

September 30, 1917

My own dearest Grace:-

I am going to write this as my farewell letter, my dear. I understand and it seems fairly certain that we will leave this week. First I will answer your letter of the 28, that I received this noon.

Perhaps the hermit's prophecy will come true. We will wait and see.

Ayes, my cold has left me and I feel first rate. It better not come back to me again.

I hope your candy reaches me in time as I want it very much. If Uncle Sam does his duty it may. No the cake was fine.

No, my dear I know how it feels when one has no help. Everything seems dead and you don't even try to help. We are all that way.

Well there may be more than  
loneliness. But I won't tell.  
When I come back I may. But  
I don't remember what I could  
have written that would suggest  
anything. It must have  
been loneliness. That is  
the only answer I can give  
my dear.

I am so glad your hand  
is so much better.

I am glad your father  
feels that way and I surly  
will rest assured. I never  
did worry because I felt certain  
your father thought it O.K.

Gras dear I don't seem  
to be able to write today.  
Some how something seems  
to hold back my pen and  
thoughts. I wish I never did  
have to write a farewell letter.  
But we cannot always have  
our own ways in this old

would. Well, Grace I will tell  
you what is on my mind.  
Thoughts have come to me,  
I am do you think you did  
right in asking Grace to  
promise you to wait, see,  
what you are depriving her  
of, it may be two and even  
three years before you can  
come home, perhaps you  
never will come home, what  
then, you won't be the one to  
suffer, but she will. Why  
these thoughts have come to  
me I don't know. If they  
are only from the devil I don't  
know. I hope so. I know he  
is always trying to make one  
feel miserable. I have always  
put aside these thoughts  
by your willingness to promise

meant that you are willing  
to be deprived if necessary  
because you love and care  
for me. I want to tell you  
my dear that I am going  
across with these feelings  
that I will have you when  
I come back, even if it be  
two or three years. You may  
think that I don't trust  
you because I have allowed  
these thoughts to come  
back to me, but Grace I  
do. I couldn't do anything  
else. I am going across and  
want you to know that  
I love you with all my  
heart, and that I want  
only you. Temptations may  
come that will want me to

leave you, but I am going  
over clean, I am coming back  
clean, so you will never  
have to doubt me one bit.

I am going to be a man at  
all times, like you will want  
for a love and sweetheart.

Like our chaplain said  
today, you boys when you  
get across will find many  
things to drag you down,  
but if you stick close  
to God he will help you  
out of all temptations and  
snares that the devil puts  
out for the soldier boys.

But never fear Grace dear,  
I will stand fast, knowing  
that I have a good, clean  
and pure girl at home  
awaiting my return. Ah

how good it is to know  
this. If I am not here when  
your answer comes to this  
letter I am going, knowing  
that you trust me and love  
me and am waiting for my  
return as soon as possible.  
When you get lonesome my  
darling, at not receiving letters  
as often as you are wont to,  
just think of me, that I  
am just as lonesome as  
you, and we will both  
be helped by it.

I have had a fine day  
so far. It is a beautiful  
day out side. I went to  
Sunday School today  
and it certainly was fine.  
Then I went to church and

that was still better. The  
chaplain that is to go with  
us across was with us.  
He is the chaplain for the  
6<sup>th</sup> regiment has just been  
appointed. He is a fine  
fellow. He reminds me of  
a Methodist minister, full  
of life and salvation. He  
spoke and then we had  
communion. The old chaplain  
of this camp extended the  
invitation to all the boys  
who are leaving soon as  
he said it may be a memory  
worth having some day.  
It will be to me and I am  
glad I had the opportunity  
to take communion.

After breakfast this morning Gen and I went up to our place in the woods and were there about an hour. When we first came the sun had not yet risen high enough to shine amongst the trees, but as we sat there the sun's rays started to creep in amongst the trees and oh it was fine. Every other tree is about all red and brown and the green trees mixed in with the sun's rays made it beautiful. I wish you were here to enjoy this scenery with me. Grace dear.

Oh how I wish you

was here so I could speak  
my thoughts to you instead  
of writing them. I could do  
so much better then, but  
this will have to do. When  
you receive my new address  
I don't suppose you had  
better write every day, unless  
you want to. I will write  
as often as I am allowed  
and have time. Writing  
to you and to mother and  
home will be about my  
only consolation over there.  
I will always look for  
your letters, they can't come  
to often to me. If I have  
needed them at any time  
it will be over there. Well  
my dear I will close for

this time. Give my farewell  
to your folks and I hope  
it will not be long before  
we can again meet and to  
you my darling girl and I  
say farewell with a heart  
full of true love, not feeling  
sorry <sup>in ~~your~~ ~~eyes~~</sup> that I have to go and  
leave you, but I feel glad <sup>and proud</sup> that  
I have a girl that wants me  
to go and do my bit for my  
country and then come back  
to her. You will never have  
to feel ashamed of me Grace.  
Farewell my own true sweetheart  
and an extra big <sup>to you</sup> kiss for you  
until I come home, as I know  
I will.

Your own Marine lover,  
Dave.

S. W. 5 K's.