

May 14, 1917.



My own dear girl:-

I will write now as I don't expect to be able to write to-morrow. Our company goes on police duty ~~to~~ from 7 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night. The only time we will get off will be to eat. I will do my very best though Grace to write you every day.

We had a hard drill to-day. I felt stale and out of spirits, then I thought of you and also why I had

Come and I straightened up with better feelings. It pay I see to know that I have a girl at home who wants me to do my very best. I am to, my dear. You can bank on that.

I thank very much for those two pictures. The one of you I have put in my pocket book where I can see it every time I open it. Does that suit you?

We had inspection this morning. We had our ~~rifles~~ rifles and heavy marching order and had to march before the Colonel for inspection. We had a big band to lead us. You should

have felt me then. It would have taken iron balls to hold me back. Music certainly does help along. I wish I could describe to you our marching, but I do not know enough about it yet, but will some time later.

I went to see some moving pictures last night. They are free and have them every night. It is a recreation for the boys after a stiff day of drilling. Do you see any wrong in going my dear? I have not thought it over as much as I will. I will pray about it and I am sure God will tell me if it is wrong.

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Did not know this was
blank. Ain't I a wasteful
guy? Say yes.

Dave.