



ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
"WITH THE COLORS"



Dear Folks:

July 13, 1919
10 a.m.

Well, we sail at 6:30 p.m. today as scheduled. I have been having some varied experiences in the last few days. About 50 of us made their headquarters on Pier 3, Hoboken, where the end of the Pier is partitioned off for the use of officers. At Pier 4 next to us are the "Leviathan" and "George Washington". The "Cap Finistere" which came in early this morning is at our pier. It brought in several thousand men, mostly engineers. The Y. M. C. A., the K. of C., and the Jewish League, also the Sal. Army, meet them on the pier, give them little presents, and try to help them all they can. It is interesting to watch.

I have been to New York a great deal, to several shows, etc. Going across on the ferry, I took 4 pictures of the "Leviathan" and "George Washington".

Friday, I went to Mineola with Nanaga, a classmate of mine. We went to ^{Danzon} ~~the~~ ~~mine~~ ~~field~~ Field saw the adjutant there and he telephoned to Major Lyon, a West Pointer.

To the Writer: Save by Writing on Both Sides of this Paper.

To the Folks at Home: Save Food, Buy Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps.

who is officer in charge of flying at Mitchell Field. He went out and I saw him. He detailed one of the aviators to take each of us up for a short flight. When my turn came, I ~~or~~ climbed in, put my belts on, and we were off. He went up gradually against the wind toward the Sound. By the time we reached the Sound we were up 5,000 ft. The earth looked like a checker board and the Sound like a little brook. Then we turned back, still climbing up until we reached 6,000 ft. Then the aviator began to do stunts, first he looped the loop. It was some sensation when I saw the open sky thru the ^{bottom} ~~opening~~ of the plane and the earth overhead. We were above the clouds then and could see the sun shining on top of the clouds. It was beautiful. Now we began to come down by various spins and slides. It was what they call the maple leaf. The earth reeled around first above, then on the side then below. We would go down very fast, then start up again very sharply. It gave me a ^{sinking} sensation like an elevator gives me only much more acute. When we went up, it felt as if a heavy weight was pressing on my head. The windshield protected me from the wind, which was terrific and cold. Finally we shot down and glided smoothly over the ground without a jar. I had



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been up 33 minutes. I wouldn't have missed the trip for anything.

My address while in France will be:
West Point Class of 1921
A. P. O. 702
France

I have been eating my meals at the Y. M. C. A. Hut Cafeteria in Hoboken and New York. They give a fine meal for 50 cents.

I hope you are all well. I haven't written to Barbara yet, but will do so from shipboard.

With love,
Maurice.

P. S. My trunk is safely on board.



"WITH THE COLORS"

Mrs. H. D. Chadwick
State Sanatorium
Westfield
Mass.

