

Comd. Walker  
2nd Lt. Sig. C.  
2nd Field Bn. S.C.  
A.E.F. France.

Officer's mail

4-28-18

506 W113



Mrs. Comd. Walker.

~~114 W. 101 St.,~~

New York,  
N.Y.

of J. J. Liek. U.S.A.



Sunday 28 April '18.

Hello Kiddie Mine,

Do you know I just now found out that it is Sunday - and it's 9 o'clock already. A fellow doesn't know where he is one small part of the time.

First I must tell all about what has happened to me. See I'll bet you are scared aren't you? Bless your wonderful nature - it's just thinking about me most all the time, and each little time somebody says something has happened to me - you go up in the air. Aw right Sweetheart - I don't care only I like to think about it.

Oh what's happened? Nothing much, only I've finished a mighty enjoyable spell with ~~the~~ the French Army on some special job. - It was really great sport - I made good friends there - learned a lot - an awful lot - about my job - and also about French. and too I had demonstrated to me the genius of the French cook. Potatoes and beef are the chief foods - and to see the wonderful combinations and variations they can make is a revelation!!! Better bring home a blond or a brunette?

And now that I'm back they did not reassign me to my company. But gave me a much more interesting job. more interesting because now I must keep in close touch with all communication within a division - and it's great sport. Somehow or other my lucky star follows me even to France. I'm unlucky in this that I'm away from the old bunch that I got to like very - very much. Not so very far however that my side-car or the Cadillac (my boss - a major - and I got a brand new Cadillac today) cannot reach them.

But that isn't the best of all - uh-uh. Yesterday I got two letters, and A BIG BOX OF CANDY. Whe-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e This was wasn't a bit exciting till last night when that box came. It's the first of all those you've written of - and it came in beautiful shape. Gosh I was happy as I untied it, and <sup>over</sup> taking out each piece I thought of the "little" mumblyings you must have said over it. "Hope you like this, Tommy" - etc. etc. But I liked it - and I wasn't stingy - cause I gave some of the fellows a piece or two. The rest

I'm hoarding. Didn't hoard quite enough to-day cause I ate myself a wee bit sick - but gosh when a fellow hasn't had any for nearly three weeks - he ought to. It's more fun getting things from you - you always have so many surprises - and you've got such a pretty way of doing things - dog-gone-it it's just you -

Tonight I'm going to write to your folks, and comfort them a bit because they could ~~not~~ <sup>the country</sup> read that boy. Guess maybe they <sup>the country</sup> think we are fighting a different war to what we are. It is really too bad, for I know what pleasure there was in sending it, and also what regret in not getting it. Perhaps they'll find a way - I hope so -

and the wonderful success you are having with my bills - because all of them I contracted. It really seems small of me to leave you all alone with a huge debt over you. Some of it came thru' making us both very - very happy, but somehow the word "husband" makes more than the fellow a woman marries - look to Webster - But Kiddie you are a devil whether I ever asked you to be or not - and you always have been. You're a damned sight better manager than I'll ever be.

It was nice of Jack Milne to write as  
he did, wasn't it? <sup>Hope we can go</sup>  
<sup>(Shut the whole grease)</sup>  
together to Haverhill some day, because  
I want all those people <sup>to</sup> know you -  
and you to know them.

And Peter is good to you too isn't  
he? I'm glad because - while now I can't  
think much of future plans - it's mighty good  
to know Peter better, and to realize that  
there is a great deal to him - and,  
moreover, that he is interested in us. I  
sure think a whole lot of anyone who is  
good to you, now that you are a lonesome  
widow →

I've been interrupted about seventy  
times by the telephone since I started this  
letter and now it's 10.30. Guess I can't write  
to your folks tonight - oh well tomorrow!  
I kinda tried too - and I haven't done an  
awful lot. It's the weather - cold and  
damp.

Good night Sweetheart of my own - I'm  
loving you awful hard - just wanting you  
all the time. wish I could see you  
if it were only for a few days - would  
be so much good for me - oh well our  
day is coming - ev I has you -  
Kisses a million from

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