

Don't. Walker
1st Lieut. Sig. Corps.

Official Mail



6-13-19

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



Sanway - France.
Friday June 13th 19.

Dearest mine,

I've postponed writing to you
from day to day, because I've ex-
pected to sail any day. But the
way it's being postponed I'm afraid
you'll worry your poor little head
off if I don't say something soon.
Ten of us were to leave on the
De Kalb which left last Tuesday -
but at the last moment they
cancelled the voyage - and you
know what I said. See it's
tough waiting these last few
days - seems like they'll never
end.

and I'm getting along famously
too. Each day I walk long distances,
and with every massage I get I
can notice improvement. By the
time I step off the boat I'll
be all well. Isn't that great.

we had a fine trip from
Coblenz - left on the first of June
on a Hospital train, and they
surely are comfortable - almost as
good as a Pullman. Capt. Booth
is still in Coblenz - not quite
ready for travel but will be
following on pretty quick. Frank
is there to see that he doesn't
want for anything, and I'm telling
you that Frank is a mighty
good provider.

Do you know - it seems
almost incredible that I'm to
see you pier soon. can't get used
to the idea at all - it's such
a long long time that I've been
a wishing and a praying. The
days seem to lag and lag - yet
I feel certain that before you
get this letter, you'll get a
cable giving the name of the ship
and all particulars. I'm liable
to land at Newport news, and
from there be sent to anyone
of several hospitals for the
final touches, so I'm not certain
that ~~it~~ it will be advisable
for you to come to Newport news.
But if you are there, believe

me, I go down to see
you, and we can make our plans
for future actions. As soon as
I'm all better I hope to get a
sick leave and then - oh
you know -

So long, Sweetheart, see you
soon - very soon - and you're
going to see me huskier, and
fatter than ever - and all
I've kept a little bun foot -
so don't you be fixing to nurse
a broken man through months
of terrible pain. I'm just a
common gold brick getting an
easy trip home. Love you Kiddie.

There's an awful lot of love stored
up here waiting to be squandered
just on you alone - yes you Squeaky -
xxxxx Love Tom xxxxx