

Dear ones,

April 18, 1918

I don't know whether I mentioned it in my last note or not but since 5: PM yesterday and until 5 P.M. today (Sunday) I have been lucky (?) enough to get the honor (?) of being assigned to regimental guard duty. In other words, besides losing my one free day in a week that has been really exhausting I am the poor soldier who walks around his post for 2 hours then rests for 4, who challenges everyone after 11 at night, and who has to salute all officers and flags. Fortunately I was able to sleep soundly in my off periods so I have got about 9 hours of sleep under my belt. I was on duty from 5 PM to 7 PM, 11 PM to 1 AM, 5 AM to 7 AM, and 11 AM to 1 PM. I was in the first shift but I have to hang around to be formally relieved by the new guard at 5 tonight. I am writing this on a bench outside the guardhouse. In the guardhouse you can not write letters, eat candy, et

al.; all you can do is read and sleep and I
don't feel like reading "The Detective". We
cannot bring papers or magazines into the
guardhouse either. As you can see, it is not
an inspiring place. But we have a good
sergeant who lets us go outside and sit
around where we can do what we want while
off duty.

My post was the best, in
my opinion; even so it was boring. I just
walked the rectangular path around the
guardhouse. Oh well. It was a
good experience; I didn't really miss much.
I guess you aren't a real soldier until you've
had guard duty.

Mrs. Berman was just things up for
me. The army shows no signs of
renewing on the pass so I will spend it
over a local council member, Mrs. Jacobs.
A Mrs. Savenstein made the arrangements.
The hospitality is marvelous. I'll
write you a detailed account of what
happens. I have written a letter of
thanks to Mrs. Berman; she surely made
me seem like a great fellow to the
Petersburg hostesses; they're just dying to

meet me! I guess your reputation has
something to do with that, too, Mother.

As I sit here in the cool Virginia afternoon,
thankful that I have no more post to walk,
I can't think of a thing to say. So I'll
stop here and perhaps return to this letter
when I go back to the barracks. Besides
I just found out I'm not even supposed
to write letters out here. Please explain
my state of affairs to Dorothy Chalmers - I
do appreciate her thoughtfulness. I'll try to
get off a card tonight.

I have your letter in front of me. I'm
glad April 14 was a happy day; glad
also about the N.Y. trip and the success
of the campaign. The news about Grandma
continues to be encouraging. Thank you
all set in letters of recommendation.
Sorry I'm not home to drive you all
around.

That about covers everything I
can think of except that the next

5 days will tell me my OCS fate -
whether or not I am called
before the Post Board - the final
jump.

all's well - nothing new (re-
member my letter from school?)

Love

Lenny