

Friday March 1, 1918.

Mother Dear and Sis,

Unless I tell about the weather - this is going to be a dull ~~weather~~ letter. We've had the finest combination of rain, snow, cold and mud for two weeks now, at that men are made to stand. It's the best time to work tho' 'cause we can't be seen, and work we do. Two weeks ago I was feeling bum - I wasn't well as to the work. Despite all the schooling, and I had been smoking too much. When the rain and mud came, and I had some few jobs to put over myself. Then I picked up in great shape till now I can come in soaking wet, and be frozen besides, covered with mud, and be as happy as a cricket in fall.

Had to quit smoking too - you see over here our tobacco is irregular. When a bunch comes in we load up - then when that goes there is none - fast or famine. While at Headquarters I had a chance to load, which I did, several hundred cigarettes and a couple of boxes of cigars - now I'm giving them away. You see I can't judge my capacity so I have to quit.

Right now I start to get busy - this morning a Colonel, a major, my Captain and I made a tour, and of all the things they found for me to do. I have done very little so far, and have not

been content, but now I can be
sure enough happy.

I wish some mail would come. Two
small batches have reached me so
far, but surely there's odds more
on the way! I know that Ruth is
very much interested in some "Patriotic
League", and that she got my cable-
gram, and has telegraphed to you.
Haven't heard yet whether she gets an
allotment, or whether you had sent the
I.A. taxes. I could ask a million
questions. Now that I am assigned to
regular duty, my mail will reach me
more readily.

Time to clean up for dinner - and
some dinner it will be for I'm hun-
gry. Our mess is excellent - the best of
everything - and the group of officers a
mighty interesting group. By the way - I'm mess
officer for a few weeks - a poor job when
the pickings are poor. Here I go - so long -
lots of love to you all -
Erm.

P.S. The 1st Sgt. just brought in about
50 lbs of mail for 75 men - and not a bit for
me - This is an awful war sure enough -
1.

Yours addressing me -

2nd Field Bn. Sig. Corps.
F.E.F. France -

are you not?