

August 25, 1917.

My own dear Grace:-

Received your letter today and  
book of views and they were just the things I  
needed to make the day a good one. We had  
two inspections and I passed both, then Gun  
and I washed clothes. The day is an ideal  
day, not too hot and yet not too cool. I awoke  
early this morning and had to put on my heavy  
blanket and at that my feet were cold. I sleep  
like a brick after I once get to sleep. I did  
not expect a letter yesterday as I knew you  
would be busy and tried on Wednesday, but  
I missed it just as you say you missed  
mine. That must have been the one I wrote  
on Sunday. The Post Office here is closed, see?  
Yes, my dear you are forgiven. You ought to  
have known that in the first place.

Funny they wouldn't let me know  
they were coming up to your house. I wonder  
why. Now I deserve a slap in the face, don't  
I?

I am glad to enjoyed your trip. I wish  
you could have come through the mountains. All  
you saw was flat country. The mountains are

beautiful for their scenery.

Aye my dear you are 300 miles nearer me, but yet so far away. I wouldn't mind the difference in miles but being one hour ahead of Chicago revers (it seems) all connections with home. Now we are nearly on an even basis.

I hope ~~these~~<sup>mistake</sup> the pictures of you and I turn out good. I want one of those. I am going out to take pictures tomorrow. We are going away out in the country.

I guess you need the sleep. A change in the scenery and in the surroundings does a lot of good. It gives you a rest. See I know everything.

What do you mean, you are dying to hear from me! I wish I could have been with you on the trip. You should have gone when I went and we could have had company. Do you really think the trip would have been entirely too short? Quit your kidding.

That seems funny that a couple on their honeymoon should act so funny. It must make a big difference in a ~~man~~<sup>mistake</sup> person when they get married. Did you allow the colored people to ride in your car? I am surprised, but then you favor the colored people. I forgot. I am very forgetful at times.

Grace don't write "I guess you are tired of my writing so I will close. I don't like it and you know I don't get tired of your letters. If I did you wouldn't write to me because I wouldn't let you, see." Please remember Grace dear. Now consider your self bawled out.

After looking over the pictures you sent me I conclude that Clysia is some place. It sure has some beautiful buildings. Nothing like Chicago though ~~is~~ there? As far as I have travelled no place appeals to me as "dear old Chi" does. The best city in the world.

Send my regards to your mother and my very best love with mistakes are for you and you only my dear girl,

Your lonesome Marine,

Dave.

S. W. A. K.

P.S. I hope you received my letter of 24. I put the wrong address on. I put 343.