

Fort McDowell 1918

May 23. 1918.

My Dear Father:

I am on board the "McDowell" crossing San Francisco Bay to see Dear Gretchen. Monday they posted an order that no one could get pass until June the 7th. without permission from the Post Commander. Well it don't take long to see him if you have lots of nerve, and being married makes it easy to find an urgent excuse to get home. There fore I am on pass until tomorrow morning.

I wrote you a card Monday telling you not to prepay my N.Y. Life Insurance premiums any more. You will have to excuse this writing for the old boat is first standing on one end and



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"With the Colors"



Then on the other; terrible rough ¹⁹¹ today. This old bay gets almost as rough as the ocean some-times.

The Government has taken it upon its self to take care of all soldiers families for the duration of the war, and gives the soldier one year after the war to pay back what the Government has paid for you. Say! How this old fort does rock. Pretty soon I will have to feed the fishes.

How is the old H.P. Plant?
Did you ever get your raise?
Well I just got a raise then but there was a fall that came with it.