



F. R. Meisch Papers.

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12 June 1947
Legal Section. HQ. FEC
A.P.O. 500 2/6 P.M.
San Francisco.

Dear Francis:

Reckon as how about the time this gets home summer will be in full bloom up Minnesota way. Am a bit lonesome for the good old fresh water smell of our particular state. Tokyo here is one big conglomeration of odors but none of them are very fresh. Rather expected you into this stinking sewerless city on one of the relatively numerous flights that have been coming along from the home stables of Northwest, but suppose your angle of the "invasion" isn't quite ready yet. Try to hang on to that yellowish jaundice tint long enough to get here and the natives will make you very welcome. I can appreciate how sick you were as I suffered from several attacks of it while in prison camp. - I personally believed that the only cure was whiskey but you know this business about one mans medicine etc. As for the purchase price of the stamps I sent you forget it. - I was just quoting official rates. Inflation had made them practically valueless. Guess you'll have to wait till you get over here yourself to pick up what you really want. The Japs. - the greatest souvenir

(2)

Salesmen in the world have filled their shops with cellophane envelopes full of souvenir stamps commemorating everything that has happened here since the island was first spawned. A dumb guy like me doesn't know a copy from an original & I am not prone to learn at my present old age.

Re your caustic remarks about the recent birth of another President - my son! If you don't recant or retract your hymn of slander I'll have him hurl stones thru all the windows in your house and sling spit balls at your little girl and if you drag in the rest of your younger generation family don't lose sight of the fact that Sandra is already spending her spare time killing frogs and devising ingenious methods of torture. I smell Trouble 15 yrs ahead with that gang of mine. Sounds like you had a pleasant time in N.Y. I hope to get back there this winter but don't know where I'll be at that time. Probably being "airborne to Moscow" with a radio set & Tommy gun on my back. What a future. - but too hell with the single life. - This is the only socket for

a mug like me I suppose. whiskey and brand ginuades.

Sorry to hear about your housing problems you sure seem to be having them lately. and as you say the problem may not let up for some time yet.

Back again after three interruptions, all of them petty and involving an extra drink or two. I am the Chairman of our Bar Committee here and every time some drunk gets kicked out he comes to me with a personal complaint. My method of handling matters is to have a stiff jolt with him, which drink usually knocks him out. he being nine tenths tight anyhow & usually starts me off on one that ends up by my being tossed into some sack to spend the night with my shoes on.

Will can this chatter for now with all best wishes to you & yours & thanks for the offgoings picture. - from the look on her face you must have stuck your tongue out at her fi. - What is T. Wall's address? - I'll drop him a line.

So long
Walt

①
Dec 27, 1946

Dear Francis:

Received your letter several weeks ago & in my usual procrastinating way put it aside - Temporarily - you know in such time as I could garner enough info to make a reply half-way readable - (What a lousy excuse say you)

Since the time of my arrival over here last August I have been kept quite busy, assisting in the mechanics of preparing these cases for trial & now, after all these months we've finally got the show on the road. Of course you understand, the Allied Commission set up here (notable for its absence of Russian law members) has been trying these cases since the war ended last year, but the particular cases in which I was interned are just hitting the docket now. I've been on the stand for a week now - each days testimony ranging from one hour to the entire day, morning & after-noon. It is rather tiring I assure you but I am getting a big kick out of taking verbal punches at those gangsters sitting in the defendant boxes. Each time I feel myself softening a bit I think of the

numerous friends of mine who died miserably at their hands, having once come into their clutches. I'm afraid there is no suitable place in this postwar world for men of their kind.

Before the cold weather set in around here I made good use of what spare time I could manage, to travel around the country. I've visited numerous shrine areas & other places of interest ranging from the North west coast down through the Mt Fuji area & if I can manage it am hoping to get in a spot of skiing in the Japanese Alps district sometime after the first of the year.

The country hasn't even begun to recover from the terrific beating it took during the war - the cities of Tokyo & Yokohama still being virtually in ruins except for certain rather modernly constructed areas in the downtown section of the two cities. - (Spared by design to furnish quarters for the occupation forces?)

The majority of the troops are comfortably billeted in former war zone office buildings and on a whole life isn't too bad over here. The main drawback of course being the constant presence of teeming hordes of yellow people -- they get on your nerves - like pixies you know. -- bah! I'll be glad when I see the last of them. ~~Five~~ Christmases in this part of the world are just five too many...

Thank you very much for the fags. It was a fine xmas present in a cigarette rationed occupation army. - 1 carton per week being the ration & definitely not enough for a chimney like me.

I have high hopes of getting out of here in the not too distant future & certainly hope I can make it back in time to buy a new football for the new heir to the house of Hewitt. Course I might pull a wooding and double in brassiers but even that is something to contemplate pleasantly. Much better to have a couple daughters "loving up daddy"

(prior to a touch naturally) than to have some son calling you on the phone at 3 00 A.M. to tell you he just made hash out of the family jeans.

Not being a true philatelist by any stretch of the imagination I haven't been buying up any postage stamps & for that matter wouldn't know the good from the bad. To stop your constant clamoring however I'll make a survey of the situation one of these fine days & buy four of everything they have in some local post office.

So having made another easy promise and postponed the matter once again I'll check this to you for the time being, wishing you a very pleasant and prosperous New Year. Give my regards to all the family working down from Elaine to Lynn. If you or rather Elaine has any desire for silk material, crepe, habotai or silk satin I would be glad to pick up some & shoot it through to you. Drop me a line one of these days.
So long fellow Walt

23 Jan 47

Dear Francis:

Herewith my first attempts. Went to the Central Tokyo Postoffice today with a Visser interpreter and bought one of everything they had on hand. You will gauge their value by looking at them. Apparently poor in workmanship and printed on a cheap grade of newspaper - Postwar Japan - Their relative values as are shown. Those numerical values appearing alone are yen. Those followed by EN, are yen.

There are herewith one of each of the following.

¥ .01	¥ .07	¥ .50	5.00 (5 EN)
.02	.10	1.30 (1.30 EN)	10.00 (10 EN)
.03	.20	1.50 (1.50 EN)	50.00 (50 EN)
.04	.30	1.00 (1 EN)	
.05	.15	2.00 (2 EN)	
¥ .15	¥ .82	¥ 6.30	¥ 65.00
			6.30
			.82
			.15
			¥ 72.27

As you know of course there is a tremendous inflation here and though the pegged price value of these stamps is ¥72.27 or \$4.82 they

don't of course have any such value in any way other than items of interest to a collector because the comparable value of transporting or mail service in the states would be about \$2.00. and though the value of the yen is legally pegged at a 15 to 1 exchange rate, its purchasing value for comparable goods and services, especially goods runs about 100 to 1. If of course you desire me to pick up more stamps for you of the same herewith or any other I can get for your collection be sure to let me know, since an even greater inflation is expected in the near future and the legal exchange rate "may" be raised to purchase value levels it may be desirable to wait until that time.

We of course do all our purchasing of Japanese goods through our official P.X.s at a flat exchange rate of 15 to 1 and get the articles cheaper in the long run that way than by buying in the open market.

For example a piece of Jap silk which would cost about \$5.00 (¥75.00) in the PT would cost about \$10.00 (¥150.00) on the open Jap market.

I have the Jap stamps in a separate folder. Lying loose however are an assortment of various cancelled stamps which you might find of interest:

Not much of interest has been happening around here lately. - there is skiing back in the hills but I haven't had time to try out the runs there. As one has to get an official leave and wait on the long priority list for a chance to stay at one of the U.S. operated guest hotels. Until just about a month ago however you could make your own arrangements with any Jap hotel in the country, but now they are all "off limits" to allied personnel. as well as all Japanese dwellings after 11:00 P.M. - a self protective step taken by SCAP to prevent an immorality

"expose" such as took place in Germany recently. Of course it was a greater problem there than here because of the white *argan national populace. Short dumpy bodies, fat bowed legs, slanting eyes and dirty greased hair couple with a 1 bar per 3 months of soap ration forced our military males to choose clean moral lives with temperance and continence our chief plaguing virtues - 2 bottles of liquor (month) and 1 carton of fags (week).

Glad to hear you have subdued demon nicotine (more smokers for the rest of us in this tobacco short world) - I'd if you intentionally omit the word 'lady alcohol' in your boast (?) Sent Elaine a piece of silk which should arrive in several weeks. Will close for now with best of luck in everything.

Wald.

P.S. your kids looked well - sure grow fast don't they.

(* Remember letter including the fags as "fellow Argans")

Aug 17, 1940

Dear Francis:

Big Sam sent me up here for 90 days to brush up on new methods of mass slaughter. I will be highly experienced as some mobsters personal bodyguard if I ever go out of this army.

Nora is coming up in about a week, and I want to see you before you go back to the middle west. It is virtually impossible for me to get away during the week but I have Sat afternoon Sundays and legal holidays off. Let me

know when you are
planning on leaving
MIT and we might
be able to get together
on something, someplace.

Walt

Aug July?

Dear Francis:

If you need an assistant to help you with your life drawing in Targo. Let me know. I can be a great help. and would welcome the change.

This army life is getting old. I have been (busier) busier than 2 little breezes in a big wind. Marriage is a big enough job all by itself and now with the army to boot and a lot of bachelor officers who are always demanding proof that a married man can really out drink them I have been on a constant merry go round. I bought a new white uniform and I first day I wore it. it got drenched in beer and so on. - what the use. I have discovered a new drink. I picked up two gallons of Jamaica Rum and one gallon of Tequila in Monterrey total price, 12 dollars, you couldn't touch the sum for less than 4 bucks

a quart here in the states, it is
133 ~~8~~ proof and of the consistency of
light olive oil. - any how back
to this drink. You put 3 shot
glasses of rum & one of tequilla
in a small glass, if there is room
you add ice... Its good ... can

you dont sound as though life
bored you yet you try to convince
me of the fact by your letter I
dont believe you and wish I
could see you .. right now I
would like to try one of my
Rumquillas .. think I will. So
Olson got married.. who gives a
damn, his way is proved for him.
mine is uncertain as ever, yet
Im happier than Ive ever been.
I would like to hear from Mattson
does his address in yours next letter.
I havent written a letter for so
long Ive forgotten how to write.
How did you like washington, great
place isnt it, if you told me
you were going I would have sent

around me.. Its lot of fun, —
boom ~ ~ your dead.. and the dead
curse you back.. till an empire
gets there.. I've reached the point
where I wish I could line up
something bring over the sights &
know that my shells had slugs
instead of paper wads in them.
I'm sending you a clip for a paper
weight, hope they don't blow up
in the mail.

you ask a word of Mexico, words
are hard to describe with, one should
have pictures & liquor was so cheap that
I was so drunk that I didn't take
many.. I've got some swell ones
of a bull fight & the mountains
around Monterrey & will send you
some prints as well long.. just keep
plaguing me & been so damn busy
I'm in a whirl. Teaching recruits.
drilling & training my intercept section.
they sit on the air 24 hrs a day.. We
have 12 Hammarlund Super Pro receivers.
an armful of Comet sky radio &
8 army sets + a half dozen direction finders.

a total of around \$4,000 worth of radio receiving equipment alone signed up to yours truly... + trucks & miscellaneous equipment... my hair gets gray trying to keep track of it on backward advances & forward blitzkrieg

We are attached to the 2nd Division a completely motorized unit. Even our attached horse cavalry ride in trucks & since April we have blitzkrieged over the swamps backwoods & bays of four southern states, I'm so sunburned & chigger bitten people avoid me & so hopped up on quinine to avoid malaria, most the time I don't feel my feet hit the ground.. and - strictly on the g.t. Rum and quinine can make you drunker than any concoction invented since the dawn of mankind... add a dash of bitters and a little lime. So Long Walt

2
you my little black book..
Which reminds me, what has happened
to Elaine, I never hear you mention
the little lady lady, and she one
of the finest that ever lived. Don't
try to pull a Don Juan on her
she's the real McCoy Francis, hang
on to her while you experiment
around.. and while I'm on the
subject, for reasons which are
my own, tell her not to give
my address to D or or more people
under any circumstances. okay?
nuff reason? - give her my love
in the bargain.

