

2:30 a.m. Sunday
March 3rd.

Dear Mother:

Our rules governing censorship have been greatly modified and doubtless it is not news to you when I tell you that we are now in the firing line. What I fear is that you learned the news and have been worrying. We are now comfortable, well fed, and have an opportunity to sleep, mostly of course ~~at night~~ in the day time. The danger is really slight as can be judged from the fact that so far the only battalion casualty was wounded while standing outside of his dugout against orders. The company is pretty well spread out and Chandler is fully two miles from me. His lieutenant informed me yesterday that Chan's squad shot a harrassing fire yesterday very effectively for a period of 15 minutes. Most of our work is barrage fire (to cover the retreat of infantry patrols in No Man's land) and the only danger we encounter is the intermittent German shrapnel trying to locate our artillery batteries. This work is certainly exciting but I will be glad when we are relieved, as we don't get much rest.

My work as liason agent keeps me on the go most of the time. Most of the activity occurs at night so during the day we carefully camouflage the gun emplacements and stay in the dugout out of sight. Our two meals are brought to us at twilight and dawn. During the day and night also we have a man stationed at the entrance of the dugout to give the alarm in case of gas. So far we have had 3 alarms but the gas was very slight and passed soon. In this dugout are two squads in charge of Sergeant Durstin and we have a fine time together. The effect of the shrapnel is terrible in this vicinity. Nothing but shell holes and stumps of trees. I'll write more fully later.

Love to all

SHERM