

Office of the Dartmouth

Friday afternoon Dec. 8

Dear Mother:

I was awfully glad to get your letter the other day and although I have not got it with me, I will try to answer some of the questions you put up. Have I written you since Thanksgiving? Well I had a very nice time and am really glad that I did not go Home inasmuch as the whole trip cost less than 2.50. It rained Thanksgiving Day so instead of walking down from Moosilauke to Cube as was planned, some of us ascended the mountain, including Parker Hayden, Dick Lux, and Don Eldridge. Since getting back I have been more than busy on this office work and will continue to be so till the holidays.

Chances of my making the board took a decided slump this week as one of my opponents has been functioning very strongly. For instance he got his hands on the senior constitution (which is a long article, 50 inches) and several shorter ones and so he leads me by about 50 inches whereas before that we were practically even. However I have several scoops under cover which will be news in about a week and hope to catch up with him if possible.

My marks have been coming along fine lately. ~~For instance~~ I ~~had~~ had an idea ~~that~~ that they sent our marks home so I did not take the trouble to tell you what I got for mid-semester marks. Well, I got b in Graphics, c in English, and Cccy and d in Spanish and Math 5. They are very satisfactory marks at least ~~for~~ in my estimation as I have considered myself down in Math 5 all along and he encouraged me in that thought. So when he came through with a D I was more than overjoyed. Since then I have had wonderful luck and on the quizzes which we have been having this week I have raised most of them. For instance in English I got back a paper marked an A and in Math I got a C That math was an awful exam and I had wonderful luck.

Finances are the all important point of this letter. I am awfully low. I used up all that \$20 dollar deposit which You mentioned but which I have had no verification of. At present I have standing bills for shoes-\$6.50, Books #8. and this weeks board rent which I am afraid to pay until some money is put in.



(2)

I paid my December dues ~~xxxxxx~~ Wednesday night. So before Xmas I will need money to pay my shoe bill, book bill, and board bill, ~~xxx~~ also a bill of \$20 for this half year on the room. You remember perhaps that I had to put down \$10 last year. I guess I can let that hang over till after the hoildays. Oh I forgot, the other night we had a fraternity jeweler up to th house and I signed up for an aggregate of \$5 worth of Xmas presents. He had a wonderful line and inexpensive. Gee, he must have sold several hundred dollars worth that night at our house. Last year I invested in banners etc., which ammountedvup to much more than this does, so I don't think I went wrong.

fraternity  
Wednesday night we had a three hour meeting and after rouding up a lot of pep we started a campaign for improvements on the house. Pledges ranged from \$5 (only two) up to \$40 and we raised over 400 dollars. With this we intend to tear down the walls separating two of the downstairs rooms and make one large room convenient for a house dance. I pledged \$10 payable before Xmas So please include that in a deposit within the next few days of at least \$35 if I ma to clear up al l bills. Well I must hurry off and do some ~~more~~ work Please make that deposit and let me hear about it at once.

as ever  
Sherrin





THE DARTMOUTH  
Founded 1839.  
Incorporated 1913  
DARTMOUTH COLLEGE  
HANOVER, N.H.

Office of the Editor-  
in-Chief  
32 Robinson Hall

April 27, 1917.

Dear Alfred,-

You've been getting the Dartmouth right along so I won't waste a lot of time telling what has been going on up here lately. The big issue is "What is going on down at that Troop B armory?" When are they going to be called out? When I was down there they said it would be in between a week and three weeks and so it is about time they got around to it. I'm beginning to think that they will not be called out at all.

There is a persistent rumor here that from now on all cavalry will be dismounted. In that case I can't see going in on it. I almost feel like a slacker sticking up here when every one else is packing up and hitting out. For Heaven's sake write and give me some definite knowledge as to when the troop is to be called out and what it is to do then. If it is not to occur soon I will pack up and join something else. It's almost impossible to get in on the mosquito fleet now anywhere. One of our freshmen is up here on a short leave of absence from Newport and tells of the wonderful time they are having down there. The drill up here is doing me a lot of good and building me up but I am restless to be up and doing something. All the seniors that have had any military training have left for the training camps leaving the companies here in command of Plattsburg freshmen or sophomores. This officers' training camp is a fine stunt but is practically restricted to seniors and only those of military experience. I don't understand what Mother said in her last letter--something of your trying to get into one of these officers' training camps.

Really that would be practically impossible, for you are not a college senior nor have you had any military experience.

So you received word from New Haven did you? Jack Holt is waiting to get his call. I don't like to butt into your affairs too much, but I think you would be foolish to pass up this mosquito fleet business. The fellows in it consider it a wonderful experience, and that is just what you need before leaving home for college. You miss all prep school experience and this mosquito fleet business would be a good ~~experience~~ substitute. So think it over more than once before you throw it over for an idea of getting into Plattsburg, which is impossible.

All Street came around tonight and told me that he has just got funds and permission from his folks to go to France. They all seem to be leaving. Dusty's roommate is going over and is trying to get him enthused, and now that Dusty is worrying as to whether he will be kept out of the cavalry on account of his poor eyes, he is thinking quite seriously of going over. I wish you would talk Mother and Dad that I want to go myself and see if you can't talk them into letting me do it.

It is absolutely unequalled for experience-- you can find all about it from the recent issues. Tell them that I can probably get the funds from some alumnus through the President's secretary if they will allow me to join the thing. Two units of 22 have already left college to meet in New York next, to sail, and a third unit is all ~~ready~~ but complete.

Do this for me, will you?

I was assistant on the issue Thursday and we did not leave the press until 4.15 in the morning. We could read the paper as we walked up the street before turning in. However I made it up this morning-- slept until almost eleven as I had only one class. I am sending an issue of the Bema featuring my article. Ta ta, Sherm.



LETTERS FROM SHERMAN GREEN.

November 2, 1917.

Dear Al,-

Well we are trying to get settled down once more after another rather long trip across a good part of France. We left our last camp early Wednesday afternoon and were bumping along in the French cars, nothing ~~more~~ than small baggage cars, till this morning. There were about forty of us in our car and we had a lot of fun but very little sleep as we could not all lie down at once. Our meals consisted of the famous army field rations, hardtack and tinned corned beef which were doled out every day. It looks as though our journeyings are over for a time as we have reached our training grounds. Till our permanent barracks are completed we are being billeted around in the little French village, five or ten men to every house and barn. Every house in this section of the country is marked showing the number of troops it can take care of. At present we are in the small Y. M. C. A. waiting to be assigned to houses. This noon we all assembled around the village pump and took a good wash, the first possible in three days. Maybe it didn't feel good. All of the little French kids came around while we were eating noon mess and we had a lot of fun with them trying out our limited French with varied success. Censorship is very strict now and so there is not much else that I can say. Eats are good now, American Plan. SHERM.

November 20, 1917.

