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To My Girl I left behind:-

I received your very welcome letter today. I am very willing to write regularly every day providing time permits. I did not know whether you would care. I am glad you let me know. I miss you more than you miss me. When I get by myself my thoughts always go home and then to you. Last Sat. night I was lonesome. The only comfort I had was your letter. I hadn't heard from home and a very severe case of homesickness came

came over me. I lay on my bed thinking of friends and home and what a good time they were having. Then I reached over and read your letter. It helped me Grace.

I am not in love with my work by any means nor do I expect to, but I am doing my very best and so far my drilling has been satisfactory, so I am satisfied.

Our new camp is better than our old one. We are near the ocean. On our right we have a jungle. It is full of fir and pine trees. Some of the trees are covered with moss. I enclose a little. Our food too is much better, but our drilling is becoming stiffer. We were drilling all forenoon with only five minutes rest. It will continue so for the next six weeks. I can pretty near handle a gun. Just give me a shot at a German after another six weeks of drilling and I will hit my mark. I hope though I will not be called upon to shoot anybody.

Me for mother and home when I get there. Grace I can't start to describe how I miss my mother and her meals. I will be content with staying near her. I never realized before how good my mother is.

This afternoon our Company will go on police duty. That means no drill. I would rather drill, but the sergeants word is law. This morning I got bawled out for not saluting an officer. It seems no matter where you turn you always have a corporal or sergeant's eyes on you. Well they have to be that way or some would turn the camp up side down. Boys will be boys wherever they are.

I hope your class will win the contest. I wish I could help you, but I am powerless to aid. I can think of you though. I will miss all the good times the



young people will have. Father says for me to come home in time for the picnic. No chance though. As it looks now I don't believe I will be home for Christmas. The Kaiser may die and here is hoping he does.

Grace will you send me a snapshot of your self. I will put it in my pocketbook where I can look at it. I hope I am not asking for too much. Let me know if I do. I don't want to

be a bore to anybody.

We had another rain storm last night. Our tent was flooded and beside the weather turned cold. I did not sleep very well. By tonight I will know how to fix myself so I won't freeze.

Just came back from police work. I hired out as a carpenter during my work and got through first rate. They are building a new drilling ground and they need some houses so they call on the Marina to do the work. That is what we call police work. All work that is not drilling is police work.

Well I guess you are about tired of my lingo so will close for to-day. Best regards to your parents, brothers and sister. Love to you,

Your soldier boy,

Dave.

P.S. Will await the arrival of your candy.