

May 15, 1917

My dear girl:-

Just a few lines to let you know I am well and enjoying myself. My spare time it seems is getting less every day, but I will try my best to drop you a line every day. I hope you will excuse this pencil writing, and a poor excuse for paper. Best I could get at present.

We had another parade this morning. My dear I certainly wish you could be here to see us

parade. This morning there were about ten companies marching for review. They have a dandy band which we march by. It certainly inspires a fellow to listen to such music.

It was my wash day after we were through with drill. If I do say it myself I am getting to be pretty good at washing clothes.

I will try to give you a description of the Barracks. Size about $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles square. On the sides are the officers homes. The space where the tents are laid out are made up in streets. Two

companies to a street. Then there is a large gym, a post office, a library, a mess hall, a couple of hospitals, a radio station and schools for other studies. Then we have a large parade grounds. There is also a prison. I do not know if this is of interest to you Grace, but I thought you would like to know. The officers have dandy homes I tell you. Some have families. I say a pretty poor place for a family to live. I be switched if I would have a wife down here. It would be pretty lonesome for any woman I think.

She would only see about
6 white women and then
all the colored women. Some
company.

I still feel lonesome. I
don't try very hard to over-
come the feeling and don't
believe I will. I won't let
it get the best of me though.
I hope the war will soon
be over.

I saw George Gustafson
today. I did not speak to
him as we were not at
liberty to. Can't even laugh in
files here. Heads to the front.
I have a lot more to write but will
wait until tomorrow. My very best
love to you. your true soldier boy,
Pare.