Dear Al,-

Well we are very comfortably settled now in what we hope will be permanent winter quarters. After our eight day stay in the old leaky shack we were glad enough to hear that we were going to be billeted. There are seven of us in a little room over a barn and we consider ourselves quite fortunate. By the best of luck we seven agents pulled the strings and were finally given this little apartment all our own. The peasants down stairs are very pleasant and have helped us to fix up the place. Besides our seven cots there is just room enough for a little stove, a table and two camp chairs. Our table is a special



consession not possessed by most of the other company billets. I've just come back from Chan's billet a few houses down the street where his squad is fairly comfortably settled at last. Until yesterday they were without a stove of any kind but tonight the place looked pretty good. I stayed there until someone (Kropp I imagine) put some green wood on the stove and it smoked the place out in good style. Our meals have been improving lately both in quality and in quantity and now we always bring some bread back with us to the billet for toast. We are all broke now but as soon as we get paid we will have some swell feeds on our stove.

We had Wednesday afternoon off and Jack Wiley and I went on a sightseeing expedition into the large sized town several miles distant. Between us we had about six francs but we had a fine time trying out our French on the storekeepers and pricing sweaters, socks, etc. I finally bought a pair of socks and a can of beans which we consumed that evening.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three days have passed during which I had a day on guard and today I was on fatigue, so I have not had any time to finish this letter. Yesterday (Sunday afternoon) Jack and I went to town and listened to a band concert by a large French military band. After the concert it was a fine spectacle to ~~see the~~ stand on the street corner and watch the cosmopolitan crowds throng by. Hords and hords of French soldiers and also American soldiers, American officers, French generals ~~etc.~~ (The place seems full of them) in their cars, American ambulance drivers, British Royal Flying Corps aviators, Serbian soldiers, Etc, etc. All the stores are open Sundays here and they are so crowded that each store has to have its own traffic laws. It's worse than Xmas in Hartford. I was broke but we had a pretty good at a table with five Frenchmen for only 53 cents consisting of steak(horse meat, undoubtedly), french fried potatoes, coffee and French bread. Of course after dark the streets are all darkened and the cafes operate in back of curtained windows. We stumbled home in the dark about 7:30.

After supper tonight we staged a little feed up here in the room. Besides ~~wh~~ seven there was McElwain and Boh Paisley and we had a feed consisting of heated tomatoes on toast. The tomatoes



bought in town and the toast which we save every meal from our regular ration of three slices. We certainly have a great time in our little joint here. This morning at inspection by the officers it was judged the best looking and neatest billet in the company.

A company of engineers arrived in town the other day and among them are two Dartmouth men, both seargents. One of them is in my class. Haven't heard from Al Street since my last letter to you so I don't know whether he can arrange for our meeting. Well, I will close for now.

SHERM.

December 1, 1917.

Were it not for our unusual surroundings one would never know we were not still hanging around Niantic. Since our arrival here our training seems more of a tangible thing and is becoming very interesting. Today we marched four miles over to the shooting range and used real cartridges in the old guns. We agents are chiefly used for signaling purposes which also is very interesting. This afternoon the seven of us all had our hair clipped close to the head and believe me we are a strange looking lot. The weather is mild for so late in the fall and everyone is havint the hair clipped pretty close. \* . \* \*

I'm sorry that I wasn't able to get this letter finished for the postman last night but somehow its awfully hard to find time to write. We are limited to one letter a day but generally we don't get time to write that one. Our little billet is a very popular one evenings and every night after supper there are about a dozen of us in a little circle about the stove discussing things in general, in fact discussing everything except the war. Last night besides the seven of us agents there were Bob Lingley, Jack Wiley, Floyd Couch, and McElwain and we had a little feed. We are still all dead broke, anxiously waiting for payday, but we managed to borrow four francs and we had jamb and cheese on toast besides some beans warmed over from the evening mess. Fuel for our kitchen and billets is quite a problem here and we have to take a trip to the mountain about every other day and bring down a load of wood. We've just been up this morning and so missed Dr. Miel's weekly talk in the Y. M. C. A. Yesterday we were over at the rifle range from about nine till four so the <sup>wood</sup> feed supply



was pretty low for our big Sunday dinner.

All of the American soldiers got a very good feed last Thursday which was, of course, Thanksgiving Day. Unfortunately it fell company C's turn to guard and D. S. Green was among the unlucky 21. However I was not on the shift at dinnertime so I got the big feed on time. It consisted of a turkey leg, and a piece of white meat, dressing sweet and white mashed potatoes, a little cranberry and mincemeat, bread and real butter and a piece of apple pie. A very satisfactory meal in every way. I was on guard from 5:30 to 9:30 and 5:30 to 7:30 the next morning so I got about my usual share of sleep. Company C goes on guard again this afternoon and Chan is acting sergeant of the guard.

I suppose you will be thinking now of Christmas. They are allowing the soldiers to send home small mementoes now but we can't do so until we get the wherewithall to purchase them. Please don't send me cigarettes, for, strange to say, they are quite plentiful and cheaper here than in the States. The tobacco concerns are allowing the soldiers the old prices. However any sweets such as jam, jelly, peanut butter, butter scotch, or maple sugar would be very acceptable.

Did you go to the Brown game in Boston? A little edition of the New York Herald is printed in Paris everyday for the U. S. soldiers and in that I find that Dartmouth was beaten 13 to 0, whereby I lose ten francs for I had that amount up in a bet with a Brown chap in the Massachusetts Engineers stationed here in town. These engine engineers are a fine bunch, mostly college men and I have become quite clubby with a couple of Dartmouth men, also a couple of Brown fellows, the latter, fraternity brothers of Jack Wiley. The Dartmouth is coming all right and I have received three of them which went the rounds of the eight D men in town. Got a fine long letter from Bob Stecher. I'm afraid that Al Street has left again for America without getting over to see me. The last word I had from him was six days before his six months term was up and he wanted to know my address but of course I could not send it to him so I guess he left without finding me. Ambulance drivers get over here once in a while and I've run across several who knew some of the Dartmouth fellows.



We are getting quite clubby with the old man and woman who live below us. I go down quite often and jabber away with the old ~~man~~. Just at present he is diligently studying my "Parlez-vous Francais" book and is a very proficient student. I go down and say "Bon jour" and he ~~comes~~ comes right back with "Good morning." He has some very good apples and we have ten cents worth every day on payday credit.

Well the mail man is here so I will ~~have~~ have to say goodbye,

SHERM.

Regal Apartments

December 5, 1917.

A strange thing happened just now. A French airplane swooped down over our little village and the pilot dropped a note. It turned out that the pilot was an American in the Lafayette Esquadriile and the note ~~was~~ was for his brother in the 101st engineers here in town.

The old couple who live below us have two sons in the war and one of them is home ~~on\*fas~~ on furlough at present. He is a fine young chap, 28 years old, a poilu at Verdun. I enjoy going down and talking with him and last night he came up and inspected our apartment. Incidentally he showed us some fine little snap shots of the trenches and passed around little souvenirs. He gave me a name plate off a German field kitchen, also several German rifle bullets. He ~~had~~ been in the war three years and has won the Crois de Guerre three times. Tonight he is coming up again and we are going to have a little feed in his honor. It's mess time and I must close.

SHERM.



No 1

October 11, 1917.

Dear Mother:

We are on our way all right and are going at a good rate.

On account of the censorship I won't attempt to give many details, but there is apparently to be a chance of sending a little mail home in a day or two. I will write now before I get sea sick. There is a little motion now but I am all right. I have been fairly comfortable all the time so far.

There are a lot of men of all kinds on board, Americans and others, including aviators, who are envied because they are given the accommodations of officers, although they are merely students who have no commissions yet.

