

old Ba.
no.
11/11/18

officers mail



2-10-18

Mrs. Jomp. Walker,
114 W 101 St.,
New York.
N.Y.
U.S.A.
To Jeblick.



NATIONAL WAR WORK COUNCIL

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS
OF THE UNITED STATES

"WITH THE COLORS"

Sunday 10, Feb. 18

Hello wife,

ain't that cheerful? Sure it is
and so am I. I'm on the job Hurrah.
Tomorrow morning I report to the
Capt. of Co. B. and that's a wire
Co. Tomorrow (ah French ink) I'm
to take charge of the construction
of a telephone line close to here.
Fine huh? And say part of my
equipment as an officer in this
outfit is a motorcycle with an
orderly, and a saddle horse -
'member Seaneuworth?

Ed Conley is in the Radio
Co. He does wireless work. While
we are waiting for a chance to be
billeted in a home, we're put up
in a ymca officer's hut and
mighty comfortable. And we have
a stricker all for our very own

and all he does is to make us comfortable - make our beds - clean our coats - run errands etc. Aint that style. No training camp stuff now - we're at work, and we make the others work.

I found out why Ed and I got this job. There were 130 in that school, and all were there two weeks longer than we were. Ed was 6th on the list with an average of 93.3%. I was 14th with 90.3, McConnell was next about 30th, and so they went down the line. See. there's a reason. We're sure fixed right in a great bunch, and on good jobs.

E.H. Southern was here last night under the auspices of the Y.M. I couldn't get to see him, even if he was in the building next this. But aren't they treating us great?

There are a lot of Moroccan troops here representing French

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colonies. Today they had a sing, and of all the wild affairs this was the best. They're all blacks - with blue uniforms, and bright red caps. And how they did sing and cooort around. We started throwing coins to them which seemed to please them very much because they sang all the louder. Some exhibition.

No mail yet kiddie - ain't it awful? I'll come tho', and when it does I'm going to declare a holiday to handle it. Ah Ow!!

Say our mess is good. The officers of the battalion, about 12, mess together, and we do mighty well too. They're a great bunch - 1 majors - several Capt's. Some 1st Lieuts, and Ed and I 2nds.

we won't be that long!!

I'm writing this on my knee,
and the stove is smoking awfully,
worsen'g gas on the eyes and nose.
It's damned uncomfortable. I
know what - it's 10 o'clock - I'll
quit. O.K.?

But first a good night to
my sweetheart wife. It's an awful
bore some and unsatisfactory good
night tho', because it's all one-
sided, but Kiddie it's all here -
all the love, and kisses, and
hugs, and what I can't send. I'm
saving up to deliver in person -
Good night and the sweetest dreams
of peace to you.

X X X Love, Tom X X X X