



UNITED STATES MARINES

July 3, 1917.

My own dear girl:-

As I won't be able to write tomorrow and having time now I will write you a few lines. We will be on police duty tomorrow, so there won't be any time. See how lucky our company is. We worked Decoration Day and now July 4. Do you blame me for wanting to come home, my dear? I can't leave this place any to soon. Even if it means France it will be better than here.

Yes, Georg Gustafson is in Frana. 800 men  
left today. Some for Frana, some for battleships  
and some for field artillery. We may leave  
Friday.

To tell the truth, my dear, I don't know  
what I will do if I can't come home before  
I get transferred. It looks very hopeful  
as many of the boys are getting from 10  
to thirty day leave. If we go to ~~Philadelphia~~  
Philadelphia or Boston my chances for  
a furlough are very good. You needn't  
worry Grace, I will tell you all I have  
to tell. I know now just about what  
it will be.

I won't know Austin or Des Plaines  
when I come home. That sure is what  
we need in the house. I will miss Des  
Plaines very much.

Did you mean to write that I  
did not even have time to think of you?  
You better take that back. I do think  
of you very often Grace. Many times during  
my work I let my thoughts go back  
home and I always think of you. Now  
remember you trust me so don't think  
that.

Don't work too hard in this hot  
weather. It might effect you. Now get  
mad. Ha! Ha!

No, I don't know where I  
could get the music for the song.  
There is not much music to it.

What kind of a Steno are you?  
Can't even run an Oliver typewriter.  
You see more and more I am  
learning you to know you. But  
I will excuse you for the mistakes,  
no I won't, I want the mistakes,  
as I know you mean what  
they stand for and they help me.  
I am waiting to come home so  
I can get a few real ones. They  
mean much to me Grace, and  
you will never feel sorry you  
gave them to me. I hope this  
letter finds you happy and well, Love  
of my best to you my dear Azzie,  
Your own Marine Boy,  
Dave.