The weather has been good although it is dark to-night and the wind was strong to-day. The men some of their time talking to the sailors of the ship, some of whom have been at Gallipoli or the Jutland battle.

To-morrow our company is to furnish a guard detail of 68 men, whose duty is mostly to keep soldiers away from forbidden parts of the ship and to see that they wear their life preservers all the time.

It is now time to go to bed, and I expect to add some more to-morrow. I am now in the 3rd class dining saloon which is open for smoking, writing etc, to-night. However, it is now about nine o'clock and we must go to bed.

This is the next night.

The greatest event of to-day was a wide-spread epidemic of sea sickness. We awoke this morning in a strong wind and a choppy sea which caused the liner to pitch a good deal. There were some great old waves which came over the bow at times. Sherman and I have escaped the violent symptoms, also Jack Wiley. Dave Hitchcock has been rather badly off. Ricker Gowen, friend of Verena Macomber, who bunks in my stateroom, has been badly affected and has been in bed all day. He is better to-night. Several of my squad were on guard to-day and all of them were sick more or less. After to-day I might conclude that nothing makes me sick and have hopes of a pleasant voyage, the only other discomfort being a stuffy place to sleep in.

All day we have been out of sight of land but now it has cleared up nicely and a couple of light houses are in sight on the horizon, also a brilliant planet which I believe is Venus.

It is a fine night now, fairly calm and very clear. The



weather is warm and delightful on deck, so that I almost hate to stay in this stuffy room which is going up and down all the time because it is near the stern of the boat.

Most of the work on board is done by young English boys, very young, who are the most industrious and at the same time, the most patient and cheerful lot I ever saw. None of them ever refuse any request and they never lose their good temper. I don't see how they do it.

I think my business affairs are wound up in Hartford all right. I paid up in full a \$50 Liberty Bond at the Conn. General on which I suppose there will not be any interest forthcoming until next April or so.

I wish you would write immediately to the New Republic Publishing Co. to have the magazine forwarded to me at my new address.

Co. G. 101 Mach. Gun Bat.  
with American Expeditionary Force  
C/O Postmaster New York City  
or fix it up with Mr. Hayden.

I wish I could say where we are, but it might be censored. I must put this where it will get mailed to-morrow.

With lots of love

Your son

Chandler

Please write often altho I don't know how much mail we can get.



No 2

*Southampton*  
October 26, 1917.

Dear Mother:

The two big rooms here are both crowded with fellows writing home and I was only able to secure a very poor pen and writing is quite difficult. We are pretty well settled now in a large mobilization camp in England and very close to the boats over to France. To-day our battalion was slated to make the trip across but for some reason the trip has been postponed and we have been given the evening off. They never send across troops except in cloudy weather as there is danger from the zeppelins and hostile airplanes. The submarines are pretty effectively blocked from the channel now but there is constant danger from aircraft as they can sight the boats from great distances.

Last night another regiment marched down to the docks only to turn back as the moon had come out in the meantime. The city here is very pleasant, slightly larger than Hartford. Being a seaport there is an exceedingly motley crowd on the streets.: Hundreds of our own division, Canadian reserve regimentals, English (not many save young pink cheeked school lads and old men in the garb of the King's home guard) New Zealanders, French instructors, and sailors of all nations. Added to these are a large bunch of German prisoners at work constructing roads to enlarge our camp. These unfortunates seem pretty well fed and content and are dressed in old cast off military garments. One will have a sailors trousers Canadian artillery coat and German tasseled cap.

One of them has a sailor's cap bearing the band "Untersee-boten"- which attracts a lot of attention from those of us still fresh through the sub danger zone. They are guarded by old Home Guards or partially crippled soldiers back from the front.

As for the women, they are also much in evidence. They run the trolleys, do the farmwork, skilled labor in factories, etc. and many are driving the heavy autottrucks. Here in England they observe the left hand **traffic laws** and **it is very confusing** to us. A bunch of us will be waiting for a car on the left side of the street when a big truck will come whizzing along and it too slowly occ urs to us on the left side to get out of the way. I've been most run do down more than once for that reason.

Last night we were allowed out of camp at 5 and we all made a dash for the city. With three fellows in our agents squad I had supper at a very good restaurant. After being used to sumptuous spreads in New London we were far from pleased with the portion of meal we got. Their idea of a satisfactory dinner has slowly diminished till it is greatly different from ours. We had a small steak, a couple little pieces of French fried, salad, bread & butter, and soup for the sum of  $3/4$  that is 3 shillings four pence which amounts to 80 cents in our coinage.

There are many Americans in town right along now that our coinage is understood and accepted in several of the larger restaurants.

On coming out of the restaurants we had to fairly feel our way along, for the streets are very carefully darkened as this city is right in the zeppelin route and seen many bombardments



We inquired our way and managed to find a very good pastry shop where we ran up quite a bill. They had many kinds of cakes and cookies but it was very hard to find a single one at all sweet as sugar is very scarce.

While eatables are very dear, many articles can be obtained here very cheap. For instance a first class pair of leather puttees (modelled after the \$8 or \$10 kind in U.S. are sold here for 8 shillings or \$2. Watches can be bought for as low as two crowns or \$2.50. I changed my last \$10 bill last night into a pound, ten shilling note a couple of half crowns, two florins, a shilling and sixpence- a loss to me amounting to about 10 cents. The coins here are very large and cumbersome. Their copper hapenny is as big and heavy as our quarter while the penny is as big as our half dollar. Their smallest silver is a sixpence (like our dime) shilling like our quarter, then florin, (2 shillings) half crown and crown. For paper they have a ten shilling note and pound notes.

Our camp is just a temporary rest camp, that is, there are no drill fields and a bunch of soldiers only stay there till weather is suitable to go across to France. We can ~~hear~~ frequent booming of the heavy artillery practising in nearby camps and there are always airplanes overhead patrolling the coast. This combination kind of reminds us that we are not here on a sightseeing tour altogether. So far it has been just that and we are having a wonderful time.

Still no sign of our guns but hope they are waiting us in France as I hope is also some mail sent direct. Well I must close now but will write soon. Please do the same.

Your loving son

Sherm.

Hope Dad and Emily are well.



No 3

Postmarked  
Southampton Eng  
Oct 27-17

Dear Folks:

My fountain pen has run dry as I was writing my diary, which I have kept since leaving the U.S. and which I expect to show you sometime, when the details of our traveling may be disclosed.

We have so far been having a most interesting time and I have enjoyed it almost all the time, my only illness being a headache which lasted only an hour or two on the day we landed in this particular place. Until the last couple of days we have been on the go continually, in fact since leaving Connecticut we have never slept two nights in the same latitude and longitude until last night. We have been treated to railroad rides by night and by day, especially at night. We have seen something more or less of England under war conditions, including woman munition workers at work all night in their pajama-like uniforms, also female street car conductors etc., various war restrictions on eating such as no sugar in restaurants and very little bread, butter, etc. There is no petrol available, therefore no autos are seen except mortar trucks (called lorries) and a few Fords which have some reason for being allowed at large. The towns, altho not very near London, is darkened at night, with only dim transparent signs on shop windows to tell what kind of a store it is.

