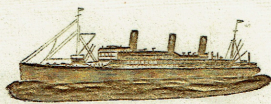


July 18, 1919.



U.S.S. LEVIATHAN

Dear Barbara:

We are now getting fairly close to France, about 700 miles, so that we shall be there about 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, the 20th. They keep us pretty busy in the morning, with a talk by one of the officers, who are going over with us, a French class, and gym work on deck. More of us are sea sick and we have good food. The ship is so big that I hardly know I am on the ocean till I go outside on deck. We have movies at night that are fairly good.

While I was in New York waiting for the boat to sail, I went to the aviation field at Mineola, Long Island, and had a ride in an aeroplane for half an hour. Went a mile up into the air, so that Long Island looked like a checker-board. Then we did the loop the loop and other stunts. It was a lot of fun.

I hope, well, I know that you are having the best time ever. Nyokum looks like a splendid camp to me. But you must learn to swim well enough so that you can have those boating privileges. I know you can.

I was glad to be able to see you
so much this summer. We may
have a leave of two weeks when
we come back, about the middle
of September. Then I can come home
again for a few days before going to
Kentucky.

My address while in France and
perhaps in Germany will be:

St. M. P. Chadwick
West Point Class 1921
A. P. O. 702
France.

I'll write again soon from France. So
you must write to me also.

With love,
Brother.