

Thursday Aug. 2, 1917

Dear Marie,

I got two letters from you and one from Blanche today. Lawrence is a good kid alright; I'm glad you like her. I wish I were there to play "Pilot Boys Dream" with you. I would probably ditch it all up but we sure had some good fun that way. I'll never forget the time we ate those cherries on the porch. Gee, but I'll be glad to get back to you again but I'm not sorry that I'm making these sacrifices. I only hope you won't change from the same big little-girl that you were. Please write as often as you can, and keep your diary.