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THE ROOKERY  
CHICAGO

September 12, 1916.

My Dear Grace.

I am going to take the liberty to write a few lines to you. Even before asking your permission. Do you get me? Well do I remember the first letter that I wrote to —? Ah then I go again. Now I won't mention it until next time.

I will give you some of your own stuff,  
"Tom Boy." I can't spell the other name or  
maybe I would call you that too.

I had a dandy time last night.  
It certainly must be joy to be a  
"newlywed." Don't you think so Grace?  
If only that joy could last during a  
life time. Can it be done? I suppose the  
only way is to try it. Gosh! to think  
of it nearly puts a yellow streak  
down my back. That is the way I  
am. You don't know me yet. I am going  
to take my friends along next Saturday  
so that they can meet the young people.  
The first thing after we got on the train  
last night to go home, <sup>the</sup> young man  
asked me if I had a girl yet, because he  
knew that I had broken up with Eva.  
I didn't know what to answer him

because he spoke in such a way as though he knew I had one. I told him, "yes." Did I go to far in answering him that?

I suppose you had a dandy time last night at Eva's talking over our deeds of Sunday afternoon.

Look in today's Tribune on the front page, there is a little piece written by a professor on "love". Let me know what you think of it please.

Yours,

Dave (not Dimples)