

WAR DEPARTMENT

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OFFICIAL BUSINESS.

Officer's mail.

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WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

"WITH THE COLORS"

Sunday 27, Jan. 1918

Mother Dear & Sis,

I'm waiting at the y.m.
Hut for the Sunday afternoon
concert. It's my usual method
of getting letters written. I'm
still at school in a little
French village, and abso-
lutely absorbed in the work.
The time goes very quickly -
and every day means one
nearer home, and a great old
day that will be. It's just a
month since I left Rath in
N.Y. - I haven't had a single
piece of mail, and naturally
I'm a wee bit wonder - ful.

I feel certain tho' that you
are all O.K., and if you
knew how well, and how
fascinated I am, you wouldn't
worry a bit. It's a great ex-
perience truly. Oh there are
a great many inconveniences -
and I like conveniences myself -
but to be out with a
crowd of men from all stations
of life making the best of a
poor situation is real fun -

Last night we had stunt
night at the Officers c/m. Hut.
The place was crowded, and the
crowd was to call out the talent
they wanted. The Presidio bunch
saw that I got out first, and
when I found a pianist, I had
quite a lot of fun. Later we
got up a quartet of a major -
a captain a 1st Lt. and myself

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and had some more fun.

The weather is beautiful - as light at night as in the day time, and as clear as crystal. In N.Y. I got myself plenty of heavy underclothing, but haven't used it as yet, and may not need to.

The crowd who left the Presidio together is now badly broken up, there being only seven here now. The rest have been put at some job or other. We, I am sure, are to be instructors which won't be at all bad until we can get the work well in hand. It is certainly interesting

Sunday is our only day of rest, and most of it is spent in putting clothes in shape. The maid plays the dence with shoes and leggins. This morning some of us took a trip through the village, and found it mighty interesting. It is a good many hundred years old, and most of the people are peasant farmers. There is absolutely nothing modern as we know it - the only way we can get a bath is at a place where a Sergeant has rigged up a heater near a well. He has to haul all the water, and so we get very little of it.

The concert is starting - I'll stop. I'm sending lots of love too - to you ^{two} and Bert. Don't worry about me - I'm all right -
Dom.