Well I'm getting ready to
go into the field again. Seems
to me I've been on maneuvers
ever since I've come down here.
I've been machine gunned twice
and ~~shot~~ sat down and lit a
cigarette in a gassed area once
before I saw all the orange flags

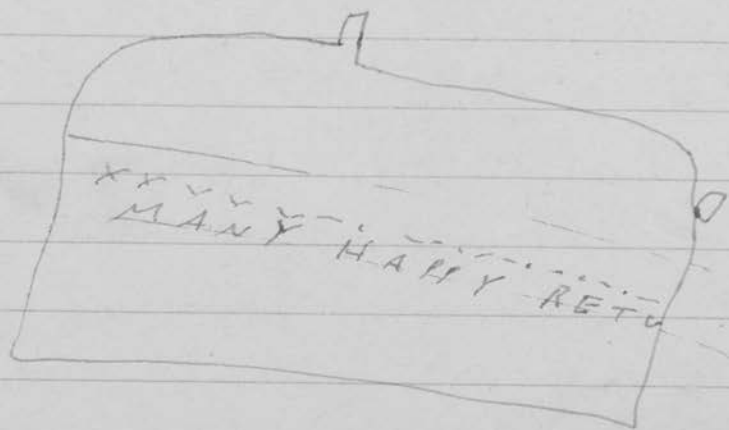
Dec 12. 1938

Dear Francis

Sells old man of the
mountings - no doubt you are
beginning to sharpen up your
pencils once again just about
this time in preparation for
another winter quarter. If
I can possibly make it I
will be with you but this
racket is something like getting
married, easy to get into but
once in, - oh boy try to get out..
I expected to be home by Xmas
but that is out I have to
take another trip down to
St Leavenworth Kansas first.
but I want to make all
my preparations with the school
by mail that is, fees etc you

you know. I will appreciate it
very much if you will send
me by return air mail a
copy of the Engineering school
curriculum, entrance dates etc.
I am not inclosing postage
because there is none available
but trust a brother rat to
reimburse you some day in the
far future ..

Love from
Howell



4/11/39

U M 6912

772 E'S T's

Dear Francis:

yes my far sighted friend.
I am flat on my back, even
while writing this letter. Inas-
much as I do everything much
better while I am lying on
my back I now spend most
of my time in the inverted
prone position.

I had dinner with an old
friend of yours called Elaine..
at which time we advanced
numerous reasons why you
happen to be such a heel
and why we should be so
crazy as to be associated with
you. but we decided you
are a pretty good egg after all

even though slightly spoiled..
I really believe the young lady
is out to get you old man
so be careful of what you
put in writing while you
are up in Duluth. Unless
you have finally decided by
this time that girls of her
caliber are as rare as Ice
ages. and Glacial Periods. If
you havent, you ought to have
your seat raised to shoulder
height by means of a force
acting in conjunction with a
couple .. I heavily put my
stamp of approval on the you
lady



Amen!

Removed -

HEADQUARTERS PROVISIONAL RADIO INTELLIGENCE CO.
FIFTY-FIRST SIGNAL BATTALION
GOTY MONMOUTH? NRE JRTDIO
FORT MONMOUTH? NEW JERSEY

February 8, 1937

Subject: Dissemination of B.S., Quarterly, per A.R. 473-46.

To : The person whose name is on the envelope.

Dear Same As Above.

Since my life is guided by Army Regulations, I might as well work some of them into my personal pleasure and business as well. Just for your own information, I once won a medal for the Palmer method of penmanship, but as yet, my grade school teachers still don't know that I merely tore the pages out of my book and handed them in for assignments. I hate to write, physically speaking, and I can't type, so you can see that I'm in a heck of a fix. But if you can stand the substance of my thoughts in print, read on. I don't know when I wrote to you(U) last, and what's more, I don't give a damn. It just happens that I have no amorous intentions towards you, and I'm not trying to maintain your interest in me by constant writing, in order to pave the ground for a future seduction. So don't hold any bad feelings towards certain people, in this case me your loving friend, for not writing sooner, and for choosing this the easiest means I could think of, and I won't hold any towards you because I know damn well that you won't get around to answering this missive of faith hope and charity for about two months.

Life is sweet, life is fast, life is a bowl of sour cherries (if you are lucky enough to find any in any stage of growth or decomposition) around here. This army life is a great racket if you don't mind sitting on your butt twelve hours a day watching men work, but I'm so saturated with excess energy and youthfull animal spirits that this life of inactivity just gets under my skin. You know that as well as I. I always was the hard working ambitious type that just couldn't bear to sit still for any length of time and just waste the hours away. (pause to give me time enough to light a cigarette and to give you time to laugh, cussmeout, or cry, as your mood may dictate.)

Now that I have told you what a swell sort of fellow I am ISL8I("#%&'%#) I'll get busy and slip some news into that backwoods country. Living where you do, out of communication with the world, maybe studying, maybe working, (God forbid), maybe trying to kill the bugs in your beard, maybe trying to keep a young girls love in a state of constant bloom, you don't get much time to keep up with the news of the world, so here goes-----

Throughout the entire middleeeewesteee, from Chicago, Ill. to Shreveport La. tremendous floods have been taking place, inundating entire cities and taking their toll of human life, while gaunt specters, gigantic ghosts stride barefooted thru the mud and river sewage spreading suffering, starvation and desolation over the lowlands. At the same time, the city of St Paul, located in Minnesota, right near where you live and love by the way, is wallowing in the regal splendors of winter joy, as the people laugh sing and dance, carrying on in an atrocious manner, making believe, in their subzero weather, that they are happy and having a good time, playing at their Winter Carnivals, and building huge five story palaces of ice with W.P.A. funds while destitute families shiver, shudder, and starve in cold, dreary, wet, muddy basements in the lower middle west. This is all for tonite, I must drop down to the bar for a moment. I think I left my cigarette laying there last week.

Aurevoir.

Back again; the dice sang pagan love songs to me all evening and also, although I drandingly drank much, smoked much, etc. I never-the-less managed to harmonez, I mean harmonize quite a bit with the cubicle bits of ivory, therebu removing the necessity of signing a piece of paper, known as a chit.--- odd, but I never remember signing them when they all come to me at once at the end of the month. Yours truly lives in the bachelors quarters here, and at present there are ten of us, living our lives of loneliness, idolatry, and paganism, in rank-- from the shavetails to a Major, recently transferred from the Cavalry. We have a great time when we aren't on duty, and that is quite a bit of the time. However, it isn't all play though. Second Lieutenants spend a heck of a lot of time in the schools here, both teaching and learning, it is the one branch of the service, where you go to school all your life and seldom even reach the rank of a Colonel. Of course I am primarily on troop duty, but troop duty in the Signal Corps means continual training in the various phases of communication, in you spare time The men here really know telegraphy, telephony and radio communications as applied to field work, because Major Sherril, the commanding officer of the Battalion has his eyes on a set of stars to wear on his shoulders, (General) and it is not a good policy to not being doing something when he id around. However us bachelor officers stay pretty much to ourselves, and we have a thousand an on ways to take over our extra time either at the club here or in the surrounding territory, all the way from New York to Philly..

To cut down my waste, as distinguished from wait and weight, time, I have been practising touch typing and international code reception and sending. I haven't been on the typing long however so don't judge too harshly, according to

I'm on duty twenty-four hours today and in a short while the sun should be sneaking in over the ocean. a bich of a bualy beautiful sight, I started to spell the word beautiful three times in this last sentence and I seem to have arrived at some comical newly phrased words. I am tired as the deuce as I typed this entire letter tonight, although it may seem to run over a period of days, sorry to disillusion you. However this afternoon is a half-holiday so yours truly will sleep, sleep, sleep It is going to be hard as the devil getting used to civilian life again so goodnight and goodbye for another month or so. Whin you git around to it and feel like killing some time, please drop me a line or seven.

In order to prevent any-body from checking me up I'm only sinding out the carbon b copies of this document to the friends whom I desire to impress with the fact that I'm still alive and hollering for our privelege of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Doing things this way was the best brain storm I've ever had
Why follow the dictates of custom.

After all if we were all sitting together and having a generalB.S. session wouldn't you all hear the same thing when I opened my mouth, right! So please consider this my contribution to the nest general get-together you take part in where I would usually be myself to add my bit to the loud noises.

Your loving cohort in cuim
crime.

X
Walt

" We were the discards of the pack, the fore-loopers of Unrest"
" The nameless men who nameless rivers travel"
" These will I sing, and if one of you linger
Over my pages in the Long, Long Night,
And on some lone line lay a calloused finger,
Saying: " It's human-true--it hits me right;"
Then will I count this loving toil well spent;
Then will I dream a while----content, content."

Sernice is my god--and I am his prophet

And a bag of bones on the boundless snows
Shall be my end
Who knows
Whowknows

Goodnight old man--fill it
once more and then I must
be going----

P.S. Thanks for the letters & pictures - let's have more

month now but I hope to make it one of these days. The last time I was there I took in one of the Chesterfield Broadcast Programs and went through the Western Union Bldg. Talk about your mammoth installations. Out on the tennis courts a group of engineers are fooling with some new equipment for the detection of aeroplanes. It is very interesting watching them--jumping around like a bunch of monkeys like only true engineers can. The laboratories employ quite a few real cut and dried engineers for the more routine and deeply technical work that takes place around here in our research department---science---action---and the money minded.

It was warm today, very warm. There was no snow on the ground and the smell of spring was already in the air---fake000--- So the battalion went on a three hour practise march with full packs. It was quite---and only quite, because my feet hurt--- interesting swinging through the woods and it made everybody think of the summer recently spent in Michigan, and most of them of the girls they left behind. However, the majority of us don't like practise marches with full pack, therefore we wished that the smell of spring wasn't in the air, that there wasn't any snow on the ground and that it wasn't warm.

