

May 29, 1917.

My Dear Grace:-

I have felt like a prince for five days and last night the bomb fell. Every morning I get up and look outside as the sun is just appearing and I breathe in the fresh morning air. At those times I forgot Austin and Oak Park. We all thought that yesterday would be our last day on police duty. Last night as we were coming in (10 o'clock) our sergeant said that headquarter orders were 2 weeks more of police duty. It took all my pep away. I felt miserable. You wouldn't blame me Grace if you knew what the work is. I am getting my self in shape so I can go out to-morrow in good feelings. We expect to work to-morrow even though it is Memorial Day.

Sherman was right when he said,  
"War is —"

I am thinking and praying  
for the Convention which starts  
today. Even though I can't be there  
in person my thoughts and heart  
will be there.

I signed my name to the  
pay roll today. Some size. I am afraid  
I don't know where I will find place  
to put all of it.

I have a little happening to  
relate to you. We came very near  
lynching a negro yesterday. Our  
sergeant told us if our company had  
been in the other companies place he  
would have allowed us to go ahead.  
We were two companies on police duty.  
This company was falling in to go  
to supper. We line up and we  
count 1-2-3-4-1-2-3-4 and so on  
down the line. Some private made  
a mistake and this negro started

to poke fun at the company. The sergeant told him to shut up and ordered his company to count over. Again a fellow made a mistake and the negro again poked fun at the company and at the uniforms. The sergeant told his company to get him. The sergeant and corporal were in the lead and the negro was cornered in a house. He had a long knife and started to slice away. We cut the ~~ser~~ sergeant on his left arm and back. The corporal was slashed in the back and a private was cut over the heart before he was caught. The company wanted to hang him but the sergeant had the word and the negro was taken to jail. As our company was not in it we could do nothing. Just think of me helping to lynch a man, can you seeing me do it. Such is the life of a soldier. I had an

argument with Oscar over the  
negro some time ago and now  
more than ever I feel prejudiced  
toward the negro. Tell him so,  
will you?

I enclose a little of the  
program we go through during  
the week. Most of this will be  
Arabic to you but it will give  
you an idea of a little of our duties.  
This is on ~~the~~ side of our drilling.

I don't know how interesting  
this letter is to you, but I give it  
to you anyway.

I hope it reaches you in the  
best of health. My love goes forth  
to you.

Your soldier boy,  
Dave.

ps We have a ball game to-night.

# Physical Drill with Arms.

Commands, come to the ready 1-2-3.

16 counts to each exercise.

1. Down and forward.
2. Forward and upward.
3. Up and shoulders.
4. Side pushes.
5. Diagonal lunges.
6. Forward lunges.
7. Front sweep slow.
8. Over-head twists. (butts forward.
9. " " " (muzzel forward.
10. Side twists.
11. Company attention.

# Weekly Inspections

Monday.

Sanitary (stripped to the waist and sitting on the foot of the bunk with one shoe off.)

Tuesday.

Company Commanders (Tents in good police, Lockers in good shape, clothes folded neatly.)

Wednesday.

(Clothing on bunk.)

Thursday.

(Equipment on bunk.)

Friday.

(Heavy marching order.)

Saturday.

(No Inspection.)

Sunday.

(8: A.M. Troop, Uniform, O.D. Shirt, Trousers, Leggins, Everything in first class shape. (note: Sunday afternoon prepare for Commanding Officers inspection by cleaning & shining mess gear, blousing leggins, cleaning rifles having them free from oil & dust.)