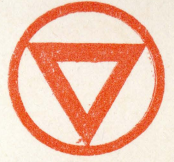




WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY  
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION



"WITH THE COLORS"

Sept. 4,

1917

My own dear Aziz:-

A few lines before we entrain for Washington for the big parade. If I get back in time tonight I will write you a long letter telling you of my liberty in Washington. I received your letter of the 31 this morning and will now answer it.

I think our case has been dropped as I have heard no word yet.

Joe wrote me telling me not to write anything to mother that would make her down hearted. He said write only encouraging words.



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I have tried to tell her not to worry about me, but it seems to no avail. It is "mother's love." I realize it will be hard for you my dear, and it will be for me. We most sometimes give up things we love most, but in this case it won't be forever, perhaps one year and 1/2 at the most. You Grace it will only hurt you to feel bad over my going. Be cheerful and let your smile rule your countenance and think of the future. You understand me, don't you my dear?

Yes, I do trust you that much Grace. Why shouldn't I?



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You know what I wrote about the ring. (I sent it last night).

I wish you could slap my face. You will have to wait until I come home for that though. I want you to write just as you feel Grace. If you feel blue, write so. Don't keep it away from me. I can take it all in.

Our new uniforms are a greenish ~~to~~ black. They are the regular field uniform, something to match the ground in France. Our dress uniform is the olive drab such as the army uses. No more khaki is all gone. Thanks for the mistake.



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Oh Grace, don't be ashamed of your letter. There is nothing to be forgiven for. I feel that way many times myself. We trust and love each other and we ought to be able to help each other when we need it. I wish I were home to talk to you Grace and to hold you in my arms.

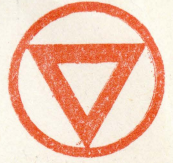
Yes I wish you could have come to Washington. I was there three days. I wished many times you would have been with me, but you never came. If I stay here till Christmas I'll see so you come to me. See?

That is right Grace. Put you



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Trust in God. He is going to watch  
between us and I am coming back  
to you again. God is a great  
God, a help in time of heart sickness  
and sorrow.

No your letter has not  
made me feel blue so don't worry  
my darling girl.

Must go now Gracie and  
hope I can write tonight.

Love and mistahs all for  
you my loveliest girl,

Your true Maring  
Dave.

S. N. 2. 12's.