



May 13, 1917.

My own dear girl:-

I received your very welcome letter today. It sure did gladden me. We moved this morning. We marched about 5 miles to the Barracks, where we stay five weeks. Some place. I don't know enough about it to write you, but will in a few days. So far I like it. It is an up to date place. Good food too. We had a dandy dinner today.

After dinner we had to take a bath and wash our clothes. I am getting to be a sabbath breaker my dear. I cannot help it, for orders are orders, and I must obey or go to the brigg. It is a dirty looking hole. All prisoners wear a gray suit. See, & race it looks awful. They do all the dirty work of the camp and a guard with a loaded revolver has to watch them all the time. How glad I am that I am a Christian, don't forget to pray my dear, as I certainly do need them. I am glad your heart is here, that is a great deal of consolation. I know your thoughts are here to at times. My thoughts very often go back to you and to Austin.

How is Sunday School now days? just think I have not been to Sunday school for 4 Sundays. When I get out of here I hope I will be stationed where I can get to Sunday School.

Next Wednesday 500 of our Marines embark for Haiti. We may go later. The only thing holding us back is we have not

Completed our course in training.  
I would like to see a little  
action before I get home. I would  
like to go to Mexico.

You ought to see how tanned  
I am getting. You wouldn't know  
me if you saw me Grace.

I feel fine. I was sick for  
a day and a night. This morning  
we were inoculated the second time.  
One more time and we are through. My  
arm is pretty sore and swollen. Some  
stuff they shoot into your arm. Costs  
\$20 for one inoculation.

I certainly appreciate the  
fact that you sat up till past



eleven o'clock to write me a letter.  
But it is like you.

How does my mother seem  
to take my absence at church?  
Does she ever start to cry? At  
home she does and I write to her  
to be calm. She will get over it  
in time.

I will await that picture  
with pleasure. Don't go to too much  
trouble for me Grace. Any picture  
of Walter will interest me as I

miss him a whole lot. We used  
to have great times together.

Don't love that dog to much.  
Save some for me when I get  
home. Do you hear me?

I will write more next letter.  
Best regards to the folks.  
My best love to you my dear,

Your lonesome soldier boy,

Dave.