



"WITH THE COLORS"



April 2, 1918.

Dear Blanche,

Well to think of what you must think of me now for not writing sooner. I got all your letters & stamps, also Mrs. V.'s fudge. Yankee. It looked pretty much as if we were going to leave until today. The motorcycles were all crated and only the bare necessities are left unboxed. It was rumored that we were booked for joining the Sixth Division at Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia. The Co. Clerk is very busy and I am working



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in the office until things
slack up a bit. I
have a "beaut" of a
typewriter - an Underwood
No. 5. She's some mill.
Been helping copying
service records all P. M.
and it was some job.
Yesterday I passed the
final Foreign Service
tests in Wigwag,
Pernaphone and Telegraphy.
I surprised myself in
the latter by turning
in an accurate copy
at 20 words per minute.
M. V. E. McTelvey,
who sent for us, started
at 10 wds per minute,
sending 100 words.



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He then sent 100 words
at 15 words per minute.
I got this all preached &
cream so decided
to try to "get" the 20-word.
Well I got it off and if
I was in civil life I
would be able to qualify
for a government license
as a commercial operator.
(All radio operators in
civil life have to hold a
gov't license before he
is allowed to touch a
wireless key. Even an
amateur has to have
an amateur license, and
has to be able to receive
10 words per minute.)
20 words is 100 letters
per minute, and you