

September 13, 1917.

My own dear Grace:-

I received your letter today and believe me it was welcome. I had been waiting for it and it was just what I wanted after a hard day work. Our company took another hike today and I was tired when I came in. I feel pretty good now. I like the hikes as they give us very near the actual work. I had a funny thing happen to our gun crew. It was partly my fault. When we take the gun off the carts, the carts have to be hidden. I was told to hide mine and I shoved it into some

bush and also into a bumble  
bee hive. Some time we had.  
Gum got bit and a few others.  
As luck would have it I did  
not. It made us all laugh.  
I was there with my hat in  
hand fanning the air to keep  
the bees away from me.

It would be hard to  
recognize me, but as you say  
my smile would give me  
away. It is always bound  
to come. Some class is  
good. Just wait until I get  
a couple of bars to put on  
my shoulder straps.

Our weather is warming  
up somewhat and I am glad  
of it. It seems cruel to have  
to get up in the morning, but  
such is the life in the

Marine Corps.

I will try to come home as soon as possible my dear. If my helping will do any good I will do my best.

I would like to see you hurrying around and about your table. I wish I could have been there. I'll say you have some job. I don't envy you at all.

I will wait for your candy as I remember how good your last box was. Hasn't the time passed quickly since I was home? Five weeks ago and I wonder how many more weeks before I can come home to my own girl. Nobody knows I

guess.

I do miss the parties,  
but I am content to wait  
until I get home. When I  
was home I ~~had~~ was to  
to many parties. I was  
spoiled. When I get back  
I won't know how to act  
at a party. You will have  
to teach me, will you?

I will close for this  
time. Best regards to your  
folks. All my love with  
mistakes are for you my  
own girl.

Your lonesome boy,  
Dave.

S. N. 2 K's.