

Mr 9

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.