

Somewhere in France.

March 9, 1918.

My own darling Grace:-

Saturday night and nothing to do, so my thoughts have flown across the deep blue sea to a little girl, whom I know is thinking of me, who has given me her own true love and trust even though her soldier boy is over 4000 miles away and that little girl, oh how I love her and wish I had her beside me now, is my own true sweetheart. Darling, if only I could write you my thoughts, they are full of nothing but love for you and it comes right from the bottom of my heart dearest. This will be sort of a farewell letter, Grace,

before we leave for the trenches.
My hopes and wishes are at last
to be realized and we will be in
the real thing. I go though with
out fear for I know God goes
with me even if it means death.
Oh darling if I could only see you
before I go and could hold you
in my arms and could have one
of your sweet kisses once more,
but I can't so I go knowing I
could have all were you only
here. But I can go having a
vision of my sweetheart before
me and of how good it is to
have that and the knowledge
of a sweetheart at home whose
heart is aching for the safety
of her soldier boy. Darling if

this be my last letter to you,
(I hope and pray it is not) you
will know I love you truly and
my love is growing for you day
by day. I have always been true
to you, have lived my life clean,
wholesome, for you, because
some day I hope and pray I
can make you my own for life,
and because I know you are
living the same life for me, I
cannot be otherwise. I find it
so sweet to go about knowing
this, life is a pleasure to me
and I can look every man in
the face. I have not lost my
smile and should I ever be
wounded, it will still be there.
I am so glad. I have lived

to realize what true love is.
Darling I love you, love you so
and I know you return it. But
who gets credit for all this
dearest, God our creator, and
I know you give him credit
too. ^{He} is the one keeping you
and ~~I~~ and he has given us
this love. Don't forget that,
darling. I am so glad you have
given your heart to him and
I am only sorry my ^{of} life has
not been better. I have fallen
many times, but he has always
been there to help me up and
he keeps us day by day, and
I feel so sure he is going to
bring me safely back to you
Grace. I will trust him to do

this and I know you will.
Pray often for me dearest and
think very often of me as I do
of you. I won't say this is a
farewell letter Grace, because
really it isn't. I am going
to come home to you. Some
day when this war is over
I will walk in on you or
better you will receive a
telegram telling you to meet
me at the depot. Ah I can
see that meeting now. How
happy we will be when we
can be together and no more
wars to separate us. I hope
this war will soon be over

but should it last a year or
two more I know you will
still be waiting for me. Won't
you darling.

I expect I will be frightened
at first, but that will soon be
over and suppose I will spend
many a sleepless night, but
that is all in the game. I won't
run I know that and believe me
no German will get away
from me. They will all look
alike to me.

We are having fine weather
once more, sunshine and warm
weather, just like the spring
days at home, summer birds
are singing and oh how lovely
and peaceful all seems.

Well darling I will close
for this time. I will write as
often as I can and I hope
that will be often if only it
be a field card.

Best regards to your folks
and kiss Billy for me please.

To you my own true sweet-
heart I give all my love and
trust and thoughts, from your
own true soldier boy who
loves you so.

S. W. 614's.

Dave.

Private David L. Thor,
73 Company - 6 Regiment,
U. S. Marine Corps - A. E. F.

Post. D. L. Thor
73 Co - 6 Regt.
U. S. Marines - A. F.

Marine Mail.

Miss. Grace S. Hogren,
1000 N. Lockwood Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.
U. S. A.