



June 2, 1917.

UNITED STATES MARINES

My own dear girl:-

It has been raining all day so I will write you a few lines. I hope they will be of interest to you my dear. I will continue with a little of what I wrote last night. Saturday night I missed my wrist watch and thought for certain it had been stolen. I reported it, but of course nothing could be done. Well Gun came back from guard and we went to see the pictures to see if it would relieve our minds as Gun

felt about the way I did. All the way
over I did nothing but complain and the
pictures were rotten which made it worse.
I came home and went to sleep and here
it was the worst night I had spent since
coming here. I had three punk dreams
and oh me oh my how I felt. I did not
eat any breakfast. I found the watch
this morning which helped me to brighten.
Then I received your letter of the 27. and
after reading it a few times I was my
self again.

I beg your pardon miss, but I
don't smoke. I sure do wish we ~~we~~ could
go walking Grace.

That was only once I was bad
in ranks. The next Sunday I was appointed
squad leader and from now on I have to
be an example for my squad. I will be
good now.

I feel like a Marine my dear and
I am going to live and act as one. But after
the war I want to forget all about my
service. I want you to help me do it. See
what you have before you.

I meant I "will" tell you Grace. I
have decided I will. So feel assured at
that.

I thank you for your congratulations,

I worked hard for it.

So you feel that you won't go back on me. That helps me brace and I know you mean it. I am looking forward more and more now to a furlough. I feel very certain I can obtain one to. Just wait when I do come home. It will only be for a week, but I will spend it in a good way. I will let you know ahead of time so you won't make any dates, or perhaps I will come by surprise, which way shall I come?

Good bye my dear Azziz and take two xx.

Your own Marine,
Dave.