

June 14, 1917.

My own dear girl:-

Why do you imagine that I would think such a thing as you not thinking of me when you go out? I believe you do, but don't allow it to take up too much of your time. I wouldn't want to spoil your time. See?

I sure did miss that Children's Day program. But it was not my fault. Well you see you ~~could~~ could have a successful program with out me.

Are you sure I would make good company or are you kidding me. I hope to get a filter when I come home. I will be waiting for the time when I can take you out again. Yes you two must have looked a sight. I wouldn't if I were in your shoes be seen on the streets. Get that.

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I am having some time on
the range. Had my first smell of
powder today. I was thinking of
how it would smell when it
comes to 2 or 3 thousand firing
at once. It sounds bad enough
with only 79 firing. Pray for me
Grace that I will make a good
mark when it comes to shooting
for record. I have three ~~sk~~ records
to shoot for. First, expert rifleman,
\$5 a month more pay. second sharpshooter
\$3 " " " " , third marksmen.
\$2 " " " " . I want the
first one and am doing my best to
make it. Here is the way I am
doing it. ~~I~~ am doing it for God,
for my folks and for you. It will
mean a lot for me if I make the
first one.

I hope you had a good time
tonight at the graduation. I feel
very badly that I have to miss

it. I was looking forward to it very much. But such is life. Take care of Joseph so he behaves himself. How is he these days? Is he mean to you?

I sure will pray and think of you on that Sunday. I am glad you took that step Broe. It will mean a lot to you. Keep it up.

It is in you. Save me your talk and send me. Now I ask you ahead of time so you won't have an excuse for not sending it.

I had another lonesome streak yesterday. I don't know why but it just comes over me. I don't try to drive it away either. In a way it is a consolation. I shall tell you my thoughts as I lay in bed last night. It was about Christmas Time and I got a furlough to go home. I didn't tell a soul, I just wrote and told

mother I would be home on a certain day some time. When I arrived in Chicago I phoned home and told mother to put on the coffee as I would be home soon. Then on the following Sunday I went to church etc. I was thinking of my visits with you on your front porch. Well you know the rest. So you see how my feelings run at times. They are not always of war and fighting. My happiest moments are when I receive mail from home and you and when I think of home and you. I mean this Grace. So you see what your friendship is to me. Be good.

Regards to your folks and my very best and truest love to you. Your soldier boy.

Dave.

My mistakes will also mean blots.