



August 22, 1917.

UNITED STATES MARINES

My own darling Grace:-

So you are at your new home for a week. I hope my dear that you have a good time and get a good rest. Will you? I will write you at your new address until Tuesday unless you tell me otherwise. On Tuesday I will address it home. Yes Grace, 300 miles nearer but still 500 miles away. That is the sad part of this U. S. It is so large. Oh well, why feel that

way about it. Let's take it as it is
and feel good about it. If you will
I will.

In a way time ~~seems~~ to fly and
again it seems ages. Last Sunday I
could see us sitting in church and
Mrs. Oakes looking at us. Did she see
anything, I wonder? I don't care, and I
know you don't. Next time I see her
I can look her in the face and
smile. It makes me laugh to my-
self when I think of it now. I wonder
what Ruth H. thinks. You remember
when I was talking to Bill Thorsen
I held your hand. I saw Ruth looking
and I wonder if she said anything.

Try not to be blue my dear. It
does not do you any good. I realize
how it is for myself and don't blame
you one bit, but try, will you Grace.
Go out for a week and have a good
time. Forget me until you come back
home. No don't forget me even for one
week, but do have a good time and
get a good rest.

^{best} See I am sorry those pictures
did not turn out good. I wanted

them to so badly.

We sure are having hot weather. The Marine Band from Washington is here tonight, but I am going to write and leave the concert. I am going to try my hardest to get your letter out every day. You first.

The chances look good for us staying here all winter. In away I hope it is true and again I hope not. I will leave it to God and rest assured it is his will if we go. But we never know here. We may get orders to leave and we pack up and go.



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I said to a boy today, "I guess I will quit and go home," but I can't even do that. It is a funny boss that I have. He beats yous. There is a fellow trying to sing. It is not succeeding very well. At least I don't think so. I am sitting by a window looking south and there is a quarter moon. No wind and only a few clouds, an

ideal evening for a boatride on
the Potomac River Graa. It
is Wednesday night too. Can't
you come? I know you
can't so I won't tempt you
any more. Aint I nice.

We'll have a good time
my dear as I said you should.
Best regards to your mother
and Billy. All my love and
mistakes and blots for you
my sweetheart.

Your lonesome Marine,
Dave.

S. W. 2/K's. real ones to.