

Culverden Castle Camp.
Tunbridge Wells, Kent.
Sept. 1, 1918.

Dear Mr. Swain:

I think that I promised to write you after reaching England. Since I have been here nearly six weeks I think it is time to keep that promise.

By the time you receive this I will be in winter billets, but I can't say where. Rumors are rampant in the army, and some say we will go to a town on the coast, others that we go to London, some say Scotland or Northumberland and I suppose if I listened long enough I would hear on the best authority that we will spend the winter guarding mine-fields in the North Sea. Personally, I hope by spring to be in an American cantonment in France. But in any case mail will follow me up as it has done so far, though after embarking from Halifax I received no mail for over thirty days, but then it over.

began to come in bunches. The American magazines and papers are much appreciated, not only by myself but by all the other men in the battalion, for after reading them myself I place them in the canteen. The English papers and magazines are very different though there is an English edition of the "Cosmopolitan" not as good as the original.

I have had quite a nice lot of adventures since leaving home. Two seraps with "tin-fish", an airacid, and a court martial being the most important. The blanked censor wouldn't pass my descriptions of them, and sent my letters back with the warning to be careful in my descriptions. I always wondered what a censor was like, but I know now. We had one on board ship coming over. He was about five feet high, ten inches broad, seven inches thick, with a face mostly all jaw and pimples. No wonder

nobody loves a censor. And they can't be blamed for their disposition. A face like that would make anybody sour on the world.

I have an awful time with the English currency, and the English language. Here, cakes and cookies are "biscuits", pies are "tarts", candy is "sweets", buns and wafers are "scones", shoes are "boots", drug stores are "chemists' shops" and the end of a street is its "top." I am getting so proficient in the use of the "King's English" however, that I can enter nearly any shop with the feeling that I stand at least an even chance (pronounced "chawnael") of getting what I want.

I have hiked over all the roads of southern England and every one of them is paved. They are kept in excellent condition, being oiled and tarred weekly. They are apparently never out of repair, and are just as good after a three-days downpour over.

as before. The country is very beautiful, with its hedges, some of which are cut into shapes of houses, animals, birds, etc., and the stretches of Kentish hop-fields. Hops are the greatest of Kent's agricultural products. And they surely need a lot of them, for everyone in England over three years of age takes his or her daily pint or quart or gallon, yesterday afternoon while in town I saw a mother emerge from a public-house (saloon) with a large can holding some three quarts. She distributed the contents among her children, even the toothless two-month-old in a baby-carriage getting its share.

There are no frame houses in this country. I've been all over Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and a few other counties and have so far seen only half of a frame house. That was the upper story of a farm-house. The ground floor was of stone. All buildings are

of stone, brick, or cement. Some are of stucco, though not many. On route marches we suddenly round a turn of a hedge and are transported back several hundred years when we see a house or a group of houses that were old when Columbus was trading the Spanish crown-jewels for enough quib to feed his crew on the little excursion to America.

There are no skyscrapers here. The largest building I have seen in the hospital out of which I was but recently discharged. It was five floors high, and was formerly the largest hotel in Kent. I had a fine time in that hospital. Could sleep all day if I wanted to, had real sheets and a sure-enough mattress, a room all to myself, plenty of books and magazines, and could amuse myself by dropping various kinds of missiles on non-coms passing along the street below my window. They weren't allowed to enter the hospital, so I was safe from punishment. And such pretty nurses!

A St. Louis paper which I received states that the Kaiser and Von Ludendorff said that the hardest part of the war was yet ahead of Germany. Somebody must have told them that I had arrived safely over here. I'll do my damndest to make it the hardest part anyway.

