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1st Lt. Sig. Corps.
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A.E.F. France.

Officer's mail

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Mother Dear & Sis -

you found me last in a distressed state of mind over having my leave unduly cut off. I found tho' after I'd got back on the job that I felt a whole lot better than when I left, and I departed the next morning for the front in wonderful high spirits. Since then I've been touring France in an auto. and it's of mighty pretty autumn, despite a lot of mud and German destructions.

I'm sitting out in the sun, basking out after a frosty night and therefore my penmanship will not be the best.

we are in a beautiful

piece of country - or once beautiful I should say - for it was for four years left of no man's land. The forests have been cut to shreds or cut down to stumps or dugouts, and the land has not been cultivated. It is delivered now - well and safe - and only today I wondered to what use will all these dugouts be put. Certainly the people who own the land thereabouts must use them for homes for their old ones are no more.

It's wonderful the way the Americans have organized themselves for this war business. Take roads for instance - This country we're chasing Fritz thru' has many roads (but) he always manages to blow them up in the most inconvenient places. Then when we start to move artillery and supplies in a constant stream for a week or so they are practically impassable.

The French fix roads like a dentist fixes a tooth. They find a "decayed" place - they pick it out - clean it - wash it - fit stones in the hole - break other stones with small hammers for a filling.

and saintly and carefully
stamp it down.
we have stone crushers
and road rollers and plenty
of negro labourers, and they
way they can make a bulge
the bulges into a boulevard
is inspiring. I am told that
in the four years of this
war, the road ~~from~~ into
Verdun from Bar-le-duc has
had stone put on to a depth
of twenty-five meters. That's
about eighty feet - and some
wear I'd say.

The other day I passed a

sign - "Co. A 25th Engs"
That's the outfit Otto Hety
is in, and I found him
close by putting up barracks.
I had enquired for his
outfit often but always
they were far away. I had
only a minute to spare
but we had quite a
chat. Tomorrow morning
if I get time I'm going
to straddle the motor-
cycle and visit him again.
He's only about thirty
kilometers up from here.

Bill McGinnis is in
B Co. of the same reg't.
but they are quite a
ways away. Otto said

that when he found out
that Bill is from Reno
and knew us, they had lots
to talk about. Bill is the
supply Sgt. for this outfit.
The French paper today
says Austria - Hungary is
ready to lay down her guns -
and that Germany ~~also~~ wants
us to tell her what she can
do to stop the fun. Those
things sure seem good to
us, ~~but~~ and we feel mighty
glad that the end comes
close - but we still fight
as hard as ever - and after
one fight we plan for the
next. We may get to Berlin
yet, altho' I'm afraid that
the Kaiser will halloo
"Saint fair" as soon as
we step over into his Father-
land. Just the same I feel
that some day soon I'll
be back home with mother
and wife, and all those
people that come to me
during the long starry nights
in a thousand happy thoughts
and pleasant days - past

and evening. and, by golly, when
a fellow team - to ~~thrills~~
and dream and hope is
the best pacifier and also
stimulant ~~at~~ this old life
offers. as much as I like
company and people and laughter
and singing and talking -
I like better to be all by
myself with a thoughtful mood.

Away nurse I'm going -
'Sorry to you - keep cheerful
and working and this war
will be - as it is to me - a
grand glorious adventure - Tom XXY