

FROM A  
MEMBER OF  
ST. ALPHONSUS ASSOCIATION  
(THE LARGEST CATHOLIC CLUB IN NEW ENGLAND)  
NOW ENGAGED IN THE SERVICE OF  
OUR COUNTRY

England,

March 7, 1918.

My dear Mother:

I wonder if you ever received the card which I left over there, to be mailed, upon our arrival over here. If you did, I suppose you are awaiting a letter. If you didn't, well, I suppose you are worrying.

We left U.S., on the morning, of the day you should have received my last letter, and started for the wellworn "somewhere." We were exceptionally fortunate, in being shipped on board the fastest, and one of the largest transports in the service. There were a great many men on board, more than you could ever imagine. Were I to tell you how many, the censor would probably

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object. However we were here; and that is the main object. On board, we were given many privileges, which I never thought would be allowed. We were, however, obliged to wear the life belt, all through the voyage, and some of the boys felt just a trifle disappointed, when, on reaching England, they had to discard the belts, without ever getting them wet. Our voyage was, for the most part, a very smooth one, except for a small gale, which we encountered on our third night out, and which kept us rolling for about 48 hours. During the entire trip, I never missed a meal, or felt upset in the least. Some of the boys, however, were so darn sea sick that they scarcely stood on their feet two hours, of the seventy two, in which the storm came up. I was on deck, practically all the <sup>time</sup>, which was not occupied by sleep or mess. Who do you suppose I met on the boat? Frank W. Cann + Heck Wheaton. Gee!

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Mac and I stood looking at each other for at least two minutes before we spoke. He is in the same branch of the service as myself, only in a later squadron. We were both standing together, in the stern of the ship, looking at one of our escorts, when just behind us, one of the "greyhounds" spoke up. I don't know whether or not we were in danger, but we showed some speed, all right. A rattle snake would break his back if he tried to follow us, and those "Yankee Destroyers" jump around like so many grasshoppers. I was very close to one of our own turrets, the next day, and was very much surprised when the damn thing went off. Those "six inchers" certainly make some noise.

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Four times, in all, they made us sit up and take notice, but I never did see a "Sub" nor the trail of a torpedo.

However, things over here, are not half as bad as they are reported. We get three good "squares" a day. The bread is fine. Made of something, which one says is wheat, and another, rye. Anyway, I like it. It is moist, and does not get stale like our white bread. It is of a brown color, with plenty of good hard crust, and as my teeth are now in good condition, I go to it, and look for more.

If here long enough, we expect to get some good training. This morning, we went out for a walk, and saw some of the country. The roads here are kept in perfect condition, but are rather narrow. I suppose being out in the country causes the latter. The scenery through this section is great, and the type of architecture is a treat. Wish old Williams, of U.S. could see some of it. Heavy beams show right through the brickwork

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and the roofs are thatched with straw.  
So far, I have not seen a wooden building.  
Bucks are used exclusively, and there  
are some real old timers. This afternoon,  
we took another stroll, and saw some pretty  
nice places. Holly trees are abundant,  
and look mighty nice, when you strike one  
bearing the berries. The grass is green  
enough, and pussy willows line the road.  
Everything is fine now, as far as I am  
concerned, and I have not a single com-  
plaint to make (except the fact that I go on  
N.P. tomorrow.)

Hoping that you folks are as well, and  
free from worry as myself, I remain,  
Your loving son,  
Richard.

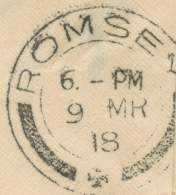
FROM A  
MEMBER OF

P.S. Give my love to the Feellers, Kenners, and  
the Nangls. Will write to all, when I get a  
chance.

P.S. Forgot to tell you, the weather is fine. Warm  
enough to go with a coat, during the day.

From: Edw. R. McElligott  
152nd Aero Sq'd'n.  
A. E. F.

Soldiers' Let



3905

Mrs John E. McElligott  
91 Fenwood Road  
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