

July 9, 1917.

My Dear Grace:-

Just through with my washing. Doesn't it sound queer. Anyway I washed a shirt, a pair of trousers, a suit of under clothes, a pair of socks and two towels. Some Mairns I am. I have had two busy days. Yesterday I was guarding prisoners. I had two in the morning and two in the afternoon. The work is not hard, but it is very tiresome. They have the prisoners do the hard and dirty work of the camp. I guess we were about 20 guards and we are giving our prisoners and then the work assigned to them. Each guard carries a 45 calibre

revolver. My prisoners were ^a pretty good sort, but as a rule, they are a hard bunch. The hardest for me was when we took them to eat. The guards lined up in two rows and the prisoners were marched between us and then we marched to eat. It just went through me when I looked over them. I am glad that God has control of me. They have one hard boiled negro. He tried day before yesterday to slice a guard with a razor. They have him in ankle braces and hand cuffs. He doesn't seem to mind it. Oh those negroes, a person down here gets to hate them. I never did like them and now I sure don't

care for them.

Today we had a big inspection and parade before the major of the place. We were twelve companies. It took us one and one half hours in a boiling hot sun. This afternoon we had a preliminary inspection for tomorrow, oh this military life is some life. When I get home I will tell you more about them.

Now for your letter of the 4th. It may have been a glorious fourth for you, but not for me. I am very glad you enjoyed yourself there. I wish I could help you enjoy some of your time, but my

time will come my dear. That
race must have been funny.
I remember when I used to
swim at the Y. M. C. A. we
raced in tube. It was
great sport for me.

A half day is better
than none. I know you will
enjoy yourself. I will miss
the picnic very much, but
my lot this year is to be
here and I must enjoy my
self as best I can. I know I
have you which is a great
consolation.

I hope this letter finds
you well my dear and my
best love to you my Azzie.

Your Marine,
Dave.

You know what mistakes
mean.

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