



July 29, 1917.

UNITED STATES MARINES

My own dear Grace:-

No letter for

two days. I suppose I will get some to-morrow. I hope so. It is very hot outside and not much better inside.

I did not get a chance to go to Sunday School or church this morning, but we are going to church tonight. Just as we were putting on our leggins this morning the first sergeant called Sunwar

and I into his office. He asked us if we would check over the payroll for our company. We told him we would and it took us all morning. He is a fine fellow and we could hardly say no. Besides it gave us practise for our work.

After dinner we took a hike. We walked along the railroad tracks for perhaps a mile. We took some pictures and I hope they turn out good. We took three of the scenery and if they turn out you can get a little notion of the country. After a person gets out a way all you can see is woods and at times the river can be seen through the trees. After we came back I laid <sup>down</sup> ~~around~~ and reread some of your letters. I can't help but read them over. They are such a help to me.

I wrote you we would have trouble last night. Well the dance hall is closed. I am so glad. It happened very easily. Two fellows that were in the building ran through and hollered

fight and of course all the Wainies followed. Before the crowd could get back the guard was called out and everything was called off. They had guards around the building all night. From reports that I heard the place or rather the inmates were getting bolder all the time. Such is the life of the wicked.

I don't think of anything to write that would interest you so will close.

My heart and mistakes for you my dear.

Your own boy,  
Dave.

S. W. 2 K's.