



July 26, 1917.

UNITED STATES MARINES

My own dear girl: -

Now to answer seven of your letters I have received in two days. I was going to write last night, but we drew clothes so there I was stuck.

First for the answer you are waiting for. I received it yesterday and believe me I was waiting for it. Your answer did not surprise me in one way and again it left me in the dark. I never thought of the fact "how would I come back" I ~~to~~ thought over those words last night and today when I could

absent my mind from my work those same words would come to me. A devilish thought, "I call it" came to me. It is, that I would never come home a cripple. It would mean come home whole and well or not at all. But, Grace I have my hope and trust in God and I know I am coming home whole and sound. This is further strengthened by my being in the paymaster's department. I may never leave this country. I want to and my hope is that I can go. I will be on the firing line, but not in actual fighting. The men will be paid on the firing line and that will be up to the pay Clerks to pay them. If it were up to me to come home I would be there now. These last few days I have been very blue some how. Your letter of the 23rd did me a world of good my dear. I don't blame you for feeling the way you do Grace and don't feel miserable. I have thought the matter over, but my thoughts and mind are the same. Should I ever get into actual fighting you will never see me again. You may be sure of that. The first battles are going to be the worst and not many of those boys will ever return. If I am called

to die I can die cheerfully & know
that. But listen Grace, don't ever
let a thought ever enter your mind
that I distrust you. Ah, how I
wish I could make you see that
I trust you. I do my dear girl.
This is about as much as I ^{able}
can do in writing and I trust
in you that you will trust in
me. You have known my part
and know when I say a thing
I mean it. Now do you trust
me, Grace? Here is something else
I thought of. Your friendship
means a world to me. I wish
you could place your self in my
position, having been gone three
months and looking back home



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to see who your friends really are. Then to know that you have a sweetheart at home, a good clean girl who is thinking of you and should evil thoughts come to you, you would stop to think, would she approve of your doing it. Do you understand what I mean, Grace? Oh, many times I have thought of you and I could see your face as though it were guiding me. Many times you, and your letters have been a blessing to me. There is not much joy for

a soldier unless he is a man of the world. Yesterday a boy asked me if I wanted to smoke, I said, "no" and he looked at me in surprise and said, "very rare." I am speaking from my heart Grace, I would say this if I could speak to you in words.

Thanks very much Grace for thinking the way you do of me as a Marine. I hope I can get home so you can make me feel happy again. Now don't think I am not happy, but it is not the happiness I had at home.

Now for your letter of the 18. I suppose in a few weeks you will be enjoying a vacation. Pretty soft for some of these bosses.

I hope I have settled your mind as to my trusting you, Grace. Well your letter had to go to Port Royal and back. Pretty soft on all those picnics. I feel that I have a picnic here and I do.

You will have to be satisfied with that I like you, see? Yes, I see that I never come late for drills any more. It don't pay to be tardy and I will see that I get the fastest train coming to Chicago, should I come. Well, I dreamed that we had our picnic and I happened to obtain a furlough and came out to the picnic in my

uniform. I came out and some how
I couldn't go up to you. I stayed
away all day doing something so
that I wouldn't meet you. I
could see you and how you felt.
Toward dusk the young people
were together in a house, you
had gone up stairs and some
how I managed to get up and —
well you know the rest. I wish
I could learn that manual of arms.

(letter of the 19. No, I did not know Harold
Crooke, it sure was a sad ending.

Thanks, I need your prayers and every
chance I get I will be in church.

(letter of 22) Yes, Lillie always was a
pretty good scout. Is she still sore
at me? She said I provoked her in
my letter to her. It makes me laugh.
I am glad Grace, that you two



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stick so close together. Keep it up. It will help Lillie, I know. Thanks for the girls regards (letter of 23rd) This is the letter that helped me so much. Don't be too disappointed Grace. I may obtain a furlough, but the chances are slim. Yes, my trip down here was fine. I never saw such beals beautiful country and I wished many times on my way down you could have been with. Well, sometimes I feel like bragging and I did it to you because I know you. See. Some other people would

think otherwise. Yes, I remember our little correspondance course. Won't I ever know that secret Grace? I hope you will tell me, should I not be able to come home.

Thanks for being brave with me my dear. I come near to crying when I read that. It was a disappointment, but I have learned to take most anything by this time. Then having one to share it, helps to lift the load.

Thanks for the blot. Yes, our freedom comes with a heart full of thankful ness you may be sure. Yes, stick and always be clean. Our life is so short and the best we can live does not amount to much. I hope you see many men in uniform. I having been working in my new place 6 days now. I like it very much. In a way there is a lot of responsibility in it, because if a man is over paid or paid when he shouldn't be paid the money comes out of our pay. It is not hard. We have been working on last months pay roll auditing and checking. The soldiers whole history goes on his pay roll. When I get back home this work will do me a world of good. I am building on my future. To be a pay clerk for Uncle Sam means a lot. Oh I am not worrying about my

getting the corporalship.

They have a victrola and they are playing while I am writing. It is cheerful in this Y. M. C. A. Betty come to Washington week from Sunday and I will meet you there. The country is wonderful. It is hard to tell what I would do, should you come down. Betty, not take the chance. Laugh with me.

letter of 25) Your letters have all come in a bunch. I guess I have them all now. I sure was waiting, but my waiting was well rewarded. It always is.

Yes, such is life and we must take it as it comes. I am very glad you had a good time



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at Des Plaines, I know I missed it. I could feel I did.

I know I will succeed, because I have God in back of me. He is a wonderful help. I wouldn't do without him for one minute now.

I don't want to tire you my dear, but I had to say what was on my heart and now I have said part of it. Everything I have written I have meant, and oh how I hope you ~~no~~ know that I trust you Grand and that you always will.

Best regards to your folks and my
heart and love to you my dear Azzio.

Your lonesome and homesick

Marino,

Dave.

S. W. 2. 10's and mistakes.