

Quarantine Camp,

April 24, 1917.



My Dear Grace.

How would you like to be here at 100 degrees but in the shade. Fine chance to get sun-burned too. Some camp we are in. Can't kick though. But nothing like home. I get very home sick at times. We have nothing to do as we are waiting for our examination after which we get our uniform and then for work. We are here for 9 weeks and we are

not allowed on shore once so I
can't wait to have my
pictures taken until then. After
that we will be sent somewhere
Gum and I hope to Hawaii or
Cuba. But of course we don't know.
Gum and I are in a tent ~~of~~ together.
Our food consists of, potatoes,
rice, beans red and white, bread
and no butter, roast beef, coffee,
tea, water, apple sauce, and stewed
plums. Not so bad. It tastes
good to us. But nothing like
home. I miss you all. Last
Sunday was a very hard day
for me. No Sunday School or
church. But I was helped when
I thought of my friends at
home ~~and~~ and that they are
praying for me. I read my
Bible every day which helps me.

Just now I can hear a
squad of boys at target practice.
We will get that too.

We get up at 6 and retire at
nine. A bugle gets us up and puts
us to bed. Some life.

You ought to see all the

negroes we have seen. Old women
with pipes in their mouths too.
So funny to be true.

I have lots more to write
but will write again soon. Remember
me to your folks and my best to you.

Yours,

Dave.