The club threw a valentine dance last night. It was a lot of fun But why do grown people insist on being that way. I enjoyed reliving those happy grade school days though.

One of the officers on the post was over to the bachelor quarters today raising hell and high water. It seemed that rumors have been floating around connecting his wife's name with this building, that should be enough to blow the top off his noggin. The bachelor officers on an army post are always a source of trouble. Covering all of their movements with a blanket of question marks. However in this case it was an unwarranted squawck because we steer clear of all females in the married status bracket for our own protection. It is uncomfortable to be behind an eight ball that day by day steadily assumes the size of a medicine ball.

Closing remark: Why do people insist on breaking in on respectable young men at three in the morning looking for empty beer cans so they can win prizes on scavengers hunts. NUTS NUTS NUTS

February 10, 1937

Hello again, It sort of lpp looks like this letter is liable to assume the general shape, size and appearance of a book before I finally decide that I've put enough prattle on paper. As yet I don't believe that I've said anything of importance, thank God. But then, nothing of importance ever happens around here to speak about.

However last night something wholly unmeditated unplanned and unforeseen took place---- so as---so saying I will stop right ge here before I get the reputation of being a spinner of yarns.

they wanted other people to think they would be wearing if suddenly called out at midnight to man the life boats, the prize winner came minus everything except the spray screen from a shower bath. It was a very comical and edifying(?) party and everybody had a swell wild time, including the bachelors whose fun doesn't start until midnight when they throw another party in their quarters which starts then and ends just in time for the participants to make inspection at nine o'clock the following congenial morning, dashing madly down the streets to the fond farewells of loving friends, (c n c b n s)(male?O)(fem?)

I have had the time to do a hell of a lot of thinking this last seven months but I can't put the gist of my thoughts into writing just yet, however I have come to the conclusion that permanent army life has a lot of bad points shoved in with the good, and although I have shoved my year of probable escape from the Alma Mater off another year, the amount of practical knowledge and the general outlook on life that one attains more than counterbalances. It is a good way to see the country, one has a hell of a ornery lot of fun and good times, plenty of freedom (emphasizing the latter point of view as concerns surveillance from family, relatives, sweethearts etc.) but still there seems to be something missing. There is a lot of sham in the service and when you scratch the surface and look inside, you can't help but sit back, rub your head if you have been able to keep it and say hummmmmmm! More than one West Point Grad has said "If I had to do it over again-----" Oh well tice It is time to sign off again for a while so Adios Señor

Hello Ello LLo lo

So saying I'm off-----Oh Yeah!-----would you want me to write just an ordinary little letter telling you things you already know and don't get to gingle and get and give a damn. There is a mountain of thought going to-in this document and I'm doing my best to keep it from being commonplace. If I fail I will at least have tried. As you may have noticed by this time, I'm getting this all off my chest by easy stages..and looking over your last letter which you veveringlynever sent you mentioned a lot of things that never happened to you or yours in ordinary word and also other-- why don't you scribble a line and send it to me.. But be darn sure it is original forget custim and say what you think as you would sink it and I will answeare separately in my own lousy manner

What are your prospects?

Why,when, where, what are you doing

I haven't been writing to a soul for some reason or other and I'm losing track of everything. The days just seem to drift by and I feel as though I've always lived here

The East is quite an interesting place to stay for a while but for all-around enjoyment one can't beat the land of the light haired people. I haven't been up to New York for almost a

PERSONNEL

— ARMY —

WALTER J. HEWITT.....Commanding
 PHILIP LEFKIN.....Doctor
 LEWIS D. RICHARDSON.....Educational Adviser

— TECHNICAL —

CARL W. JACKSON.....Chief Foreman C&M
 ELMER ASH.....Foreman C&M
 JOHN H. CARTER.....Ass't Biological Aide
 WALTER A. EMERT.....Foreman's Assistant
 ROBERT T. HILE.....Pump and Tractor Mechanic
 EDWIN ANDERSON.....Assistant Carpenter
 ARNOLD H. NELSON.....Assistant Mechanic
 BERT L. WILLIAMS.....Foreman's Assistant

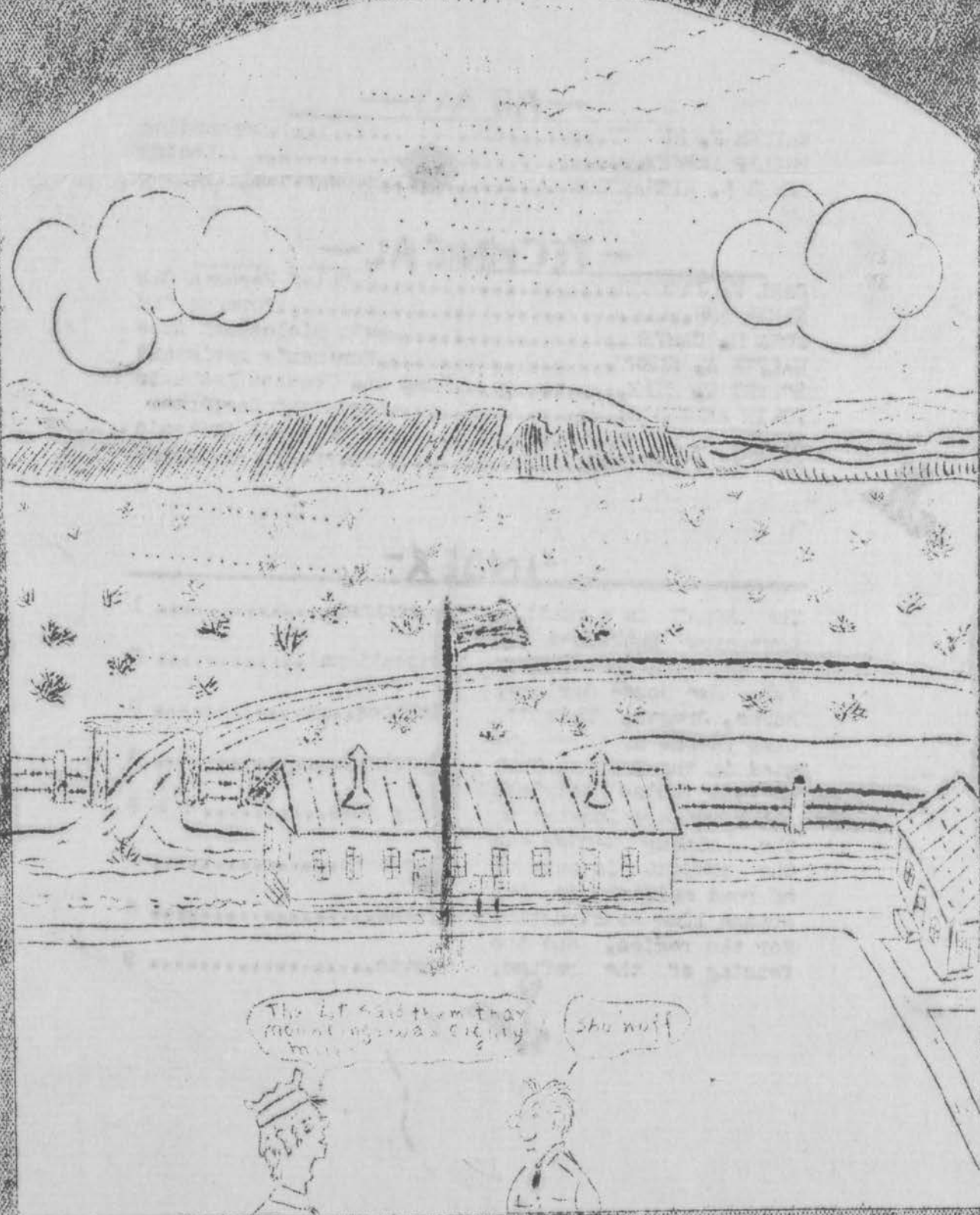
— INDEX —

The NCMAD is a monthly newspaper published by the Members of Company 795, God House Springs, Burns, Oregon. This CCC Camp is one of three located in the western part of the Boise District. All three are located on the Malheur Refuge and the project is made up of road maintenance, telephone line construction for the region, and the fencing of the refuge.

Personnel.....	1
Educational.....	2
Hobbies.....	3
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Etcetera.....	7
Jokes.....	8
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The NOMAD

Sod House Springs, Burns, Oregon. Jan. 31, 1938



The L.P. said that they
hadn't ingested eighty
miles.

shu wuff



Hotel Owyhee

C. F. MANN, MANAGER

Boise, Idaho.

Dear Francis:

Thanks a million for your letter ..
Got me from Don Hoagies about the
same time and from what he says
you have really been going place
and doing things lately .. How so ..
now don't deny it .. your mentions
of Crows and college bull fights stirs
something that has long lain
dormant in my blood .. I would
sort of like to get back and once
again ... just see it all —

This past two years has been
school for me also - I've learned
my lessons well - Life has lost a
lot for me .. Two years ago I felt
typically for College .. but 730 day

of knocking about will knock a
lot of that out of a person - One
becomes quite materialistic and factual -
A true fatalist - out for what you
can get. Enough of this musing...

Have a different job now...
a glorified policeman - officially known
as a Provost Marshal - but to
what all we need to set
things straight once again is a
revolution or two culminating in an
old fashioned, free for all, war.

So long old man - see you up
front.

Walt...

May 9, 1937
Officer's Club

Dear Francis:

Thank you for your letters and your birthday greeting or have I already written to you since then; I think that I have, so I'll start in from there.

First of all, major of all events that have happened since I last wrote to you. The Hindenburg disaster, I was only Two hundred yards from it when it exploded last Thursday. In all my life I never expected to be on hand for a catastrophe like that. That afternoon, Lt Steinhauer, a friend of mine, asked me to drive down to Lakehurst with him to watch the big blimp moor after its trans-Atlantic voyage. It was raining a little bit at the time and I wasn't very anxious to go but after a little persuasion I slipped on the blouse of my uniform and jumped into the car with him. After waiting around from four PM until about seven o'clock in the evening we began to get a little bit desgusted with it all, when suddenly the zep loomed out of the fog and clouds right above us. What a thrill, it was gigantic, one cannot imagine the immensity of it until you are near its huge bulk. The ship maneuvered about the mooring mast circling about a hundred feet above the crowd. It swung right above me and I jerked out my camera, however, It was so large that it wouldn't fit into the lens of my picture machine, so I had to wait until its broadside drifted about two hundred yards from me, then I snapped my first picture. It dropped its first mooring rope and I frantically wound up my camera to get another shot, having trained my lens again on the ship I snapped it just as the second rope hit the ground, and glanced up, at that critical moment it burst into flame. One thousand feet long, practically a fifth of a mile, or a good two city blocks, you can imagine my sensations, I was paralyzed, stunned, and rooted to the spot. One moment a majestic work of man, the next a mammoth holocaust, a huge ball of fire two city blocks long and two hundred feet in diameter suspended seemingly right overhead in the relation of my distance from the ship as compared to its great length. The ground crew ran for its life, all excaped except one who was trapped under the blazing wreckage when it crashed to the ground. Then everybody took to their heels expecting the fuel tanks to break and explode momentarily and cover the field with burning oil and flaming debris. luckily they didn't, but merely split upon hitting the ground and burst into flame. I ran a short distance, one thought uppermost in my mind and that was to get as far away as possible

Truly a man's world, with all the work, sweat, lusts and hopes attributed to the male. The far away dream and hope of every miner, cow-puncher, and lumberjack here is to some day own a pleasant little likeable wife and home with a dozen little kids climbing over the furniture. A common though maybe strange dream, as they are usually conjured in a fog of alcoholic vapors. The sad end of it all is that few if any ever attain what they want.- - or keep it if they get it - -.

