

May 12, 1917.



My own dear Grace:-

Being a union
 laborer I don't work Saturday after-
 noon so am writing to you. We
 move to-morrow morning to the
 Barracks. Please forgive me for
 working on Sunday but I have
 nothing to say. I was a carpenter
 all morning. Some carpenter, believe
 your daddy now will you. What
 won't I be when I come home. Say
 Grace knock on wood for me will

you. I feel good this afternoon.
Better than usual. Wish you
were here so we could take a
walk along the sea shore. Don't
you?

Joseph wrote and asked me
to tell you to be ashamed of
yourself for not taking his
picture that Sunday afternoon.
Say Grace, please be good to my
little brother. As you know
he ought to have a governess
to take care of him, and as I
can't do it I hope you will do
your duty. He may be a little

hard to handle at first, but just
get a hold of him and he will
come around.

Do any of the other boys
contemplate going to war. I mean
of the older boys. You girls better
send em off before they are drafted,
or its good night for them. We
that volunteer get off easy. After
the war we get our discharge, but
I do not think the drafted
soldiers will. See I can't write
any more. When I get over to
the Barracks I will get a table

to write on. Then I will write
so you can read it. I hope
you will appreciate the position
I am in.

I wear your pin on my left
pocket. Right next to my heart.
Many times during the day I look
at it and think of you and also
what the pin stands for. It has
been to a help Grace and I hope
it always will. With your prayers
to back it up it will mean more
to me. Best regards to your folks
and my love to you, I am
Your soldier boy,
Dave.