



UNITED STATES MARINES

June 6, 1917.

My own Azzie:-

Just a few lines
so that you know I am alive.
To-morrow and Sunday I go
on guard so it may be a few
days before I can write again.
They sure are drilling us these
days. For two days we have
been drilling on street riot
drills. It makes me think
perhaps they will send us to
some city where they are rioting.
I suppose you have read about

it.

What is getting into that board of ours. Who would have thought they would allow an English sermon so often. It is a good thing Miller is gone.

Not much chance to come home for Des Plaines. I wish I could, but I will be satisfied if Dean come after, won't you? Then you dare tempt me about the picnic. Why, my dear, how could such a thought ever enter your mind. Consider yourself hauled out.

In a way I was proud, but such occasions are so frequent we don't mind it. Of course the men are not as high in rank but to us they are the same. You know Grace we are drilled so that we don't mind who it is.

Thanks very much that you feel so about my shooting. You can't imagine how good you make me feel. Yes.

Aye, I see, but still I feel sore at Joe. I'll be home pretty soon, so just wait.

I know you could cheer me Grace. I need you just for such a thing. I need to get all this war stuff out of me for a while. All I think of during part of the day is war and drill. It gets monotonous. That is why I go to see the pictures at nites because I lose myself in them.

Many times I have wished for
you in my lonesomeness Grace.
I will give you a chance when
I come home. Maybe I won't be
lonesome. What do you say?

Yes, I say Peter Dink was
being attacked from all quarters.
What he needed was a hollo
attack. Greek to you I suppose.

I feel like writing tonight,
but I don't have time. I must
go and get mail now and I hope
I will find my letter there. Will
write as soon again as I can. May
be tomorrow.

Love to you my little girl,
Your lonesome Marine,
Dave.