

EXAMINED BY BASE CENSOR

P. Walker,
Lt. Sig. Co.
Field Bn. S.C.
A.E.F.

Officer's Mail



Mrs. J. P. Walker,

~~114 W 101 St,~~

New York,

~~to J. P. Walker~~ N.Y.

U.S.A.

506 W 113



16 April 2000

Dedicated to my wife -

Woodman spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough;
It's oft has sheltered me,
and I'll protect it now.
Cut down that beech,
That birch, or pine;
But save that slippery
elm of mine.

It's the only one my
wife can't climb -
Woodman spare that tree!

Oh is that so?

well well Honey Kid how goes it by you?
Good I know - and for me every thing is lovely.
What more can a fellow want for his war
than Spring time in the most beautiful
country in the world? and it's all that - and
I know it because I've seen some of it.

I've been riding three or four hours every
day this last week, and love it better all
the time. Yesterday I spent about eight hours
in the saddle, and wasn't sore a bit. was
pretty tired last night tho; and believe me
I slept. But maj. Davis didn't teach me
all there is about riding. Last week when
I got on a bucking brace; I didn't know
enough to stay on, and worse still the
old plug didn't select a very soft place
to ~~do~~ his piling. No casualties to re-
port.

while I'm in a poetic mood here's one

to try on your piano.
It's to the tune -
"Hold your hand out
naughty Boy"

Keep your head down demand
" " " " " "

Late last night, by
the pale moonlight -
I saw you - I saw you -
you were mending your
barbed wire -

So I opened rapid fire -
If you want to see your
father in the fatherland -
Keep your head down demand

Speaking of our friend,
the enemy, there are

quite a few of them
working on the farms
here, and every time
an American officer
comes around they give
him the prescribed sa-
lute. I don't want a
Boche saluting me, but
I can't be ~~un~~ military,
you know.

I have stuff scattered
all over this country.
Every time we move our
baggage allowance is
cut and hang another
town shelter some of
my junk. The last
thing I gave up was
my mattress and pillow.

as long as I get com-
fortable beds in good
French homes O.K.

but it's a hard bed
that I carry now.

maybe you'll have to
come over here to help
me collect all this
stuff "apres la guerre."

Now I run, Sweetheart,
a telling you all the
time of a love that's
the strongest and best
in the world. Quiet
hours are beautiful
ones all because of
you. I'm dreaming
stantly of the time we
can be together again.
Kisses and hugs a million X
Y V V X X I T X X X

