

LETTERS FROM SHERMAN GREEN.

November 2, 1917.

Dear Al,-

Well we are trying to get settled down once more after another rather long trip across a good part of France. We left our last camp early Wednesday afternoon and were bumping along in the French cars, nothing more than small baggage cars, till this morning. There were about forty of us in our car and we had a lot of fun but very little sleep as we could not all lie down at once. Our meals consisted of the famous army field rations, hardtack and tinned corned beef which were doled out every day. It looks as though our journeyings are over for a time as we have reached our training grounds. Till our permanent barracks are completed we are being billeted around in the little French village, five or ten men to every house and barn. Every house in this section of the country is marked showing the number of troops it can take care of. At present we are in the small Y. M. C. A. waiting to be assigned to houses. This noon we all assembled around the village pump and took a good wash, the first possible in three days. Maybe it didn't feel good. All of the little French kids came around while we were eating noon mess and we had a lot of fun with them trying out our limited French with varied success. Censorship is very strict now and so there is not much else that I can say. Eats are good now, American Plan. SHERM.

November 20, 1917.

Dear Al,-

Well we are very comfortably settled now in what we hope will be permanent winter quarters. After our eight day stay in the old leaky shack we were glad enough to hear that we were going to be billeted. There are seven of us in a little room over a barn and we consider ourselves quite fortunate. By the best of luck we seven agents pulled the strings and were finally given this little apartment all our own. The peasants down stairs are very pleasant and have helped us to fix up the place. Besides our seven cots there is just room enough for a little stove, a table and two camp chairs. Our table is a special

consession not possessed by most of the other company billets. I've just come back from Chan's billet a few houses down the street where his squad is fairly comfortably settled at last. Until yesterday they were without a stove of any kind but tonight the place looked pretty good. I stayed there until someone (Kropp I imagine) put some green wood on the stove and it smoked the place out in good style. Our meals have been improving lately both in quality and in quantity and now we always bring some bread back with us to the billet for toast. We are all broke now but as soon as we get paid we will have some swell feeds on our stove.

We had Wednesday afternoon off and Jack Wiley and I went on a sightseeing expedition into the large sized town several miles distant. Between us we had about six francs but we had a fine time trying out our French on the storekeepers and pricing sweaters, socks, etc. I finally bought a pair of socks and a can of beans which we consumed that evening.

* * * * *

Three days have passed during which I had a day on guard and today I was on fatigue, so I have not had any time to finish this letter. Yesterday (Sunday afternoon) Jack and I went to town and listened to a band concert by a large French military band. After the concert it was a fine spectacle to ~~see the~~ stand on the street corner and watch the cosmopolitan crowds throng by. Hords and hords of French soldiers and also American soldiers, American officers, French generals ~~etc.~~ (The place seems full of them) in their cars, American ambulance drivers, British Royal Flying Corps aviators, Serbian soldiers, etc, etc. All the stores are open Sundays here and they are so crowded that each store has to have its own traffic laws. It's worse than Xmas in Hartford. I was broke but we had a pretty good at a table with five Frenchmen for only 53 cents consisting of steak (horse meat, undoubtedly), french fried potatoes, coffee and French bread. Of course after dark the streets are all darkened and the cafes operate in back of curtained windows. We stumbled home in the dark about 7:30.

After supper tonight we staged a little feed up here in the room. Besides ~~wh~~ seven there was McElwain and Boh Paisley and we had a feed consisting of heated tomatoes on toast. The tomatoes

bought in town and the toast which we save every meal from our regular ration of three slices. We certainly have a great time in our little joint here. This morning at inspection by the officers it was judged the best looking and neatest billet in the company.

A company of engineers arrived in town the other day and among them are two Dartmouth men, both seargents. One of them is in my class. Haven't heard from Al Street since my last letter to you so I don't know whether he can arrange for our meeting. Well, I will close for now.

SHERM.

December 1, 1917.

Were it not for our unusual surroundings one would never know we were not still hanging around Niantic. Since our arrival here our training seems more of a tangible thing and is becoming very interesting. Today 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 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 havint the hair clipped pretty close. * . * *

I'm sorry that I wasn't able to get this letter finished for the postman last night but somehow its awfully hard to find time to write. We are limited to one letter a day but generally we don't get time to write that one. Our little billet is a very popular one evenings and every night after supper there are about a dozen of us in a little circle about the stove discussing things in general, in fact discussing everything except the war. Last night besides the seven of us agents there were Bob Lingley, Jack Wiley, Floyd Couch, and McElwain 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 jamb 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 we have to take a trip to the mountain about every other day and bring down a 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} feed supply

was pretty low for our big Sunday dinner.

All of the American soldiers got a very good feed last Thursday which was, of course, Thanksgiving Day. Unfortunately it fell company C's turn to guard and D. S. Green was among the unlucky 21. However I was not on the shift at dinnertime so I got the big feed on time. It consisted of a turkey leg, and a piece of white meat, dressing sweet and white mashed potatoes, a little cranberry and mincemeat, bread and real butter and a piece of apple pie. A very satisfactory meal in every way. I was on guard from 5:30 to 9:30 and 5:30 to 7:30 the next morning so I got about my usual share of sleep. Company C goes on guard again this afternoon and Chan is acting sergeant of the guard.

I suppose you will be thinking now of Christmas. They are allowing the soldiers to send home small mementoes now but we can't do so until we get the wherewithall to purchase them. Please don't send me cigarettes, for, strange to say, they are quite plentiful and cheaper here than in the States. The tobacco concerns are allowing the soldiers the old prices. However any sweets such as jam, jelly, peanut butter, butter scotch, or maple sugar would be very acceptable.

Did you go to the Brown 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 to 0, whereby I lose ten francs for I had that amount up in a bet with a Brown chap in the Massachusetts Engineers stationed here in town. These engine engineers are a fine bunch, mostly college men and I have become quite clubby with a couple of Dartmouth men, also a couple of Brown fellows, the latter, fraternity brothers of Jack Wiley. The Dartmouth is coming all right and I have received three of them which went the rounds of the eight D men in town. Got a fine long letter from Bob Stecher. I'm afraid that 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 knew 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" book and is a very proficient student. I go down and say "Bon jour" and he ~~comes~~ comes right back with "Good morning." He has some very good apples and we have ten cents worth every day on payday credit.

Well the mail man is here so I will ~~have~~ have to say goodby,

SHERM.

Regal Apartments

December 5, 1917.

A strange thing happened just now. A French airplane swooped down over our little village and the pilot dropped a note. It turned out that the pilot was an American in the Lafayette Esquadriile and the note ~~was~~ was for his brother in the 101st engineers here in town.

The old couple who live below us have two sons in the war and one of them is home ~~on furlough~~ on furlough at present. He is a fine young chap, 28 years old, a poilu at Verdun. I enjoy going down and talking with him and last night he came up and inspected our apartment. Incidentally he showed us some fine little snap shots of the trenches and passed around little souvenirs. He gave me a name plate off a German field kitchen, also several German rifle bullets. He had been in the war three years and has won the Crois de Guerre three times. Tonight he is coming up again and we are going to have a little feed in his honor. It's mess time and I must close.

SHERM.