

Major Frank L. Peterson
Ord. Dept. 3rd Army
American Exp. Force

Officer



Mrs. Thomas P. Walker
506 West 113th St.
New York City
N.Y. U.S.A.



Peterson

Coblenz, Germany
May 22, 1919

Dear Ruth:-

Well when I was yanked out of the Examination
Camp and sent up here, naturally I tried to
dig Jimmy up. So I called up Doodlebug
and asked for Cherry, then I asked Cherry for
Cable and then asked Cable for Lt. Walker.
They gave me Battalion Hodge's and finally
told me that Tom was in a Hospital in Coblenz
and very much after the fashion of the A. C. F.
(Always Eating Fish) they told me the wrong hospital.
So I started out and chartered every street car
I could find and after locating all the hospitals
but the right one I found Tom occupying All / A
which means that they always keep hard cases
in safety (just you yourself ask Tom what it was
that they had over the windows of his room) and I found
and on

him quite well. You see it was like this.
Tom had a terrible case of dandruff and they
had to remove it - but he is getting along real
well now. Now for fear that I may interfere
with the accuracy of any statements that Tom
has made to his wife - husbands having a cute
little way of camouflaging wives, I will not say
what is the matter of him - but it really isn't
anything serious and you must not worry one bit
about it - particularly as he stands a chance of
getting back to New York as soon as this letter.
Does not have to go home with troops.

I was glad to see Tom, so glad in fact that we
had a glass of - (well why spoil it now, ask
Tom) to celebrate the event. I might add in pass-
ing that Tom showed me some clippings that you
sent and I was glad to get some news - all my
friends having declared an armistice on letters.
The weather here is "boo-ful" and the sun shines much.

10.30 P.M.

Just came from the hospital. Arrived there the same time as Tom dropped in in a Ford. He had been out to the 1st. Division to get his bedding roll and grip packed. He can use his foot in walking and really I fear he is running a bluff on the hospital by staying there. Tom got two of your letters today and he handed me the clipping you intended I should have. Thanks - but - did they have a subway in St. Clair Pollock's time. Tom, Kenneth Booth and myself started in the Reno telephone book backwards tonight, so you can rest assured that we gave all our friends the once over and can achieve many results. We even talked about Marie de Flor & Margaret Langwith and all our Medieval History friends. I saw the clipping you sent Tom about the barbecue in Reno for the 363rd Inf. in which witless Joe McDonald said "the officers enjoyed the barbecue as much as the men". Small town stuff now, is apt to raise much merriment amongst globe trotters. Peace or war we know not what - anyhow all the 3rd Army is ready to move on one and $\frac{1}{2}$ hours

notice. Personally I am willing to go back to Hoboken, but if the worst comes of all - we'll do our liverwurst.

There is not much news to tell you. Only am inflicting this letter on you to tell you about Tom. He is well & traveling around quite a bit, and I fear he will go home very soon. He will not be in any advance if any should be made - but he sure can make an attack on the diet tray. Tonight the Capt. in the bed next to him was so sick he was out seeing an open air movie show, so I drank his cup of hot malted milk so he would not have a relapse, and I left the scene before the mad scene could be enacted, when he returned. Tom made me do it - but then hot malted milk is not too hard taking at that.

Please dust the Mr. Alpin off for me
Pedro

P.S. Tom says I have to visit you when I get home where are you two gonna live Rebel Creek. Lamoille Valley Colfax, Chatouash, Genoa, Manteca, where -
New address Major J. L. Peterson 9, O.C.O.O. 3rd Army, Coblenz