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July 4, 1917.

UNITED STATES MARINES

My own dear Grace:-

I will have time to write you for which I am very glad. Our company mounted guard, but I don't mount until 6 in the morning, which means until 10 tomorrow night. I will be a prison guard. I will carry a 45 calibre pistol and guard two prisoners, then at night all the prisoners are taken to the show. I guess there are about fifty prisoners all told.

Grace dear, you broke your promise to me. You promised not to mention in your letters that I was too busy to write or think of you. And you did. Now if you trust me you won't mention it, it makes me feel a little uneasy that perhaps my letters are boring you or that you don't want me to write. If this is the case why say so Grace. But you know what I have written you and I mean it from the bottom of my heart.

You may have had a grand and glorious fourth, but I worked. Yes, I sure do wish I could have been along. May be next year.

You can't pray and hope for my furlough any more than I do. It can't come any too soon for me. I hope you had a good time at the picnic. I missed it and all day I could not get my thoughts away from it.

You ought to have a good vacation. Pretty soft for some people. Here poor me roasting to death and you going boat riding and having a good time. Well you can't make me mad. Go ahead and have your good time. When the war is over I am going to make up for lost time.

It is raining now and the rain

pattering down on my tent
cover is sweet music and I
think of you and how I would
like to be near you. Why
don't you come? Can't you feel
how lonesome I am for you?

Think of me tomorrow
when I chase prisoners and
you are in church. I will think
of you. There is a lot of con-
solation in that I can think
of you.

Good night and sleep
tight. Best regards to your folks.
My very best love to you my dear
girl,

Your lonesome Marine,
Dave.

You know what mistakes stand for