



On Active Service

WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

November 19, 1917.

My own dear sweetheart:-

Over at the Y.M.C.A. for a few minutes of relaxation. The only time I get that is when I am writing. I try to forget all military duties and think only of you my dear. Oh how I wanted you yesterday, but I couldn't have you so I made the best of it. I don't want to complain, but sometimes it gets the best of me. Some times I think I have mastered myself, but again I see how far away I am and I strive to do better. Oh Grace if I could only have you here to talk to you, so I could open my heart as I want to.

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Do you remember the first night of my furlough when we went for that walk? How non-talkative I was and all the time I had something to ~~say~~ tell you. Well I feel the same way tonight, only I don't have you here to tell you. My heart is full, but paper won't take it. I will have to wait until I get home and I know I won't forget it. It is something that can't be forgotten. While working today I was thinking and imagining how it will be after this war. It cheers me to think of it even though I may never come home. I feel certain though of coming home, so I don't

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let that worry me. Gun and I have a hard time being good. You know us. It is so easy to slide into little side tracks. So far we have succeeded and I know we will succeed. If Gun and I were separated life would be miserable for us and I pray that we may always be together. I wish you were here to haul me out my dear for complaining so I know I should be ashamed of my self so I will stop and behave.

We are going to have a big day here Thanksgiving. Races and a football game. I am going to take a chance at a few things. One race



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will be a funny one. We are going to have a greased pig to catch. We are three companies who are pitted against each other. All of us expect a good time. Our top sergeant is head and heels for us to win the pig. Good eatings if we do.

I am thinking of Christmas and how it will be this year. This will be the ^{first} one I have been away from home. I don't suppose there will be a "Yule Cuts". No doubt you are all busy working for the festival. It will be hard to miss it, but such are the ways of war.

Victor, Eastward is over in this part of the

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country too. He seems to be getting along pretty well. He has changed his name to John Sedstrand. Oh he is some boy let me tell you. I sure was glad when I saw him, but it was only for a few days and then ~~we~~ we parted. I have been looking for George but have had no luck as yet. I hope I will run across him one of these days.

Well my dear I guess I will close for this time and I hope this letter will reach you before Christmas. Let me know when you receive this letter. Grace.
Well Grace dearest I want to wish you a Merry Christmas



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and a happy New Year. Make this Christmas the best one you have ever had, do it for me my darling. I know how you will feel but put that aside and make it good. Send my greetings to your folks as well. Then, and this makes me sad Graa, is that I can't be home for your birthday. How I wish I could, but except my congratulations Graa, and I hope by next year I can be home. I have so much I want to say dearest, but I can't.

I know this is a poor excuse for a letter, it is such a complaining one, but I promise the next one will

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be better and more cheerful.

Best regards to your
folks.

All my love with
mistakes are for you my
own dear sweetheart from
your lonely boy.

Dave.

Enclosed 5 K's.

Private David L. Sho

73rd Company

6th Regiment

U. S. Marines

A. E. F.

Via N. Y.