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AMERICAN



MAIL

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Sunday May 19, 1918

Sweetheart o' mine,

Two letters yesterday and one from mother. One had the "S.A.C. Dope Sheet", where in the marriage of Walker. Pyle was set forth. They sure wanted to fill space didn't they. Then the other was nearly a week later, and mentioned the package I sent, and that you didn't see the officers. The details must be in a previous letter that hasn't come yet. I'm damned sorry you didn't see them and am mighty anxious to know why.

I've lost my fountain pen - this is the only paper I have, and I'm damned if I'm going to write with this sort of a pen on this sort of paper. Try pencil eh?

Every day something else comes up to make me more convinced than ever that this is the best branch of the service there is - none excepted. Since mine had the Cadillac (and it's some wonderful machine too), and since spring is here, we find much to take us for afield. I've taken some beautiful trips in this beautiful country, some that you are going to take someday.

that so - you don't like the cane?
well they're pretty near necessary - and
anyhow it's a treacher cane with a
spike on it to spear rats and things.
Well the other two guys are Sints. in
charge of platoons, and in the piece
of trench underneath that bush, one
of them has burrowed down like a
gopher, and his home is there. There
is no bed of roses for an Infantry
officer - so you respect every one you
see - they have to be real men to
hold down their jobs. Oh yes I met
T. Roosevelt Jr. too that day - and
had quite a talk with him.

Then when we got back we
went all the way to Beauvais - a long
way - for one great big feed. See it
was a great day.

Tomorrow morning I get up at
3 to spend the day way up in the
air in an observation balloon. Isn't
that an interesting job? See that's
the best of this service - there are

so many things to do, and I'm
now in a position to do 'em all.

The commissary has just opened
up in this section and we're
stuffed with chocolate creams. That's
no business for a soldier N'est-ce pas.

I want to send mother a picture
too, and by the time I write a note
it will be supper time. Oh too, I
had my picture taken again for
an identification card so maybe I
can give you one of those.

I'm having a great old time Sunday,
I'm enjoying myself terribly, and having
more earned fun - but gosh I'd like
to come back to see you - that's the
only thing that matters - just to see
you. I fume hadn't been married, and
you weren't in N.Y. I'd absolutely pull
all the strings I have to avoid ser-
vice in the states - now I'm afraid
I'd welcome the chance to come back
but please - only for a little while be-
cause there is lots to do here, and I want
to do all there'll let me - big hug. ^{x x x} ^{x x x} ^{x x x}



MOTHER'S DAY
1918