A lonely and loveless life. A world of broken hopes and shattered dreams, when the cow pony suddenly stumbles and falls with its load and the herd passes on unmolested and unguided - - days later at the railhead the men ask for Joe, but the coyotes are already picking the bones of man and horse.

The pile of empty bottles mounts in size. Where in hell is the orderly. A crimson fog settles over the desert - - a far away treble of a bugle calls the crews to work. then meals and relaxation. Each to his own magic world conjured in his own imagination. another five fingers of Scotch and we'll say goodbye to the long long stretch. twenty-four hours more knocked off the seventy year span.

You and your cursed world of gleaming silver and sparkling china. Paved streets, the roar of traffic and the babble of the throng. Give me the gibbering moon, the land of a thousand colors, a lonely coyote yapping out on the plains
200 good men to swear at, and a bottle to strengthen my throat
but hell! man was born to die where he first saw life, tell Minnesota I'll be back one of these days. I've seen almost all the states, and I'm ready to admit its a fake. Before I return I'm going to know just what it has been that I've always been trying to find.

So long, I'll be seeing you:

Date -Jan.8,1937

Dear Francis:

Thanks for your letter old man. It came at an opportune time as I've been sitting around all evening bemoaning the fact that I was way out here on the scrap pile of the earth, and everybody I knew was "way back there" in civilization.

Ye gods! what a country. sage brush in every direction, as far as one can see. In one direction, eighty miles over an unbroken expanse of the weed, intermingled with sand dunes, is a long chain of snow capped mountains, continually, an unaccepted challenge to see if I can come and crest them. Eventually I intend to do just that, but it won't be untill sometime later when I get somewhat caught up with my present work. I'm agent finance officer, quartermaster, and company commander here and it keeps me busy all the time. 200 miles from Boise and thirty miles from the end of the railroad. At the end of a two track trail through buttes, arroyos, and draws. It is the kind of a country that Service used to put into print for all posterity. All a person can ask for here is for a bottle of good liquor. It is as rare as water, and since this is the Northern desert, even that commodity is not very plentiful.

The War Department gave me a couple sacks of money and said "Build a camp young man" so we are now living in the finished product. A modern up to date product with running water, electric lights, consisting of eighteen buildings, the smallest of which is 130 ft long and 20 ft wide. There is absolutely no place to go around here. Burns, the nearest outpost has nothing to offer, Boise, little more. The only redeeming feature is the country. It is so large and unbroken that before'laong its firmly bogged in your blood'. Where in the middlewest can one look out of his back door and see an unbroken, limitless stretch for almost a hundred miles, and the air so clear that you can actually see objects at the end of that distance.

Christmas eve I worked most of the night, and then took a short walk out into the night in my shirt sleeves. New Years, the same. In the office until seven o'clock the next day, then out for a short hike and to bed. It doesn't sound very pleasant does it, but at least to one person it was such a happy difference from past years that he wouldn't trade it for similar nights of debauchery of all the past. from New York, to Baltimore to New Orleans, Chicago, and the twin cities.

I'm glad youre enjoying school. When I finally go back, it will be with greatly opened eyes, but I expect I'll get a kick out of it yet. Though still, possibly, a bit more mature, a true Hewitt at heart, work like hell when there is work to do, and then, play like hell when its finished. It will be hard to take school very seriously again as I've found out in the last couple of years that a man is measured by what he can do rather than by what he knows. A college grad in this country is almost out of luck in this country because people then figure that he can't even do anything with his hands, which puts him in a class aside from everybody.

Sept 21, 1939

No man's land (South of Univ. Av to R.R. tracks)

Dear Francis.

My typing is illegible, so is my writing, but not quite so much so I want to make this letter unreadable so I'm typing it some of the letters superimpose themselves don't mind. I'll never go up to ~~Meek~~- Meents again, the people there are so lacking in manners that they pee in the toilet bowl while one is drinking out of it.

Nona and I are going together yet. We just finished a 10 day bat, disappeared completely for four days and nights, her lod man is guarding the door with a tommy gun. Ceilly is getting married next month. She was over tonight to bring me back my books. Want to buy a cow?

I'm sick of liquor, gin, love, women, tobacco. I myself, am disgusted with everything. Think I'll enlist in the Canadian army, and meet you overseas

Was out with Olson and Mickle, they drink like fish. ~~De-Don~~ reminds me of a fellow who is always afraid that somebody is going to steal his bag, he wouldn't even let me dance with her. Earl is in love.

Matson and I went for a long walk. He told me all about Helen, his love. Poor Helen. Have been working steady, what a lousy feeling. Meters, meters meters, an endless parade, I see them in my sleep (days, while working)

Was over to the brain trust today and paid my rent for the coming quarter. Thoughts of school drain the juice out of the marrow of my bones. Tonight I studied twenty and one half minutes. it was terrible. My family sends your best regards.... be careful of those Eastern gals, they'll steal the gold out of your teeth while you kiss them., and replace it with lead.

Paul Cress has hopes of passing this summer, if he gets an A in his last Comprehensive final. His room mate, Merl Henslin flunked out cold, so we got dates and much whiskey. Met five squaws living in an apartment in Minneapolis, promised to get them men, went over to the Phi Chi house and brought back a crowd. the apartment was a shambles by morning. Every time I go out now, my folks ask me where I want my mail forwarded to.

Saw Glenn today, he only has fourteen days left to serve. Society is a mean creditor. Haven't heard from Haynes yet, that brunette takes up all his time. Met Armen Walters downtown, nothing new. Wooding moved (?)

Also visited my cousin Shadow and his spouse, he is very contented and satisfied. In five years he will be a fat dutchman with children. That seems to be the only salvation, marriage, a family and civic prestige. What a sad and doleful outlook. Now that you're gone, I feel like the last survivor. So long old man I'll carry on, and in the meantime fortify me occasionally with a note giving me the latest news.

expecting momentarily to be flung flat by the blast. upon reaching a comparatively safe distance, I stopped and stared mouth open, horror stricken. Heroics and rescue work was out of the question it was impossible to get anywhere near that funeral pyre. The screams of the dying and the terrified crowd will live in my memory for ever. The odor of burning flesh will never be forgotten. I don't like to go into details on the salvage end of the story but the mind pictures of the fried and baked bodies, clothing burned off, and limbs burned and charred will remain for a long time. Many leped from the ship as it fell from its hundred foot hight and crawled to safety, other stunned by the fall, lay where they fell to be buried by the flaming hulk.

But to more pleasant stories. The weather has been delightful and to come home in the evening with no worries of study is an incomparable pleasure. I don't envy you at all. Although as you mentioned, I am anxious to get back to school and get it over once and for all.

About a week ago I attended the military wedding of an officer friend of mine. The ceremony was very impressive against a background of uniforms, sabers and guns, NO not white shot-guns, but you are right, we still hold the world in the palm of our hand. Let us keep it that way. Betty Schurick, I see is the last of the Mohicans, so no doubt I am doomed to be a bachelor. All the better I guess, I surely wish her a world of happiness, she was a wonderful friend.

Have been doing a bit of bumming around here. I try to hit New York city as often as possible, one just can't see enough of that town it seems. Last Friday managed to bum a ride on the Coast Guard Cutter out of Fort Hancock, located at the tip of Sandy Hook, up the coast of New Jersey and nearby vicinity to Fort Tilden, situated on Rockway Beach, just north of Coney Island. From there went overland to Manhattan, did a lot of sightseeing and spent the evening in a Harlem night club. It catered exclusively to the higher class Blacks and White couples Negro fellows with their white girl friends and vice-versa, quadroons, mulattoes and what have you. It was quite an experience I have a little bit of work to do this evening so I am going to close for the present. Hoping to hear from you soon I'll say goodnight,

Your friend,

Wally

10/6/39 UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Dear Francis:

Thanks for your letter. Am glad to see you finally situated & hard at work. you too. Am in ~~the~~ ^{the} C. A. and already a week behind. but all my classes 3 times last job and am catching up now. Ceilly called up and said she isn't getting married after all. Good for her, she would have been sorry. The campus is dead. Cross is still a sophomore flunked the whole last year in his course. Haven't seen anybody around the neighborhood for weeks.

Glenn was killed in an automobile accident a couple nights ago. The family was deluged with condolence reports. Subsequently passed away when he showed up at 3:00 AM. Some drunk bartender started the sordid news. Was on a row room near Mendota and had a swell time. I wish you could have been along. I miss you, your old super mind the rest of the dopes around here are too juvenile I feel like an old man when I'm with them. While you are in Boston, climb the Bunker Hill monument & look for my initials in the turret gallery on top.

The country is beautiful right now, leaves falling, people shooting pretty wild ducks & pheasants. Occasional Indian raid out around New Brighton.

I applied for C. A. A. training, flight, and hope to get in on it, if I do and ever get a license I'll fly out to see you some day. I can't imagine where the time goes, seems just yesterday since I finished the spring quarter and here I am again, waiting for the faraway finish which can't come soon enough. Oh to be on the loose again, and someday I will. Will close for now with a happy thought for you as I drain the bottle and get back on the job.

Your Truly
Wall

when we finally decide to swim the drink
and spank the japs.. It must be a
women .. only they can drive one up or down..
I've had my fill of them personally .. and
the reason was that the driving wasn't up..
I hit the bottom rung on the old ladder..
and I've through forever .. Now and then
a fellow really gets jolted back on his
heels.. I was slapped down and fanned
on by the finer sex for the first time
in my life several days ago. and it's
going to take a long time to stage
a come-back but I've already grabbed
the first freight heading that way..
--- afterthought --- I hope these intentions last..
more than thirty minutes.

The work has been interesting and exciting
as ever lately .. I've been eight-balling all



Nov. 14, 1937

Co 795, Camp BF-2
Sod House Springs, Burns
Oregon...

Dear Francis:

Just a roaring, howling, drinking, fighting
two fisted son of a gun.. The lone black sheep
recently grazing 'neath the family tree..

