

May 31, 1917.

My Dear Grace:-

I had another lonesome streak today. I am pretty near over it now though and by the time I finish writing to you I hope to be my self again.

I was thinking of you and the convention all day yesterday. I was doing police duty. Worked until 5:00. The only thing that cheered me was ~~a~~ the good meal we had for dinner, at least it was considered good as compared to the other meals we get. We could have all we wanted for once. That is of good stuff. We had pork chops, peas, potatoes, bread and near butter, grape juice, bananas, oranges and apple sauce. Then we

received a box of cigarettes. I
worked hard all day. There were
five companies that had to work.
Here in the Barracks they had
races and all sorts of athletic
sports. This is just one of the
hard pills I have learned to
swallow. At night I went to
see moving pictures and a boxing
match. Does your day compare
in any way to mine. You
people sure must have had a
fine time. My time will come too.
Is it true that the war is to
last 2 years more? I hope not.

We had a parade today and
it was said our company was
the best. We have some company
even if I say so my self.

We play ball tonight. We
have won two games out of two.
The team we play has won
12 out of 13 games. It is up to us

to beat them. I believe I will
get all the baseball I want.
We have another game next
Saturday. We work Sunday on
the lumber pile. Please think
of me then if this letter reaches
you in time.

Tell some of the boys to
write, will you Grace? They
have more time than I. There
last three weeks my time as been
more taken than at any time
since I enlisted. Of course if they
don't care to why all right. Not
one of the boys have written to either
of us. Al is the only one.

In some respects ~~if~~ I
would like to have you as my
sister. When you say "Big" why
I can't see through. Can you
explain what you mean? Of
course I could become used

to it in time.

How is Roy and Ruth coming along! Same as ever I suppose.

Just back from chow (as we call it). It was fair. Say won't I eat when I get home. I won't refuse anything that is set on the table.

Well Grace, it is time for our game and I am going in knowing your thoughts are mingled with mine. Good bye and good night. Love to you,
Your lovesome Marine,
Dave.