

Tuesday Aug. 14, 1917

Dearest Little Girl,  
You have  
at last written the  
letter that I have  
hoped and wish for,  
but hardly expected.  
Marie, I love you  
now and I know I  
always will. We both  
have lots of time to  
change our minds in,  
but I am well enough  
acquainted with  
myself to know I will  
never change. Marie,  
it is the hope that some  
day you will really be my  
little girl that makes  
me contented here, trying