

May 17, 1917.

To my own girl:-

It sure is hot  
down here, in fact so hot that  
we were excused from drill  
this afternoon. Some class to  
we Marines. Better than you  
sitting typewriting for a lawyer.

Send me a copy of that  
talk, will you Grace? I hope  
you people had a good meeting  
that night. Seeing that you  
were a speaker why naturally  
the result could be nothing  
but a success. Tell me I am  
fibbing and I will come home

and scold you. Better take me  
up on it.

We had a great old time  
today learning how to scale  
a wall. Some fun what I  
say. I wish I could describe it  
to you, but I know it  
would be all Greek to you.

Any way we all got over in  
good shape and had a laugh  
afterward. Amongst our hard  
work we have drills that  
cheer us up. Another drill we  
had was how to use of  
bayonet. That is that long  
knife. We get drilled in how

to defend ourselves and in how  
to get the enemy. It makes  
one grit his teeth and just make  
a thrust forward and you  
have it. Can you picture  
your boy thrusting a knife  
into another man? I may  
do so into an Indian down  
in Haiti, but it would be  
very hard to do it to a  
white man.

I am sitting in the library  
writing this letter. Some library.  
Better than nothing though.  
I am getting pretty well used  
to half made up things.

Yes, my girl you better obey  
your mother and stay at home.  
The Red Cross is no place for  
you. Why you would faint  
at the first drop of blood. I  
guess I won't slam you too  
much. You might get mad  
and then I would be very  
lonesome. I'll be a good boy  
until I get home anyway.  
What do you say?

It sure is hot down here.  
Just like July in Chicago.  
Oscar wants me to write a  
piece for the paper. I think  
I will leave it up to you.

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My time is pretty well taken.  
I already have one secretary in  
Joe and it seems that I may  
need some more. I wish I  
knew what to write. Can  
you suggest anything. I  
will do my best and if he  
doesn't like it ~~and~~ I will  
tell him where he gets off  
at. I am getting to be a  
tough guy. I spit fire at  
times.

Saturday I go on duty in  
the mess hall. Every member  
must take a turn. Some job.  
I would rather drill a whole

day than work there, but  
again I am bound by the  
orders. I am bound on every  
side. I am on an island and  
can't get off. Bound by orders  
from my superiors and I  
don't know what next. I  
must take it all with a smile  
and shut up. I always was  
meek and gentle. See how I  
praise my self. I have no  
one else so I must do it  
my self. I ~~believe~~ believe I am  
becoming vain.

Well I guess you are tired  
of my junk so I will not

love you with any more. I know  
you will be when you get  
through reading this stuff.  
Now won't you my dear. I  
can just see you answer yes.  
My very best love to  
you, I wish I had more to  
give you.

Your Marine, Soldier and  
Sailor boy,

Dave.