



July 22, 1917.

UNITED STATES MARINES

My own dear girl:-

I sure do feel lost. No letter for a week. But then it is not your fault which eases my mind a great deal. I have been thinking and praying about Des Plaines all day. I miss it, more than I thought I would. But that must pass as many other things have passed. Nothing doing here today. Every thing is quiet. No stores are

open. This is the east you know and everything must be closed on Sunday. Even the camp is quiet. If it were not for the fact that it is raining it would be an ideal Sunday. I sure am struck on this camp.

I was corporal of the guard last night. We are going to have a guard every night for our shacks. Each squad will get a turn and the squad leader is corporal of the guard. I guess it was my last time at it for tomorrow I go to school. Yesterday I was transferred to the paymaster's department. I think the ~~sch~~ school will last for a month. I know I will like the work.

I am going to town tonight and I wish you were here Grace. I suppose you have been to Des Plaines all day. Next year at this time I suppose I will be in Iowa or maybe I won't be any more. I wish I knew what I would be doing a year from today.

Jim and I did not take that walk as we planned on account of it

raining. We took a little walk last night and we saw some very pretty scenery. The country is very hilly and right outside of camp on top of a large hill they are building a large hotel. In back of our camp is a patch of black ~~tree~~ berry bushes. Oh this is some country. I was swimming in the Potomac River yesterday. I am very proud of the fact to.

I hope I get some letters from you to-morrow so will close for today. My love and mistakes to you my dear,

Your own Marine,

Dave.

S.F.A.K.