

Mr. G.

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 commue" 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.