



UNITED STATES MARINES

August 17, 1917.

My Darling Girl:—

You are my
"darling"; ain't you Grace. Grace,
I have actually been blue
today. In spite of all I wrote
in my letter yesterday I was
blue. (The phonograph is playing
If your heart keeps right) I
don't know why, but I want
you Grace dear and I can't. Just
to hold you in my arms, but
I must be content to wait

until I get home. This is a funny world
what I say. It is cruel at times or at
least it seems that way. I wish I
knew why I am in the service. When
I think of all the young fellows I
saw on the streets it makes me
mad that I should be here and
again I am thankful I am here.
I know I my character is stronger
and oh so many other things are
better. One I learnt to know you
and to love you. Don't you think
I know you pretty well? They
say a man can never learn to
know a woman.

Grace dear, do you want me
to send you letters so you can get them
on Sundays? I can by sending them
"special delivery." I would mail them
Friday night and ~~it~~ it would reach
you on Sunday. I would like to do
this if you will let me, and I may
do it any way. When I go across I
won't be able to write as often as I
do now. It may be a lot of bother
to you and your parents may not

like it. I will leave it to your
good judgement. I receive mail
here on Sunday so it would
only be fair to you, See?

I know this letter is
a failure Grace, but please
forgive me as I feel very blue
just now and I want you.

Best regards to your folks,
and my heart and mistakes are
for you only my Azziz!

Your lonesome Marine,
Dan.

S. A. 314's.