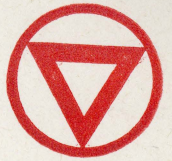



 ARMY AND NAVY
 YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION


"WITH THE COLORS"

October 9, 1917

My own darling Grace:-

Grace if you could only be here now. I want you. It is awful in our company. Every one that has gotten a chance is drunk. They are doing it as a last resort before we leave. You can well imagine how I feel and how much I need just you. But I know I am profiting from such scenes. It is making me stronger to with stand this temptation. We can't even get our mail on account of the office men. So I have no letter from you to answer. I received your letter of the 6 that I received last night about nine o'clock.

Yes my dear I did receive your telegram and oh how sweet it was to me. Words cannot


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do justice for what it meant to me. I knew what your answer would be, but I wanted it in words. See?

I hope this is his final decision. He ought to be ashamed, but I guess it is not in him some how. If ^{there} it was, he would not have waited so long.

I am so glad Grace dear that I have a sweetheart praying for me. It means a lot to know that. I only hope and pray that this war will end very soon so I can come home to mother and you. Oh how I wait for that time.

The time I will wait for your first letter a broad sure is going to be a long wait.


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But as you say it will be the same for both of us. Isn't it good that both of us can share the aches and pains together?

So Olga has gone. Has the whole family moved. I had a card from Victor some time ago, he is in New York. I have not had time to write him as yet and don't think I will. I am getting independent as only a Marine can be.

It has been raining all day and it is very cold. My overcoat has been none to warm. This is some life. Some times I feel so disgusted that I feel sorry I ever enlisted, but then I think, duty before pleasure. It is a painful duty, but as


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the old saying goes, only the best can be gained by hard work and deprivation. I wish I could write something cheerful. I feel down cast tonight and only wish for you my dear. Oh well better days are coming.

My sea bag is packed and we are all ready for leaving. Sunday is our day. Orders have come in today. So be ready for my telegram.

Good night my own dear sweetheart, with a heart full of love and trust for you from your heartick and lonesome boy,
 Dave.

S. W. 911 1/2.