

~~Mrs. J.~~
Tom P. Walker,
1st St. S.C.
2nd Field Sig. Bn.,
A.E.F. Germany.

SW

2-2-19

Official
OFFICE
MAILS
ARMY POST OFFICE
U.S.N.*621
NO
2

Mrs. Tom P. Walker,
506 W. 113th St.,
New York,
N.Y.



Grosse Halbach.
Sunday Feb. 2nd

Sweetheart Sneaky,

No Grosse Halbach
isn't any closer to N.Y.
than Montabaur - it's
about six kilometers
further - but this is
where B Co. is, and I
believe I told you I am
commanding B Co. again.
but a good billet too -
despite a mighty unpromising
town, and expect
to do lots of work here
because it's quite and
cozy. When the lady was
told yesterday that she'd
have to make a place for
an officer she set to
work to clean up the place

got a good bed - and
bought a wash stand
and service, tell him
fixed up kumby-dary -
that's what I get for
insisting on something
good - The best billet
in the outfit - only I'm
not bragging about it
for we have a major
who would delight in
ranking me out of it.

This outfit is surely
~~under~~ about to undergo
a lot of changes - all
these fellows who have
fought the battles of SOS.
and found the army an
easy living, are to flock
up to take the places
of those who want bull

and immediate separation
from the service. More
power to 'em! Not that
they aren't good fellows
and all that, but it
never can be the same
as with those who have
come through the war
together.

Just finished a pile
of your letters that have
accumulated for a couple
of months. Can't carry them
as easily as I used to
so have to police them
and I've suffered with
you again all the agonies
since the trip to me -
the long stretches with-
out mail - the worry
of those last few days

of war, and now the
impatient waiting. You
just keep up a big
heart Keddie - I'll come
home a rushing some
of these days.

It seems true that
we are only to receive
mail once a week from
the States. See that
a long time to wait.
But four last week -
and now it's only two
days till Tuesday.

Wonder if you're working
awful hard these days.
Working beyond your
strength for wages. Now
lookie here - when I
tell you that I've been
transferred to a division

that's scheduled for an
early sailing - you just
quit and do nothing but
rest - rest - rest - and
get ready to meet me
at the docks or by the
water cooler or some-
where like that. You
will won't you?

Had a beautiful ride
in the crisp air this
morning, and gee those
horses are finicky on a
cool morning. I'm mighty
anxious for a good clear
day to come so I can
appreciate even more the
wonderful scenery round
here. Lots of large hills
with deep ravines and
interesting winding road
trails. Evergreen forests

comes every hill and in
the most unexpected and
picturesque places are
the wayside shrines.
many are only a heap of
stones surmounted by a
life sized crucifix - some
are beautiful little cha-
pels with an altar and
benches for the traveler.
Religion is certainly a
fundamental element here.

It's cold here now -
but the ice is badly
roughed up. I and I
want to skate. Pier
soon I'm going out in
search of a real lake -
cause I have excellent
skates.

Stars and stripes came

Today - I'll send one
tomorrow.

Now I'll read a few
minutes before bed - It's
after ten, and I can't
have my new hosts
think I'm a night owl.
Bid you goo. night sweet-
heart, and in the morning
a bright "good morning".
no matter if I look at
the clock, ~~or~~ on the
dresser ~~or~~ in the mirror
while I shave, or on
the table where I work -
you're looking back at
me 'cause I want where
ever I am, to be just
chuck full of you. You
couldn't very well be

with me in the dug-
out, or out under the
stars, or in the back
end of a truck, or in
a fox hole - but here
it's different - you've
got to live with me
here -

Oh just an awful-
awful lot of love to
my sweet wife - and
just you be sure that
I'll be seeing you as
soon as Uncle Sam'll
let me. Big kiss -
big hug - oceans of love -
XXXX Love, Sam XXXX
X