

ANOTHER SOLDIER LETTER.

Underwood Writes While on Ship-board.

From Messenger.

5 o'clock p. m.

Dear Folks at Home:

It surely seems funny not to receive a bit of mail for nearly three weeks and it may be some time yet before we get any, for they say the mail service is rather poor in France. When mail comes or goes there is so much that it simply swamps the offices.

We expect to land tomorrow forenoon if nothing happens, and it isn't very probable that anything will happen. We have been in the danger zone for about three days but didn't meet our convoy until late last night, which consists of a number of destroyers. It's fun to watch them circle around and zig-zag looking for subs. Believe me, a "sub" wouldn't last long if one of them ever sighted it. This is our 12th day on the ocean and 14th day on the ship, and I have certainly enjoyed the trip, with the exception of three days, and those three days were terrible. There wasn't a large per cent of the men seasick, but I was one of them. The second evening I began to feel somewhat "shifty" and, of course didn't partake of much supper. Awoke the next morning about as sick as I ever expect to be and in course of a few hours I fed the fishes six times. Again and again the wild sea said, "Up she comes, let's have 'er!" That one forenoon was all that I lay over the rail but the remainder of the time found me flat on my back on the deck and didn't touch food or water for 34 hours but take it from me a fellow feels awful good when it's over. This salt water air sure gives a guy some appetite. We are now in the Bay of Biscay and it's powerful rough. The ground swell are a fright today and the ship rolls first one way than the other until it looks as though it would "flop." More than one Marine has used the seat of his trousers for roller skates. We have been getting very good chow on board, much better than in uantico and a great deal better than they usually get on transports from what they say. Our Sunday dinners are fine. We have had services on board both Sundays held by the Sixth Reg. Marine chaplain. All of the staff officers are on board. Just hear the dishes rattle. Everything that's loose rattles. We tip to an angle of 45 degrees and believe me everybody hangs on. These are some great ground swells. I'm perched way up on the boat deck on a big pile of ladders with my back against a smoke stack. It's a dandy warm place and take it from me warm places are scarce on deck. For several days we were in the gulf stream and the weather was real warm but since leaving that an over-coat feels great. There is not much news to write so will stop. Probably will have a great deal to write next time. Be sure and tell all the news. Love to all.

ROY.

Word received later says Roy has reached France safe and sound.