Consider me rule the world I believe about a
A week ago I picked up a copy of the Minneapolis
Journal.. the first twin city newspaper I've
seen for almost a year and a half .. and
what do I see but the beaux arts ball lining.
(notice the lower case spelling - that is what
we shockings E.F.'s of "T" "E" think of any brawl
but our own) Congratulations you hard drinking
technician .. It does my heart good to see you
sliding out of the old shell .. and just like
the old ~~March~~ I've always known .. nothing but
the highest place .. you're going places old
man; keep it up and I'll meet you overseas

The scenery & sights around here are
unbelievable.. People live in worse
squalor than an uncleaning animal
does in Minnesota. The towns are
predominating negro with one or two
nice homes and dozens of negro
shacks, with black kids, chickens
and pigs wallowing in the backyard
muck.. These will be the largest
manures ever undertaken.. Over
two thousand trucks alone are active
in transporting personnel, add to
that tank units, mechanized artillery
mechanized cavalry and thousands
of doughboys (70,000) ~~nonpoisonous~~ poison
gas, blank ammunition, Bombing
& pursuit planes, Observation balloons
and everybody lost half the time
in these East Texas & Sabine
River swamps abie with Water Moccasin
snakes and you really have a
mess.. I don't know how long
I will be around here but no
doubt until next October at least
so drop me a line when you
unshock yourself and say hello
to your old friend
Walt



BOISE, IDAHO



over Idaho and Oregon having the time
of my life.. Pulled down off the mountain
tops in Idaho National Forest in October
took off for Riggins Idaho and put
in several weeks there doing my best
to hold my own with the miners, lumber
men and cowboys .. the town is all
men with only about a half dozen skirts
in the place and they old and married..
that last word makes me shudder every
time I hear or see it .. One always shudders
when he barely escapes such things ..

From there I came back to Boise for a
couple week and put in some happy times
in this little two bit town .. the capitol of
this wild and wooly state ..

they don't know what law is in this country
I believe... Everything is WIDE open... cards -
dice, wheels... bars and all else... They
do have one odd blue law here however,
and in a country like this it is really
laughable... No fool playing on Sunday...
Their one excuse for being called a civilized
country... another is - no mixed drinks, I
haven't tasted one since I left the East...
Everything here is state controlled bottle
liquor... that, I believe is why a person
always conjures up thoughts of a cow
waddy or prospector pulling a "wife" from a
jug... it is the only way... But even Boise
can grow monotonous so back to Oregon
the ~~desert~~ desert and, in the distance, the
snow capped mountain peaks about
eighty miles away... It is about time for
the coyote chorus to start up so I'm off to get
a ring side side ~~show~~ show... Your friend, Wally

April 27, 1940

Dear Francis:

A lot of news has occurred since I last saw or heard from you so here goes... 1

Finished Winter Quarter with flying colors. Took last final on a Monday got drunk Monday night and was sentenced to 15 days without recourse to bail or fine on the following Tuesday morning. Charged with Assault & Battery... ^(all I did was fire the gun off of Rich & Bill's bouncer) and spent the night in public safety bldg and the following two week at the St Paul Workhouse shoveling snow off St Paul Street. Out on Wed April 4th and heading for Texas with my wife, Mona, on the following day... all legal matters accomplished in Iowa. ^{expedited} Reported in and located the woman in San Antonio Tex and took off for the Texas Louisiana border for extended residence where I now am with 70,000 other soldiers fighting ticks, snakes and imaginary soldiers... yeah now it is a great life if you can manage to be active...

And at night it seems to be a gigantic blanket of millions of myriadal twinkling lights, reaching inland, up and down the coast until they finally fade away into the ever-present slight fog, low-hanging over the indistinct shoreline. It is beautiful. And then if one feels in the mood for walking, there are twenty miles of boardwalks reaching up and down the coast outside of Fort Monmouth,. It is located right in the center of the Northern resorts districts, and at this time of the year, I am storing up a supply of memories that will remain with me forever. Spring is in the air, and although we only had twelve hours of snow on the ground all winter I prefer the sight and smell of green grass and leaves mingling with the fresh odor of the ocean.

There has been quite a bit of interesting things occurring here lately. An anti-aircraft unit is working on some new equipment for the detection of planes and dirigibles at night and they are carrying on their experiments here at Ft Monmouth. The principle is that the heat of the motors gives off a distinct type of infra-red ray, which is picked up on the ground through a system of parabolic mirrors. A mechanism is so arranged that lights and any other equipment that is desired is trained upon the ship while it is still about fifty miles away more or less. At the desired moment, a switch is thrown and every searchlight in the battery is flooded full upon the plane automatically at the first crack. It is uncanny the way it works. If you have ever watched a battery of searchlights try to find a plane in the air at night, when it is too far away to even hear, you will appreciate the value of such equipment for anti-aircraft protection.

Talk about rain, holy smokes, it doesn't do things half way around here, and I know that if I tell you that normal waves around here during a storm are thirty and forty feet high you will laugh. therefore I will not commit myself. The weather for the last couple of days has been rather squally, but that never stops the Army, rain or shine, out we go every day on our Springfield training...soaked to the skin...cold...but always ready to do or die with an oath on your lips. A man's life. I have a bit of work to do tonight, so I will have to bid you goodnight once again. I hope you won't consider this typewritten letter a cold and impersonal method of correspondence, but it just happens that I am such a poor writer that you couldn't read my penmanship anyhow, by this time you will have no doubt have come to the conclusion that as a typist I am no better, be that as it may, I finished this letter without having once glanced at the keyboard. In other words I am a touch typist but as yet my touch is pretty crude. so goodnight until the next time,

Ever yours,

W. Wall

April 22, 1937
Officer's Club

Dear Francis:

Hello old man, that was quite a discourse you speiled off in your last letter. I enjoyed it a lot and expecially so the photographs of the new hydraulics labs you sent, thanks a lot I was curious as to how they were contemplated to look when they would be finished. You should know more about the internal structures of the various buildings when they are finally finished than any other student at that institution of crime. I received your telegram on my birthday and I want to take this occasion to express my gratitude for your remembrance, although it made me feel a little bit funny for having forgotten yours. Just another of my bad traits. I can't seem to beleive that so many years of the irretreivable past have sailed by already-- heading for---where? you are getting old---so am I, years from now--maybe ten--when we are surrounding ourselves with happy(?) families we will yearn once more for the freedom of youth, the bottle and the uncertainty of everything. I spent a very quiet evening on that annual occasion, sitting alone--- looking at the moonswept ocean, listening to the hum of the very slight surf, and thinking. I reviewed the past twenty-two years and tried to construct the next to come.....the lone trail, the long trail, follow to the end.....

That news about Carl didn't surprise me quite as much as you might thought, I have been expecting him to something like that for some time only I expected him to do it sooner. I am glad to hear that Wooding is getting on the track that he should have started years ago. He has a certain esthetic taste that demands an outlet and he can get it from his present interests. Mateyka's wedding floors me. I am afraid that he is letting himself in for a lifetime of worry, but who am I to be talking in this way. God knows, I should straighten out my own future twisted paths. I now can understand you when you say that a year away from the old mill is one of the greatest pleasures that a man can indulge in. I have been enjoying myself to the limit and now that this year of freedom is drawing so near to a close, I dread the th thought of once again slipping into harness, although it will be with a different intent than formerly guided my school activities. The East has gotten a hold upon me however, and I am of the opinion that the greater portion of my life will be spent here from now on. I have made a few trips to New York whenever I can get the time and the more I see of it, the more I desire to see. As a rule, I travel up on an Army transport boat which operates between the the various coastline forts and the "big city". The passage is free but that isn't what draws me, it is the views,. By day, this country is so heavily populated that the entire coastline seems to be the waterfront for a monstrous city that stretches as far as one is able to see, which on clear days is about 100 miles.



U.S. SIGNAL CORPS
FORT MONMOUTH, N.J.

April 12, 1937
Officer Club

Dear Francis:

Thank a lot for your long letter I enjoyed it a great deal and am glad you took so much time out to write... Nothing of extreme importance happens out here so I don't do much more than just scribble hello: The weather has been ideal... and summer is definitely in the air... For once I am spared... The itching feet of a true wanderlust... I don't believe there has ever before been a Spring when I didn't sit on green grass someplace with a pile of book and unfinished homework without wishing I was someplace else... Finally I am there - and what happens, damn it to hell as I sit on a low cliff overlooking the ocean as I did yesterday I started to wishing - I was on the other side - but damn it if I

was sitting on Gibraltar's majestic peak I know damn well that the next horizon ahead of me, bathed in early morning sunshine... would flaunt new challenges to me and then off I would be forty years of it... To end up -- where? I don't want to work, I know that definitely... and I don't really want to be a true bum either - doggone it. What to do - what to do.... I am quite sure of one thing though, and that is - if I ever get a degree - I'll never use it in Minnesota - If I can steer clear of wedding bells and bridal chairs... Shotgun or otherwise... This year has been enjoyable... and that takes in my entire range of adjectives... I have been happy... I can almost say for the first time....

For the first week we have been outdoors continually... Spring training for the army... It is great stuff... puts a black veil over your frost... pulls the shroud off the present and fills one's being with a sense of peacefulness in this world of men

house drive up or down the coast; Can
you realize why I hate to leave here
the flashing waves... calm in moonlight
Gigantic during storms (We have no
breakwaters around here) Last week
I rode from Ft Hancock to N.Y. in
one of our army transports and back
the city skyline at night is a scene
that has been etched on my memory
forever... but enough of this drivel...

I am glad to hear you are making
such a success of your work... keep
it up and someday you'll be able to
give me a job. Remember, we still
are going to lease Tower hill aren't we.
I often recall with a smile those
midnight saunters to the top....

Mexico or bust... and that is my
situation. I would have to choose between
the two words and the decision has
become, "Eventually but not just yet"
I am tired of looking at new things
and I wouldn't appreciate the trip to its fullest.
If you don't believe the underlined
sentence, now, you will someday



U.S. SIGNAL CORPS
FORT MONMOUTH, N.J.

living like men should as regards
liquor, whenever possible, as regards
the lighter drugs of nicotine, constantly
as also the pleasure of male compan-
ionship and a high sense of camaraderie
-- as regards women "Love an Leave,
Be loved and be left"

I have been doing a fair amount
of high class bumming around here
there and inland but mostly along
the coast... ~~It has~~ It has me in a
spell and I don't want to leave it..
25 miles of boardwalk reaching south
from Ft Monmouth, 15 miles more
up near Atlantic City, about twenty
mile near New York City .. and Coney
Island .. Asbury Park .. Ocean Grove
all of these points being within several



U. S. SIGNAL CORPS
FORT MONMOUTH, N. J.

January 16, 1937
Officers Club ..

Dear Francis:

I received your card and letter and laughed like hell because life is a bowl of roses and I'm sitting in the center... 150 and keep comes in every month and my toughest job is keeping my feet on a level higher than my head and holler at my first sergeant and ask him why the hell he hasn't had this or that job done by now... I've always dreamed of something like this... Something goes wrong so I holler and holler... for ten minutes... about this time his blood has reached the disseminating stage. Because he has served in the armies of 3 countries in the course of his life and I am younger than the youngest corporal in the whole Battalion :: However discipline and rank are the keystones of the army

and went home... Stopped of in Pennsylvania for a small maneuver... Sailed back at the port... Were away 6 weeks
Killed once, Captured once - shot?
It was the most impressive spectacle I've
ever witnessed or taken part in... You
may have seen pictures of it in the
news etc...

