some time. I don't know how good they will be, but they will look something like me.

I was very glad I had the opportunity to march in that parade. I saw some of the big boys. I was wishing I could have taken a few pictures, but I did not have the chance as we were either marching or standing at attention.

Oh it's not that I can't trust you Grace dear, but it is nothing but a lot of foolishness and I don't care to waste your time in reading it. I'll tell you how I heard it. I went up to my room in the hotel and went to bed and

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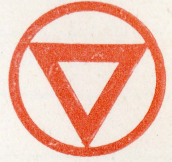
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fell asleep. I awoke and heard Sam and Bert talking and it was about you, Goldie and Arline and me, and naturally I couldn't fall asleep again so I pretended to be sleeping and listened. Don't you think I ought to have a guilty conscience? Just leave it to me and never think about it. I don't give it a second thought.

I will wait patiently for your mother's answer. I know she is busy, just so I get it before I go across.

When you look at those roads think it was on that road I was caught. I will never forget it. I laugh at it now although it could have ended differently and I may now have been in the brig. Then what would you

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have thought of me? I wonder. Oh
this is some life.

I will close for this time.

Best regards to your folks. All
my heart and it full of love with
mistakes are for you my dear
Grace.

Your own Marine sweetheart,
Dave.

S. W. 3/K's