

June 16, 1917.

My own dear lonesome girl: -

By your letter that I just received you must be lonesome. I write to you not less than every other day and sometimes every day. This week and next we are on the range and I don't find much time, but I make time for a letter to you and home. I do this without fail. I like the range work very much. So far in my preliminary shooting I am one of the best in the Company. I am doing my best and I sure do pay attention. You know I am shooting for you my dear.

No, not much chance to come home yet. I heard (don't know if it is true or not) that if, after a man's training is over and he is detailed on the island and stays six months he gets a months furlough. I sure hope this

is true. Wouldn't I be happy if I could come home. I can say it would be my happiest time. I am waiting for the time when I can come home and be with you again. Pretty soft for Bill. But he is in the Navy, a tar, what we call em. A lot of difference between a marine and a tar.

My tert mate Bob is in the hospital with the measles. Went last night. He felt very bad over it, we being so near the end of our training. He gave me the job to keep his girl and mother posted as to his condition. He has a fine girl. A school teacher in Rich Richmond, Illinois. Do you care if I write to her?

We are having pretty cold weather. I awoke this morning and oh how I shivered. Getting up at four when it

is dark and cold. Can you imagine it.

I was sitting in my tent and the ~~sde~~ aroma from chicken stew from an officers house floated gently into my tent. And here we eat mules meat. Some difference. I could eat nails and my stomach would digest it. See how ^{tough} ~~tuff~~ I am becoming.

My dear you can't be any more lonesome for me than I am for you. It seems an awful long time since I last saw you. You can't imagine Grace, how glad I am to have that snap shot of you. It is a consolation well worth having.

Will try to finish your letter. Back from lunch, have washed all my dirty clothes, shaved and all cleaned up and waiting to take you out. I wonder if you would go

out with me if you could see me
now.

There was a funeral ceremony
after dinner today. They marched
from the hospital to the boat. I
never heard a sadder march. This
boy died from some poisoning.
Death sure is sad.

I was thinking, it takes an
absence to show who your friends
are, I mean the ones that will
stick during absence. I can't kick.
I have more than I expected. It
sort of surprises me that more of
the boys at home don't write. Don't
say any thing more Grace. I can
do without their friendship.

Do you know I get some
very funny thoughts once in a
while. I was wondering (not now)
how I would look in civilian
clothes again. Now isn't that a

funny thought. I won't be able
to wear a stiff ~~clo~~ collar when
I get home. I'll be like an old farmer.
Maybe. No I won't. I will be like
a Marine. Whether you will like
me or not, it will be up to you.

Well I suppose you are
tired of my scrawl so will close
for today.

Best regards to your folks,
and my love and thoughts for yourself.
Your own soldier boy,

Dave.