

June 4, 1917.

My lonesome girl:-

Did you ever try to sleep in a tent at night when it was thundering, lightning and raining? Last night we had some storm. What I mean by that question is if you can sleep through it (as I did) you are not far from being a first class Marine. I slept like a log all night. Today the sun is shining and it is very hot. I am in the mess hall today. Some job. I don't like it a bit. The one consolation is that it is the last time for me. Grace if you could take my place for one meal only you would faint. My the way they wash dishes. I see enough of it so I won't try to describe it. It gets on my nerves.

Just two weeks more of training. Then we are through. Where we go after that I don't know.

I didn't know I changed so much in my letters. I sure must have many sides to my nature.

Please name a few and I will pick out the best and try to follow them.

What would you think of me if that cowardly wish would come true? Such wishes come very often but I have to put them down. No I hors are going to have a yellow streak down their backs.

I worked like a slave all day yesterday. It was the last day for us on the lumber pile. It did not seem as Sunday to me. We got the night off. The trades that I learn here do not appeal to me.

Nothing to them for a future. Of course if they gave me a commission as a captain I would stay a Marine. But nothing else. Me for Chicago and the bond business.

I ~~feel~~ pity your mother if you take it out on her. It sure is nice to have a mother though isn't it my dear. I can't express how I miss my mother. I'd go crazy if I could not write home. I did not know home is what it is.

I am glad and very much pleased that you will not forget me. I sure won't forget you. Grace, will you keep something if I send it to you. They have in camp rings with the Marine insignia on. If you will receive

it from me I would like very much to give one to you. I have your pin and I gave you nothing in return. The ring don't have the meaning of the pin, but to me the ring will mean a lot.

I saw a good picture last night. It had the best moral in it that I have seen for a long time. It was of a young man who got married and got to drinking. His wife left him and went home and the man fell lower and lower. At last he got to realizing his position and reformed and became a man again. Of course this is a rough out line, but you can fill in the lines. I enjoyed it because it showed up what booze will do. So many of the boys here in camp like liquor and I hope the picture will cause

a reform in their lives.

I gave my tent mate the "hook" as my care taker. At least when it comes to censoring my letters. Now get mad and look cross and stamp your feet if you please, I don't care. I am not within your reach now and by the time I get home you will have cooled off so I feel safe. Get the way I feel about it. If he gets to be to good a reformer out he goes all together. Ha. Ha. Can't you hear me laughing.

I guess you will be asleep by the time you read half of my letter so will say bye, bye. But regards to your folks, and how is the dog.

My best love to you.

Your Marine boy,

Dave.