

Well, here I am somewhere on the Atlantic [Ocean] and am as well and happy as I can be expected under the circumstances. I never before realized the immensity of the ocean as I do now and only wish that the water of the earth's surface were more equally divided. For instance, a few more dry spots in the Atlantic and a few more wet ones in Western Texas. Would like to tell you a lot about the trip that I am not allowed to tell so that will have to keep until I get home. I am sure it will be almost as fresh in my memory then as it is now.

I got the jam a few days before I left camp. The Secretary of War was not in hollering distance so another Sergeant, a cook, and four privates helped me eat it, and a soldier on guard duty from another outfit where we had our picnic, licked the jar, and all voted it was simply great.

Did you get a letter I wrote from camp saying it would likely be my last from the U.S. for some time? I had scarcely finished it when I got orders to fall the men out to break camp. We had practiced this so much that in the short time we had everything in shape and were out on the road waiting for orders to march.

We had to make a long hike under full pack but the men were all in good condition and not a man of our unit fell out, though men from other units filled the ambulances.

About 9:00 that night, we passed through a town where the Red Cross treated us to nearly everything a soldier could ask for, after which we resumed the march.

Everybody in town must have known that soldiers were leaving and turned out to tell us goodbye for the streets were lined with people. There was no cheering and no bands playing and we had orders not to yell or sing, so they just stood and watched us march by, mostly in silence. Some waved the flag, some waved their hands, and some said, "goodbye boys." Some of girls ran out in the streets and shook hands

with us as we went by, some told us they had brothers over there, some invited us back to Christmas dinner with them, and of course we accepted all such invitations.

All were smiling and our bunch was the happiest of all for we were taking another step toward accomplishing what we started out to do. In fact, the only sad ones I saw were a few who were taken out of our company a few days before we left camp and did not get to go with us. For believe me we have some crack unit and everybody admits we have the best command of all the V.I. [Volunteer Infantry], if not in the U.S. Army.

One of our old Drill Sergeants who had given us our first lessons came over from our barracks to our camp to tell us goodbye, and shook hands with the whole bunch, though his arm must've ached.

As we were passing through the town where the Red Cross fed us, a big fellow in the uniform of a Captain (don't know who or what he was) stood and watched us go by. As I came along (I was marching by the side of the column) he grabbed my hand and said, "So long old man" and I forgot he was an officer and said, "So long old timer." He looked and talked like a Westerner and I am sure he was.

Will close for this time. Will write my next [letter] from the other side. This will be mailed on board ship and started back almost at once. Hope it gets by the censor. If it is not in good shape when it gets home copy it in ink, for I haven't any, and send it the usual rounds.

With love to all, Bro.

Address me as follows:

Sgt. A.W. Fulcher

Army Mobile Vt. {Veterinary} Hosp. #1

American Expeditionary Forces, via New York

Transcript, of letter, dated August 7, 1918, Walter Fulcher Collection, 1916 – 1975,
Archives of the Big Bend, Sul Ross State University, Alpine, Texas.