Out here... I am in school several
hours a day... at the intercept station
a couple hours in the morning. We
are in touch with all Europe all the
time via Radio... only intercept work..
no transmitting... Train recruits -
Am in charge of Coast Boring Team and
instructor for 51st Signal Battalion...
Have a swanky apartment, two large
rooms and bath at the Club - Travel
around whenever I get time until I have
covered all the territory from Baltimore
to Syracuse N.Y. Club is only
a short distance from the Ocean, located
on Parkers Creek... Look at a map...
halfway between Red Bank & Long
Branch N.J.. Weather is warm... Social life
heavy, study never, sleep always, write never
Forget the old gang, - never... see you soon
Wally

so he yessir. snags around on his heels
grasses the palms of his hands to his
temple. for a minute. Takes a big chew
of tobac. swallows it and then runs
around in the company ... threatening
everybody under him with the most ..
horrible death ever devised by man
- Good man. ... -

I'm now going to cover 7 months in
7 minutes.

This summer we participated in the 2nd Army
maneuvers staged in Allegan Mich. - 2
armies of 30 thousand men each with
full field equipment, fought to the bitter
end.. while I floated it with the soda
fountain clerk at Twigg's Drug Store in
Allegan Mich. for 6 weeks - We will
call one the Blues the other the Reds..
The Reds sailed across Lac Mich. and
attacked the Blues on their own territory
She kicked me in the stomach but I
got a half Nelson on her.. The Red were
fighting off the Blue landing force
men were dying like flies! The Blues
finally got a foothold.. and she hit
me in the cheek... The Reds fell back
sloughing along in their own blood..
we fell back too, - Heard someone
coming... Ye gods it was the ground seaper



U. S. SIGNAL CORPS
FORT MONMOUTH, N. J.

Four of our trucks were racing across
an open field, logging wire on the
ground behind us. I was in the lead
truck trying to roll a cigarette when
those two planes dove down out of the
blue within twenty feet of the tops of
the cabs - machine guns synchronized
with the propellers spitting death... strafed
us circled and strafed us again. Everybody
killed - theoretically - - - - - Highlights
said 396 miles of wire overhead, maintained
constant radio, telephone and telegraphic
communication at all times to ~~the~~ all points
of the army - said points constantly
moving... What a battle... Armed
Coss. Mechanized Cavalry... 60 miles
ankle over everything but water...
Horse cavalry, Infantry... Field artillery
air corps, gas corps. Hospital care...
and love the soldiers feel - The Blues
beat the Reds as far inland as
Camp Custer Mich. Then we all heaved

IDAHO'S NEWEST & FINEST
FAMOUS FOR FOOD

VIRGIL G. MCGEE
MANAGER



Aug 7, 1937


Dear Francis;

I would have written sooner but I have been extremely busy... I am second in command at this camp and it has been keeping my hands full...

Had a wonderful trip out here through blackhills and across the sagebrush desert of Wyoming my car ~~off~~ gave up the ghost at Jackson Wyo. the last of the really old West and I was held up there for two days while they wired 120 miles for a new piston... What a town board sidewalks and tin gallop hats... the cowboys all ride V-8s now instead of horses however... gas is 30¢ a gal across the first foothills of the mountains and into the

Salt lake desert was also a treat ...
Fifteen switchbacks over the mountains
and I could look straight down
and see the road below me ^{several}
times at 6 different levels

Picture 7

Am stationed at a camp right near
the Oregon border high in the
mountains .. the only way to get
there is by following fifty miles of
Forest Service trail chipped out of
the sides of the cliffs ... 1000 ft wide
1000 ft down & up .. After getting
into camp a person doesn't have
any inkling to leave again when
you think of the road .. If you
can cover that 50 miles in less
than 3 hours you have been
speeding & flirting with 

Please drop me a line and
send those negatives I need them
to back up my yarns - Want
to catch this mail - So long
Wally

my girl friend took one ~~for~~ look
at the pictures you sent me
and fell backward in a dead
faint. What the big idea? My
folks were gone ~~over~~ over the
week end and left the car home
but the heck of it was they came
home ahead of schedule. You
shoulda been here. - fun

I have been canoeing every
day just for the exercise it
is 4 miles around the lake and
I can do it in 40 minutes

If someone is with me it takes
5 hours. Earl got back from
his trip to Yellowstone Pk. but
I haven't seen him yet to
hear his tall stories, Win and
Joe were down from c.c. but
they back in the woods again

(1)

Sept 14

Hello you Splay Footed Shepherd

How the crops down your way
or don't the women wear crops.

I got your lousy, uninteresting
letter and I was glad like hell
to hear from you. I wish
~~as~~ you would fall down a
deep well head first in the
middle of a desert - I love you
foul spawn - Has it been cold
down there? We have had
frost way up there in the
swamp already. It has been
cold like everything. Mike & Joe
lost I was canoeing and I almost
froze to death regardless of the

say that
was fine me
I am all there
working and I have
been loafing something
since, however, why not
in, about 3 week school starts
and that is too soon to suit me to
get back into harness but such must
I do, have you registered yet for lovely sophomore
A third year sophomores don't have to, somehow or other
be possible, maybe 54 credits next year, I wonder if it will
be possible, maybe, member so, maybe... all the funnest
around here are working overtime you ought to be around here. I asked all the dead
fish and it was great sport. watching the fish pop off when you come home. I wish
you would stay down there because I haven't been on
a bender since July and if you ever show your
face around here again it will drive me to
visions out of my mind - yes! my mind!
I hope they'll shot Huey long
some fun just when I
was going to \$5000
to get a year - I'm
going out
fanning for
the

where they belong ^② finally. Last
Sunday we had a big buiyah
party across the lake all the
natives gathered and ate buiyah
It had everything in it but the
~~sketch~~ most of our good stuff
though. It might have had
any rabbit in its make up
~~no~~ but it had plenty of hair
my mother is canning peaches
today and I am hiding under
the kitchen table as I write
this waiting for a peach to
slip off the table - well is
now what a long waiting painful

travelled and seen - travelled
and done - so damn much
this year that the wanderlust
for nearby things & and
places has practically died
out - I'll never be satisfied
now until ... there is a large
body of water plus a liberal
amount of mileage between
me and the old stamping
ground ... Also the possibility
arises that I may be
shifted to some Army Post
in the Middle-West this
summer ... So as things look
now ... I couldn't plan on
a trip of that sort for this
summer ... Please write soon
again.

Your Friend
Wally

life. Are you going to school
If so tell me because if you
are I'm not. How is Fanny
Say hello to mine old folks
for me and also tell her
that what fits in my mouth
the in the exact absolutely
correct position for easy weaving
comfort. - P.S. also ask
her why in the deuce she
don't answer the letter I
wrote her in 1913, it seems to
be about that long ago.

Well duty calls, work must
be done here so I must
hasten. - hasten away

away from where work calls
and the duty beckons.
So till next time I must bid
you adieu.

Goodbye.

Walt

after you have roamed around for
a year more or less ... I am
actually in a huff to get back to
school and get it out of the
way for good and all ...
and then — the Road to Buenos
Aires — — —

Where will be ten years from
now is one of the most interesting
questions one could raise because
we both have quite a few
things in common but rest
assured it will be as interesting
a place as the question is
now...

But back to that trip to
Mexico — you really caught
me at the worst time. If
I was just getting out of
school — nothing could
hold me back — But I have

The ice carnival is getting under way with all due pomp & ceremony. I have just recovered from a 10 day bat & am about to launch myself on another one. Verily the flowing bowl holds untapped pleasures.

Have been doing my share of skating & ice fishing this year and filling in the spare hours with school. Though I haven't been around there for a week now. It is only a secondary function in my life. Last quarter

turned out fine so who's worrying. My hand is shaking so bad this writing is illegible.

Wooding came up for a couple days from Lake City & we almost got caught in a vice said while trying to get some liquor at an all night joint over here in Minneapolis. He is expecting to blessed event some time in April. So life goes on in our little hamlet. wooing, screwing spewing & boozing. Adios Walt

Jan 23, 1939

Dear Francis:

The impossible has happened.
11:30 P.M. last night Carley, Helen
and I roused a J.P. out of bed
and Madman Watson, took
to himself a wife for ever and
after better or worse. Playing
best man to me (as I believed)
unapproachable bachelor was
not the fun I expected, because
Carley was one fellow who
I could never picture as
being joined in matrimonial
bonds so be it.

We wish you a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year

Nova & Walt

Hans, Cathy, Jean

OVER

Dear Francis & Elaine

We are now back in our home in Alexandria. I was retired from the Army this summer after 34 years service. We stayed several months at Tourville and travelled France Portugal & Spain on a leisurely basis. Portugal was particularly intriguing - the Algarve region in the south. If it were not necessary to return for the children's schooling - we might still be there.

I have been very busy rehabilitating the house after 4 years of rentals. - Now on 20th gallon of paint & just barely finished outside ahead of the lot show. The fine picture you framed in occupies an honored spot in house - framed with lusterless glass. - Believe I finally have a fine lead on it (see clipping) - I shall go check. A Merry Christmas and fine New Year to you both
Walt

Dear Francis and Elaine

19Dec 84

Another year has gone one wonders where also where has this ribbon disappeared to ? Our Chicago rendezvous this past summer was out of the question however some future time, and why Chicago anyway. Big cities leave me cold. I even avoid Washington like a plague and when out of towners arrive I give them a map and show them the nearest subway entrance, one is about two miles from our house.

We married off our youngest daughter this summer and now the two old 'uns are splashing around in this house trying to figure out how seven of us used to make out. One never has too much room it seems, especially with ones hobbies etc.

I keep busy with the Elks and Legion activities and managed to get in some hunting and shooting at our Hunt club out West of here. Had a bit more luck than usual this Fall and managed to get my buck on the second to last day of the season.

Enos and Kay were here on a tour and we spent a couple pleasant evenings catching up on each others comings, goings, gossip chit chat etc covering the last thirty years or so. They both looked great and well preserved. It was a real pleasure to see them again.

Congratulations on your house paint job. All I got finished was the flashing on the eaves. That ladder presents more of a challenge each year. Maybe siding is the route to go, should outlast several paint jobs.

Only six days to Christmas and untold number of things to do. One daughter coming in with grand children for a couple weeks, another moving over the holidays, one son in Korea, others out of town. Life is still a lot of fun however. Merry Christmas to you and Elaine from Nona and I. If plans work out we will see you this coming summer.

