

May 29, 1917.

My Dear Brother Joe: -

How are  
all the folks? Write me how you  
all are, one by one. Be sure now Joe.

I suppose you are in Western  
Spring by now. I am with you  
there in my thoughts and a spirit.  
I almost feel like crying when I  
think of my missing the convention.  
But God's will be done and I know  
he will take care of me. He has me  
here for something.

Our company may leave for  
Cuba the 5 of June or thereabouts.  
If we go, we will finish our training  
there. This is not certain so don't  
let it out yet. When I get there  
I will let you know. I would  
like to go.

Did you ever send me that

box of candy and my picture. If  
not don't send my picture. I  
suppose you people think me a  
pest but when I get settled I  
won't be a pest.

I hope it won't be long  
before I can come home. How does  
it seem to you? Will the war  
be over soon.

To bad about our house in  
Des Plaines. I hope it won't cost  
to much to repair it. Camp  
meeting will be another thing I  
will miss.

We may have to work  
tomorrow. I hope and pray nat.

I feel pretty good. My body  
is in a fine condition. Couldnt  
be better.

We came near having a  
lynching party yesterday. A  
negro made fun of another company  
counting off and of our uniforms.

Then I their sergeant told him  
to shut up but he kept at it.  
Then to the sergeant said to the  
company, "Get him". Before he was  
caught the sergeant was cut up  
on his left arm and his back. The  
corporal was cut on his back and  
a private was cut over the heart.  
The sergeants word would have  
let us loose and a lynching would  
have ~~accused~~ occurred. The negro  
is now in jail in Port Royal.

Well so long for this time.

<sup>Yr</sup>  
Love to you all.

Your brother,

Dave