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2nd 3rd. Sig. Bn.
Army of Occupation.

Official Mail



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N.Y.





Nov. 30, 1918.

My Sweet Wife.

A few days ago, the Doc told me if I'd go to bed for two days he'd cure a little cold I have, and get my voice back for me. Seems like a little gas I got some time ago left my voice susceptible, and now a bit of a cold has me speechless. Well I'm in bed today - but can't promise tomorrow 'cause we're going to move. It seems a shame too - I a big husky - full of life and feeling fine - laying abed - but Doc knows - and I thank

him for taking away all excuse
for not writing to you. You may
thank Old Doc Campbell too.
We've been a busy lot - very
busy - and things are not as they
were. You remember not so long
ago when I used to write so
enthusiastically about the bunch
of officers with this Bn. Well a
black sheep has crept in, and
he's the Bn Commander, and sure
enough "war is Hell" for all of

us. Indications are that he
won't be with us long, and
when he leaves there'll be a
grand celebration. You can well
imagine how an outfit that has
won highest distinction all thru
a mighty hard year, appreciates a
hard boiled drill sergeant who
comes in to receive all the honors
that are being passed around - and
spends his time having everybody
write letters explaining the why

why and wherefore of every
simple happening. I'm not probably
and I? - I'm just unloading the
Buis grief on you. Care? Now for
pleasant things —————→

First this story book land
we're living in. Thanksgiving Day
I spent in the City of Luxemburg, and
a more inspiring day has not
come for some time. The city
proper is built on an island

almost ~~in a~~ ~~more~~
more correctly perhaps
a huge butte - for it
is a ^{ragged} wonderful picture-
esque hill completely
surrounded by deep
ravines. Past centuries
have walled it securely.
The ravines make the
best possible ~~moats~~
moats - and nervous
feudal lords have
stuck all about it
substantial castles now
almost completely crumbled
away.

The easiest approach
is by two rather
remarkable bridges.
One of them is an
arch that spans

at least 150 ft. I have a picture card that can tell more than this blunt pencil, yet neither can give the least idea of the beautiful picture that that mighty arc of masonry frames in the garden below.

Every thing was the same picturesque - refined - breathing content and riches all of it - and everywhere the sense of that light airy atmosphere - The Merry Widow - The Fortune

Teller - even the Count of Saxeemburg himself. By golly it's all so wonderful this experience that I can't digest it fast enough to write about. You'll have to wait till the quiet of the fireside brings back the pictures in their proper perspective. You'd rather then anyhow wouldn't you?

and I came so close to wasting a months salary on a thank-offering - Christmas present combined

for you. But just now the rate
of exchange between I need and
German money is not well established.
We are heavily excited, and the
business off and on. I am now
want no more - and you that
want and you'll get just what I need
me up is much on Thanksgiving Day
and shall be the same some of
Thanksgiving with it.
In writing for the time when

I can sit down and
give you connected accounts
of some of the things that
have happened over here.
The way I've had to
write to you - with ab-
solutely no regard to con-
tinuity (what is it Alvin-
Coherence & emphasis) has
never been satisfactory.

I've never answered your
questions for I had to
throw your letters away
sometimes after the first
hasty reading - and
~~seldom~~ ~~never~~ have I had the
chance to start a new
letter where I left off
on the last. Perhaps it's
the lack of organization
on my part - but gosh

you know that I want to play fair.
Don't think I'll forget for I have been
given the job of writing a history of
the Bn., and already have a staff at
work. It will have to be a big one
too. Also in less than a week all
signal officers must ~~right~~ write a
history of their personal experiences
in France, so we'll have plenty
to refresh our minds.

I'm going to make this a
letter of enclosures. In my last

letter I forgot to enclose the card I spoke of, and I have several citations for the Division and the Br. I want you to have. Took for a thick letter —

Speaking of citations the Division Signal Officer is going to try to get the Croix de Guerre I got and then didn't get. So I may (?) bring it home to you yet. I'm hoping. And besides (I'm sure) even tho' there is an order out against future promotions in the A.E.F., there is a movement on foot

to allow the Army of Occupation to
fill all vacancies by promotion.
~~If~~ if it goes thru' I, as commanding
officer of B Co., will be a Captain.
I'd sure be pleased to come home
to you Capt. Walker, but there are
many ifs in between. For all that
it is loads of fun having a com.
pany all your own - and I'm sure
proud of 'em. They're a good lot.

This day in bed has been

one long sweet dream of you and
me in years gone by. The compass -
a whistle and a wave of the hand.
The kiss behind the boxcar - all
the trips in and out of Reno - the
return from Boston - San Francisco -
and then the wonderful six weeks
before the last good-bye for France.
What a beautiful history to review
in just such moments as this - how
beautiful they will always be, to
remember together. All of our sep.

ations have been hard - but they
have furnished a background that
we can draw on for inspiration
and comfort all our days. A quiet
yesterday - today and ~~tomorrow~~
life is fine (for some people) but
surely it has serious disadvantages.

Tomorrow Dec 1 we move into
Germany according to the terms
of the Armistice. In a couple of
weeks we will settle down on
the banks of the Rhine - probably

at ~~the~~ college,
and I hope I will
write my history - de-
velop my composition - and
prepare myself for
demobilization either
for an army job or
some other. And I'm
anxiously waiting for
what you will say
about that same thing.

Now I quit for
a bed side conference.
Lots to tend to. and
I'm just a sending
oodles and oodles of
love to you - wanting
you a lot - and joying
in the anticipation

of that day pretty
soon when I can see
you. Good bye Sweetheart
of mine - keep well
and cheerful - you
know - 'cause I'm
coming home now
sure!

X X X X X X X
+ Lovey Tom X X
X X X