

Walker
Lt. Sig. C.
Field Bu. S.C.
A.E.F. France.

6-9-18

Officer's



Mrs. Dom. P. Walker,
506 W. 113 St.,
New York,
N.Y.
U.S.A.

Sunday ~~may~~ June 9, 1918.

Kiddie Mine,

Spose you'll say my writings' awful shaky etc - etc I and of course think I'm shot or something - No I'm not even half shot - just writing on the top of a box that contains a Boche helmet and gas mask which I want to send to you at the first opportunity.

I wish I were a poet or a painter, or a temperamental cuss with a heap of snowflake adjectives at ~~this~~ my disposal. I'd like to tell you something about this beautiful country. The fields - the woods - the villages - the gardens - the sky - see it's all so wonderful - and then tonight a wee bit rain

to cool the atmosphere - to lay the dust
and to make the most perfect - the most
beautiful rainbow I ever hope to see.
The whole cycle was unbroken, and each
color in its place as bright as a jewel.
And the sky in back of it - blue - blue -
blue - with tiny white clouds floating by.

and there I sat looking at it
right in the midst of a move - and it's
no time for dreaming when our outfit
moves - But I dreamed just the same -
and pretty soon I wished a picture all
for myself, and the rainbow made the
frame for it - and I saw your sweetheart -
and I sighed and sighed for just a look
in your honest brown eyes - and I sighed
lots more for the touch of your lips on
mine. It just made me thrill to think
of it. Doesn't it you? Sure it does your
wonder.

But I'm dreaming again - and ^{while} I dream
make good love letters - you'll also be in-
terested to know that I'm not entirely
saffy.

I've a brand new Indian motorcycle -
no sidecar - nor nothing - and I've ~~had~~ ^{had} a
couple of gangs working far away from
home. Guess I've been riding slightly or
ninety miles a day for ten days now -
and I ranch roads are laid out so a
fellow can go plenty of different routes. I've
sure had some fun -

Someday I'm going to write a book

on the different places I've slept in.
Palaces - castles - chateaux - peasant homes
barns (plenty - little or no straw) dugouts -
trenches - open fields (with or without shells
and shell holes) Gosh there'd be a lot
to tell. (Say I borrowed it his pen because
my French one ~~is~~ ~~was~~ ~~is~~ ~~was~~ good) The other
night I found myself about 40 miles from
"home". Had my bedding roll so flopped
in a field. In the morning I was wak-
ened by a cow licking my face - I
sat up in a hurry to see a whole
circle of them looking on in wonder-
ment. The men were all in the barn
and when they came out they found
me milking one. Had two cups of
that nice warm milk - Um - m - m

It's so dark I can't
see what or where I'm
writing - and I can't have
a light 'cause the window
aren't shaded and you
know that - else you - we
also must shade our win-
dows.

So I can't I write
something - that the censor
wouldn't pass - I'll quit -

I'll let me love you
tho' - he couldn't stop me
if he would - and that's
what I'm doing now - my
sweet wife - loving you all
the time - and I'm to
have you - too - you just
wait.

So - night -

X X X X X X X X X X
X X X X X X X X X X
(over)

and now it's next day - It was so dark last night I couldn't address the envelope - and so left it till now. and I'm glad I did. - cause what do you think has happened?! x. I got eight (8) letters from you today, and one from Sis. Our mail was held up till today we got a lot.

Eight letters - can you imagine what a thrill that makes. I just ate 'em, and they were so wonderful - just so full of love and pride and confidence, and good cheer and everything that's all you. See when I read of all your experiences - with all the wonderful friends you have made - and how hard they try to make you happy - and how gloriously you respond - I just nearly burst from pride of you.

Do you know - Sunday - there is

something beautiful about how
we can enjoy each other whether
we are together or not. When
we can be together it's most
fun, 'cause we can like the
same things and play around, and
just be so wonderfully happy -

Then when we have to separate
you are immediately grabbed up
by ~~the~~ your friends who find
you in all parts of the world -
and you go ahead doing good
for somebody, and asking no
favors, but just go on so
gloriously independant and sure
of yourself. And then we both
have such a quiet confidence
that we can trust each other
to his own inclinations with
no trace of jealousy or envy. I
couldn't be like that if you
hadn't taught me, my sweetheart.
and it keeps me so happy and
satisfied. You know what I'm
trying to say don't you? even

if I don't express it well?

I'm having more hard luck with my Croix de Guerre, and my promotion. The major was so anxious to see them that he tried to dodge the usual route of correspondence, and they both had to start over again. They'll both come - but I'm impatient!!!

Last week Gen. Russell - the chief signal officer A&S was here - I was away - but Couley - (you remember him from Montana - and my real pal -) had a long talk with him. Later the General told the major that that fellow should be a capt. The major said "yes - I'm another just like him that I've been trying to promote for a month." "well" says the Gen. "you just send me a telegram about it, and I'll see what can be done." The telegram has gone.

Picked up a couple of miniature Croix de Guerre the other day which I'll send as soon as my citation arrives. Don't think it will hurt for you to wear it, if you wish - and then you can tell people more about you and your pal.

Does your mail all reach me? Je ne se pas! There are so many stragglers that it's hard to keep 'em straight. For instance those I got today were Apr. 28, May 9, 12, 13, 14, 17, 18, 21 - and that's the way they come - But you just keep 'em coming, even if a few are lost - the most of them reach

here OK.

Did I tell you of the suit I've ordered -
It's a peach and cost 300 frs. - a lot of
money we eint pos? and it has my first
sermice stripe too that I can put on July
6th. won't I look swell with a sermice
stripe and a croix de guerre. Um. m-m.

and now good night again - my sweet
wife - with all of this beautiful sunny France
smiling over at you. I'm going to see you soon
I know - 'cause I'll have to come over and
teach 'fore long - I don't want to, kiddie,
'cause there is too much to do here - and
I want to be here for the doing - maybe
that's why I haven't been so keen in my
hopes for that instructor job. You will be happy
tho' and when I'm told to I'll come. Lots of love sweetest
X X X X Love, Son X X X X X