

February 4th '18

Dear Mother:-

We have just returned from afternoon drill and I must hurry to get this letter off before the mailman comes around. Since I last wrote we have been kept quite busy, in fact they don't observe any drill hours at all. Almost every day last week we were taken in trucks over to the divisional machine gun range, fifteen miles away, and we took up various forms of machine gun fire including the all important barrage work which will probably form a large part of our work in action. The work over there was certainly very interesting and the General himself drove out and gave us the once over several days. There were always a good sprinkling of Colonels and Majors on the large field. Last Friday we did not go out to the large range but spent the morning on our own range near by. The nine agents had a little taste of trench warfare that morning for we were stationed in the pits just in front of the targets. Our job was to post up the targets and signal back the number of hits on each. It was quite exciting to squat down in the shallow pits and hear the bullets whiz by or bury themselves in the further side of the pit. That afternoon I went on guard. There are only two companies in this town now so Co. C has to mount a guard every other day. This last guard was a very good one and quite pleasurable. Saturday afternoon we were relieved and I went downstreet with Art Nielson. We did not squander much money. My shopping consisted in getting a couple of extra batteries for my searchlight and sending a cable to be read at the Delt banquet which is scheduled to come off February 26th, according to the dope I got from a recent fine letter from Main Sandoe my last year's roommate. He informed me that Al is coming along fine and is making good on the Dartmouth. I also drew a letter from Bob Stecher the other night and learn that he has been accepted into an aviation school. Lucky Fellow. Also heard from Al Street and he said that he was going up to Hartford to call on you and show you his pictures. It was certainly too bad that we couldn't have gotten together before he left France.



Now for the main topic. ~~Ymas~~ mail has arrived in train loads for the last week and Saturday night I received my second and third boxes from you folks. Believe me, I was certainly glad to get them, for we ~~were~~ almost ready to give up hope of ever receiving them. I delivered the cake to Dave and you can bet Chan was soon on hand to receive his share of the contents. The flannel sleeping bags will certainly come in handy. As for the sweater, it is certainly a peach. Already it has drawn admiration from all sides. The heavy sleeves make it very suitable to wear under another sleeveless one. I certainly appreciate the socks and wristlets, as up to now I had been lacking in both of them. The vest is also a very usefull article in this spring weather. We were recently equipped with rubber boots so now I feel well protected from any kind of weather. As for the tobacco and jam they both are always welcome to a soldier and my case was no exception. I hope to be able to send acknowledgements to that list of people you gave me but they may be somewhat delayed, as we have practically no time to get off letters. I am enclosing a card of thanks which I wish you would forward to Uncle Charles. Their gift of a chamois money belt will certainly come in handy to me.

Lately our training has begun to take up the evenings. The agents who take care of all signalling must be of service at night, for it is then that machine guns are most active, and so we go out and practice reading and sending with our large signal lights and buzzers. It is all very interesting but altogether it allows you very little time to yourself.

I am enclosing an embroidered "mouchoir" which I saw in town and though might strike Emily's fancy. Well don't forget to write regularly even though mail from this end may seem to drop off ~~###~~ somewhat. I hope Dad gets the cable Chan and I sent him recently. Lots of love,

SHERM