We are now in our second "rest camp". Our first was not ideal in some ways. We arrived just at dawn and spent a rainy twenty-four hours in old worm-out tents in an out of the way muddy country region, leaving just at daylight the next day. However I enjoyed it because I got a glimpse of English country which I thought very attractive. Nearby was a small village with thatched cottages and everything so much more neat and picturesque than most places at home.

Our present hang-out is a new camp in a large city park, which is much as if the government should decide to quarter a large body of troops in Keeney Park in Hartford. This park however is approached by a fine boulevard with good residences on either side. This rest camp for American troops on their way to the front is still in process of construction.

Right at the head of our street the road is being remade by a gang of German prisoners with Tommies as guards. While we are in line waiting for our eats (some waits usually) we have our choice of watching the Teutons with picks and shovels leisurely digging in the road, or of gazing at airplanes over our heads, for most of the time there are one or two to be seen. This morning we had a drill and while resting we watched on machine do some good turning and diving for several minutes.

Another amusement is talking to the numerous English soldiers who have seen service. Wounded men are everywhere, wearing a peculiar blue uniform with a red necktie.

Dav and I have patronized vaudeville (indistinguishable from American only a little better) and moving pictures, also just the same as in the U.S., in fact half of the bill was American made. In



many ways this might be American anyway, the girls and women look and dress the same, the parks and city houses are the same and of course most of the customs.

We are getting used to English money gradually, but it seems somewhat strange- I have in my pocket now an assortment including ten-shilling notes, half-crowns, florins, shillings, a sixpence, some pennies and a hapenny. The pennies are large and heavy, causing one to spend them quickly to reduce the weight. Money goes fast as there is much temptation to buy various things in shops. All sweets are expensive. Clothing seems cheap.

As soon as we are let out of camp I expect to take a train for town and get a bath, something I need. On the ship we came over in I took salt water baths, but fresh water was very sparingly supplied and was turned off entirely except for short periods.

I enjoyed the ride over. Early in the trip we had a day of choppy weather (I hope you got my letter mentioning that incident) but Sherm and I escaped sea sickness in spite of a multitude of harrowing sights and odors. I ate three meals as usual.

Our last day on ship was extremely interesting, but since I can't tell our route I can't give much of a description of the scenery or the events. They were kind enough to bring us to our port somewhere in England by daylight. We did not see any submarines, but one freighter which was not far from us was sunk.

I ate the noon meal with Sherman today and he seems to be getting along well, and to be taking good care of himself. I would not worry about his situation, since he can pick good company, and there are plenty of good fellows here. As long as he keeps well and doesn't spend his money too fast he will be all right as he is now.

My first trip into town when we came here was with Dave, Jack Wiley, and Rick Gowen of my squad. My squad is all a good bunch.

It is time to leave camp and also it is too cold to continue writing. I trust that this will reach you in good season.

With lots of love

Chandler.



Mr 4

October 1917.  
"Somewhere in France"

Dear Folks:

Our noon mess is a little delayed so I have run down to the Y.M.C.A. for a few minutes.

France is a fine country when the weather is warm and sunny as it is to-day. When we reached this camp last evening it was raining and the outlook was dismal as we squeezed ten men into a small tent which leaked and had a wet floor. Every camp we hit seems the same. There is always rain and mud, but the next day the sun is out and we shave, wash, dry out, look around and decide that it is a good place to camp after all. We shift from one camp to another and after spending one night anywhere we feel perfectly at home there.

We have had another night on the water with very rough water and no comfortable staerooms as we had when crossing the Atlantic. In fact we were in horse stalls, some of the stalls were filled with horses and the rest with us. One man and I found our way down into the forward hold and covered ourselves with hay, but the wind began to blow too hard and we moved into a nearby stall, taking some hay with us while the horse attendants (Tommies) were not looking. A minute later the spray and waves began falling into the hold, which was open to the sky although about five decks below the open deck on top, and we congratulated ourselves on getting out of the way before getting soaked..

Just before day light I went on deck and saw our approach to France. Of course I should like to describe where we are but such interesting details must wait.

A few minutes ago we watched a large dirigible fly over the camp. Airplanes and hydroplanes are often seen.

Our travels are not over yet, this stop being only temporary. My next writing will undoubtedly be from another camp. We miss not seeing newspapers. In England we had freedom outside camp and could buy papers or anything else.

I have no woolen socks except those issued, and these would be most welcome if anyone is thinking of mailing anything across.

If I am going to get my dinner I must get over to our part of the camp and get in line.

Remember me to Alfred.

Your loving son and brother

Chandler.



Mr 4

2

A few days later.

Somewhere else in France.

We now feel more as if we have arrived as we are now quartered in a small village, a very small and characteristically French one, not too far from the Front. No longer are we in a big enclosed camp among British, Canadian, Australian and other soldiers, and German prisoners and so on, as we have hitherto been. We have this place entirely to ourselves, with its one or two roads, public fountain, wayside shrine, clock tower, wine shops, orchards, community washing shed and everything unchanged except for a few shacks erected for mess sheds, Y.M.C.A. etc of our American troops.

I like the place in spite of the inevitable mud. Since our arrival this afternoon part of our company has been billeted and the rest of us are quartered in the Y.M.C.A. hut, where I happen to be in charge at present, until the appointed corporal returns.

Our ride here was long and tedious, although we passed a lot of interesting sights, such as aviation fields and other things which can't be told.

What French I have tried out so far on the natives seems to have worked all right. I can't "comprend" much of theirs, however.

As our captain lined us up for a short talk this P.M. the sound of heavy guns could be heard very plainly. Whether it was from the actual front or from practise nearer by, is a debated question.

Te-night I sleep in the Y.M.C.A. hut. Sometime we hope to sleep twice in the same place. That would be the height of luxury. We are tired for fair.

With lots of love.

Chandler



Mr 8

November- 1917.

Dear Mother:

Well we are very comfortably settled now in what we hope will be permanent winter quarters. After our eight day stay in the old leaky shack we were glad enough to hear that we were to be billeted. There are seven of us in a little room over a barn and we consider ourselves quite fortunate. By the best of luck we seven agents pulled the strings and were finally given this little apartment all our own.

The peasants downstairs are very pleasant and have helped us to fix up the place. Besides our seven cots there is just room for a little stove, a table, and two camp chairs. Our table is a special concession not possessed by most of the other company billets.

I have just come back from Chan's billet a few houses down the street where his squad are fairly comfortably settled at last. Until yesterday they were without a stove of any kind, but to-night the place looked pretty good. I stayed there till someone (Kropp I imagine) put some green wood on the stove and it smoked the place out in great style.

Our meals have been improving lately both in quality and quantity and now we always bring some bread back to the billet for toast. We are all broke now but as soon as we get paid we will have some swell feeds on our stove.

We had Wednesday afternoon off and Jack Wiley and I went on a sightseeing expedition into the large sized town several miles distant. Between us we had about 6 francs but we had a fine time trying out our French on the storekeepers and pricing sweaters, socks, etc. I finally bought a pair of socks and a can of beans which we consumed that evening.

Have you received all our letters? For some reason mail to us is very irregular. I received my first letter from you to-night which was postmarked Hartford October 22nd. It is quite certain that there is a large batch of mail due us for we have had no mail from U. S. for dates between October 8th and 22nd. This is my third letter to you since we arrived in France. Have you received them all? I'll number all my letters and wish you would do the same.

