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My Dear Grace:-

I received your very  
welcome letter today. Let me tell you  
it was welcome. I am a sick soldier  
boy today. Was sick all night and  
I do not feel any to well now. It  
takes a Northerner some time to get  
used to this climate. I wish I  
could send you some hot weather.  
I would give you half. You  
wouldn't know me now if you could  
see me. I have had my hair  
chipped clean down to the scalp.

I look like a convict. I thought I might just as well do it as I couldn't see any of you people ~~before~~ for some time.

I am glad you like my picture. I couldn't very well show my dimple. You have seen it pretty often so I hope you won't forget how it looks. When you look at <sup>my picture</sup> it just place an imaginary one where the real one should be. See?

I certainly miss you all. Many times when I get by myself my thoughts go homeward. I told Gunnar yesterday that I hope I will get such spells all through my enlistment. It is good for a fellow and I believe it will help to keep me straight. Gunnar and I read the bible and pray out loud every night before going to bed. It helps us. Please keep up your praying for me.

Tonight I go on guard. I am on guard between 12 and 2 o'clock. It will be pretty lonesome, but I am going to allow my thoughts to wander home and to you. Gunnar gets out of it this time. Monday morning our Company moves

to another island for a week  
after which we go to the Barracks  
for 6 weeks. My address will  
be the same all through. Please  
note the slight change in my  
address.

It is raining pitchforks now  
and the sun is shining. ~~Can~~  
Crazy isn't it?

We boys come near getting  
shot this morning. Some fellow  
on the range aimed it toward us  
and the bullet just passed over  
us. They make a singing noise  
as they pass. Some death song  
what I say.

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I think that a very good cabinet for Epworth League. Only you should be in it. I have been thinking of the convention too. I am glad you are a delegate. Please send me a full report of it, will you? Are you singing in the choir? How do they sing? I hope by the time I come home we will have the best choir in Chicago. We boys don't get much chance to sing because as soon as we are through drilling we hit for

bed, I mean bunk. No spring bed for us. Did I tell you we have to do our own washing. Some job let me tell you. I am getting pretty good at it. So far our sergeant has O.K. them. He is a prince of a man to work for. At the end of our ten weeks of training each company drills for exhibition before the high monks and the best company gets a silver loving cup. Our company is going to try for it.

Better take good care of that dog. I want to see him when I come home and don't spoil him.

I am glad mother has started Sunday School. It will do her good. I only wish I could be there. I miss my mother more than any one else, and I know she misses me.

I will close for this time. My best regards to friends and my love to you.

Your soldier boy.

Dave.

Thank your parents for me and send them my regards in return.