

August 18 1917

My Darling Marie:-

I am back in camp at Camp Clarke. This will be my address from now on: Camp Clarke Nevada Mo. I believe we will be ready to leave here for Michigan again about a week from next Monday. The reason I don't need any money is because I am living in a tent now and it doesn't cost me a cent.

Marie dear I want you to know right now that Jack had nothing whatever to do with my going into the service. In fact I never expect to see him again during this whole thing. I really don't think I will ever be sent over because I expect the war to be over soon, really.

I will stay in any service I can to keep me from going over you may be sure because I have no more desire to go than you have. It is wonderful to get as many sweet letters as I have from you lately dearest. I hope Tud never comes back too, if you do. About the new fur overcoat. I believe that I am willing to leave

that entirely to your own judgement for I know you need one and that it will be real economy to get one. I just filled my pen from another bottle and I see that I changed the color of the ink. I don't like it quite as well either. I got two of the sweetest cards from the babies and it sure brought tears to my eyes. I do love my dear family so. I do ask God on my knees every night dear to take care of my loved ones and bring me safely back to them soon. I am sure that in a little over a week I will see you again. I have nearly \$500.00 coming from the Government now and I think that will help you a lot when I get it. It may not all come at once but I will send it as it comes.

I don't worry about the money dearest because I know it will come out fine. It is simply a matter of time when it will be all adjusted and working fine.

It is a wonderful relief to me to hear

that our friends are so nice to you. I pay no attention to Lou Wallace's stunt. It is innocent. You should get about \$200.00 out of the furniture sale to Mrs. Murphy that is if she buys \$2000.00 worth of it. That will help some won't it dearest.

This tent is just like a Turkish bath and sweat is literally pouring off from me: I am writing this letter between times. Yesterday I didn't write but sent you a night letter. It is a poor substitute but all I could do. Well I have to go to work dear. I'll write again tonight. Love to all.

Daddy.