Thanks for the clippings .-----

Three days have passed during which time I had a day on guard and to-day I was on fatigue so I have not had any time to finish this letter. Yesterday (Sunday afternoon) Jess Willard and I went in town and listened to a band concert by a large French military band. After the concert it was a fine spectacle to stand on the street corner and watch the cosmopolitan crowds throng by. Hordes and hordes of French soldiers and also American soldiers, American officers, French generals etc. (the place seems full of



Mr 8

2

them) in their cars, American ambulance drivers, British Royal flying corps, aviators, Servian soldiers etc. etc.

All the stores are open Sundays here and there is such a crowd that every store has to have its own traffic laws. It was worse than Xmas in Hfd. I was broke but we had a pretty good supper at a table with five Frenchmen for only 55 cents consisting of steak (horsemeat undoubtedly) French fried potatoes and coffee and french bread. Of course after dark the streets are all darkened and the cafes operate in back of curtained windows. We stumbled home in the dark about 7.30.

After supper to-night we staged a little feed up here in the room. Besides we seven there was Mc Elwains and Bob Paisley and we had a feed consisting of heated tomatoes on toast. The tomatoes bought in town and the toast which we save every meal from our regular ration of three slices. We certainly have great times in our little joint here. This morning at inspection by the officers it was judged the best looking and neatest billet in the company.

Did I tell you that Dr. Miel has been in camp again? He left today after preaching yesterday. Unfortunately I was on guard and did not hear him.

The doctors here have been kept pretty busy but so far I have been feeling very fit (rap, rap). I noticed that Chan had a little sore throat this morning but was out drilling this afternoon all right.

A company of engineers arrived in town the other day and among them are two Dartmouth fellows, both sergeants. One of them is in my class. Haven't heard from Al Street since my last letter to you so don't know whether he can arrange for our meeting. Well I will choose for now.

Don't forget to send me those socks, heavy vest etc. If Al is not using my big heavy Outing Club shoes it would be a good idea to send them too.

Love to all

Sherm.



No 5-

November 2, 1917.

Dear Mother:

Well we are trying to get settled down once more after another long trip across a good share of France. We left our last camp early Wednesday afternoon and were bumping along in these French cars, nothing more than small baggage cars, till this morning. There were forty of us in our car and we had a lot of fun but very little sleep as we could not all lie down at once.

Our meals consisted of the famous army field rations, hardtack and tinned corned beef, which were doled every day. It looks as tho our journeyings are over for a time as we have reached our training grounds. Till our permanent barracks are completed we are being billeted around in the little French village, five or ten men to every house and barn. Every house in this section of the country is marked showing the number of troops they can take care of. At present we are in the small Y. M. C. A. waiting to be assigned to houses.

This noon we all assembled around the village pump and took a good wash, the first possible in three days. Maybe it didn't feel good. All the little French kids came around while we were eating noon mess and we had a lot of fun with them trying out our limited French with varied success.

Censorship is very strict now and there is not much else I can say now.

Eats are good now. American plan.

Love to all

Sherman.



Mr 6

November 3, 1917  
Somewhere in France.

Dear Folks:

Mail comes very irregularly, for example, last night I got your letter dated Oct 13, whereas a few days before that one came which you sent on the 22nd or 24th, I forget which .

We were sorry to hear of your worrying although it was inevitable before you heard of our arrival. By the way, we don't know yet whether you received our cable which we sent when we hit shore.

It is evident that you lost more sleep about our trip than we did. At least I didn't lose any. We all went to bed at 9 and can only regret that we were cheated out of half an hour or more every night on account of our traveling last. When we go back we will have that much more extra sleep.

As for our present situation, we are at least fairly comfortable, in a snug billet with thick stone walls and a stove, for which we are now furnished soft coal, as well as wood. We have plenty of food, the present trouble being lack of variety in the cooking thereof. The "maire de la commune" told me that not a bomb has been dropped on this village by the Germans since the war began, so you need not worry about us for some time. So far the weather is much warmer than it is at Hanover at this time of year. Last night we had our first touch of snow, but it had all disappeared by morning. This is our coldest day, yet I am writing in an unwarmed tent of the Y.M.C.A. without actually freezing.

Last Saturday afternoon, Dave H. and I started out for a walk. First we explored the nearby town, the metropolis of the neighboring, and one of the two or three largest places in the prefecture. We went into the church (I don't know whether to call it a cathedral or not). It is large and evidently quite an old structure. Then we looked over the shops and witnessed a parade of a long procession of French soldiers, with several bands playing. Where they were going I don't know. Then we went on through a French camion headquarters, with a lot of trucks being cleaned and repaired. We then got out on the road to ----- or in other words toward the front, and branched off to climb a steep hill with a tower on it. We were slightly mixed up in the points of the compass, and as it was getting toward supper time we asked a poilu the way to our own village, hoping that we could reach it by a short cut. "Ah, mon pauvre", he exclaimed, "You must go straight through the town, you are going just the opposite direction"(all in French of course). Then he showed us our own familiar hill where we go to get fire-wood. It was beyond a plain of about three miles breath. Of course, we set out at double time, and managed to get in for the supper line,-----

At present I am sitting on my bed, with snow coming in on my back in small quantities through the cracks in the



window. This morning it is snowing rather hard. I wonder what we will do at drill.

In the New Republic for Oct.30, there is a little write up called, "A Holiday in France" which gives in its first paragraph or two a very good picture of French country such as we see around here, except that this place has not been in the hands of the Germans in this war.

If I can find them I will enclose

(1) Letter from President Huntington acknowledging receipt of money for a \$50 Liberty Bond. This ought to be kept as a receipt.

(2) A little note from the young lady down stairs, which will serve as an exercise in French for Emily or Mother.

We have not been paid since leaving the U.S. I'm almost broke.

Don't forget to keep mail coming.

Lots of love

Chandler.



Mr 9

1

December 1st 1917.

Dear Mother:

I've just been reading your letter to Chan and dated October 17th which smacks of your anxiety for our voyage over and hope that long before now you have received our cable and also several letters. It seems too bad that all you mothers are doing so much worrying over us for we never feel it necessary to worry. Were it not for our somewhat unusual surroundings one would never know that we were not still hanging around Niantic.

Since we arrived here our training seems more of a tangible thing and is becoming very interesting. To-day we marched four miles over to the shooting range and used real cartridges in the old guns. We agents are chiefly used for signaling purposes which also is very interesting.

This afternoon the seven of us all had our heads hair clipped close to the head and believe me we are a strange looking lot. The weather is mild for so late in the fall and everyone is having the hair cropped pretty close.-- --

I'm sorry I wasn't able to finish this letter for the postman last night but somehow its awfully hard to find time to write. We are limited to one letter a day but we generally don't get time to write that one.

Our little billet here is a very popular one evenings and every night after supper there are nearly a dozen of us in a little circle around the stove discussing things in general, in fact discussing everything except the war. Last night besides the seven of us agents there were Bob Lindsley, Jack Wiley, Lloyd Couch and Mc Elwaine were up and we had a little feed. We are still all dead broke, anxiously waiting for payday, but we managed to borrow four francs and we had jam and cheese on toast besides some beans warmed over from the evening mess.

