

Sunday Aug. 26, 1917.

Dear Marie,

Your letter of Friday came this noon. I know now that you understand me and I shall say nothing more. Don't think for a minute that I see any thing silly in your letter. It is too sincere for that. Whether I can come home or not depends on the folks, entirely. If I do come it will have to be pretty quick. Yesterday, the First Sergeant sent for me and made a typewritten report on my knowledge of, and experience with, photography work. I feel certain that I will be transferred as soon as they are ready. I am sure I