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New York.
N.Y.



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My Sweet wife -

Just I talked to
you was from the
Ritz - wasn't it. Un-
that was swell - and
the sleep I had af-
ter that letter, was
sweller still - those
sheets seemed like
silk.

We got up at nine
had breakfast in
bathrooms supplied,
and leisurely left at
ten for a bit of

shopping. at one time we were
back up here. Then about
three the major decided
that he and I should see
the opera so at six ^{we} were
on our way to Paris again
to the Comedie Francaise and
madame Butterfly Voila!!
it was wonderful - the limit
of wonders after these tough
old times. The opera itself
is a beauty - the house is
one of the show places of the
world - the stars are of the
same variety - and the
whole thing was truly beyond
description.

We returned just after the
opera - and having missed
supper - ate, as we rode, a
lunch which the chauffeur had
got, consisting of a cheese sand-
wich made from a whole

loaf of french bread - and a
bottle of beer. Paris cafes and
restaurants close at 9.30.

we have lots of fun
when we play don't we -
and that is one thing I
am continually happy about.
I can play well - people (from
colonels down) like to play
with me, and for that I
can do so much better

in their eyes when
there's work to be done.
That gift is one I
have not capitalized
sufficiently heretofore.
Oh Sir Farming as
time goes on.

I lost my cat
long ago Sunday - and
nearly wept a tear
for her! Have to find
some other use for the
ribbon now. And our
nice old pig that
was the envy of all
the allied armies is

gone too - probably in the hands of some thieving Frenchman. But today a new mascot appeared in the company that the Capt. and I must not see officially for it would be a shame to oust him.

He's a bright little French lad of about 13 whose mother and father were killed by a bomb at Nancy. The fellows have him clothed as per regulation - he has his full equipment (probably from salvage) and I saw him first standing in the chow line - his mess kit in his hand waiting his turn. That's adaptation with a vengeance.

You'll find Henriette and Raintin enclosed (Marie will pronounce the names for you). They are twins and have been adopted by Pansicans as proof

against bombs and big keitha.
Really they are quite a feature
of Paris. Songs are written
about them. There was an
exposition where they were
displayed in all sizes and
shapes - and it's amusing
to see the attention they
receive.

Mail is still mighty
scarce due to this Buene
de mouvement and is still

anxiously waiting
a report on your
trip to Boston. I
wanted to take you
there myself 'cause
I'm afraid you'd meet
some of my old girls.
(Poor Butterfly!!)

Don't you worry
kiddie, I don't like
trouble well enough
to leave it lying
around the world -
specially when you are
such a globe trotter.
Perhaps I learned

my lesson - and Gardnerville
only fifty miles away -

Say this old division is
being cited by everybody.
We'd some outfit sure
enough. Have to get up in
time to read three citations
to the company tomorrow
morning at 7.30.

So — I'd best go to bed
now — and it's with the same
old longing and wishing for
you — my sweetheart — the same
old love that's running over
all the time for the sight
of you, and the same prayer
that you are keeping well and
cheerful against the time
when we can live happily
~~long~~ ever after.

Good night sweetheart—
kisses and kisses a million to
you only. X X X X X Love, Sam X X X X X