

WAR DEPARTMENT.

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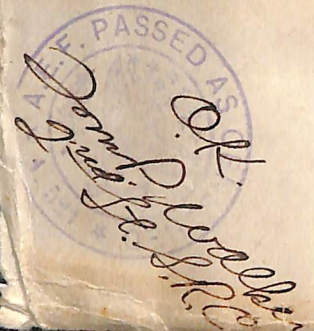
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5-24-18

Mrs. Don't Walker
506 W. 113th St.,
New York,
N.Y.
U.S.A.

57 N. W.



24 May, 1918.

Hello Kiddie Mine,

Da-da-da ☺, ☺, ☺. Three twins

yesterday - ain't that grand - and they were beautiful letters too - gosh how I liked 'em.

But I have trouble in getting some of it. You see the letter that told about your getting the box from the officers hasnt come yet, and you have mentioned the incident several times. I'm wondering if Mrs. Campbell is Dr. Campbell's wife. Hope you meet her - for Doc. is a great guy.

And you liked the things did you? See I'm glad. No it neednt be a secret where I got 'em. The collar came from Paris - the scarf from Soudre court in Meuse, and the "unawares" from Doull. Now satisfied? Haven't got any since, because we've had to cut our luggage down to a 30 lb. bedding roll, and besides I'm saving up for the day when I can get to a place to buy a suit of clothes. Paris Every time I've figured on a trip to Paris something comes up to prevent it. I need one too 'cause my wedding suit is not so pretty as it was. I'm too scared to be a soldier. I left my

fourtain pen around tempting everyone
till someone swiped it. ~~Scam~~ me.
right. Then I left my coat - in
which was my wallet - in the
office right before last. While we
slept in the dugout. ~~Now~~ Next
day I missed an unsigned check for
75 francs, about 40 francs cash, and my
identification pictures. Probably took
the pictures to remember me by. I'm
sluthing around, and telegraphed a
stop payment on the check. But ain't
it a fright to have such a careless
husband??

Told you I was going up in a
balloon. Didn't I? Well I went -
whe-e-e-e-e-e. Got up at 3 o'clock -
by motorcycle six or seven miles, and
the huge elephant was ready to ascend.
The bag is a most monstrous affair ^{which}
and from it are suspended two tiny
baskets equipped with telephone and
wireless. First they tie you in a
parachute, and you jump in your tiny
frail basket, and up you go. It was
rather dark yet, but the sensation
was wonderful. As we start up the
other observer speaks over from his
basket and tells you that if we are
attacked by a plane we must jump. I

looked down from about 2000 ft. and wondered if little Sommie had nerve enough to jump out of that basket - as frail as it was. Then pretty soon I found myself wishing that I were 'cause I can't imagine such a thrill as that would give. See just think of soaring down underneath a parachute.

The cable is wound on a drum mounted on an automobile - and as soon as we get well in the air - the auto started up to the front so we could get a better look. We could look down and see the tiny machine towing us along up the road.

I can't begin to describe the wonder of it all - the rolling country - the tiny villages stuck everywhere - the woods like beautiful green velvet - the beautiful fields squared off so accurately, and each square a different green - gee it was great. But the best of all ~~were~~ was two French aeroplanes that came soaring around us - one just below - and the other on a level with us. We could have yelled across to them if their motors didn't make so much noise. It was all very wonderful to a poor rookie like myself. We did our observing at 1000 meters -

wonder if this will make too
long a letter if I tell you of our pets?
If its too long you just throw this page
away - huh!

I have a cat - the prettiest little
Persian kitten that ever inspired a
chorus of "ahs" at the N.Y. cat show.
She was brought here by some French
soldiers who said she was born in
the trenches. She has nice long fuzzy fur,
and she wants to play all the time. Lots
of fun sure enough!

The major has a pup - a little scrappy -
a good looking and mighty playful too. Then
the battalion officers have a baby wild
boar that answers to the name of "Fritz".
He comes ^{when he's called} ~~when he's called~~ to his name, and does stunts -
quite a novel mascot. Yesterday he was
playing with the major's pup and bit him,
so now the pup wears a wound strip
painted on his right fore leg.

Interrupted here and now it's late. So a
speedy close - In the interim had an Easter
card (strange from a Jew) from Abe, and found
an S.A.E. brother in Capt. Bates. Signal officer
of the artillery and a west Pointer - Good
scout too -

Better go now Sweetheart - with a love
longing good night. These months would be
mighty short if you could be here. I'll be
home someday - and soon too. I've a hunch - and
then the U.S. won't be big enough for you,
and me - too night my sweet pal - and kisses to all
X X X X X Sweet Sam X X X X X