

Wed. Aug. 8, 1917

Dear Little Girl,

Every time I read your letters you seem so close that I want to reach out and hug you tight. I wish you were that near, but your letters are a great deal of comfort to me, and I hope you won't let even a day slip by. I don't feel homesick any more, among these fellows, but just that longing for you. It may be a long time before we see each other again, but don't ever forget how much I love you, and don't ever doubt it, whatever may turn up.

(Over)