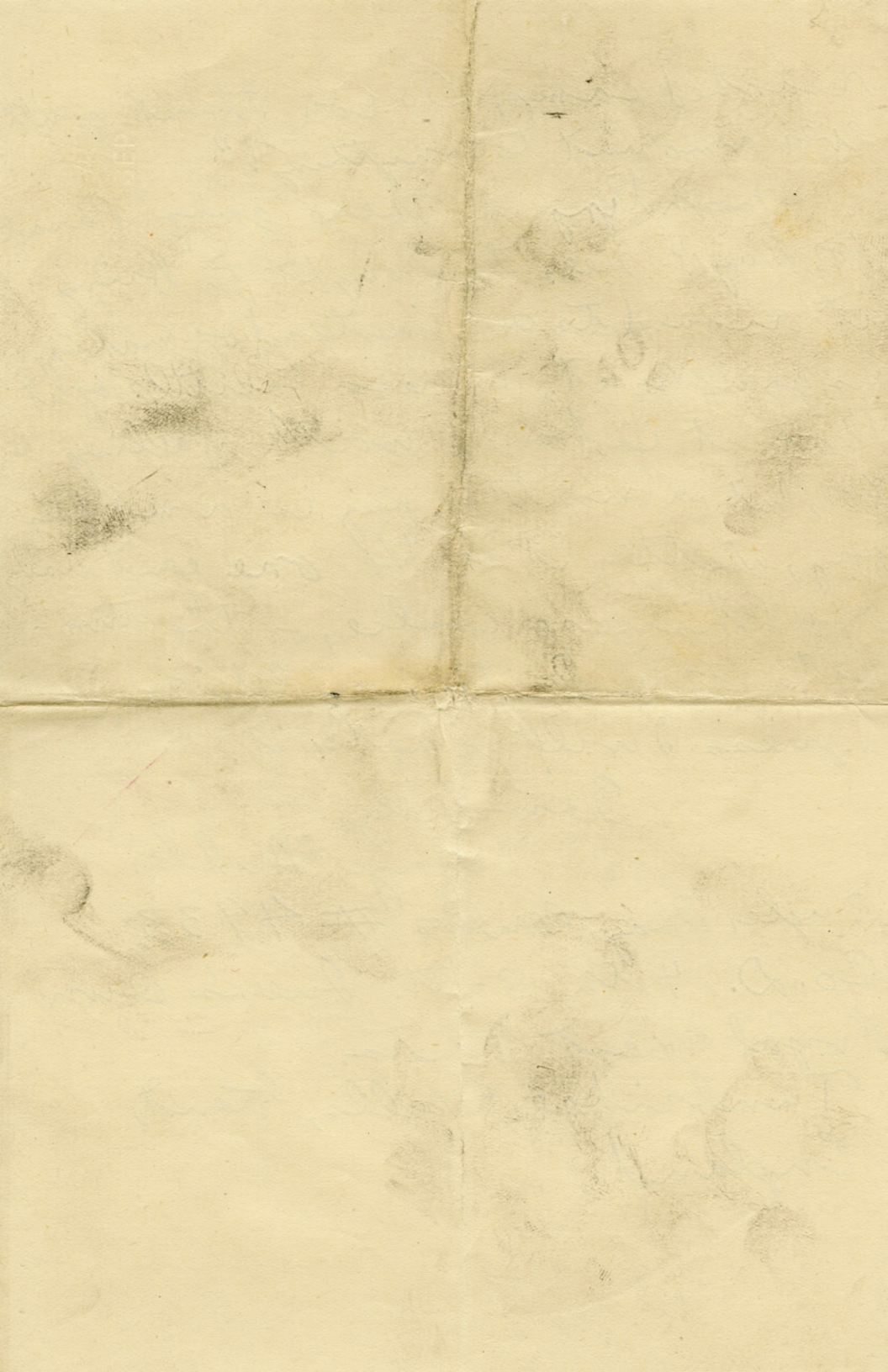
I am taking a course in sketching from a former artist now in camp, and am keeping a book of sketches of those comic, tragic, or dramatic incidents which I am meeting with. It will be very valuable to me after I get back. Tell me how things are getting on in the office and the town, and tell the city it will have to worry along somehow until I get back to tell it how to get along. Also ask Clyde that memorable question which Doc Styles asked after he had

reached camp, "Do you think you'll ever amount to anything?"

Hooking it, there goes "Paradise for Pay." Well, they ought to bring it around to us instead of making us go after it. There is so little of it that it is hardly worth falling in for, but a month's pay is a month's pay, whether it is the one cent daily of a Chinese coolie, or the two-bits of a British soldier. So I guess I will go after it.

Sincerely
 Day Miller.

Bugler Day Miller # 4433.
 Co. D. 4th Batt. Queen's Own
 Royal West Kents.
 Tunbridge Wells, Kent,
 England.



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Mr. E. E. Swain
Kirkville, Mo.
U. S. A.

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4433, Co. D.
The Quaker's Own.

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