



May 9, 1917.

My Dear Girl:-

Your good boy of candy just came in and I thank you very much for it. It tastes very good. I hope some day I can repay you for the trouble.

I have had another hard day of drilling. My shoulder is pretty sore from carrying my gun. Then the weather is warm which adds to the hardship. But one thing, I am not getting skinny. I feel fine. This morning before breakfast

our company was out for a little exercise. We have two steps on a forward march order or rather three. One is a half step, quick time, and double quick time. Double quick time is a dog trot. We had this and when we were through I felt fine. While other fellows were bellowing I was just comfortable. I am getting in condition at a pretty good rate of speed. Why shouldn't I?

We had bayonet practice this morning. Some ticklish job let me tell you. Every time I look at that long knife a shudder goes through me, to think that some day I may be ordered to knife somebody. But then what would a German be. Is that the way I should think Grace?

Our company was just called out to get our orders for guard duty tonight. I am off tonight so will be able to sleep all night. Our camp is located on a beautiful piece of ground. I wish you were here to see it. We are very close to the ocean. When the moon shines and I look

out over the palm trees, I  
wish you were here. This is an  
honest truth & brace.

Don't overwork your self with  
work. Better take it easy. I  
will think more of you for your  
writing to me despite the fact  
that you come home tired from  
work. It is more than some would  
do.

Are the boys playing ball any  
more?

I will close my lingo for today  
and I hope it interests you.

Best regards ~~for~~ to your home  
and lots of love for your self.

Your lonesome soldier boy.  
Darr.