



July 18, 1917.

UNITED STATES MARINES

My own dear Grace:-

Having finally settled in my new quarters I will answer your letters of the 13 and 14. Then I will tell you a little of the new camp.

Now that I am a Marine I am not going to do my own washing. I sent my first laundry away to-day. Why should I do the work when there is no need for it. ~~It~~

Most of the prisoners are

deserters from the navy. We had about
10 Marine prisoners. Well Grace ~~I~~ in
a way I agree with you about the
negro and again not. If you could see
what I have seen you would agree
with me. So let it be as it is.

I may explode my secrets if I
get home, but not by mail.

Thanks, my dear for your telling
me that you are homesome. You have told
me before, but it seemed to strike a spot
in me, which it had not before.

Well now don't get mad. I thought
you always meant what you wrote, but
I wanted to find out for sure. Now
make a face and stamp your foot. See
if I care.

Now for my trip north. It was
some trip, very much better than my
trip south. We left got up at the
Barracks at 3: and left about 5. We
rode all day and arrived at Quantico at
2:00'clock this morning. I got to bed at
2:30. About 2 hours sleep in 24. How is
that? The country through N. C and
Virginia is grand. If I could only picture
it to you, but I can't. We passed
cotton fields in blossom. The flowers

are red and white. Can you picture to yourself fields with these colors? You ought to see the corn. I am not exaggerating a bit when I say the stalks stood 15 feet and the ears were over 12 inches and nice and round. We passed through forests. Such scenery we rode past all day. The towns were dandy and the houses were these large colonial houses. ~~The best town~~ Our train was a special with 15 coaches. We stopped at Rocky Mountain for our supper. It is some place. Some girls they have



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too. At all the towns that we passed you would see the girls come out and wave at us, but at Rocky Mountain they showed what I always pictured a southern girl to be. They were grand.

Although the trip was long and tiresome I am very glad I could take the trip. My next trip will be to Washington, D.C. We are ~~over~~ only 30 miles distant. The place we are at is one dandy

place. Our food is fine. You
may think I am bragging Grace,
but, I am a Marine now and our
liberties are the same as an
officers. We are men now and
we are treated as such. The
cook we now have will be with
us through the war. One cook
for each company. The place
is situated in a valley, with
high hills covered with trees. It
looks wild. These Barracks are
only 3 months old so before it
must have been a forest. We
are near the Patomic River. Our
company is a machine gun company.
That means (as we were told,

3 months of training and 9 minutes
to live on the firing line. This is
the average ^{life} of a machine gun
man after he gets on the firing
line. Eight men to a gun. We
don't start our work until Mon-
day when I will tell you more
about it. Some consolation
to be able to live 9 minutes. I
will get a couple of Germans
in that time. The Marines
rapid firing guns shoot 500
bullets a minute. They say
we may leave for France by
September. If this is so there
will be no change for a
furlough. Here is hoping

against hope we don't go.

I feel tired myself tonight -
I have had about 6 hours sleep
in 48. Do you blame me for
being tired?

Be good and good night
with my love and mistakes for
you my Azziz.

S. H. A. K. Your lonesome Marine,
Dave.

73 Company 6th Regiment.
Marine Barracks
Quantico, Virginia.