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October 11, 1917.

Dear Mother:

We are on our way all right and are going at a good rate.

On account of the censorship I won't attempt to give many details, but there is apparently to be a chance of sending a little mail home in a day or two. I will write now before I get sea sick. There is a little motion now but I am all right. I have been fairly comfortable all the time so far.

There are a lot of men of all kinds on board, Americans and others, including aviators, who are envied because they are given the accommodations of officers, although they are merely students who have no commissions yet.

The weather has been good although it is dark to-night and the wind was strong to-day. The men some of their time talking to the sailors of the ship, some of whom have been at Gallipoli or the Jutland battle.

To-morrow our company is to furnish a guard detail of 68 men, whose duty is mostly to keep soldiers away from forbidden parts of the ship and to see that they wear their life preservers all the time.

It is now time to go to bed, and I expect to add some more to-morrow. I am now in the 3rd class dining saloon which is open for smoking, writing etc, to-night. However, it is now about nine o'clock and we must go to bed.

This is the next night.

The greatest event of to-day was a wide-spread epidemic of sea sickness. We awoke this morning in a strong wind and a choppy sea which caused the liner to pitch a good deal. There were some great old waves which came over the bow at times. Sherman and I have escaped the violent symptoms, also Jack Wiley. Dave Hitchcock has been rather badly off. Ricker Gowen, friend of Verena Macomber, who bunks in my stateroom, has been badly affected and has been in bed all day. He is better to-night. Several of my squad were on guard to-day and all of them were sick more or less. After to-day I might conclude that nothing makes me sick and have hopes of a pleasant voyage, the only other discomfort being a stuffy place to sleep in.

All day we have been out of sight of land but now it has cleared up nicely and a couple of light houses are in sight on the horizon, also a brilliant planet which I believe is Venus.

It is a fine night now, fairly calm and very clear. The

weather is warm and delightful on deck, so that I almost hate to stay in this stuffy room which is going up and down all the time because it is near the stern of the boat.

Most of the work on board is done by young English boys, very young, who are the most industrious and at the same time, the most patient and cheerful lot I ever saw. None of them ever refuse any request and they never lose their good temper. I don't see how they do it.

I think my business affairs are wound up in Hartford all right. I paid up in full a \$50 Liberty Bond at the Conn. General on which I suppose there will not be any interest forthcoming until next April or so.

I wish you would write immediately to the New Republic Publishing Co. to have the magazine forwarded to me at my new address.

Co.#. 101 Mach. Gun Gat.
with American Expeditionary Force
C/O Postmaster New York City
or fix it up with Mr. Hayden.

I wish I could say where we are, but it might be censored. I must put this where it will get mailed to-morrow.

With lots of love

Your son

Chandler

Please write often altho I don't know how much mail we can get.