



July 20, 1917.

UNITED STATES MARINES

My own dear girl:-

I sure am waiting for your letters. I don't expect any until Monday. I feel lost without mail and I miss yours more. I will have to wait patiently I suppose.

This camp is great. I don't want to brag, but I feel like a man. We are treated as men. Our sergeants and corporals seem no more than the men.

I have a new squad now. When

we came here our company was split up. Gunnar is in my company but is another shack. We will get the real stuff here in the way of fighting. We are drawing our clothing which will be the last before we leave for the front. Our dress uniform will be the olive drab. I don't know about a furlough Grace. They say no furloughs are granted to company men. I suppose this means me. We have regular hours here to. We work from 7 to 10:55 - from 1 to 3:30. After 8:30 we are at liberty till following morning.

On Saturday we get leave at 12 and are free until roll call Monday morning. No more ~~of~~ of the prisoner feeling for mine. They have a small town here with about 10 girls. The population is about 100. I will tell you about the girls they have. In the first place they are imported. You may know what that means. Some fellow runs a dancing hall and he has these girls for that purpose. He charges 20 cents a dance and the girls get a cent out of it. Grace

when I think of it it hurts me.
I was over to see the girls last
night. It made me sick. Some
of them are good looking, but you
can see on their faces how
dissapitated they are. Some look
ready for the grave. Some fellow
said something to one of the girls
as she passed and she swore
out rit at him. Can you imagine
such a condition. Oh my dear
how thankful I am that I
don't belong to such company
and that my friends don't, that
they are pure and clean. The
devil sure most have a person