

May 30, 1917.

My Dear Grace:-

I did not write to you yesterday as I was on ~~patrol~~ kitchen duty. Some job. I would rather drill two hours longer than do that work. It is no job for a ministers son. We are having 104 degrees in the shade today. The temperature is for going up higher. You can imagine how hot it is.

I have had a rotten Sunday so far. The first thing this

morning was, wash clothes.
We are having general inspection
to-morrow and we must be
all clean. Ah this Marine life
is some job. Gosh I wish
I could be home over Sunday.
My dear, this world is surely
evil. I am glad that a person
does not have to live in it.

What do you know Grace,
I received a letter from Eva
yesterday. When I saw the
writing it looked familiar,
but I could not place it.
Then I saw her name. It

reminded me in away of olden
times. Those golden hours
I used to spend with her. They
were hours. Do you blame
me now for thinking of those
olden days? When I get by
myself I often think of those
days gone by. Many of them
are pleasant and some are not.
Most bring happy thoughts.

If you could see me now, I
am in my tent. My shirt is
off and I look the picture of
content. I feel so to. I wish
though that I could have you
here.

I went to the movie show

last night. It sure was some picture. The name was, "The Rose of the South". After the pictures we all sang the Marine song. I will try to get the words for you and send them to you. The words certainly fit the Marines.

Golly I am lazy. If I could only go some place. I am worst than a prisoner here. I am free yet I am not. Freedom is a great thing. I am learning things every day. Are you?

Good bye for today.

My love to you.

Yours,

Dave.

2006.62.18.B17