

Domt. Mary
2nd St. A.R.C.
2nd 7th. B.S.C.

Officer's mail.

✓
9-17-18
(read)



Mrs. Domt. Walker
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New York,

5 W. N.Y.



Domt. Mary
2nd St. A.R.C.
2nd 7th. B.S.C.

17 Sept., 1918

Hello Kiddie,

writing from Bochel and now
and it's not such a bad place
at all. We're in a wood that
Fritz has been fixing up for
four years as a rest place
for his troops, and he
had it fixed nicely. For
communications were fixed
beautifully with wires all
strung for us, and centrals
established. We left fine
billets built in rustic
fashion with saplings from
the French forests that
he saw no disposition

to spare.

we had no scrap at all -
more like a large scale
manoeuvre. The old Dutchman
just seemed to pick up and
beat it in all possible haste.
He had strong positions prepared
for defence that we just walked
thru. The Communique Allemand
will call it a strategic retreat -
and it sure was all of that -
By the 'condition' of the place
as we found it he just
naturally packed all he could
carry and ran.

(But it's fun to come over
here to see what he's been
doing for all these years - to
get his apparatus - and to
see how we looked from here.
and don't you see how a fellow
wants to stay here. This
isn't the end of it by any
means - and I haven't been
gone such a long - long time
have I?

now I'm starting in once
again the next evening. Just couldn't

finish last night. Seems like
I had lost my pep - drive or
no drive and the reason is
too much smoking. As much
as I enjoy it I've got to quit
for good and quit I have. I'll
try pencil for awhile -
More changes have taken
place in this Bu. lately than
a fellow can keep track of.
As 2nd Scouts are going right
ahead in our turn as
Adjutants Co. commanders
and every thing against the

day when our grades
come. We've a new
major and he likes to
ride, so he and I
saddle up each after-
noon for a two hour
tour of Boekeland.

It's a crime. The towns
they've burned. Beautiful
little villages in the
hills of Sarraime absolutely
razed. Brutal criminality.
Today we rode thru' Heudi-
court and up the hill
at its' back. The view
is magnificent. Way to
the south we could see

the towns we know so well from months in the soul sector. Musette was behind me instead of the mysterious menace in front of our lines, and it doesn't seem such a terrible place after all. Well take a good look at it tomorrow.

Tonight I had five letters from my sweet wife - and mighty happy I was to get 'em. See but you want me to come home, don't you, and you make me awful scared that I'm not the true loyal husband I should be. Sure enough I ought to stay here 'cause I'd be awful unhappy (kept for you) over there - and you would too. Sure I'd rather be a corporal here than a captain in the U.S.

I want you tho' my sweetheart - really I need you awful bad - and sometimes I almost cry for you. Moonlight

in these wonderful woods
and these beautiful hills -
just kind of grab hold of
my ~~throat~~. It isn't easy
to say I want to stay. I don't
I know that in the States
I'd be tied up absolutely just
like at Leavenworth, and I'd
be disconsolate sure. Please
Sueby - I can tell from here
just what's best and I know
you'll keep cheerful and happy
knowing I'm well and safe -
and yearning for our day to
come quickly! X X X X X X X X X X X X