

Mr 4

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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