

Saml. Walker
2nd Lt. Sig. C.
2nd Fld. Bu. S.C.
A.E.F.

4-13-18



Mrs. Saml. Walker,

114 W 101 St.,

New York.

c/o Jeblick

N.Y.

U.S.A.



Saturday Evening
April 13, 1918.

My own Sweetheart,

I'll bet you are just hopping all over yourself wondering where all my letters are. Sincerely there haven't been any, and the reason is lack of time and facilities. When I'd have the time there'd be no paper etc. But you are instructed (xx) and I know you won't worry.

I've had one letter from you that was written since you know

that after all those anxious days I did at
last hear from you. Since that letter three
or four more have come but they were all
previous letters. And Kiddie the glasses
came yesterday - all spick and span and
pretty, and I'm wearing 'em to rest the
English ones. I'm expecting yet a pair of
millionaire sox, and a whole fyle of rox.
Hurry up bundles.

Well old lady ^{xx} there's one time I'd
give a great big ^{xx} farm to see you, and that's
someday when you sit in a movie house watching
Uncle Sam's Boys in France, and you spy
one Tomp. Walker smiling out at you, or
scoot across on a fiery charger. It's going
to happen some day, and I'll bet there'll
be a regular scene. More and more this
outfit I am with, is becoming the pet of
our army over here - we get all the good

jobs and they feature
us and everything.

Right now I am in
the very part of France
that looks like its
pictures. Every thing is
here - the quaint, clean
little villages; the green
fields checkered with
plowed spaces; the
cultivated woods; hedges;
and most wonderful of
all the beautiful
chateaux. I've seen
many from the outside,
and several inside,
and even now can't
describe one. The job
just naturally takes

more than I've got. But
when one realizes that
for centuries these places
have been developed, and
cultivated each keeping
always a principal
theme so to speak, he
can partly imagine
what accomplishments are
possible. Someday soon
I can tell you all
about 'em.

I don't live in
my bed roll any more.
Oh no!! Why I have
the guest room in
the home of Mon. et Marie
somebody and I'm
sure fixed great.

Everybody goes to bed at 9.30, but usually I manage to get home before 9 to have my evenings *parle(y)*. The old man and I have a cigarette (One American cigarette makes a Frenchman your friend) and some hard cider (the principal beverage here) and we talk - and best of all we understand each other - just so I speak French. Say kiddie you should hear me - I'm getting there sure enough.

Then Madame was much concerned about a slight cough I have. So every morning and evening I get my hot milk and sugar - her remedy for the "I-beam". She calls me every morning at 6.30 and brings in a pitcher of hot water for a shave. They're sure good to me.

Id give you a awful big kiss here

only I'm afraid it
would tickle - Yep
I've gone and done it
but haven't told you
till I was sure the
experiment was a
success. It's one of
these distinguished
ones and I'm sure
you'll just fall head
over heels in love
with it. The French
girls all like it! xx
This war would be
a pretty dull affair
if I didn't spring
a surprise on you
once in a while.

Spent one day of
last week in Paris,
shopping all the time.
You should see the
boots I got -

Canadian moose skin
type - and they
cost 181.50 francs.
That's a heap of money,
but I had to have
boots, and I know
these will last for
a lifetime.

A nice letter
from Sis yesterday
says that Bert is
going to enlist. I'm
glad of it, for I am
sure Mother & Eva

are O.K. and he needs
some discipline.

A few minutes
before supper to love
you in - and I can
do a whole lot of
it in a few minutes
because I'm always
in practice (loving you)
and this damned ~~the~~
spring-time too you
know how it is
a fellow up. An wight
some day soon I has
you and then you'll
know the love that's
all yours -

x+x+x Love, Tom y x x x x

caught this paper on the
fly - it's pretty poor eh?

x x