



HOTEL WINSTON
WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 13, 1917.

My own darling Grace:-

Can't you hear me calling you dearest, but no answer, all is quiet. You won't come to me, so I will come to you, when? That is some question. Oh Grace if you only knew how lonesome I am just for you and you only. It seems at times I must fly to you, if only for some relief. But I must quiet my self and say nothing, but oh the longing is still there. Two days have past now and no letter from you. I am wondering if you have written to my new address. I hope not. I am as yet in Virginia, just now I am in Washington and this afternoon I had some battle with my self, Grace. Gun and I went to a hotel and they told us, no men in uniform allowed. Say but that did hurt me. If ever I came near to cursing it was then.



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It knocked me out for at least 2 hours, but I finally came out. In other words we were put in a class as dogs. Now do you wonder I am homesick and lonesome. You I do my best to live a clean life and then to get it in the face as we did. But I can forgive and forget.

I have been feeling first rate the last couple of days. We don't drill anymore. We just lie around on our bunks and await orders for sea board. I hope they come soon. Now, I don't seem to be able to write tonight. I am lonely. I want you. and you know how that feels. It seems instead of my lonesomeness going away it comes harder to me, why should it be this way. Can you forgive this letter my dear? Please do for my sake. Goodnight my own darling sweetheart with a heart full of love for you from your own true boy who is very lonely tonight.

Dave.