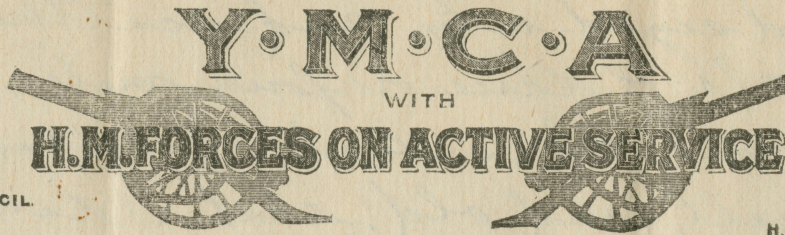


FOR GOD, FOR KING AND FOR COUNTRY



PATRON
Y.M.C.A. NATIONAL COUNCIL
H.M. THE KING.



PATRON
MILITARY CAMP DEPT
H.R.H. DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

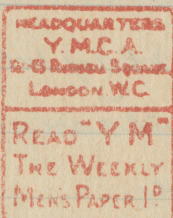
Reply to _____ Company _____ Bat _____ Regt _____

Stationed at England

May 16 1918

My dear Uncle Henry:

Today is a holiday. And such a day, too. The sun is out, and it is lovely and warm, you know, the kind of a day when you're glad, all over. The trees and shrubs, are in full bloom now, and everything is wonderfully green. As the speaker at the Y.M.C.A., last night, remarked, "a green, that is seen only in England." And I agree with him, too, for when I start to think of it, there seems to be a peculiar shade, to the grass, and foliage about camp, here, which we do not have at home. The great amount of dampness has something to do with it, I suppose, for it certainly does rain a lot over here. So you see, we all, are very grateful, when we get a day like this, for a holiday. This afternoon, I am planning to go for a hike, with one of the boys.



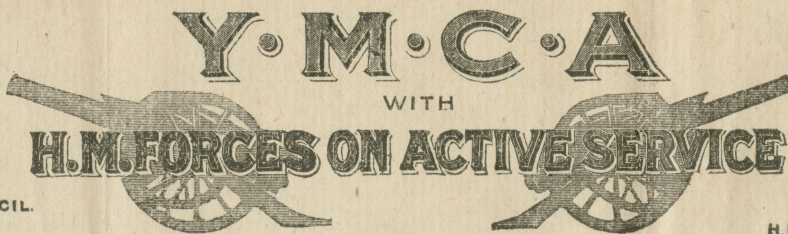
We are located on the outskirts of a fairly good sized city, and scattered about at intervals of three or four miles, are quaint little villages, the suburbs, I suppose, but they are so small, and old, that I take great pleasure in roaming about, and comparing them. The types of construction take up a great deal of my attention. They are so odd. You would, at times, wonder what holds some of the old structures together. The English are certainly keen on preserving their antiques.

Did you ever have much difficulty, when you were learning how to "splice"? I shall never forget the first specimen I tackled. I thought I could dope it out for myself, as everyone seemed too busy to waste any time on me. It took me just about two hours and half, to find out that I had to be shown. So after closely observing one of the "Tommys", I tackled another, and got through it, with very little trouble. It's easy when you know how, isn't it? Well, I bound up the ends of my first splice, and put it away for a "relic". I'll show it to you, when (?) I get back. It is a seven strand steel cable. I like this job of rigging, very well, and feel that no other branch of the service would be more interesting, or attractive.

FOR GOD. FOR KING AND FOR COUNTRY



PATRON
Y.M.C.A. NATIONAL COUNCIL.
H.M. THE KING.



PATRON
MILITARY CAMP DEPT
H.R.H. DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Reply to Company Bat. Regt

Stationed at 191

Of course, there are disagreeable things, which one must do now and then, but show me the job, which does not offer some obstacles. Our chief difficulty, is washing down the "busses" at night. The type of motor used, throws considerable oil, not only on the cowling, but very nearly all of the fuselage and one wing. To remove this oil, very hot water has to be used, and it is no joke, when a fellow has to crouch down under the lower plane and scrub up overhead. But it has to be done, and we are here to do it, as part of our duty, so nobody grumbles.

It is very close to "chow time" now so I will have to close, if I want my dinner. Hoping you and all the family are well, I remain,

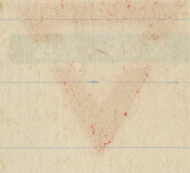
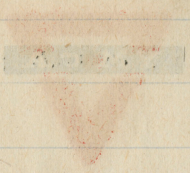
Your loving nephew,
Richard Mc Eligott.

Censored by *[Signature]*
1st. Lieut. S.R.C. S.

152 Aero Squadron, 9th American Air Force
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England.

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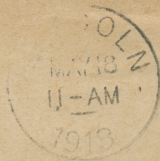
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Soldier's Letter



3507

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