



TERS & AIR BASE SQUADRON
ER FIELD
NEW HAMPSHIRE

June 12, 1943.

Dear Bryant Service Club Members:

Once again, a package, and a thank you note. I feel awfully guilty each time I say thank you, for the least I could do is to drop you a line once in a while and let you know what the score is on the "home front". However, this is such a busy place, with so many little picky problems that require hours of tracking down, that the days go by, and I just don't get to writing the way I used to.

Maybe you folks know, maybe not, but "old sarge" got himself married on the first of May. Yes, a Bryant girl--Mary B. Ronne, of Pawtucket, R. I. It was one of those fussy weddings that you read about, and swear that you never will get yourself mixed up in. However, it was a load of fun when it was all over with, and will bring very pleasant memories of my squadron, and their thoughtfulness in later years.

Our squadron has taken two overnight hikes of about 33 miles. It was interesting, and although there were about 300 blisters half way through the first hike, the boys all survived and seemed to enjoy camping out all night by a fire, with no tent, and with only one blanket to roll up in. Yours truly made a little lean-to out of pine boughs, heaped the "floor" with dead fern and grass, got myself a buddy, made a double roll and was quite snug all night. Before starting the return hike, the Chaplain and seven of us climbed one of the local mountains. I was really tired when the last mile rolled along, and scarcely remember walking the distance I was so all in. The mountain climb seemed like fun, but sapped up a lot of needed energy. However, we averaged 4 2/5 miles per hour which is really walking, especially when you have a pack on your back.

Best regards to the Faculty and Students,

Louis C. Martelle
1st Sgt. A. C.