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June 29, 1917.

UNITED STATES MARINES

My own dear girl: -

Having most of today for myself I will write to you. I did not write for three days as I have had no time. Wed. we finished shooting for record and yesterday I was in my tent just 20 minutes. I came in at 9:30. Today we have a general inspection and a big parade. Major General Wood is coming to inspect us! How do you like that? I have always wanted

to see the old man and now I will have
the opportunity. Everything must be spik
and span. Oh this military life is
awful with all its inspections and stuff.

I made a first class rifleman. I
am satisfied with it. I am also a
first class Marine. See my dear.

Good for you girls. That was fine.
I knew you could do it. I knew you
could lead Epworth League. I know
you made a success too. I know you
pretty well Grace.

I don't understand why Joe gave
you the films. I told him ^{show them to anybody} not to until
I had seen the pictures first. There may
be some I did not want printed. I suppose
it is of no use to ask you not to print
them. I wanted you to have every one, but
I wanted to see them first. But it is no
use to cry over spilled milk.

No, thank goodness I never did
believe in dreams. So you admit you
could do such a thing. Why Grace. You
are not losing your girlishness, are you?
Better be young as long as possible. Many
times I used to wish I could act younger

not that I felt old, but I was
quiet. By the time I get home
I will be an old man and I
will need you to cheer me up.

Do you think you are capable
of performing such an arduous
task.

Talk about you having
the blues, they are nothing
compared to the ones I had night
before last. I did not cry, but
believe me nothing could cheer
me. Nights are the worst time
for me. Along towards nine
o'clock. I think of home and
of the good times you folks
have. I think of you and all goes



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us. My only consolation now is that I hope for a furlough. Well such is life, but when I get home I am there to stay. Home, sweet, home.

No, I won't get the measles. Not if I can help it. That is one thing I pray about, that God will keep me from all sickness and he has done it so far. I don't want to be sick on this island.

Why do you write in

your letters that ~~I~~^{you} suppose I will be
tired of your writing so you had better
close. No, my dear, I don't get tired of
anything you write. I look for your letters
because I know I will find something
in them to help me. It has not failed
yet. So don't write that if you are
positive that I trust you and you trust
me. Is this a fair deal,

I hope this letter will find
you feeling better and not so lonesome.
Best regards to your folks.

My heart and its love are for you
my dear Azzie,

Your own Marine,
Dave.