So Long for now

Walt

Dear Francis

20 Dec 86

I enjoyed your newy ltr & now feel quite caught up on yr many cumins & goins. I believe ~~US~~ I'll nominate you/ for the Robert Service annual award of the "Wanderer". . . following quote from his "The Wanderlust"

. . .The Wanderlust has lured me to the seven lonely seas.
Has dumped me on the tailing piles of dearth;
The Wanderlust has haled me from the morris chairs of ease,
Has hurled me to the ends of all the earth.
How bitterly I've cursed it, oh, the Painted Desert knows,
The wraithlike heights that hug the pallid plain,
The all-but-fluid silence, --yet the longing grows and grows,
And I've got to glut the Wanderlust again

* * * * *

Highway, by-way, many a mile I've done;
Rare way, fair way, many a height I've won:
But I'm pulling my freight in the morning, boys,
And it's over the hills or bust:
For there's never a cure
When you list to the lure

Of the Wanderlust

* * * * *

AND many more verses

Your print of Borgund Stave Church, Sognefjord, Norway is beautiful. It brings back many fine memories of a trip we made there some years ago, up the coast north of Bergen to a point where it was possible to sit outside and read all night without lights then back south through the Hollingdahl (spell?) valley to Oslo

This year our only trip of note was to Nona's home town for a several day celebration of their centennial. Many relatives, much food, much visiting parades, band concerts, dances etc pageants, fireworks, dances etc etc ad infinitum Then back around North Minn to Duluth along the North Shore and thru Canada to the US at Niagara Falls. I've finally circumnavigated all five of the Great Lakes - - in bits and pieces, - - something I started out to do when the three of us, you, Enos & self were in Chicago back in the thirties. I've got to wrk wst now starting at Lake of the woods. Have always had a hankering to see Western Canada.

This Fall the usual hunt for a week three of us rented a cabin in the mountains, nice outing, MUCH exercise (afraid I'm getting too old for this stuff) We got one deer and were lucky at that They were much higher in the mountains than we were able to get to. The thing we got the most laughs over was the unseen presence of bears, One enters the woods while still dark, goes to his predetermined stand, remains dead silent awaiting daylight, no shooting allowed until 30 min befor sunup. you keep hearing noises but cant see anything, finally daylight, and after several hours and nothing you pack it up and head back for breakfast. and then about thirty feet from where you were sitting so quietly in the dark you almost step into a huge pile of fresh bear manure, still steaming - - very very disconcerting.. over five days five piles in different locations. They dont bother anybody but they do keep the deer away - - also I guess they wonder why this crazy guy comes out here every morning and just sits here alone in the dark - -

Merry Christmas and best wishes from Nona and I to you and Elaine

Walt

WLMR-W6PGB

2137 - 32ND AVE.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



ADDRESS
YOUR MAIL
TO
STREET AND
NUMBER

FRANCES R MEISCH

2407 BAYLESS AVE

ST PAUL MINN

RADIOGRAM

W L M R
WLYR



2137 32nd AVENUE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

**ARMY AMATEUR
RADIO STATION**



AFFILIATED WITH
THE SIGNAL CORPS
UNITED STATES
ARMY

W6PGB



OVERSEAS
RELAY STATION
NINTH CORPS AREA

ARMY NET

THE FOLLOWING RADIO MESSAGE RECEIVED FOR YOU THIS DATE VIA ARMY AMATEUR RADIO CHANNELS:

8
947 KALHR 27 FT MCKINLEY PI JULY 8
FRANCES R WEISCH

2407 BAYLESS AVE
ST PAUL MINN

HELLO FRANCES RECEIVED YOUR JUNE 23 CLIPPER TODAY VERY INTERESTING NEW
ISSUE COMMONWEALTH STAMPS JUST OFF PRESS DO YOU WANT THEM CANCELLED
OR UNCANCELLED REPLY THIS CHANNEL

WALT

Reply will be handled free of charge through this station which maintains daily schedules. GIVE FULL NAME AND ADDRESS OF PERSON TO WHOM REPLY IS TO BE SENT. STAMPS FOR REIMBURSEMENT OF POSTAGE WILL BE APPRECIATED.
REX A. REINHART, Operator Radio WLYR - W6PGB

p. 1 July 7, 1941

Dear Francis:

Received your letter a couple days ago and was very happy to hear from you. Except for Nora it was my first contact with the "outside" in weeks. I have certainly slipped into a rut lately. I am faced with a two year hitch at this Far Eastern outpost and the prospect isn't very pleasant, 6 months now and I am sorry to say the novelty has worn off. Not that it is a boring life, far from it but rather

p 2

The total absence of all
or any forms of feminine
entertainment, chiefly
of course, the happy compan-
ionship of an understanding
wife. After kicking around
for many years I finally
found my "ideal" woman,
a person so similar
to me in likes, dislikes,
etc that one could
almost believe us to
be sisters, thank God
she isn't. I wish

p. 3

Right now I am
sitting on my ant bitten
ass out in the jungle.
soaked to the skin
from a recent torrential
downpour because this is
the rainy season here
and when it rains, the
ocean leaves its bed
goes up in the air about
a thousand feet and then
suddenly falls on the
land all at once.
On top of that I'm hot
and this tin hat is
not comfort plus.
neither the gas mask.

p 4

Yes! you guessed it. I'm
busy at my old pastime
of playing soldier. but
the play today is more
realistic than ever in the
past.

Early this morning
while deep in the lovely
arms of "Mrs Morphine"
the post siren screamed
forth its banshee
wail to ARMS ^{to ARMS}
Parachute attack and
twenty minutes later
saw me, truly a
veritable arsenal, at
my battle stations

on Laguna ^{Is} Bay
looking and watching
for the men carrying
white flags. Each
of which represents
ten paratroops.

Over here the signal
corps doesn't just lay
wire and operate radios
hell no! besides our
other worries we are
anti paratroop defenses
and and mobile shock
group. It was fun
the first couple times
but I can't see why
in hell they can't
hold these drills after

Fr 6

breakfast just as well
as before. My hangovers
don't bother me as much
if I have a gallon of
coffee inside me.

We have blackouts
practice air raid alarms
alerts to all parts of
Suzon. Gas defense
Raids shelter drill and
others. We have an
air raid shelter under
the front large enough
for thousands but
its use is to store
food & ammunition
and hide the General.

§ 9

the people and the country in a way you'll never forget. They will hold your interest to the last page.

You mentioned that you had spoken to Cilly and June... You knew my interest would be aroused ~~down~~ you. I have often wondered what impressions I left behind when I made my sudden ~~glance~~ from St Paul. I'm quite certain that I left some bad ones with those

p 10

who never could understand
my particular making.

I believe you are about the
only person who really
knew me.

Concerning stamps

All that are used here are
printed in the States, I
will be glad to pick up
what I can for you.

Am glad to hear you
finished so close again
this year. I know the
day will come when
you drop me a card
from Rome, but why
don't you wait till

Jan 7

The rest of us take for
the tall timber when
that bell yells. The bell
itself deserves a word of
comment. It must
have been imported direct
from hell. When it
cuts loose it sounds
like the mingled yells
of a thousand women
having their fingernails
pulled out. Make the
long hair stand up
and the short ones
fall out. I have
begun studying flaws
to swipe it when it

p. 8

leave. It would make
a good burglar alarm
or automobile horn.
This country is very interest-
ing but I won't bore
you with details. There
are books written by
men who are better
at the art of description
than I. For some
blood thirsty reading I
strongly advise you to
read the following
"Swish of the K-riss"
"Soldiers Under the Sun"
These two books describe

f 12

indefinitely. My guess
is that it will be a good
springing off point for
our Westward push - just
a guess of course. I do
hope we send an expeditionary
force to China. I want
to see if it could possibly
be a better country
than this. The people
here may be our "little
black brothers" but as far
as I'm concerned they
are just "damned black".

Highlights of my
stay here have been
an extensive tour of

p 11

after I go over there
and clean up a bit first.
It appears that when
our troops go to Europe this
time we will go in through
the back door and come
home across the Atlantic.
I may circle this old
world yet.

The Philippines is
our most far flung out-
post. They are supposed
to get their independence
in 5 more years but
the way we are fixing
it up it looks a though
we will keep it

p 16

Can see a swell hula
dance - They should
be good because they
were trained in New
York & speak with
a Brooklyn twang -

It is really much
different here however.
Civilization has first
scratched the surface
When you leave the
city limits of Maunaloa
you are once again
living in the forest.
In many ways I
prefer the jungle to
the city.

pg 13

The entire island of Luzon ^{from}
the the 5000 year old
Terraced mountains of
the north to the
coconut and sugar plantations
of the south. Swimming
in the shark infested
China sea, drinking
native tuba (coconut
milk fermented in sections
of bamboo) getting
intoxicated from the
exhausts of automobiles.
(they use alcohol instead
of gasoline over here)
Gasoline \$.40 / gal
alcohol \$.10 / gal (good to
drink)

J-14

Fishing from a native
vinta, shooting fells
in dugout, sailing in
an outrigger, riding on
~~and~~ a coraboa, and
wondering what the
native men see in the
native women. They strike.
Those Spaniards must
have been a hardy lot
you better get hot
on a defense job or you
will certainly end up
in the army. "Shadow"
got called in & he
dodged it as long as
he could. If you do

15

get drafted first in for the
Philippines. You will enjoy
this country. On the
way over we stopped in
Hawaii for four days.
I sure was disappointed
rode out to Waikiki
beach on a bus and
cut my toe on a beer
can. The beach was
so littered with candy
wrappers, soda straws,
pop bottles & hot dog
stands I thought I
was back in Coney
Island. ~~For~~ In one
of the night clubs you

Finally - ^{Feb. 17}

There goes the all
clear so we are closing
up and going home.

I'll finish this in
quarters and get it off
on the next boat!

You should receive
it before Christmas.

Dear Francis, well here I am back again in quarters and prepared to begin my daily, all day siesta. In passing I would like to say a few words about our peculiar type of warfare that we practice over here, namely jungle warfare, the term applies, in general to the Philippines.

The jungle, when properly organized, has tremendous defensive powers, our main type of action, against the day of arrival of our little yellow brothers across the straits. The primary characteristic of jungle warfare is obscurity. Jungle terrain in the Philippines includes tropical jungles, forest filled with underbrush, high thick brush or cogon grass, and extensive sugar cane fields. This type of terrain restricts vision, movement, and fields of fire. Overcoming these calls for a peculiar type of warfare.

Progress through the jungle can be made only by using old trails or cutting new ones. Supply is very difficult and in preference to animals we prefer cargadors, especially Chinese. In extensive actions or maneuvers we try to live off the country as much as possible, young bamboo shoots go well with boiled monkey. Control of our units is one of the most confusing aspects of our problems. The maze of old trail leading in all directions is the most confusing part of the Philippine jungle. Security of our forces is very difficult. To protect ourselves from traps and ambushes we drive caraboa and ponies along the trail ahead of us. Night marches are extremely hazardous. Our chief weapons are the sawed off shotgun and rifle with bayonet.

