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June 22, 1917.

UNITED STATES MARINES

My Dear girl:-

I feel like a brick. Now bawl me out for that slang. I would feel better, but I shot rotten on the range today and that put me down a little. But I am going to make up for it. I like shooting.

I was wishing for you this morning Grace. It was during the time for parade, with the band playing. I had nothing to do and oh such a longing for you came over me. One of these

days I will get so lonesome that I will  
open up my wings and go. I understand  
in some camps soldiers have been shot for  
trying to escape. Pretty tough. In a way  
I don't blame a soldier for beating it.  
But not for me. If I am to be shot it  
will be an honorable shot.

I dreamed about you last  
night. I don't know if I should tell  
it to you or not. I don't know what  
it represents as I don't believe in dreams.  
It was a fine winter day and we had  
a skating party. You were my partner.  
We had skated for a while and had  
stopped for a rest. After resting Gunnar  
and Al came up to you and you went  
off with them and did not come back.  
As you were going off, you three looked  
back and laughed at me. Some dream  
don't you think?

What do you think of the Japanese  
question? Will it be as serious as it  
looks? Well as Gunnar said to me, I  
would rather shoot a Jap than I would  
a German. I will say the same. If we  
do come to war, I believe the Japs will

give us a run for our money.  
Isn't this an awful time. It  
seems like the end was near.  
Soon the world will be at war,  
then peace and then the end. I  
am ready no matter what  
should come.

I am praying for you and  
your Epworth League meeting.  
I wish I could be a listener  
that night. No such luck.  
All I must do is to wait until  
I come home. By that time you  
should be 1st Vice Pres.

Good bye my dear,  
Love and one kiss for you my Azzie.  
your Marine,  
Dave.