

May 18, 1917.

My Dear Grace:-

Just received your letter, and hasten to reply. I don't understand why you do not receive a letter every day. I write one and try to put it in the mail so it would reach you. There are but two collections. Look how my dates compare. They write from home every day, but some times I wait two days before receiving a letter. The other day I received two from

you on the same day.

Don't strain your self Grow
in writing to me. Get your sleep.
If I don't receive a letter every day
I will have to be satisfied. I want
to receive mail from you because
I remember your first letter to
me ^{here} and what an inspiration it
was. Your other letters have all
had much good in them. They
speak for you. That being the
only way I can talk to you. I
wish I could telephone to you, but
no chance.

Joe never speaks of the Adriel in
his letters so I am in the dark.

I told you you would over work
your self. Now you are sick. Don't one
~~lawyer~~ lawyer enough for you. That is the
way with young women. They always
think they can do more than they
really are capable of doing. That is a
thing I hold against women. Don't
you think it is a good reason. I
like you just the same. I mean a

little bit. See?

I know this is a junk
letter Grace, but please forgive
me. I become rotten some
times.

Good by for to-day.

I hope this letter finds you
well.

Love to you,

Dave.