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Postmarked
Southampton Eng
Oct 27-17

Dear Folks:

My fountain pen has run dry as I was writing my diary, which I have kept since leaving the U.S. and which I expect to show you sometime, when the details of our traveling may be disclosed.

We have so far been having a most interesting time and I have enjoyed it almost all the time, my only illness being a headache which lasted only an hour or two on the day we landed in this particular place. Until the last couple of days we have been on the go continually, in fact since leaving Connecticut we have never slept two nights in the same latitude and longitude until last night. We have been treated to railroad rides by night and by day, especially at night. We have seen something more or less of England under war conditions, including woman munition workers at work all night in their pajama-like uniforms, also female street car conductors etc., various war restrictions on eating such as no sugar in restaurants and very little bread, butter, etc. There is no petrol available, therefore no autos are seen except mortar trucks (called lorries) and a few Fords which have some reason for being allowed at large. The towns, altho not very near London, is darkened at night, with only dim transparent signs on shop windows to tell what kind of a store it is.

We are now in our second "rest camp". Our first was not ideal in some ways. We arrived just at dawn and spent a rainy twenty-four hours in old worm-out tents in an out of the way muddy country region, leaving just at daylight the next day. However I enjoyed it because I got a glimpse of English country which I thought very attractive. Nearby was a small village with thatched cottages and everything so much more neat and picturesque than most places at home.

Our present hang-out is a new camp in a large city park, which is much as if the government should decide to quarter a large body of troops in Keeney Park in Hartford. This park however is approached by a fine boulevard with good residences on either side. This rest camp for American troops on their way to the front is still in process of construction.

Right at the head of our street the road is being remade by a gang of German prisoners with Tommies as guards. While we are in line waiting for our eats (some waits usually) we have our choice of watching the Teutons with picks and shovels leisurely digging in the road, or of gazing at airplanes over our heads, for most of the time there are one or two to be seen. This morning we had a drill and while resting we watched on machine do some good turning and diving for several minutes.

Another amusement is talking to the numerous English soldiers who have seen service. Wounded men are everywhere, wearing a peculiar blue uniform with a red necktie.

Dav and I have patronized vaudeville (indistinguishable from American only a little better) and moving pictures, also just the same as in the U.S., in fact half of the bill was American made. In

many ways this might be American anyway, the girls and women look and dress the same, the parks and city houses are the same and of course most of the customs.

We are getting used to English money gradually, but it seems somewhat strange- I have in my pocket now an assortment including ten-shilling notes, half-crowns, florins, shillings, a sixpence, some pennies and a hapenny. The pennies ar large and heavy, causing one to spend them quickly to reduce the weight. Money goes fast as there is much temptation to buy various things in shops. All sweets are expensive. Clothing seems cheap.

As soon as we are let out of camp I expect to take a train for town and get a bath, something I need. On the ship we came over in I took salt water baths, but fresh water was very sparingly supplied and was turned off entirely except for short periods.

I enjoyed the ride over. Early in the trip we had a day of choppy weather (I hope you got my letter mentioning that incident) but Sherm and I escaped sea sickness in spite of a multitude of harrowing sights and odors. I ate three meals as usual.

Our last day on ship was extremely interesting, but since I can't tell our route I can't give much of a description of the scenery or the events. They were kind enough to bring us to our port somewhere in England by daylight. We did not see any submarines, but one freighter which was not far from us was sunk.

I ate the noon meal with Sherman today and he seems to be getting along well, and to be taking good care of himself. I would not worry about his situation, since he can pick good company, and there are plenty of good fellows here. As long as he keeps well and doesn't spend his money too fast he will be all right as he is now.

My first trip into town when we came here was with Dave, Jack Wiley, and Rick Gowen of my squad. My squad is all a good bunch.

It is time to leave camp and also it is too cold to continue writing. I trust that this will reach you in good season.

With lots of love

Chandler.