

PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE TO AVOID
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(transit
custom)



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Mrs. Doris P. Walker
506 W 113th St.
New York,
N.Y.

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①

Hello Sneaky —→

Saying Hello again

while waiting for dinner-
time to come. Not much
more to tell either - but
gosh it just seems like
I ought to write when
ever I can, cause I
know you are putting in
some pretty tough times.
No your letters don't tell
that, but I just know
you - see? But no one
around you can tell either
but you're got depth
enough to hide an awful
lot of sadness, and still
have room for smiles to
bubble out.

The town cries just
stopped outside to tell

everybody that a certain
amount of wheat will be
on sale at a certain time
at a certain price.

He's an old fellow -
bent and wrinkled and
decapitated, and he carries
out these spirit of '76
Drums - you know the
kind - comme ça 
and when he beats it
he wants everyone within
two kilometers to hear
him - then when people
gather around he squares
off with a prepossessing
attitude to read the
notice. I tell you these
French are great on farms.
Then you should see
him start off. The notice
furnished in his best or-

torical style he bangs ⁽³⁾
down twice on the
drum to announce the
end, and brushing the
children from his path -
proudly stalks away -
just like the President
had kissed him on both
cheeks.

Here I sit thinking ^{for}
what might interest you.
It isn't that there
isn't enough - it is
that there is too much -
a fellow just has
indigestion of the
"experiences" - whatever
that is - and still
he is always keen for
more experience.
Well - for instance -
right here on the table

before me is a
sketch of ~~London~~ yesterday's
battlefield in
the "Daily Mail" and
what's the story -
Look at Montdidier -
why I laid opposite that
town for a couple of
three months - looking
over at it time and
time again wondering
what old Fritz was
doing over there. I've
seen Boche trains drawn
up at the station -
men walking about -
horses and wagons - and
I've thought to myself
what sport it would
be to go over and get
that place - and see
for myself what he had

there. Bosh moutchies^⑤
is 30 Km behind the
ally line now - Let
let our trains use those
tracks ~~and~~ - and the
women are back in
the fields harvesting
the grain that
Fritz tended all summer
~~and~~ with many snatches
of his hungry lips.

war is funny isn't
it? Last Spring the
French ~~was~~ sowed all
those fields - all sum-
mer the Boche tended
them - and then the
Americans went over to
get 'em for harvesting.
That must be strategy.
and Saisons too -
why that morning ~~when~~

after they'd rushed (6)
~~up~~ us up all night -
and told us to attack
in the morning -
that was July 18th - old
Sassoon was too far
away to see from our
lines now. it's as
far behind our own
lines. - I'd like to see
that too.

But these towns
don't ^{always} mean so much
from a strategical point
of view. Their mention
only serves to locate
the scene of fighting
for the gaping world.
you see the fall of
a certain town might
mean something like
this - ~~a big~~

a dense woods on a
steep hill two or three
kilometers away ^{and was} ⑦
stormed & after a terrific
fight - and then duty
has to walk out of the
village - See! Then
the battle of some
woods or creek or hill
becomes the capture of
— count of men killed
or — taken or all those
favorite French endings.
Well I'm dreaming -
and it's show time now
sure enough - Sure I'm
fine - burned brown -
got a new hair cut, and
my best suit - and
my shoes shined - and
my new leggings -

and my belt returned -
and everything - and I'm
all fixed to give you
a "hello" that you'd
never forget. Just you
figure this - sweet
girlie - you've got one
experience coming that
will stay with you till
death do us part -
and that's going to
happen the day I
walk down the gang-
plank - !! x x x x

Sloug Sweetheart - Heard
of these carloads of mail
for us on the way. See,
I want a letter - lots
of em - awful bad.
Lots of hugs and
kisses right there - and
I'm loving you lots too -
x x x x x x x x x x
x x x x x x x x x x