

June 22, 1917.

Dear Joseph:-

I received your very welcome letter yesterday. It is about time you were writing. I realize to, that you are very busy so I will over look it this time. I hope your rupture is not serious. It is better to have the operation now than latter. Well you wouldn't be old enough to join the fighting rank anyway. It is no place for you Joe. Many times I wish I had not joined. Most of the old men in the ranks are bums, but now a better class of men are coming in. Our company is not so bad.

I am sending home a picture of the Company. It is a bum one. Put it ~~off~~ away some place. I suppose you have the camera by this time. I sent it last Monday.

We will be off the range pretty soon. I like it, but my shooting is rotten. I feel a little discouraged, but I hope when we shoot for record I will improve.

Well if you can't take care of Grace completely do what you can. I guess she will behave. Does she ever say anything about me. I am getting awful Joe. But then it is the only

thing I can do to help me along.

Pretty punk excuse for getting out of leading Epworth League. That wouldn't work with me. Get that?

Things look pretty grave with the Japs, don't they? I would sooner shoot a Jap than a German. They think themselves too much. What do you say?

Well be good all about, Love to you all,

Your brother,
Darr.

Will write to Hilma.