Fuel for our kitchen and billets is quite a problem here and about every other day we have to take a trip up the mountain and bring down a big load of wood. We've just been up this morning and so missed Dr. Miel's weekly talk in the Y.M.C.A. Yesterday we were over at the rifle range from about nine till four so the wood supply was pretty low for our big Sunday dinner.

All the American soldiers got a very good feed last Thursday which was, of course, Thanksgiving Day. Unfortunately it fell Company C's turn for guard and D.S. Green was among the unlucky 21. However I was not on the shift at dinner time so I received the big meal on time. It consisted of a turkey leg and a piece of white meat, dressing, sweet and whitemashed potatoes, a little cranberry and mince meat, bread and real butter and a piece of apple pie. A very satisfactory meal in every way. I was on guard from 5.30-9.30 and 5.30-7.30 the next morning so I was able to get almost my usual share of sleep. Company C goes on guard again this afternoon and Chan is acting sergeant of the guard.

By the way, Chan got another letter from home last night. It was one you mailed the very day we passed through Hfd. on our way



here. It is rumored that a carload of our delayed mail is being forwarded from a seaport. I would be very acceptable for we have had only two letters this week. By a coincidence one of them was yours.

I suppose you will be thinking now of Xmas. They are allowing the soldiers to send small mementos home now but we can't do so till we get the where withal to purchase them. Please don't send me cigarettes for strange as it may seem, they are quite plentiful and cheaper here than in the States. The tobacco concerns are allowing the soldiers the old prices before the recent raise in price. However any sweets such as jam, jelly, peanut butter, butter scotch, or maple sugar would be very acceptable. I am short on socks but figure on buying more on pay day. I wish you would send along that heavy green lined vest, also any blue football sleeve jersey that is lying around I am wearing Emily's abdominal band but would appreciate another, also a knit sweater with sleeves, and a muffler.

I wonder how the second Plattsburg camp came out. Jack and I were wondering about how Henry got away. Jack seems to think now that his father may be over here before long in Y. M. C. A. work. That certainly would be a fine experience for a man like Mr. Wiley and he is just the man who would be doing it.

I've received one letter from Al, sent soon after we left. He seemed to be enjoying himself all right when I was up there and hope he continues to like it as much. Did he go to the Brown-Dartmouth game in Boston? A little edition of the New York Herald is printed in Paris everyday for the U.S. soldiers and in that I find that Dartmouth was beaten 13-0 whereby I lose ten francs for I had that amount up on a bet with a Brown chap in the Massachusetts engineers here in town. These engineers are a fine bunch, mostly college men and I've become quite clubby with a couple of Dartmouth fellows also a couple of Brown fellows, the latter fraternity brothers of Jack Wiley. The "Dartmouth" is being sent to me and I've received three of them which went the rounds of the D. fellows in town.

Got a fine long letter from Bob S. I'm afraid Al Street has left again for America without getting over to see me. The last word I had from him was six days before his six months term was up and he wanted to know my address but of course I could not send it to him so I guess he left without finding me. Ambulance drivers get over here once in a while and I've run across several who know some of the Dartmouth fellows.

We are getting quite clubby with the old man and woman who live below us. I go down quite often and jabber away with the old man. Just at present he is diligently studying my "Parlez-vous Francais" little book and is a very proficient student. I go down and say "Bon jour" and he comes back with "Good morning". She has some very good apples and we have ten cents worth every day on payday Credit.

Well the mail man is here for the mail so lots of  
love to you all from

Sherm.



No 7

Dear Folks,

My writing at present is necessarily much interrupted, for the reason that I am serving as cashier for the local Y.M.C.A. changing money and selling purchase checks as in a soda fountain (almost forgotten word). The cash that we take in is certainly varied. The purchasing power of a coin is determined by its size rather than by any devices stamped on it. In one pile I have French, English Canadian, Belgian, Italian, (and even one Greek) coins, all passing for 10 centime pieces. There are also bills of a lot of French cities, worth 50 centimes or a franc and even some smaller billets worth 25 centimes (5 cents). The larger paper money, 5 francs and over, is all the issue of the Bank Of France.

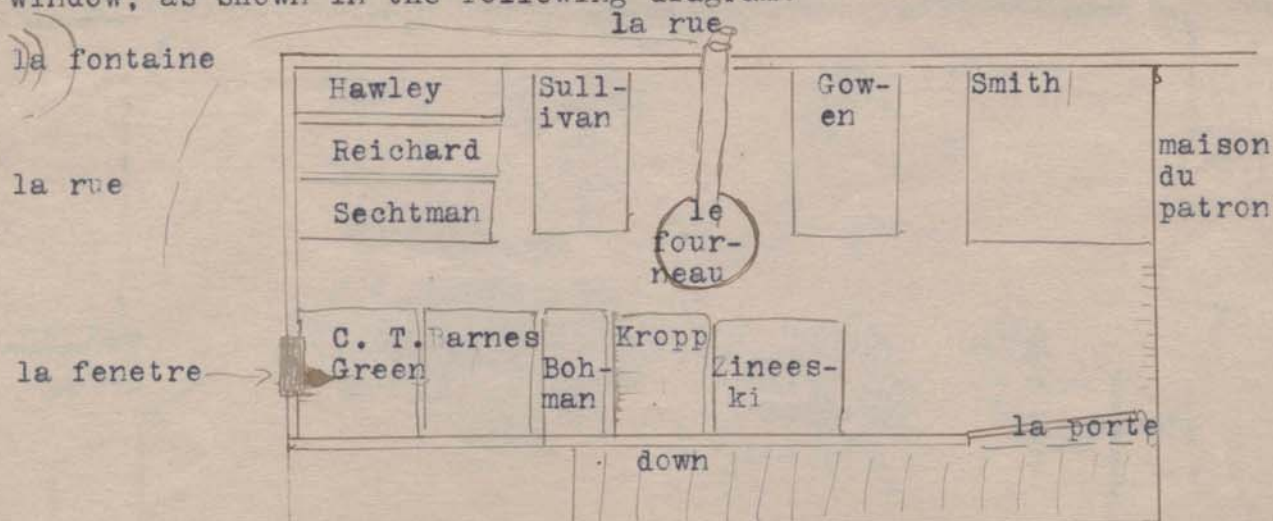
Dave and I volunteered for this job and started the system last night, with a rush of business. I can now think in French money without mentally translating it into dollars & cents.

The scene is changed. I am now in my billet- my home for the present. This home of ours is a low square room on the second floor of an ell of a rambling village house. The approach is by a private exterior stairway. Our part of the house extends out almost to the central fountain of the town.

Our "patron" is a fine old fellow, the mayor of the village, and we are on the best of terms with him. Madame la patronne has donated us with apples, baked potatoes, hot water etc., and sells us milk whenever we wish it. Most of the gang leave canteens at night and call in the morning to get their litre of milk.

The bunch in our billet consists of my squad, (which is now minus the Wesleyan man, Frank Winslow, and young Scattergood, both of whom have been transferred)-together with Louis Sechtman of Hartford, "Bos" Hawley, whom Father knows, and a kid named Sullivan who is not in our company but belongs to the ordnance detachment. Altogether it is a good bunch with no undesirables.

