

Sat. Aug. 11, 1917

Dear Marie,

Won't you please "open  
your heart" and take a chance  
on my understanding? I will  
never see you until I come home  
for good, and that is a  
long time — at least a year  
I ahead. Please sit on my  
lap again and tell me  
everything. I wonder if you  
think my letters are too "soft,"  
like Edgar & Grace? Do you?  
Mother sent me the pictures of  
you eating cherries and  
in the canoe with the duck.  
I can picture you perfectly  
in your new clothes. Gee,  
but I am hungry for a  
sight of you — to look  
into those soft brown eyes.