

July 10, 1917.

My Dear Lonesome girl:-

When you are lonesome just think that I am lonesome for you. The other night at the moving picture show they played "twas the end of a perfect day," it will never be perfect until I come home to you my dear. I will endeavor to answer your two letters I received yesterday.

Grace, they did me a world of good. I appreciate that you sit up late at night and write to me. It makes me feel — well I will tell you when I come home. I will have a lot to tell you my dear.

I am glad you had a good time at the picnic. I

thought of you many times that day and wished I could be with you.

You pray for me and I pray for you. I need all the prayers I can get and I knowing you pray, it means more to me.

I looked at the poem twice before I read it. I saw the word "Mizpah" at the top and after reading it I thought of you and knew you would enjoy it. I agreed to most of it.

Yes, you win, if only they will follow in my footsteps. I do my very best to keep straight and so far I have succeeded. God is good to me.

Yes, Grace I will let you know when I come. As soon as I leave here I am

going to put my application
for a furlough about last of
September. I want to play a
game of football before going
to France.

Your picture is fine. I
was very glad to get it. I am
going to put it where I can
see it any time. It is just
like you. Your easy and free
manner. It is very natural.

Now for your letter of
the 6.

I don't wonder at your
being tired and stiff. A person
always does after a picnic, and
then you sitting up later to
write to me. Grace I can't
explain how I feel (just now)
at your writing to me during
the time you should be in bed.
You ought to expect a
good time. I hope you had a

good time even if you didn't expect it. See, I can be mean to.

Yes, I prayed for last Sunday's meeting. I hope that the young people were present to help out. Tell me about the meeting. I know Miss. Elmstrom is good.

That poem certainly is a line of cheer. If I can think of it when I am gloomy it will help me. What am I to do Grace when I get lonesome for you? That poem does not apply to that, does it. You are in the same boat with me. Every time I get lonesome I think of my furlough and it helps me. I know I will get one or 2

the thought of one wouldn't be
of such a help. See, how hope
full I am.

I don't care what kind of
a language you write to me, I
can get it translated. Are
you sure you meant that French?
I have been hopeful but I
didn't dare think so yet. My
heart is full for you and some
time I will tell you face to
face. I think it means more
then. Don't you?

We had another parade
today. It ~~was~~ wasn't so hot
today as we had no sun, but
they got my goat. This afternoon
we drilled and we did good work
so it did not last long. Then
we washed clothes and had
supper. For once we had a

good meal. I mean a ^{good} meal
for this place. See?

Will be good little girl,
loads of love to you my dear
Azziz.

Your own Marine,

Dave, who is
very hopeful of soon seeing his
girl. (S. N. A. 14.)