The chief drawback to our joint is a low ceiling and poor light, which doesn't hit me so hard since my bed is next to the window, as shown in the following diagram.



The location of this billet is good: the window looks right down on



Mr 7

2

the street where our company falls in, and we are only a few steps from our mess hall, and the orderly room( company headquarters ).

We have to get our own wood for our little stove. The other day eight of us had a chance to visit the woods where our fuel is cut for us into meter lengths. When we each had carried a load home we had a busy party around the chopping block of monsieur le patron, using his buck saw, ax and saw horse to deadly effect. While we were working the mayor's father, a man of eighty, brought out a peculiar little chopping knife and showed us how to use it as a hatchet to cut the smaller sticks. As a result we put in enough wood for a week.

Our French hosts are very generous and always tell us to use their tools whenever we need them.

The other evening I visited the patron and his family at supper and had a long conversation with them. When I get started I can speil French better than you would imagine. I learned their family history and told them mine.----

I have just been cautioned that it is better to cut letters short and write them more frequently.

I have heard nothing from home except one letter from Father mailed the day we left. Keep them coming and I will try to do the same.

If you are interested in what to send over, I strongly recommend concentrated cocoa, coffee, etc., sweet chocolate, cigarettes, woollen socks and wristlets etc., also small electric flashlights.

I suppose this will reach you between Thanksgiving and Christmas and hope that it will find you all well.

With lots of love

Chandler

I repeat my correct address:  
Corp.C.T. Green  
C Co. 161st M.G. Bn.  
American Expeditionary Forces  
via New York



24-10  
Regal Apartments  
December 5, 1917.

Dear Emily:

At last I've found the time to write a good long letter and also have the inspiration, for last night I received a fine letter from you and three others from Rachel, Lucile and Gerald Sign. Louis Lyman and I just came off guard and now have the rest of the afternoon to ourselves. The guard last night was not at all tedious and I managed to get in five hours sleep. Louis and I were on posts 5 and 6 which are up at the mule shed guarding the mules. Last night we started a little fire in the horse shoer's forge and had a little feast of hot coffee and toast. When I got back to the guard house at 3:30, some one had borrowed my blankets so I proceeded to borrow Jack's as he was on guard at that shift. I wish I had your letter here now to refer to but Chan has it just now. It certainly is fine being able to exchange mail with him for we get news from home so much oftener. Neither of us have heard from Al for quite a while but that is not strange for a good share of our mail is held up somewhere. A couple of carloads arrived in the neighboring city the other day so for the past few days we have received several sacks daily. Night before last, I had a delicious box of candy from Ethelwynne Bidwell which lasted just three minutes. If you chance to see her don't mention the fact for it was marked "Xmas Goods" and I don't intend to acknowledge it before then. Also had a letter from Helen Taylor and Mrs. Pratt.

So the dances are starting up again. I'm glad to hear that you enjoyed that one in Farmington so much. It certainly makes me homesick when you speak of getting out the old canoe. Mother's last letter told that you finally received our cable and how the old telephone wires burned that day. You were right about our first destination over here but we did not stay there long. Among the mail last night was an issue, Oct. 30th of the Hartford Courant and you should have seen us all devour its contents, down at the guard house. It gave a lot of space to the drafted bunch at Ayer, the dear things. If you people want your eatables and sweaters appreciated you should send them over here. Of course anything sweet is at an awful premium. For instance, gumdrops are about \$2 a pound. Please send over any cheap tid bits such as butter scotch, gumdrops or maple sugar. At present I have two Red Cross sweaters, one helmet and one abdominal belt. Believe me I have come to appreciate the value of the latter. Lu said in her last letter that she would knit me a heavy sweater but if you can knit socks, I wish you would send me a pair. I am short of them.

A strange thing happened just now. A French airplane swooped down over our little village and the pilot dropped a note. It turned out that the pilot was an American in the Lafayette Esquadriille and the note was for his brother in the 101st engineers here in town. These engineers are a fine bunch of fellows and I've become quite chummy with several of them, a couple of Dartmouth fellows also Brown fellows.



I hope mother changes her mind about sending clippings for believe me they are very acceptable. They go the round of the bunch here. I'm sorry to see that Dartmouth has felt defeat twice by Penn. and Brown. Did Al go to the Brown game?

The old couple who live below us have two sons in the war and one of them is home on furlough at present. He is a fine young chap, 28 years old, a poilu at Verdun. I enjoy going down and talking with him and last night he came up to see our little apartment. Incidentally he showed us some fine little snap shots of the trenches and passed around little souvenirs. He gave me a German name plate off a German field kitchen, also several German rifle bullets. He has been in the war three years and has won the Croix de Guerre three times. To-night he is coming up again and we are going to have a little feed in his honor.

Suppose you folks know of our insurance. I intend to take out the full \$10,000 which will dock my monthly wage about \$7. From now on we will only get 50 per cent of our pay in cash. So deducting the insurance I'll allot to mother about \$12 a month. Well it's mess time and I must close. Lots of love

Sherm.



Mr 11

1

December 8, 1917.

Dear Father:

I have just signed up for \$10,000 insurance, making it payable half to you and half to Mother in case of my death. As you may know, these policies, when they become a claim by death or total disability, are payable in 240 monthly installments (of \$57.50 each). Most of the fellows here believe that during the war at least it is well to have the maximum protection.

I have a letter from Mother telling of receiving the allotment for September and for a while was worried because she mentioned having spent it, but after remembering that I had drawn the money in advance, I lost no more sleep over it. I trust that the future \$20 checks will be put into the Riverside and I will tell you when to put it into Liberty Bonds and other investments. I am broke at present and scarcely dare draw a check on the Riverside Trust Co. altho there is supposed to be a small balance there. I may yet take a chance and draw a dollar or two, altho I don't know that you haven't withdrawn the money under your authority. Don't do it if you can help it, at least until you are out of communication with me.

Mail is coming in small bunches now-a-days. The latest we have received from home is Emily's letter of Nov. 11th, mailed the 12th, reached here about Dec. 5th.

Our regular billet has lately been used for a bunch quarantined for measles, but in a very few days, we hope to be back, which will seem good after living with the squad divided in inferior quarters. The fellows are saving up their Christmas and other packages received to celebrate the return to our own billet. Since I have been living away from "home" I have done no letter writing with the exception of one to Alfred.

We have been having some weather with a touch of l'hiver in it, and it is some relief to have the ground and roads frozen since it saves about an hour a day spent in cleaning shoes and puttees.

I have drawn and cashed a check for \$2 (for which I gave myself 11.30 f.) and will use it to get my laundry out of hock, get a tub bath when I get into town, and perhaps buy some Christmas cards to send to the U.S.A.

Dr. Miel was in town yesterday but didn't preach to-day (Sunday Dec 9th) Keep in touch with Mrs. Tilton and Miel and you can probably get news about us.

Your loving son

Chandler



Mr 11

2.

December 16, 1917.

Dear Folks:

Having bought some ink and filled my fountain pen, I intend to reform and write letters. Incidentally I hope you are maintaining your schedule of a letter every day or two for us.

Dr. Miel spoke this morning at the Y.M.C.A. Also last night there was a pretty good movie show there. It was a success in that the machine only broke down a couple of times. At the last previous attempt, it would die out every other minute.

