



August 1, 1917.

UNITED STATES MARINES

My own dear girl: -

You talk about the day being a scorcher, your day has nothing on mine. I then picture me in my woolen shirt and leggins all day. When we are outside we can't even have our shirt collars unbuttoned. Now have you anything on me? I then besides I have to go to work tonight. It is pay day Friday and

all books must be audited. This working over time reminds me of Lee, Higginson & Company.

How do you receive my mail? I write ~~me~~ a letter every day and try to mail it about the same time every nite.

I wish I could do something for you my dear, when you get blue. If I come home will you promise not to get blue after I leave again?

There is one expression I did not like in your letter. That was that my face haunted you. Am I as bad as all that. I hope not. That sure was some dream. You may see me standing, but not while you are asleep. I have asked myself ~~that~~ ^{this} question more than once. I wonder if Grace loves me." if I should keep on the way I have been doing, if I am doing right. You know how such thoughts run. No I won't think you silly Grace. I do trust you and I will never distrust you. Just wait Are you satisfied my dear? If I ask you that question.

I will wait until I see you, but if you think your answer will satisfy me, I will be satisfied for the time being. You know how I feel. I wish you were near enough so I could speak to you.

I was boat riding last night. The river is about 2 mi. wide and we rowed out $\frac{1}{2}$ the way, there was a full moon and just a little wind. Oh how I did wish for you Grace. It seems unbearable at times. I must fight and it is ^a hard struggle. Then I think of you and how you feel and I become quiet again. I must get ready for work so good ~~night~~ bye my own Azzio.

mistakes on you Your own Marino,
and D. W. G. K. Dan.