

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, 5francs and over, is all the issue of the Bank Of France.

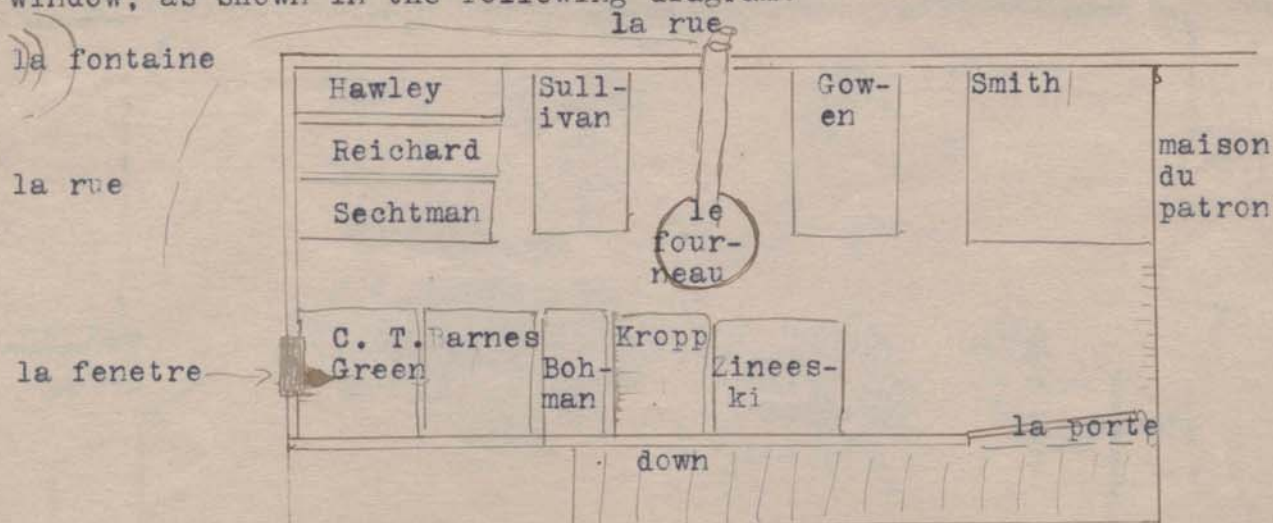
Dave and I volunteered for this job and started the system last night, with a rush of business. I can now think in French money without mentally translating it into dollars & cents.

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

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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 speak 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