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UNITED STATES MARINES

June 20, 1917.

My own dear girl:-

After a whole day and night of rain the sun is at last shining. Nothing like the sun to cheer a person.

You had better be careful how you treat your boss. I don't suppose he cared. How could he having you as a steno. If he did bowl you out I would say he had no heart whatsoever. No, I wouldn't pity you. I don't have any one to pity me.

How is old Doc Plained?

I don't suppose I will get to see it this year. I will miss it I know.

I have kept my hopes pretty high from the ~~news~~^{news} that is spreading amongst our company. It may not be true Grace so don't take it for granted. They say all "M" companies (there are 3) are going aboard ship. That will mean we go to Philadelphia first. Then before going aboard ship we will be allowed ten days liberty. You know what that will mean for me. Say Grace, I would spend fifty dollars to be able to come home for a week. I hope that this is true. Now don't bank too much on this news as it may not be true.

Yes thank you very much my dear for giving Bill Grabow my regards. I have written to him and I only received a card. They are not allowed to write letters I understand. How was he? Was he in his uniform? Wait until you see me in my uniform. We are going to get olive drab, with web trousers and leather leggings. Our dress beats the army and navy every way. The Marine Corps are going to do away with the blues.

We are having rifle inspection today. Some inspection. A fellow pretty near gets nutty over all the inspections we have. It is all for our own good so I do it all cheerfully. Why not. Don't that what you say Grace.

I am afraid when I get home I will be awfully hard to please. I will try my best though to be careful.

Can't think of much more to write so will close. Best regards to your folks and my love to you my Azzis.

Your soldier boy!
Dave.