Things are going pretty well now. In other words, the personnel of the billet seems to be settled for a while, the stove burns all right, and we have been paid.

In accordance with my old habit of not carrying much money with me, I poked 120 francs into the Farmer's Loan Trust Co. (of New York). I thought I might mention that I had an account with them although it will always be small owing to the amount I allotted home.

I am anxious to know whether the quarterly dividends, or rather the October dividend, on the Am. T. and T. stock came through all right.

Jack Wiley has just received a telegram from his father at Paris and is expecting to see him here, if Mr. Wiley can find out where we are and can get permission to make the trip.

Just before dinner to-day, Madame la patronne brought us up a large basket full of fine pears. After dinner I returned the basket and was invited in by the mayor to have a drink of his vin rouge with him. I had quite a long conversation with him and his household. They are fine substantial people and are certainly good to us. Their most frequent expression is "Quand vous avez besoin"-- referring to about anything they own.

One afternoon last week I went into town, but didn't manage to spend much. Managed to get some New Year's cards which I must address toute de suite.

Since you folks have mentioned sea sickness, I may as well proclaim that I did not suffer from it, altho many did on one or two days before we hit shore. A slight lack of fresh air below decks was the only thing that bothered me. That is ancient history now.

With lots of love

Chandler.



This package contains all  
cards and letters from Chandler and  
Stumming which I have in my  
possession from time they left home  
July 17, 1917, to end of that year.



January 11 1918

Dear Folks.

I have about five minutes between inspection and supper. Lately the idea of sitting down and thinking what you were writing has grown more and more impossible and out of the question. A few words in odd moments must suffice.

Without exception we have schooles or meetings for instruction every night nowadays, and I have been trying to spend the rest of the evenings at a nightly school of French, taught by our interpreter, who is a very capable teacher. Several of us including Rick Gowen, Sherman, Jack Wiley, Dave Hithhookk and I have been in the so called advance class. — We have been translating English newspapers into French and carrying on all conversation in French. Pretty good dope. . . . .

My squad has been changed around somewhat since our arrival here. It now contains Hobie Hyde of tennis fame, and Ernie Alton, who was in my tent at Niantic. For a while Tink Woodmancy, brother of Harold, was with us, but not now.

We have been making good progress for the past few days since the Christmas and New Years let-up, and usually are quite ready to turn in when our evening classes are over. However, on account of rain and slush and generally unfavorable weather, we did not go out today, but had indoor work instead.

By the way, I am now equipped with a good pair of rubber boots reaching to my hips, so dampness underfoot does not worry me, as it would without them. . . . .

This is the third instalment.

This morning we have been having a thorough examination in all the stuff we have been going over during the last few days. Everyone was called up one by one, and marked on what he knew.

It has been so long since I have written that I don't know where to begin. On the day after New Years, we ~~got~~<sup>had</sup> quite a little ceremony



with our French instructors. When we met them out on the hills they drew up into line facing our company in fine military style and came to a salute. Then their officer made us a speech wishing us a happy New Year and wishing success and happiness ~~and~~ to ourselves and to our families in America. Our Commanding officer then replied in characteristic American style, by merely, # "wishing them the same", and we took up our day's work.

I have with me your letter of December 7th to Sherman, which is very good except where it dwells on your worrying about his health and condition. This was somewhat depressing to both of us to think of your worrying ~~with~~ out being to reassure you immediately and personally that we are all right. However, we don't blame you for feeling funny after reading Jack's letter in which he incidentally mentions Sherm's cold. That has been a joke for a long time around <sup>here</sup>, but I don't blame you for taking it seriously. Sherman and I are both in good health at present. Since about Christmas time I have been feeling better every day.

A few more Christmas packages have come but not any from home. A day or two ago we received some fine home made candy from the Green's of Alfred.

A warm knitted sweater came recently from- of all persons- Mr. R. H. Cole, secretary of the Conn. General, and I was even more surprised when I read a note from him stating that he knit it himself during his idle moments. There is still hope of the boxes from you people getting here if they were good and strong, for such things are arriving every day or so.

Today is a fine bright day, a little colder than any this week but not uncomfortable. There is still a good deal of snow on the ground in spite of the recent thaw. . . . .

It is now almost taps. I have just come from French class. The classes are held in the village school room with small desks (for us) and with numerous maps and charts on the wall. One side of the room is draped with the Tricolor and the American flag.



The young son of the family downstairs comes up almost every evening and pays us a visit. His name is René, age 16 years. He likes to look at American magazines that have pictures and to converse as much as possible. . . . .

The French mayor asked me last night if I had read the "le grand discours" of President Wilson, meaning his speech to Congress on December 8, on the peace conditions. The Frenchman seemed to approve of it but had the erroneous idea that it was delivered in New York.

Mr. Wiley arrived at ---- the town near~~ly~~ our village yesterday and Jack was given permission to spend the day with him. Mr. Wiley is going to be stationed near here and we all expect to see him soon.

I went into town a week ago but didn't do much. ~~Maybe~~ Possibly may go this Sunday p.m.

Will write again when a chance comes.

With lots of love,

Chandler.

January 21, 1918

Dear Folks:

Last night your letter came dated Dec. 13, and replying to an old one of mine in which I described our billet- the old one. However, last week we moved to a new and much better room- large, high, and light, with plastered red walls. It is easily accessible, being on the second floor in the rear of one of the village cafes. Just now the cafe is closed for a month, on account of some illegal selling of some spirituous liquors. It is a place that is always in trouble with the authorities.

The weather lately has been warm and springlike, especially yesterday and today. There is much discussion as to whether this is really spring or only a January thaw. It looks like the real thing. The snow has all gone and the roads and high ground are temporarily fairly dry.



The best weather we have had and it makes every one feel good.

Yesterday morning we had an inspection but our afternoon was free and I had a great desire to take a walk to a place of great historic interest not far away. No one else was ambitious enough to walk that far, so I started out alone in the direction I thought was right. For part of the way I had a ride in a motor truck but at a certain cross-roads I had an idea that I wanted to turn off the main road, so I gave a jump and landed in the middle of three French soldiers who had just started out from that town for a walk. It turned out that they were going for an afternoon walk to the same point that I was bound for, so I joined and was with them all the rest of the afternoon, answering all the while in my fluent(?) French.

They were Parisians and all fine fellows, the best French privates I have met. Their regiment is a noted one which was decorated at Verdun and has also fought along the Somme, which my friends said was the worst part of the French front on account of the mud. They declared that in eight days they were going into the trenches again.

In an hour or so, after walking crosslots and overhills with a wonderful view, we came to the historic spot which I hardly dare describe. It was thronged with French and American sight seers, officers and men, who now replace the ordinary tourists who used to crowd the places before the war. Together with the Frenchmen I then descended into the village itself where there were more places that must be seen by all visitors. In the register my companions in blue wrote the following under date of January 20, 1918, "Trois poilus du---ieme reg't au promenade avec un corporal Americaine". under which we all signed our names.

About this time I came back from the fifteenth to the twentieth century, brought back by the realization that I had only an hour to get to the railroad, which was several kilometers distant. After saying good bye to the poilus with some regret, I lit out at a good clip, passing