

Mr 4

October 1917.
"Somewhere in France"

Dear Folks:

Our noon mess is a little delayed so I have run down to the Y.M.C.A. for a few minutes.

France is a fine country when the weather is warm and sunny as it is to-day. When we reached this camp last evening it was raining and the outlook was dismal as we squeezed ten men into a small tent which leaked and had a wet floor. Every camp we hit seems the same. There is always rain and mud, but the next day the sun is out and we shave, wash, dry out, look around and decide that it is a good place to camp after all. We shift from one camp to another and after spending one night anywhere we feel perfectly at home there.

We have had another night on the water with very rough water and no comfortable staerooms as we had when crossing the Atlantic. In fact we were in horse stalls, some of the stalls were filled with horses and the rest with us. One man and I found our way down into the forward hold and covered ourselves with hay, but the wind began to blow too hard and we moved into a nearby stall, taking some hay with us while the horse attendants (Tommies) were not looking. A minute later the spray and waves began falling into the hold, which was open to the sky although about five decks below the open deck on top, and we congratulated ourselves on getting out of the way before getting soaked..

Just before day light I went on deck and saw our approach to France. Of course I should like to describe where we are but such interesting details must wait.

A few minutes ago we watched a large dirigible fly over the camp. Airplanes and hydroplanes are often seen.

Our travels are not over yet, this stop being only temporary. My next writing will undoubtedly be from another camp. We miss not seeing newspapers. In England we had freedom outside camp and could buy papers or anything else.

I have no woolen socks except those issued, and these would be most welcome if anyone is thinking of mailing anything across.

If I am going to get my dinner I must get over to our part of the camp and get in line.

Remember me to Alfred.

Your loving son and brother

Chandler.