

June 8, 1917.

My Dear Grace:-

I have two of your letters I will try to answer. You say you are busy, but you have nothing on me, my time seems to become more and more limited.

Your cake was fine. I had the last piece today. A piece of cake tastes very good in a military camp. I am getting pretty used to the life down here. I can smile most any time. The only time I can't is when we are drilling. If we are caught smiling we may have to pick up 500 to 1000 matches. Eyes straight to the front is the order.

I had a very easy job yesterday a dental orderly. I ran three errands all day. In the afternoon I helped the doctor with

his tools. I worked from 8  
to 4. Pretty soft & say.

We had another rain storm  
last night. It rains at night.  
down here and at day we roast  
in the sun. Some continuation.

No, if the boys keep going  
you girls will be alone. Then I  
suppose you girls will shout for  
joy. Can't make me mad.

Nope no help for you and  
no hope. Maybe. Time will tell.

Grace I want you answer  
to the following. I will take your  
word and for get about it if it is  
not true. When I heard it it  
spoiled my whole evening and all  
day I have been thinking about  
it. It seems very strange that  
just as I was becoming my self  
again something of this sort should

come along. This is what I heard  
from a letter. In church and  
around Austin gossip say that  
there is a very keen rivalry between  
Gunnar and myself for you.  
Is this true? Answer my question  
Grace and I will be satisfied. Do  
you know anything about this  
gossip? Some one in church started  
it who knew that you corresponded  
<sup>with</sup>~~to~~ both of us.

Don't you know what S.W.A.R.  
means? It means, sealed with a  
kiss. I meant it too.

Will be good Grace. Best regards  
to your folks and my love to you,

Your soldier boy,

Dave.