



DAVID L. THOR  
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SIXTH REGIMENT, U. S. M. C

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My own darling Grace:-

I wrote you a letter so loud out your mail man. Does he eva say anything when a letter comes most every day? To bad he does not delivra the special too. You feel just as I do Grace dear when I do not receive a letter. We must both be spoiled or do you think that is what it is? I don't.

I don't wonder that you are tired, getting on to all the new stuff and all such things. I hope

you will like your new work.

You will have to do your best now that we have our minister. He may have changed since he was in Humboldt Park. I don't know how he is toward the young people, but I do believe he is a good preacher and that he has the right stuff in him. I can just see you when you wrote that. You poor dear. If I was home I would take and give you a good shaking. See if I wouldn't. I just feel that way now.

Yes Grace, one month nearer home and you. I do wonder how many more it will be before I come home to stay. If the remainder of my time passes as quickly as the first six months, the time will soon go. But at that the days cannot travel any too fast for me. Every time I pray I ask God to end this war soon so we all can come home. I have had enough of this military life if I do say so. I do my work now because it is my duty and to live up to my contract. I never did love this work and I never will. I sure have learned

a lot in these six months.

I am enclosing copies of some of the pictures I took. I sure do enjoy those hikes.

I don't know how many times I have looked at ~~the~~ your picture I received yesterday. It is so natural Grace. I have felt a little sick this afternoon and a little down east and I would take out your picture and look at it and oh what a help it was for me. What wouldn't it be if you were here in person Grace dear. You are everything to me dearest. How thankful I am that I



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have you for my own. That I know what kind of a life you want me to live and that you trust me to live that kind of a life. I sure do have temptations Grace, but then I think of mother and of you and I feel myself again. Grace I have a lot to tell you, but that will all have to wait until I get home. I don't want to put it in writing.

but I know you are willing to wait until I get home. Won't you Grace? Ever since I told you all what has been on my mind I feel so much better and I hope my letters are the same old kind that you are accustomed to receive. I don't know what it was or why I should allow those thoughts to take possession of me in such a way.

I was going over to the Y. M. C. A. entertainment tonight and hurry your letter, but I decided to take my time no matter if I do miss it and now it is too late and I am just as happy because I am writing to you. Why shouldn't I be willing to give up an hour or two for you? Oh how I hope my dear I can prove in a little way that I love you.

I will close for this time.

Best regards to your folks.

My own true love with mistakes are for you my dear from your own lonesome boy.

S. M. 4 K's.

Dare.