

May 16, 1917.

My dear Grace:-

At last I have something that looks like writing paper. At that it is not much good. As you know, this is the South. Grace, I wouldn't for \$10,000 make my home in the South. It is a rotten place to live.

I received your two letters today. Believe me I was glad to get them. I enjoy every word you write. I hope you will

not get tired writing to me. I want
you to write my dear. It is very
hard for you to realize my
position Grace. I've been away
from home, always had many
friends and being very near them
at all times. Then I miss my
church work very much. I feel
lost in that respect. Here I
have only Gunnar and one other
boy who are my friends. I have
not tried to make other friends
and I am not trying to either.
I only speak to them. Gun
and I stay pretty much together

when free. I think this is the
best. The boys are nice but
not the kind I want. Do you
think I am too particular Grace.
Some of the boys tell me I am
spoiled, maybe I am. Do you
know me well enough to tell
me? I bet you don't.

We had another parade this
morning. It sure was fine. There
were ten companies, 1,700 all
told. Each company marching
before the reviewing stand. Then
one of the Captains gave commands

to the entire battalion. Then with
a band, it sure is swell.

It is very warm to day.
We were out for two hours this
afternoon and we were so warm
when we were through that we
had to take a bath. Is it
still cold in Austin. It is warm
in Marine Barracks. Quit your
kidding.

How often do you receive mail
from me & Grace? I have written
every day for a week now.

I wish I had you here to night
& Grace. You know it is Wednesday.
No girls here. I won't know how

to act toward a girl when I
get home. Do you think I will
forget my manners? They don't
have any table manners here.
I have checked my self a couple
of times today when eating and
when I was talking. I mean
when using grammar. I never
talk in the other language.
I guess I can come out a victor
in the end. I must remember
that I have a home and a
girl back home. Best regards
to your folks. Lots of love to you,
Your soldier boy,
Dimples.