

AR DEPARTMENT

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1st. Lt. Co. 1st.
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506 W 113th St.
New York -
N.Y.



Nov. 11, 1918.

Sueasy Mine -

Havent written for some time - perhaps you've noticed it - nor have I had any letters from you - we've been mighty busy lately chasing the boche, and we've had hard enough time to keep ammunition - both explosive and nutritious - up with us. And mail must suffer. It might sound pretty to say I'd rather forego a bit to eat for a few letters - but there was just that small bit's difference between a scant satisfaction and want.

We've put in a hard week - the hardest from point of view of discomfort and actual suffering - that we have yet had. The soupy mud is shoe high all over - we've had to go sixty hours with absolutely

us sleep, and only food and
earned Bill to eat - and we've
slept continuously - during that
sixty hour period at least 80
kilometers. That was the march
upon Sedan of which you must
have read. The suffering is now
forgotten for there only remains
the memory of that long-long
column marching toward the
astonished villages right up to
the city that seems to finish
the struggle in Franco-Prussian
war - Old Sedan. It ~~was~~ truly
wonderful to be in the Fifth
Division, and you are soon to
learn just what it all has
meant.

Say aren't things happening
fast! I'm in a dream about
lately. Outside the ^{new} moon is
pretty and clear, the stars ~~are~~ ^{shine}
as they do in Reno in the fall.
Oh the mud is awful thick and

⑦

Deep - not watery mud - but
muddy water - and this candle
is none too bright! - but there
are no guns. Not since eleven
o'clock have I heard a gunshot,
and only two days ago I ~~was~~
hid from a terrible barrage,
that was picking men off all
about me. Really it's a dream
something not to be conceived
yet for his way up here where
the forests are swept clean -
the ^{dead} horses lying in heaps
on all sides - left the brand
new graves with their crosses
of belly beef cases. Eight hours
isn't time enough - perhaps
in a month - we can't tell -
but the realization will come
surely when I am within
two days of seeing you. The antici-
pation of those last two days
of separation are to be the
most wonderful experience I
ever have.

Paris will know tonight
that the war is over - and
New York will too - but Paris.
For four years - the gayest -
happiest - most carefree - most
reckless city in the world has
had to live in absolute dark-
ness. - Here beautiful ~~sculptured~~
~~and~~ arches, ~~and~~ and columns
have been nothing but black
shadows instead of the beautiful
inspiration they are. Tonight
Paris will be ablaze - think
of it - Paris will laugh a
wild crazy laugh tonight for
this war. Next to one ~~the~~
place, I'd choose Paris tonight.

What are we to do now?
I've settled down to a long
patient, tiresome wait. This
division has lots to do yet.
It will probably be the show
outfit for the American Army
and that may mean most

any thing. But first peace isn't ^③
signed yet, and with all the
complications of this affair it
will take a long long time.
But you just rest easy, and
watch your chance to come
over here. Don't come unless I
say so. But if there is a
chance that we will spend
several months in desirable
circumstances for women folks
I'm going to have you come
immediately. Can't tell which way
the wind will blow, but I'd
sure like you to see a piece of
this beautiful country - and I'd
like awful well for our real
honeymoon to include a trip
across the ocean. Wee

Here's what I'm going to do.
First I'm going to write Mr.
Kendrick and Peter G. about
the chances of some opening in
the West for us. Mr. H. knows
us, and he knows the possibilities

in the great outdoors in
our own country - and I'm
nearly confident that he will
help if he can. Secondly I'm
going to write Mr. Daniels and
Mr. Roberts about the prospects
with S.W. But — I'm pretty
well satisfied that they'll
need to be fairly good.

Thirdly - a party of a dozen
signal officers will need to
stay over here for a few years
to reorganize and adjudicate
the whole system over here -
and I'm going to pull a
few strings to that end. It
sounds like a captaincy - a
liberal expense account - a
car and a wonderful opportu-
nity to meet big people and
big things. Of course you
will be with me all the
time but in passing I'm not
building too high on this
last possibility.

Now you speak - what

is your frank opinion of each of these, and what ^{good} ~~let~~ have I passed up? There is time for consideration so about sweetheart.

Saw Pogy the other day - near the tail end of the 80 Km. 60 hr. spell. Passed thru' the town where his Hq. were and looked him up. Sure was glad to see him. He was profuse in his congratulations on our marriage and let it be known that he had despaired of my ever getting you, and spoke as tho' he had made up his mind to join the ranks of suitors himself. But his love had a good chance too!! By golly I guess I'll never know how close to disaster my procrastination brought me. Just as I was leaving Thos. Smithers came up. Neither of us had seen him over here

and he's been in my own
division for several months.
C'est la guerre.

I think that in one
week we celebrate our first
anniversary - a barren first
year trip enough - but with
the guns quiet it will be
a wonderful celebration won't
it? How I've saved up my
kisses - my hugs - and my
love against the day when
I can see you. It's coming now
surely - and I'm happy -
happy. Wish I could know
that you are well, and will
stay so till I can take
the reins. Then I know
you'll be well - for I've the
simple formula that will
keep the bloom in your cheeks.

Good night my sweet wife -
a short good night till I
can kiss you into slumberland -
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