

September 8, 1917.

My own dear Grace:-

It is very cold and a little rain is falling. I have my football jersey from home so I have put that on and I feel none to warm. How is the weather in Chicago? This summer surely has passed on wings. I don't know where it has gone to. Can you tell me? We are getting nearer and nearer to the time when we go across. This morning we were fitted out for our winter clothes and overcoats. I wish you could see me in the new uniform. It is a peach. We are going to wear big overcoats toward caps to match. Our leggers will be the wrapped kind. I will be some guy.

I am so glad you like your ring my dear. I was hoping you would. There we two rings. Yours and another with your months stone in it. The saleslady told me she thought you would like the cameo better. I had intended all the time to get a cameo, but when I saw the other I was a little undecided until she said that and now I am glad I bought it. I always have liked jewelry somehow. I have seen the

difference on other girls and I wanted only of the best. The value didn't mean much to me as does what it stands for and you know that. Don't try to write you thanks Grace dear. I prefer to wait until I come home, so save it all until then.

I am glad you worked like a good ~~for~~ fellow. That is more like you. I know how it is to go to work after a vacation, but it soon works off. ~~Don't~~ <sup>Don't</sup> it.

I am lonesome today and I want you Grace. When I got up this morning I felt lonesome and then it being cloudy and raining made it a little harder. But I can't have you, can I. I will make believe you are with me, can I? I wrote home to father saying I was homesick and he said I guess most of it is for you and he was partly correct. I am homesick for home as well as you. I hate in a way to look to the future when I get to France. I know it will be hard, but I hope it won't be long. Isn't it funny how selfish we are. We think nothing of others going over, but when it comes to ourselves we balk and feel

badly over it. Such is life and we must make  
the best of it.

I was a little ashamed of the letter I  
wrote you last night. Nothing in it and I hope  
you will forgive me for sending it. I hate to  
mail letters when I can't put anything in them.

My best regards to your folks and  
to your mother especially, all my love that I  
have and mistakes are for you dearest girl.

Your own lonesome Marine,  
Dare.

S. A. 4 K's.