

Officer's mail.



2-14-18

Joseph Walker
2nd St. Sig. R. C.
2nd Field Ku. S. C.
C. E. F.

Mrs. Joseph Walker,

114 W. 101 St.,

Chgo. Feb. 15.

New York,
N. Y.

U. S. A.

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Joseph Walker
2nd St. Sig. R. C.
C. E. F.

St. Valentine's Day 1918

Sneaky Sweetheart.

It's Louie's holiday today, and I can't pass it up- I've just got to talk to you.

I wish you had the letter I wrote on Feb. 14 last close to you. I remember that day in Haverhill, and how lonesome and discouraged I was. You were in the midst of all the college festivities and toil. Every letter told about the parties you had attended with Frank Peterson, or Doc, or Otto, about Kanes afterward, and about all the grief of $\pi\phi$, the class play, and oh a million things.

I was in a quandary most of.

the time too. I knew you were working yourself passed the safe point. I knew you didn't have as rosy cheeks as you had seven years before when I first saw you, I knew all these fellows were making love to you, and doggonit I was jealous. It must have been about then that you told me that Rufus reminded you so much of me - and I was worse jealous, because I thought he must have had a mighty big place ~~was~~ in your good, old heart.

By golly I was fighting for you with letters those days, and I fancy some of those messages were desperate effusions. I sure thought enough of you to kick pretty hard.

'S different now. I'm not a bit afraid of all those guys, ~~nor~~ anyone else, but I'm lots more in love, and I'm a damned lonely Soldier's boy. But with all the soft talk, and thoughts foreign to war, I'm on the job, only thinking and loving all the time - bless your heart.

Tonight I'm putting a couple of stories in our little book. as I told you we are in a regular outfit - officered by old time army men, and their great. Everyone knows everyone else in the service, and the way we travel from Alaska to the Philippines, then

to Mexico, making the rounds of all the
Army Posts in the U.S. as we go, and
all this around the mess table, is
sure great. Someday when we have
hours to spare I can keep you enter-
tained. maybe when we tour this
country together all these incidents will
come back to me.

my love to my Valentine - just
like I was courting all over again. Guess
I'll be courting all my life - hope I am
anyhow - cause I never want to be a
staid old married man. Good night. Kiddie,
sweet dreams to you - and a bushel of
kisses all bound up in bear hugs.

x x x Loves Tom

