



9-26-18

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New York,

N.Y.

U.S.A.



Aug. 26, 1918.

Ruth my Sweet,

Think of it - no
mail yet - and it's a
month now. Pretty near
makes it hard to write
when no word comes -
but I know that you
are writing every day and
I'm certain you don't get
a letter every day. Men
really aren't so thoughtful
as they should be.

Then too it seems
that every thing I
that comes to my
mind has a certain
significance that truly

should be care to feel, could
easily interpret. And we are
constantly warned to be care-
ful. You've told me many
times that you only wanted
to know I am well and con-
tented -

Well I am, sure enough,
who wouldn't be well with
active work - plenty of sleep -
lots of excellent food - and
plenty of work to keep his
mind from mischief. You bet
I'm well - and I'm contented
too. I can't imagine any other
capacity, and still feel ~~that~~ -
that I ~~was~~ am doing what
up to us to do. Ah - ph -
there's too much doing here -
sure enough - and we can
do it too.

Watt was over to lunch
today - He hasn't had mail
for a month either, and
he is real sad eyed - like I

am - only I'm sure he shows
it more! maybe we've had
plenty of practice in living
that long stretches apart.

And again we remember
a year ago this time - the
trip from Boston - the three
days in Reno, when we hardly
separated, the evenings at the
old place, then the twenty-
fifth - and a few days after
you again. Do you know

I'm not much up
on this romance
stuff - and I can't
imagine what these
sixteen year old girls
sigh for in the way
of a fairy prince etc -
but it seems to me
that all the incidents
that led from desert
train Feb. 1910 to
Nov. 16, 1917, were not
of an ordinary sort -
How about that -
Isn't there something
romantic there?

I don't always ask

you to greet the family
in a demonstrative manner.
yet I know you do - and
O, thank you. Truly it is a
comfort to know that with
all my gross neglect I shall
return to my with many
more friends than I left
there - and all on account
of you - bless your wonder-
ful heart.

Now I'd best stop -
for I must do some reading
before I turn in - and
I get up early. The Capt.
and I have a job that we
start at 7 o'clock each morn-
ing - something unheard of for
an officer (except in U.S. or
S.O.S.) but the Capt. is an
old soldier - and a good one.
I'm learning myself -
say I rode the horse
ones to invite Watt to lunch

and I knew he was jealous -
but I bet he wouldn't ride.
Agh-la. ha.

an' wright Sweeney Sweetheart
I go - saying nice things to
you all the time. I want
to see you sure enough
and soon - and I'm liable
too, so you'd best keep cheer-
ful and well -

Along Sweet wife o' mine

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