

March 5, 1918

Somewhere-on-the----front.

Dear Al:

How's the Blase college man? I certainly was glad to hear that you were getting away with the Dartmouth competition and only hope you can keep up secondplace and land the job on the first picking. Don't let anyone beat you out now. I suppose this won't reach you until about the time of Easter vacation that is if you have those things this year. For all we know, we may be getting a leave by that time-- and we may not.

At present our life has its little drawbacks at times, especially when we are waiting out in a hole in the ground exposed to a good windy snow storm, all during the wee smallhours of the night.

Now everything is O. K. A few minutes ago I was awakened for dinner and we had steak and French fried potatoes, with seconds on the latter. Then someone came around and issued us a good big candle apiece and then some cigarettes, so what more could a guy want? You see we live about twenty feet below ground, with the entrance of the dugout carefully camouflaged to prevent its being spotted by the Boche avions which occasionally sail over us.

This morning I saw Sherman for the first time since we have been up in the line. As you know his job is that of a liason agent, and he came over today to bring some message from the sector where he is stationed, to ours. To do it he had to go some distance in sight of the Germans.

Jack Wiley is here with us and the other evening his father found his way up here to see him for a few minutes. You would scarcely recognize Mr. Wiley with his steel helmet and gas mask, as he came up in the ford that brought our grub to us. He hasn't been very well lately and is now going down to Nice--way down near the Italian border--to rest up. Yesterday I was talking to a French soldier whose home is down near there, and he said, "A Nice pas de glace- pas de neige. Ice trop froid- Pasbon." The expression "Pas bon" is French slang meaning "NO-good." Nowadays a lot of them have adopted the English phrase, and the kids in the region where Americans have lived use

it, and in fact have acquired a lot of American words and slang.

A young Dartmouth Psi U man, who left college last spring for Plattsbur and was made a lieutenant in the infantry was hit by shrapnel a couple of days ago and died in a first-aid station near Sherman's dugout. I am not allowed to say who it was because I don't think the official report has gone in yet.

In general, things are not very active here except in the air, and occasionally at night. However, both sides are sending over shells off and on. A few are landing around here now, I can hear them.

Well so long,

Your brother

CHAM

P. S. I forgot one important thing. While in Hanover please get some of the good old maple sugar and have the folks send it ~~across~~ across. Aussitot que possible!

CHAM