

June 17, 1917.

My own dear girl:-

You can't imagine Grace how I have been waiting for that letter I received yesterday. Do you suppose I mistrust you? Is that what you got from my letter? I said I wouldn't think a thing until I heard from you and then I would take your word for it. Don't you think my dear, if I mistrusted you I would write to you the way I have done. I hope you don't get these thoughts from my letters. Do you? No Grace, I knew you wasn't two faced. I trust you in every way. Please remember this. I hope I can make you believe this, if not now as time goes on. I will do all in my power to see that nothing comes between us. No, write to Gunnar,

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I wouldn't think of saying no. Don't  
ever mention a word if I tell you  
who sent those words. Lenea Mellin.  
Here is what she wrote. I hear  
there is a bit of rivalry between Dave  
and you for Grace. She wrote this  
to Gun. I think it some jealousy  
on her part. It seems strange  
that she should try to make bad  
feelings that way, but it is like  
some people. I hope Grace dear, you  
will trust me and not another  
word will be mentioned from me.  
I ask your forgiveness Grace, for  
making you cry.

I have felt homeless today.  
My tent was taken down so it  
could be aired out. I stayed with  
Gunnar. Then we have lost our  
sergeant. This means we leave  
very shortly. Word is that we board  
battleships. You know what that

means. Nothing certain as yet  
though.

We had two inspections today  
and I passed both. So you see we  
work Sunday as well as Monday.  
I hope you have had a good Sunday.  
Sunday afternoons are hardest for  
me. No place to go or no nothing.

Well Grace, I hope you are feeling  
right now and that you have full  
trust in me. I have in you. Good  
bye for today Love to you my dear  
Azziz.

Your soldier boy,  
Dave.