



May 10, 1917.

My Dear Grace:-

I will write now as I am at leisure. This morning we had our hardest drill so far. My arms and shoulders hurt to beat the band. But they can't make it too hard for me. Just got back from a lecture. The sergeant took us all out under a tree and gave us a lecture on first aid, parts of our guns and how to salute.

That candy you sent was certainly good. It was the first good candy I have tasted since ~~so~~ leaving home. The only thing I now desire is a cup of mothers coffee. Can you send me a cup? I miss that almost as much as I miss other thing of greater value.

I was down by the sea shore last night just as the sun was setting. A path of red glow could be seen on its way up to the sun. The tide was coming in and I could hear a ripple as it struck a rock. The frogs were playing in a pond close by and occasionally a gust of wind would stir the trees, otherwise all was quiet. I wish I could paint this picture to you Grace as I saw it. Then I thought of you. I could easily find a place for two where we could sit and watch the sun sink into the ocean and watch the tide come in. You may think me queer for painting this picture Grace, but I couldn't help it.

It is a wonderful piece of land we

are on.

I think our company will leave here Saturday and march over to the Barracks where we stay for six weeks and then for a war ship. Our navy may be ordered to attack the German fleet and at the front you will find the Marines. I don't know how true this is, but we hear some talk in camp. I wouldn't mind, and in fact would like to see some active service.

Good bye for this time,

Your lonesome soldier boy

Dave.