

Don't Walker
1st Lt. Sig. Corps.
2nd Field Sig. Bn.
A.E.F. Germany.

Officer's mail

12-15-18

F. W.



Mrs. Don't Walker,
506 W 113 St.,
New York,
N. Y.



Montabaur, Germany,
Sunday Dec. 15, 1918.

Refus Sweetheart.

In our billet on the Rhine, and it's not bad at all. We signal officers have taken over an entire hotel, and we're "sitting on the world". The cafe is the office, the dining room, bed rooms and kitchens perform their usual functions. I have set up an office to write my history and will devote my entire attention to that.

Haven't got a company

now - and I sorry. The Captain
was ordered to the states you
know - but when he got to the
part, the armistice having been
signed, he was sent back. So
now I am second in com-
mand, but that's the way
the army works.

Coblenz is quite a wonder-
ful city. We had only a few hours
there but they were busy ones.
Bought a few souvenirs, and your
Christmas present. Only you won't
get it till I come home - 'cause
I wouldn't trust it to the
mail, and any how it'll be more
fun when I am with you. I'm
proud of it tho', and show it
around wherever I go. Take a
look at it now! Be-a-w. tiful.

Saw Cavalieri Rusticani and
Pagliacci that evening too, and
it was very good indeed, even
if I did have to stand up. Oh
and I got a night shirt.
I'm ready to come home
now Kiddie! good and ready.

I've seen about as much of
this war as the average American
did - perhaps a little bit more.
I've crossed the Rhine thus
fulfilling the great old Battle Cry -
now - I want to go home.

Buy it on your piano!
It's out of date now -
cheap & ugly & published.

I want to go home;
The bullets they whistle,
The cannons they roar,
I don't want to go to the
trenches no more.

I want to go over the sea,
where the Allemand won't get
at me.
Oh my - I'm too young to die.
I want to go home.

Oh say the sun came
out today for the first
time in nearly two months.
maybe it's because I had a
real bath in a real bath-
tub - last night - then went
to bed in a night shirt.
Oh this was wa't anything
like it used to be. Now
we eat sleep and work
in some sort of an orderly
fashion - really I'm afraid
I've got fat.

When am I coming home?
Gosh I wish I knew. I'm
going to do every thing
possible to make it speedy

because my bit is done - I can't
do any more good nor attain any
glowing glory -

anyhow. it'll be soon, and

so you just better be getting
ready for it - see? Just liable
to jump in any day - I think -
if I were ordered home tomorrow
I'd get there before this letter
probably. Keep a waiting - and
cheerful - and rosy cheeked - and
happy 'cause the Lord prayed for
day is on us -

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+ + + Yours Tom + + +