

no. 1. Walker
Sig. Corps.
Sig. Bn.
bel. 187.

Officer's mail

11-18-18



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



Nov. 18, 1918.

My Sweet Babe,

Popped up in a bed -
a really, truly bed - is
the most contented individ-
ual you could imagine.

He's a soldier - an
officer rather - a ~~1st Lt.~~ 1st Lt. to
be exact, and he has be-
fore him the prospect of
a ^{good} night's rest. Not much
you say but → good is
merely an adjective of com-
parison, and does not mean
the same as to ~~see~~ ^{him} as a
similar wooden bed with
only the springs remaining -
night meant to you.
Before him a good
night's rest - and behind
him - ah! a supper -
hot corned salmon, fried
potatoes, boiled corn, meal
cream gravy and biscuits

with two more divisions for the bath that followed. The first for some six hours. Confused.

We are occupying the territory that the Boche was forced to evacuate by the terms of the armistice, and we are the honor division in that task of honor. Really and truly the First all thru. Is great. We had just come from a forced march on Sedan a maneuver that hiked us 80 Km. ~~was~~ in 60 hours, working mean times - sleeping not at all, and eating only small snatches of canned beef and hard tack, when the armistice was signed and we prepared to march 100 Km inside of Germany proper.

That meant a hike ~~the~~ laterally thru 'country' that had been fought over for four years - Verdun - Hill 304 - Mead mountain hill and all those famous places - very interesting from a historical standpoint, but for

camping out almost impossible.

Today we struck civilization - such as the Boche has left - in the industrious coal & iron region of Lorraine, and from now on our journey will be pleasant except for the cold shell of a winter, late to envelope.

The inhabitants are hysterical at our coming. They laugh - they cry - they deprecate effusively - they entertain, and every child has a horn. Truly a wonderful

fete for these fifty
years' expatriated French-
men. Truly this is the
most thrilling and inter-
esting part of the whole
war! Think if I were
not in the 1st Div. - if
I had not been in it
all the time - and if I
had been denied the joy
of this trip to become
an instructor in a
crowded street camp in
the states. !!

and to think that
we can now light up
every thing like the
night before Christmas -
campfires anywhere and
everywhere - shutters

open - auto headlights flash at large - and
all those rockets and flares ^{that}
once meant - "call for barrage" - "Gas
attack" - "we have reached our objective" -
and many more now illuminate the ^{at}
sky to mean "we've won the war" -
It seems all a dream - and even one
whole week without the sound of a
gun doesn't seem proof that the last
gun has been fired.

As we travel along we meet
the prisoners of war repatriated now by
being turned loose from their cages
with little to eat, and absolutely
no indication as to where to go. Most
so far have been Russians - some French
a few Italians - and I have seen 15
Americans who have been prisoners for
some time. Also we meet German of-
ficers ~~at~~ wearing a white ~~band~~
broadband of true, staying behind to
receive receipts from us, for the

material they are leaving to satisfy
the terms of the armistice.

Saturday (our anniversary) was a busy
day - yet a ~~thoughtful~~ ^{thrilled} one as concerned
you and me. I longed and longed - and
hoped and prayed for us - knowing that
you did the same - and hoped that
you could have the comfort of a finished
war even if you could not know when
to meet me at the boat. Hope you
got my cable.

Today I got my suit-
case - your suitcase -
that means you with
me - 'cause you gave it
to me a long long time
ago. I had left ~~it~~ it
for behind when we went
in this last affair, and
despaired of ever seeing
it again. Today it come-
bearing clean clothes -
a good suit - collar -
leggings - handkerchiefs -
and all those things I
need. Tomorrow with
a bath - I'll sure be
a spruced up lad. For -
Tomorrow we rest -
and next day too - and

believe me I'm ready
for it - two days with-
ing that starts at
4.30 A.M. (and it's winter
too) - that ends at about
10.30 - only to start sig-
nal work, is a wonder-
ful tonic. Eat and sleep
are printed in caps for
me now.

Good night - Sweetheart
and sweet dreams to you.
Every day is happy now
'cause I certainly there
aren't many till I can
see you and be with
you - and take care of
you and love you all
the live long day -

X + + + Love, Don X + +