

Don't walk
1st Lieut. S. C.
2nd 3rd. Sig. Bn.
A. S. F. B. B.

Officer's mail



Mrs. Frances Walker

Box 153,

Elko,

Nevada
U.S.A.



Oct. 22, 1918.

Tells everybody -
you've been neglected
terribly lately, and won't
get much tonight. It
seems that things are
happening a bit faster
than usual, and I find
it hard to get to letter
writing. Ruth will divorce
me I know - but I sent
a cable from Paris yes-
terday that should ease
her for a spell.

Since I wrote last
we put on our toughest
show, and I had to see
some of my best men

buried where they fell. I came
off very, very lucky, and will
bring back a souvenir or two.
Didn't ~~get~~ wounded but had
my coat collar punctured ~~and~~
by a piece of shell, and a coil
of wire on my shoulder hit
with a machine gun bullet. I
had a rather dangerous job -
that I enjoyed immensely - but
will not have again probably
for my work has been changed.
Got enough gas to put me
in ~~land~~ bed for a week, and
rob me of my voice for a spell -
but now I'm fine and dandy -
and a 1st Lieut. Keen saw me since
Sept: 19th but didn't know
of it.

was given a seven day leave
at Nine ~~am~~ on the Mediterranean
just after the scrap. It took
two days to get there, and the
first day there it rained. The
same night was beautiful how-
ever, and the following day
~~the~~ (Sunday) the sun shone

bright and warm, and there
was a wonderful view of that
beautiful country. Also I had a
swim ~~was~~ that was mighty
good. ~~The~~

In the afternoon comes a
telegram to report back
immediately, and that was
accomplished this afternoon
after two days more very
hard traveling. That one good
day at Nice & and the trip
back as far as Marseilles

was worth all the
tiresome journey, not
to speak of the mar-
velous Hotel Ruhl (the
best in the world, it
is said) those three
nights in a real bed-
those morning baths
in a bath tub, and
the swim in the
mediterranean. I wanted
to visit monte carlo
and the Italian border
and had arranged the
trip - but were here
for other business.
C'est la Guerre. But
say I wish to remark -
that I'd make the

best kick man's son there
ever was. After all this
campaigning I'd like to do
some campaigning in France,
only with Ruth this time.

At the station at Marseilles
on the way down I talked
with an English aviator (a Capt)
who is from the states, and
was lamenting the fact that
he had met no American
officers from his part of the
country. To be accommodating
I was from Nevada - he
is from Elko, ~~so~~ his name is
Ira Woodhouse, and he has
a sister in Elko. He told
the folks I saw him that
we saw him together, and
that he is fine and sandy.
He was in the U.S. Navy -
was wounded and discharged, and
joined in Canada in the
Royal Air Force.
Spent eight hours going and
coming in Paris, and met

Capt. Albert Jackson at the
Place de L'Opera. He has been
over two weeks, is in an anti-
aircraft school and will probably
spend his duration learning
to be an officer. Not for me!
A letter from you was waiting
for me today. You see I have
to read them and then throw
them away so often I don't an-
swer all they ask. The pictures
I always keep and treasure, and
I'm sure I have all your count.
Send more because they help more
than anything! next to letters.
Now I quit - Love to all - Don x x x