Our most interesting type of training however is in traps, so I will dwell a bit on them. The natives are adept at making and setting them for catching wild animals and we have learned many important lessons from them. The same trigger mechanism that snares a wild animal, fires a spear or home-made shotgun at an enemy, will explode a hand grenade in ones face or blow him to bits with a mine. Normally we move through the jungle in single file (who wants to be first) One very effective type of trap is the pit fall. The pit has vertical sides, varies in width and depth from three to four feet, and is as long as desired. The bottom is planted with vertical sharp-pointed bamboo stakes of irregular heights (six inches to two feet) whose points have been fire hardened. All traces of dirt is removed and a light mat of split bamboo is placed over the pit and a light coat of dirt added. It is a killer in the true sense of the word. In areas covered with cogon grass, we use another method. Sharpened bamboo stakes are stuck in the ground with the pointed end up and inclined in the direction from which we would expect a possible enemy to approach. Some have razor-like, fire hardened cutting edges. Others have needle tips. They are of the same color as the vegetation in which they are concealed. It is impossible to rush through an area staked out in this manner without suffering severe wounds in the legs and groins and of course our best defense is the offense with native troops. Give one of these natives a gun and a bolo and he is 120 pounds of danger until he falls to fertilize a rice paddy for one of his progeny. All of our troops are native troops, that is, the division to which I am attached. To talk about them would take reams of paper. They speak Tagalog and a little pigeon English. I can't even speak English so we get along swell. I have reached the point where I can talk with my hands for hours and never open my mouth once except possibly to cuss and then they might think I am complimenting them. Think of me over your next beer Walt.

November 11, 1939
St. Paul,
Minnesota

Dear Francis,

Well, here it goes again for another try at this letter writing business. I started one letter to you for Stullie (he's too lazy to write) & he made me start over again as I made some blotches on it. I know you wouldn't have cared, but to keep peace in our family I was just forced to start all over again. I am sitting in Stullie's "den" writing this & he is sitting by his desk typing.

I suppose you think it is sort of funny for us to be home on a Sat. night. Well, you see it's this way. He went to the Inter. Nat. Ball last night at the Lowery Hotel.

So we decided to take it easy for a spell.

Stallie is testing meters at the Junior Ex. Bldg. now. He have moved to the Drexel Hotel, which is a few blocks from the Curtis, so he comes over & has good old "java" with me in the apt. I like that much!

They had a big parade in N.Y. today. I didn't bother to see it tho because the last parade I saw I didn't see & I have never been squeezed as much ~~in~~ stepped on as much, & pushed around so much, outside of course when I "honce" with Stallie (all in fun Stallie) I'll read this when I'm done so I better say that is?

Well Granie, how's the world treating you? When are you coming back? I'd like to see you again soon.

He went to see Tobacco Road last Sat. I enjoyed it very much. He had about six weeks before we went!

I am reading The Arts by Henrik Van Loon. It reminds me of you. I am learning a lot from it. I just finished The Lord That Sime Forgot by Edgar Rice Burroughs. I liked it very much.

Two weeks ago tonight we had a swell time at the Military Ball at the new officers club in West Snelling. Afterwards we went to Curley's & then to the best place of all home &

~ ~ ~  ~ ~ ~

Gee! Don't I mess up a little? I always write like that, I mean no punctuation, poor spelling, draw pictures, but that's me & if you don't like it you know what you can do!

Stallie & I found such a nice place for a picnic about two months ago. It's near Mandota. We took some pictures, had some steaks, beans, coffee, & ruined some of Mrs. Hewitt's pans etc. all in all we had a grand time.

Mr. Hewitt has been sick. He's
feeling better now tho. He hasn't been
working for about two weeks. He needs
a good rest & then I guess he's ~~anemic~~
also.

Hallie says if I have any miss-
pelled words he's going to make me
write this all over. Phooey on him from
me!

The weather is grand here now.
Today it was actually warm in the
sun.

Hallie is going to teach me how
to skate this winter. I suppose this
is the way it will be.



ice to hell with skating!

I've a hell of a lot of
work to get out of
the way so I'm cutting
off for right now

Yours
Walt

have not yet sorted and cataloged ⁽²⁾
Believe it will have to be a
retirement project compounded with
'Font'.

The 'Renewal' is becoming the
talk of the neighborhood - (He
grows on one. It is a beautiful
framing and our only one -
particularly treasured because it
was put together by an old
buddy, Nona and I appreciate
the skill and effort that goes
into a framing like that and it
is our most treasured possession.
We found a place in town that
can frame him with no glass
glass so he is about to go
into 'glossed history'. Again
Francis - thank you much.

This first month has been
a busy one. We are blowing
hot or cold over here all the
time - thanks to the Arabs
& East Germans. However
things have quieted down again.

16 March 69

Dear Francis

Time goes so fast seem like
just last week you & Elaine
were prowling the halls of Hewitt.
Nona & I greatly appreciate the trouble
you went to to circumvent my Stuttgart
way to see us. If you had delayed
you visit ten days you would have
had a nice new "pad" to sleep
on complete with head and foot
boards. Two years of grumbling
paid off and everybody on the
street got new beds. - (Must have
been that 10% surtax ☺)

(However, I feel that even the
snowstorm cooperated to make our
trip to the Schwarzwald more
interesting. Hope you got a deck
of good pics and that it won't
take a broken leg to enable you
to find time to get a few of
your impressions down in water
colors. -- and talking about
sorting negatives - ye gods I've
still got a footlocker full
from Turkey & other places I

There are a few chilly shots of
you on my old 120. - I don't
take many B & W so the roll
was left over from last fall
'cordingly there were a couple
frames of Nora & girls which
are sending along - They were
taken near Trieste last fall.

So will wrap this up for right
now say hello to Elaine from
me - Hope to see her soon
on another trip - and you come along!
to stay longer Cordially Walt

Hello to both of you! & tell you how
much we enjoyed your visit with us,
wish it could have been longer.

Hope your family ~~was~~ ^{is} fine & that you
had a good trip back. I'm sure you are
both very busy but hope you can find
the time to write & stop by again for
another visit.

As ever Nora

P.S. Color pics when I finish roll
may be months yet.

Family already planning trips - all begging ⁽³⁾
me to take them to Berlin now -
which will do later in Spring.
Nora & I have started our ritual
of Sunday drives now that Spring
is here. We are concentrating more
on Southern Schwanauwald this
year - just as pretty, only possibly
a bit more severe. Architecture
& people more pronounced. - seems to
be an area where people more stolid
and earthy - possibly harder working
and more serious. - Northern area
gay. - more festive - more of a
"stolid Swiss" outlook on life.

Finally found old photo album
I couldn't locate that Sunday so
filled a couple representative snaps
for your collection. - The one of
the swimming hole shows "customers"
far enough away to be decent.

If you look close you can see
the New Brighton freight in
the background - heading for
New Brighton. - - Really! ? No!

have loved to come!! The painting on the Cart is really great - such wonderful detail.

Has Francis painted any of the beach shots? We went to the Octopus tree again. The Stewarts had not been there in the 26 yrs of living here.

I meant to write about your exhibit long ago, Francis and then I hurried on this and almost forgot. My memory is getting short I'm afraid.

Walter is going to the P.O. so will close this off.

Hope this finds you both well!!

Loveingly,
Clarice & Walt

Mon Nov 4 -

Hi!

This reminded me of our tour of Portland and thought you might enjoy this.

Our friends the Stewarts and we spent 3 days in Neckowin in Oct. Again we lucked out on the weather. We stayed at the Neckowin resort which had a great view, but not quite as nice rooms. There was a kitchenette.

This was a golfing trip so we only walked on the beach once. We used our tee-off book (half price golf) and the entertainment book for half off on the rooms. We really don't eat out much and there wasn't any place to eat out in the book. We went to our Clary Cove place one time. It was fun - We walked by 70 P. We played golf on that course. There was one really bad hill to climb to get to one hole and lots of creeks to shoot over.

We keep very busy and had a good summer. Once the weather cleared it didn't rain again and was 90° quite a lot! It is raining now.

Thank you for your invitation to the Antiquities. How we would

6 Apr 92

Dear Francis

Thank you for the news
digging - looked many
memories - - Hard to
believe half a century
has gone by.

Am happy to see
you up & about and
going strong. I attribute
it to Elaine's TLC. -

Nona is fine and
keeps active. - as I --
belong to you and Elaine
Keep going and

never look back --

something might be
gaining on us.

Train whistle, blowing
gotta go! Cordially
Walt

2 MARINE PLATOONS ARMY BAND
IN DRESS UNIFORM
RIFLE SQUAD

EMPTY HORSE

MASS IN CHAPEL

ON SEPTEMBER 6, 1993 HAROLD HAMMERZMITH
CALLED ABOUT COL. WALTER J. HEWITT FUNERAL
WITH FULL MILITARY HONORS IN ARLINGTON
NATIONAL CEMETARY. MASS IN ARLINGTON CHAPEL
CASKET ON A CATAPULT DRAWN BY TWO WHITE
HORSES WITH A BLACK HORSE AHEAD WITH THE
EMPTY SADDLE

Francis
these language scribbles
Circa 1934 may look
some interesting records
These signs are excerpts
from an old notebook
found in attic at
772 Eucaly before razing

Walt



The village store where
we obtained a huge ham
Everybody told us to see
the local zoo which incident-
ally was the main spot in
the burg. It did have a
couple of deer. The name
RAILINGSONE greeted us from
the top of a high cliff in
white robes as we left
the town and headed for
Winona. "We can eat the
ill-fish" my friend said in
an awed voice as he pointed
to beautiful St. Mary's college
in the peacefully rolling hills
of Winona. Other he said
pointing to St. Catherine's
college. Somehow I shuff-
led him away, grumbling
through town where he

hunched some tobacco,
across the river and up
the tracks to a water tank
where we sat down waiting
for a freight going south.
We hit the Coosue at 9 P.M.
and left at 12 P.M. with
two big handouts hidden
where they would do the
most good.

Sunday 11 A.M.
Cinders sifted into our eyes
into our nose and throat
down our ears. If we took
a bath we inhaled cinder
and soon swore we would
get off at the next town. Down
the road out of the mist
and we jumped off into the
arms of the waiting constable
almost knocking him over.

Thinks you are going
to travel. We didn't know
and ten minutes later the
steel door clanged behind us.
Not down yelped the beam
with me we finally get
a place to sleep and they
have to feed us. Why
he suddenly said, dropping
himself to his full height
and putting on a dignified
air "We may even bathe
if he so desires."

I looked at the bed composed
of steel slats closely interwoven
and decided that I would
rather snore on the cement
underfoot. I tasted the oatmeal
passed to us an hour later
and and meditated on

how fast it might make
a horse in a week. Church
bells slowly booming and
rolling in the distance awoke
me from sleep. my back felt like
a waffle from sleeping on that
steel bunk. I strode to a
barred window. Church bound
people curiously looked in from
the outside. I curiously looked
out from the inside and hoped
that as a punishment the constable's
wife would henceforth eat
crackers in bed.

"Come you birds" It was
the cop's voice and we ran
to the door like hungry chickens
run to the housewife. Where
are you going, what are you
going to do? When

a key was inserted in the
lock, the door clanged open
and we stepped out into the
cool night with a last minute
admiration to be out of town
by the next morning, we
Idell.