



May 11, 1917.

My own dear girl :-

I am about all in. My legs and left shoulder feel bum. After drilling for three hours this morning our sergeant was not satisfied with our showing. He gave us half an hour rest. Then he said he would take the curse out of us and believe me he did. He worked us for half an hour as hard as he could. A fellow can't have stiff limbs long in our company.

If we are caught shirking ~~and~~ any of our ~~so~~ movements and it is the corporal that catches us he will say, "I want you to report at my tent after drill. The usual punishment is 100 to 200 matches to be picked up in the company street and layed in piles of 5 before the corporal. So far I have not been caught and I never expect to either.

Grace can you see any change in my letters? I mean for the worst. I meant to ask you before to see if I changed any. I want to know if my surrounding influence me or if I can stand against bad companions with God as my leader. Do you understand what I mean?

Your candy is all gone. I never enjoyed a box of candy any more than I enjoyed that one. Can you believe me Grace, I have not seen a girl white girl for most a month now. Such is a soldiers life in training. Just think how I will appreciate you when I come home. No kidding Grace, I mean it.

We are going to have ice tea, I luum and appricots for supper. The slum is fine, it

may not sound good, but it is,
I even eat salmon now. We
had it for supper last night
and I got away with it first
rate. Don't you think I was
spoiled at home. Here we have
to eat what we get and keep
our mouths shut. It makes me
laugh at times, to think that
some day I was to become a
Marine. Did you ever think
~~also~~ such a thing possible.

I hope you will excuse my
writing Grace and my mistakes.
It is not my fault.

Your soldier boy,
Dave.