

June 10, 1917

My Dear Grace:-

Well how ~~are~~ are things coming? I haven't heard from you for three long days. I have missed your letters, but perhaps I have been expecting too much. I know you are busy.

Just back from supper. Some Sunday supper believe me, ~~some~~ salmon, bread and butter, rotten coffee and some other slap for desert. I do miss my Sunday meals.

One more week of training for us. To-morrow we go on the range to learn how to shoot. Maybe I'm not glad. Where we go after I don't know. Well I can say I am a pretty good Marine.

We are going to have rain tonight. The sky is all black

and it is thundering. Can you hear it?

I took some pictures today. When I get all the films taken I will send em ~~em~~ home to Joe. I think there will be a set for you. If you are on friendly terms with Joseph I think he will give you some. I hope they come out to be good pictures.

I am enclosing a S. C. dairy. They grow wild all over the country place. I am a little brood in my statement if I say country. dont you think?

You know my cousin Carl Almlad, well I understand he is taking singing lessons. Can you imagine such a thing. I nearly jumped out of my shoes when I heard it. I think I will have a chance

now too. So will you with your
tin can voice. Get me. Does
Mr. Oakes still think you have
such a voice?

My brain seems to be
stale tonight so will close.

Love to you,

Your soldier boy,

Dave.