

AMERICAN



ON ACTIVE SERVICE  
WITH  
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

August 3rd 1918

Essie dear:

It is raining, again, or rather yet, and I am on F.P. tomorrow. Isn't that fine?

Where did I stop, in my last letter? I don't know whether it was Sunday or Monday. You see my system is not very efficient. Guess I shall have to engage an efficiency expert to keep track of my correspondence. Your letters, as well. Oh! your idea works out to perfection. One day I receive letter number four, in about ten days, number two drifts in, and in due time three and one, respectively. So you see, up to date, I have received all four, now if I don't get about four more in one bunch, I'm going to complain.

How is May getting along? Hope she has entirely recovered and is at present enjoying a good vacation, somewhere.

Now to get back to the subject. I'll

gave an account of the soldiers of Fortune  
and their doings, Sunday, July 21. In  
case I didn't tell you about it before.  
Being Sunday, we were allowed to sleep  
until 9<sup>00</sup> A.M., if we cared to. But most of  
us got up early. Yes, I was up and dressed  
at about 8<sup>45</sup>. Oh, Gee, but it did seem  
good to be able to lie in bed, in the  
morning. Good bed, too. Anyway, right  
after breakfast, I started out in quest  
of the Cathedral. I knew it was some-  
where in London, so did not feel badly.  
Naturally, I headed for Trafalga Square.  
(That was our starting point for all expeditions.)  
A good brisk walk, along the Strand, took  
me there, and after many inquiries,  
got started on the right track. As luck  
was with me, I was fortunate enough to  
be passing the Royal stables, just at  
guard mount. It was well worth watching.  
Lovely black horses, and elaborately uniformed,  
and armoured guards, who looked as if they  
knew their business. (Even if they were all  
dolloed up). Redcoats, trimmed heavily with gold,  
white kid breeches, high shiny black boots,  
big silver helmets, with plumes, shining

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Y.M.C.A.

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steel breast and back, armour plates. A large cavalry saber, highly polished, gave quite a touch to the picture. For it surely was grand. Oh yes, great white kid gauntlettes showed up in fine style, against the red coat and black hose. Finally, I reached Bird Cage Lane, a sort of reservation, and enjoyed the walk, the full length of it. By this time, I was very close to the Cathedral, so after dodging around a few side streets, there it was. A great red brick structure, with one large tower. As I had no time to lose, I went right in, and High Mass, was just about to begin. The altar was so far away from the back of the church that it took me some time to get my bearings. The music and everything was fine. There was no sermon however, as there were two or three masses to follow. At about eleven fifteen, I was on my way back to the hut, when it started

to rain. At Trafalgar Sq. I dropped in to  
a "Y" Hut, and made myself sociable with  
the books and papers. Soon, the secretary  
came and asked me if I would care to  
attend a concert, that afternoon. I was  
agreeable, and after dinner at the  
Albany, returned, and the party was  
escorted to the Paladium, a very  
large, and high class theatre. We  
were entertained all the afternoon  
by the Royal Artillery Band. Some  
concert. It lasted until about 4 o'clock.  
I thought that I knew my way  
back, but after about an hour, decided  
that I didn't. Central Y.M.C.A. set  
me on the right track again, and I  
got to Albany, just in time to get washed  
eat and go out to an entertainment  
at the Palace. Here we saw a very  
fine vaudeville bill of about twenty  
numbers. So after that there was  
not a thing to do but go back to the  
Hut, eat, and go to bed.

I don't think that I shall tackle  
Monday, tonight, as it is getting late,  
and I ~~may~~ <sup>must</sup> clean up my outfit.

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I have so much excess baggage  
that I don't know how I shall  
ever pack half of it. Guess I'll start  
weeding out.

Hoping that all are well, and  
that nothing is worrying anybody,  
I remain,

With love to all  
Dick.

Pvt. Richard McEligott  
152nd Aero Squadron  
of American Air Force.  
35 Eaton Place,  
London S. W. 1  
England.

Censored by  
R2nd Lieut. Sig R.C.A.S.  
K.M.Hall

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES  
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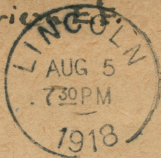
I have no more excess baggage  
that I don't know how I shall  
ever find half of. Please don't  
worry out.  
I'm sorry that all our well, and  
that nothing is missing anybody.  
I'm sorry.  
With love to all  
Yours  
Bill

Bill  
3rd Lt. William H. Brown  
3rd Infantry Division  
American Expeditionary Forces  
Camp 10, France

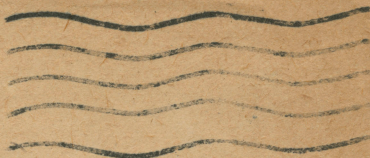
RECEIVED  
GENERAL INVESTIGATIVE  
DIVISION  
MAY 10 1918



Pte ERMcElligott  
152nd Aero Sqdn  
America



Soldier's Letter.



Miss Esther E. McElligott  
91 Fenwood Road.  
Boston,  
Massachusetts  
U. S. A.



