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OFFICERS MAIL



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NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK

U.S.A.



Frank Peterson
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COBLENZ AM RHEIN
GERMANY
APRIL 4, 1919

Dear Ruth:

After the fashion of the man that went from Jee-rusalem (truthful people really call it New York) to Jericho, I stumbled around this yere old A.E.F. from August 18 to April Fool's Day 19 till I finally met up with and encountered your hubsand. My Ruth !!!! the times have changed. Poor Tom, it would make you weep. He left the States in only fair health and weighing, I should judge about 160 pounds, and now, thanks to the absence of your cooking, he has dwindled away to the small figure of 218 pounds. Now Ruth, he will vigorously deny this, but we got on the scales in Montabaur and that is what they said, so help me Hanner. The frauleins cooking has agreed with him so wonderfully. HE IS SO FAT, that Stella Colcord standing besides him would appear as a mere whisp of a girrul, that it would knock your eyes out. If this is war, why have we been at Peace so long ?

Well, anyhow, I was so darned glad to see him that I was tickled crosseyed. Tom was comfortably esconced behind a paper barrage in the office of the Division Signal Officer when I entered. He got so excited that he knocked off work immejiutely and was all for going out and kicking the General off his horse (pobbibly a Cadillac, no, probably instead of possibly) 'n everything. Well Tommy took me to his room and showed me a brand new bed that he had had installed and made me very much at home. Before I was in his room long, he arranged that I should take a bath and a shave. I am sure that he does not keep his windows open daytimes.

Said Tommy sure did the high welcoming stunt. I ate at hisness and he was my guiding star while I was within his area. He asked me a thousand questions about you, and if you were well, and if you were overworking. I tried my darndest to think of all the things that you told me to tell him but I was ratherrusty and did my best.

Well, we talked and talked. Then at night, behind a rolling barrage of tobacco smoke, yes, Ruth, you may as well know now as never that your husband smokes everything from Fatimas to a wicked pipe and I believe that he would tackle an opium pipe if one was handy, and we gave all of our friends, enemys and friendly enemies the gentle going over. Being as Tommy once worked in a telephone office, we just simply took the telephone off-ice directory and started in at the Adams and only quit when we got to the Zimmers, in other words, from A to Z (I was afraid that you would not get the first joke!!)

Incidently, Ruth, Tom showed me where you joined up with the Aviation Corps, and in doing this Tom gave evidence of the business of Snapping Turtle and a sizzling steam boiler at the same time. Frankly, yes I Frank as I am, I agreed with him heartily. For Ruth before our very eyes was a picture of three of you (Tom got the postal from the News Pictorial of the N.Y. Examiner) and there, the blasphemous Heward was shown with your arm entwined in his. As soon as I got back to my billet I oiled up my automatic, and I know that Tom prepared well beforehand and there will be bloody work at the cross roads when either of us get home first. Tom told me that he wired the Eddy Floral Co. to send a wreath of Poison Ivy for Grosbeck and O'Brien to use at the well appointed time. Yes, the Aviation Corps is going to have a copps on its hand. Gobs of Grief how these Home Guards do get away with it.

Tom is well occupied and is in very good health. He told me many things you have written about. He has not gone to Berlin as a courier yet and I fear his chances are very slim. Even if he goes I do not believe he would be subjected to any more danger than taking a trip to Baraboo Wisconsin. And Ruth, Tommy (I really feel impelled to call him Tummy) with much giggling quoted me a paragraph from one of your last letters in which you said as about the trip to Berlin "H---s Bells what next " So that is what the God Fearing Girl's Friendly Association has done for you. I think that you had better go on the editorial staff of the Police Gazette.

The first day in Coblenz I met Pogy Percival and we spent a whole afternoon going over much in conversation, no I got my ropes twisted and as I have no eraser I will correct it as follows, I met Pogy in Paris and we were together for the better part of two days and visited the Versailles Palace etc. Then the first day in Coblenz I met Carl Tibbals. Thus this trip was very fruitful as far as meeting Nevadans was concerned. However, meeting Tom was the best of all because he was the first one I could have a real heart to heart with. Carl Tibbals has improved much and I enjoyed being with him, even if when he first pounced on me he called me Nick Rossi on account of my moustache. GGGgggrrrrrr. Carl is married to a Sacramento girl and we did some window shopping trying to buy a bead bag for his wife. It was Sunday afternoon and all the shops were closed. This saved Carl beaucoup marks because the nice esthetic bag we selected cost siebzighundert marks and that is a whole lot, maybe my German is not right but it cost seven hundred marks, and as two marks are worth one franc and 5.80 francs equal one Iron Man figure it out.

The living is not so hard up this way when you get used to the cooking and the Herculeanean proportions of the women, and the weird smells, and get used to playing all the forms of solitaire cards that are invented. Yes we talked about Sol too. But darn it all, we wanna get home and leave these nations to their fish and nettles.

I suppose that Tom has sent you the meaning of the emblem on the first page. It stands for the Army of Occupation and is the symbol that all Army Troops wear up this way. Tom wears a red figure 1 as he is in the First Division. Tom likes the Marines and the 42nd. Division much. Much like more Poison Ivy.

der drei

It is getting late and I fear that this chattering Cor-one, you now know how they sound in an empty room, will call out the M.Ps. Besides this paper is much larger than that I usually use so I have run out of material for one sitting.

I hope to see Tom next Saturday, and if the stage is set right and he gets decorated with the Croix de Guerre next Saturday I want to be out there and get a snapshot of him, being as I have bought a camera here and am anxious to get back in trim, but more of this again.

As always

D.L.P.

Same old address.