

May 22, 1917.

My Dear Girl:-

I have not written for three days now as I have had no time. We are having a day off for rest to-day so I have time. Monday we drilled all morning and yesterday we were on police duty from 7 in the morning until 10 at night. How do you like those for union hours. We do the same kind of work to-morrow and Friday. I dug holes and carried lumber. I sure feel

tired today. The work was hard on me as I am not used to it. They give us a day of rest between so we won't die right away. Pretty wise of them, don't you think so!

I am glad Grace that my letters are of interest to you. Last Sunday I believe I wrote a rotten letter. At least I thought so. It seemed very dry to me.

You people must have had a good time at Mellin's house. I sure am missing a lot of socials you folks

are having. Oh well you can't ~~not~~ make me needs if you have a social every night. See if I care.

Don't you trust no any more than that Grace. Don't you think one girl is enough for me? It may be a temptation if there were girls here, but I could resist it. Some time you may know me, my dear.

I had a streak of my lonesomeness last night. I was resting, while waiting for a load of lumber, and it was dark, my thoughts all went back home. I just allowed

them to go as far as they
pleased. You may think me
a baby and a coward / Grose,
but I wish I was home. It
seems an awful long time
since I saw you. What will
I do if I stay away a year
or more. By that time you
will have forgotten me. I
hope not.

We have an inspection at
10 o'clock so will close for today.
Best regards to your folks
and my love to you.

Your soldier boy,

Dave.