

Alfred Simmons with Company F, 339th Infantry, in England, who has a brother also in service "over there," wrote the following letter on June 25, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Al Cimmons, 1200 south Main street:

Dear Mather and all:—

Just a line to tell you I am well and over here fine. The sun does not set until after 9 o'clock so we see very little of the night. Our trip across the Atlantic was interesting and I stood it well. The trains here look like the ones the boys play with at home. Really the only bother I have here is counting my money—because I have only a few pieces of it to count. Everything is shillings or pence. A comrade and myself bought a cake of soap this evening and we had a difficult time figuring how much of our money would be required to pay for it.

We are in a large camp and everything is fine. We get plenty of good eats and believe me Mother.

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the English cooks treat me fine.  
Don't worry about me--I'm safe for  
as long as I am here.

Lovingly.

Your son, Alfred.

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