

Tom Walker
2nd Lt. Sig. C.
2nd Field Bu. S.C.
A.E.F.

officer's mail

5 7/2



Mrs. Tom Walker,
506 W. 113th St.
New York,
N.Y.
U.S.A.



Sunday Aug. 11, 1918.

Ma Petit Chou; (Know what that is? Says "my little cabbage" and that's a real endearing term to a French maid - just like if you call a Frenchman a cochon (pig) he'll fight and a Double cochon (2 pigs) he'll kill you. Oh I'm way up on this French.)

Say this is going to be an awful trifling letter - I just kinda feel trifling somehow - and I guess the reason is that's all I've been doing for a couple of days -

Yesterday morning the major and I went out on a bat - partly sociable and partly business - and

of course a perfectly respect-
able bat. First we made a
tour of inspection thru' the
front lines of one of our regi-
ments - that took till noon
so we had lunch with the regiment
then back and direct to the
river for a swim. And we
had some fun. we put up a
peach of a diving board - then
a platform above it - and then
we did our darndest to stump
each other. I didn't lose either
cause the major was afraid if he
jumped off the platform he wouldn't
hit the board.

But the audience we col-
lected!! You know no one but
an American knows what a
good swim is. These Frogs have
let this river flow past for
centuries without anyone think-
ing of ~~go~~ skinning off his
clothes and going in. Well they
had lots of fun watching us
cause we did lots of crazy
stunts.

Then to Nancy for dinner
and a real life bed with
real sheets 'n every thing, and
we didn't leave there till
to day noon. It's a real good

sized city - its stores are
excellent - better than
Paris even in quality &
price - and we had lots
of fun shopping.

well when we got home
we had to swim some more
and the major found he could
hit the board all right, and
were even, only I think he
can do a better jackknife
than I do, and they're gonna
make a Lieut Col. out of him
and send him home to in-
struct. This was want
be any more fun.

we had dinner after
the swim, and then
scouted the church for
the organ - our first
trial here. Not a good
organ but a large church
with wonderful acoustic
properties. ~~Almond~~ almost
as good as Beauvais. I
told you of singing in that
wonderful cathedral there
and how the softest note
seemed ~~to~~ to fill the
whole massive place even
up to the dome 200
feet above. You seem to
feel your notes search out
every ~~to~~ nook and come
back to you rounded off
to some thing smooth & whole.

This church isn't so large
but singing in it gives the
same impression. We'll have
a lot of fun there.

Oh and I met an SAE
from my company at the Pre-
sidio - James. My name. He's
been at Camp Lewis - with
most of the rest of those
fellows - since ^{and landed here a month ago.} then. Truly,
Sneaky, I never could have
stood that, and kept my
disposition. Every thing has
worked out wonderfully well
I figure - and it isn't all
selfishness either.

Been thinking about you
a lot lately Sweetheart - just
a calm space that's leading
me room for thoughts - and this
even dreamed at night. Just
seems like you've been so
very near to me especially
since those letters from
Boston and Haverhill. Guess
it's time I should see you -
it would do me a world
of good, and ~~maybe~~ ^{maybe} the chance
is coming. yes I'll take a
chance to come home ^{here} but I
want to come back - please -
Several million dollars couldn't

buy my experiences - And
I have more coming.

But I should see you - I
need a bit of your encourage-
ment - first hand - a bit of
cheer to steady me - and an
awful lot of ~~flowing~~. A man's
world is a wonderful place -
strong - virile - progressive -
gosh its real big - but just
as a fellow sneaks away from
it for a good talk to himself
he wants to see the girl he's
promised to love and hasn't
been. I'd better come home for
a short time pretty soon -
+ + + + +
Love, Tom + + +