

"WITH THE COLORS"

YMCA

Camp Stevens,
Wednesday Night

Dear Win:—

Well, at last I've got around to write you a few lines.

As you no doubt have learned long before now, I was home last week-end, and it did seem so mighty good to be home, too, once more. But I had a tough time getting home and coming back here Sunday evening. Saturday noon I left here and did not get home until six-fifteen. I was supposed to go home by trolley, but I waited around about an hour at the West gate here, for a

car for North Leominster to come along, and at last we got into a truck that was going to Worcester, and the roads were so bad after the snow and rain of Friday night that we did not get into Worcester until quarter to four, then the car was late for North Grafton and also to Hopedale, so I was pretty well disgusted when I did finally reach home. Found mother feeling pretty fine now. I split up all those chunks of birch wood, so she could burn it in the kitchen stove instead of upstairs as she had planned. You chopped quite a little kindling, I see. Friday mother got a half-ton of stove and half-ton of nut coal from the stable, for which she was mighty well pleased, believe me.



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Sunday evening nine of us left Milford in Huff's auto to come back here. We got stuck twice in the snow-drifts on our way, and we did not arrive in camp until eleven forty-five. Everyone all over camp was late, as even trains and electric cars were half hour and more late. I hated to be late, but it couldn't be helped. Believe me when I accept a pass to go home again, I will see that I don't go after a heavy snow-storm. It's great to get home, but not very pleasant to spend twelve hours out of the thirty-four in travelling, especially with Hopedale only forty

miles away.

I was very glad to get your letter Sunday night when I arrived back. How perfectly great that you got that check from Mrs. Osgood? I felt sure that you would hear from her soon. Two hundred dollars plus Mrs. Remington's hundred ought to carry you through with ease, hadn't it?

I was so glad you took in the movies last Saturday evening in Bangor. That movie title sounds mighty interesting. Wished I might see it. That's a mighty fine arrangement the Bangor House has for housing you college boys when you go to the city. They surely do deserve your patronage. I saw the picture of your fraternity (some of them) when I was home. They were



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many new faces in the group, in fact, most of them were new to me.

Say! here's hoping that school does close in the middle of May, but I hope you will be able to have graduation exercises, so mother can go, and have a nice little trip. She will enjoy it so much.

Have I told you that I am expecting a transfer to Battalion Headquarters very soon. A week ago last Sunday evening Lieutenant Holcomb of the train called me over to his office and asked me if I would like to have a transfer to Headquarters as a Sergeant-Agent. I said yes indeed. I under-

stand my duty will be to see that all orders for ammunition from the firing line reach back and are delivered correctly in the rear. There are to be four other agents, I understand on motorcycles and horseback. If I get it I feel that it is an advancement. Here's hoping.

You surely did have some time getting back to school, didn't you? I have read in the paper to-day where even in Portland the electric cars were not running, owing to the severe snow-storms. I guess in the New England states we are getting it pretty good this year.

I went on Monday afternoon as Sergeant of the Guard and remained until yesterday afternoon. Great job. Didn't sleep a bit all Monday



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night, as I was stationed at the Guard House over the prisoners. I don't think my turn will come again for another three or four weeks.

I received a package from Fanny Sapsworth to-day with two khaki handkerchiefs and Baker's chocolate in it. Also I got a package from Queen Sapsworth, full of dandy salted peanuts. They taste mighty good believe me.

My horse is still in great condition, and as lively as ever. I have not ridden him this week yet, as I have been busy up here at the barracks. Of course we have stable orderlies

who look after the horses of those men unable to be at the stables any day.

Well, I'll close for this time and I do hope you are well and your studies are coming along all right. Lots of love to you and best wishes, from

Your loving brother,
Mart.

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FITCHBURG, MASS.
JAN 17
11:30 AM
1918
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U.S. POSTAGE
3 CENTS

For:

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Sergt. McDermett,
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