

June 19, 1917.

My own dear girl:-

To-day is two months since I left home. Do you remember the night or rather day that I left? I do. It seems to me more than two months since I saw you. But then I can't kick. I am alive and in good health. What more can I expect. Just back from the range. I was a score keeper today. Another company was shooting for record. Some job. The score keeper has a commissioned officer to watch that no man cheats. There are three score takers for each man. Do you think there is a chance for cheating?

I received your two letters of last Thursday and Friday last night and will try to answer. First, do you trust me yet Grace? I hope you do. When you mentioned the

graduation and what I missed—well you can just about know the way I felt. And then a little social after. You people don't know how good you have it at home. I haven't had (what I can call) a respectable meal for two months. How do you like that? I am very glad you enjoyed the evening. I knew I was missing a lot because every time Oak Park High School does a thing it is good. Now take that and keep it till.

You will have to wait until I get home before the daisy will tell. I have something, but I can't tell you yet. I can keep things to my self as well as you. See. By this time you can guess how I feel.

So bad that our Company couldn't parade past your building. Then you would have something to look at. If we go to France, just

watch in the papers for the 23rd
Company "M".

My dear, are you willing to
wait about one month for the ring? It
may be that long before I get a leave of
absence. They had rings at the Barracks
but not being able to sell them they
discontinued having them. I hope you
will be willing to wait. If you trust
me I feel sure you will.

Just put down the tent because
it is raining. It looks like an all day
rain to. I don't care.

Last night Gun and I took
a little walk. We talked of home and
all our friends. It does a fellow good
to switch his mind off of war talk
and think of other things. Through all
the talk I thought of you. I couldn't
help it Grace. I thought of things
that I wouldn't dare write, because
you might stop writing to me. See

I must be careful.

I will close for today. My
love to you my dear Azziz.

Your soldier boy,

Dave.

P.S. I have sent to camera and
films home with full instructions
to Joe. I hope some of the pictures
turn out good.

Dave