

Wm. P. Walker
2nd St. Sig. R. Co.
A.P.O. 703.



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Officer's Mail



Mrs. Frances Walker,

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From Tom's letters

Wed. Feb. 20th - Just back from a couple of days trip - Conley and I Thru some slip, orders came from General Headquarters to report there, and we were jolly well scared that we'd lose our fine assignments. They looked us over though and decided we were where we should be, especially when the Colonel made a special trip to hold us here, and we pleaded ourselves. All that sounds strong, but Signal Officers are scarce. We saw some wonderful country tho, and had some great experiences. Both nights we were away, we hit cities about midnight, locked up and dark as pitch. To see me hunting a bed, I am the interpreter, and to see the places we struck would make a book. The first night we slept over a small cafe, together in a stuffy French bed. We got breakfast there next morning, and it was good. Last night we slept in a French Officer's Club - pretty good for France. You'll hear all about it cause it's in the book.

Saw French (one of the 19) at Headquarters. He is on the General Staff - some cushion job, and very restless over it. Most of the bunch who were separated from us are still in school (not the school we went to).

We also had an opportunity to check up our mail. Two letters for me were there, but none were from you. One was a report from the school we attended. Ed and I each got Excellent and were recommended for instructors in the Army Signal School, - the highest recommendation. There was also a card from someone who had picked my name up somewhere and wrote from Ridgewood, L.I. to San Francisco. Such trash chasing me around the country, when I want mail from you!

The worst blow of all was when I ~~fm~~ learned that my name wasn't on the list in the last mail dept., because they thought that a Lt. T.P. Walker in the Sig.R.C. Aviation Section was I. I wrote to this guy Walker tonight. There should be no more mistakes hows'mever.

We've a new billet that's a wonder. Ed and I together in a comfortable room, a nice stove and electric lights. When our striker gets it fixed up she'll be great. I've a good job changing over a telephone line too, and I'm as interested as I can be. It's great."

Washington's Birthday - La, la, la, got two more letters. They were Nos. 1 and 2, and now I know more about what your job is. I like it too, because you're doing a good work, are getting good experience, and like it.

I've a sector all my own now- two or three villages within ten miles of here where I keep up communication. Been installing a switch-board and changing over some lines the last few days. Have a line to build too. It's great work, believe me, only it has been raining and the mud is deep, sloshy and heavy.

Wish letters No. 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, --- 50 --- 100 --- 700 would hurry up and come, and I'd like to see the Red Cross box too. Golly, mail is a wonderful stimulant and especially when it comes in surprises as it does. Hurry up mail!"

Thursday, Feb. 28th - Here I've been mushing along for three or four days not writing because each day I felt certain would bring a bunch of mail from you. None comes tho and I'm restless. Soon it will come in a huge stack.

This week has been miserable, - except for one afternoon, it has rained and blown continually. It is cold, and the slippery, slimy, soupy, mud is ankle deep everywhere. I am working on a job that is urgent - outside, of course - and believe me it takes a lot of uring to keep a going. It's the men who keep me ahead all the time. Young fellows, full of steam, who can reason out the importance of what we are doing and thereby do it no matter how cold or wet or muddy it is. They're great, sure enough.

(2)

This evening I came in cold and wet, and found that the striker had not been on the job. No fire - no hot water - my boots covered with mud -- Viola!!! It was fierce, and I was awful grouchy. Better you never have our home look like mine did tonight. GR-r-r-r- or maybe I'd get a new striker like I did tonight. Think may be I'll be comfortable from now on.

Tuesday afternoon was beautiful, so instead of going with the men in a truck, I got the horse and struck cross country to the job. Before I got there I had traversed woods and fields for several few kilometers and how good it did seem. I was covered with mud - but that didn't spoil a good ride. The planes were pretty active too - and I saw a couple of good scraps. Those things we must reserve for conversation about the bkf. table. For now "es verboten".

Even in the short space your four letters covered you had done a great deal. You've got it in you to cut out a career - given a short year in N.Y. If this blinking war doesn't quit soon, I'll return to find myself famous as Mrs. Walker's husband. You be good to yourself and keep well. That is a command from your commanding officer (h'ossifer, if you wish).

Sunday - March 3rd - Got a cablegram today - what do you think of that!! You sent it Feb. 19th, - it went to London, and then was mailed to me at the School. From there it had to be forwarded. But gee it was good. It doesn't tell so much as a letter would - not so newsy and all - but it was up-to-date news and that's what cheers.

Still hitting hard for peace and victory (turn em around, it's better) and there's lots to do by golly. Our captain is the hardest worked guy you ever saw. It's partly his fault, because he doesn't apportion his work. He tries to do too much himself. He is an old Signal Corps man, in the service since he enlisted as a private in 1898. Has a home (2 children) in San Francisco, and is sure a hard working hombre. I'm kept so busy trying to keep up with him that I'm practically useless. Sometimes I feel so unnecessary, that I get despondent, but I'm always hopeful that someday I'll learn enough to at least keep abreast of him. There is the advantage in being in a regular outfit. We get the advantage of all these fellows training, and we don't play around for months getting ready to do a job.

Had snow these last two days (March came in like a lion sure enough) and now we have the finest mud this country can possibly produce. Golly it's great. I don't think I've done a thing if I don't come in covered with it. What with fire wood and mud these poor strikers have some job."

3/25

I'm sending this tonight. No letter for two weeks, but perhaps that is wish you. Thanks very very much for the papers.

Love

Your Ruthie