AMERICAN Y.M.C.A.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

Oct. "12" 1918 19

My dear Mother and Dad:

Many many happy returns of this day. How I wish I were only back for just a few hours today, to help you celebrate this anniversary. Though your method may be a trifle different this year, I trust that you both are in the best of spirits and are enjoying excelent health. Let my absence, this day, be the least of your worries, for I am enjoying life in "Merry England" Tonight, we are to conclude our program, with a dance. The hangar, occupied by our "group", is all scrubbed and polished up in great style, and the flags of the Allies are to be seen everywhere. Each of the boys, in said "group", has made a small contribution, and in that manner, enough money was collected to

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supply light, music, and refreshments, to all our invited guests. Now if that isn't typical Yankee spirit, "Wal, I want to know." The boys, who are "in the thick of it" would do the same thing, too, I'll bet, if they could find a "dug out" big enough. However, I guess, from the reports, they are tired enough to sleep, whenever they get a minute off.

Essie, you are very rude! Gosh, I know, we far from the fighting, but, not quite so far that we do not get news, of "this here war." For many months we have read the "reports," but if luck is with us, we are going to be in on the finish. It was not our choice to be put where we are. Things are pretty bright now, but do you remember the condition of things when we landed here? Gosh! we were slow to believe that such a change

could be brought about, and were ever waiting the call that would take us over. Now, we are beginning to listen for that call. Can you imagine how we should feel, if the fighting should suddenly cease, and and peace be declared while we are yet in England?

That was very thoughtful of Aunt Em, to send that clipping. A nice little verse, but I've seen better pictures of May.

The papers, along with most of my mail, must have "gone west" for I have not received six letters in the past month. So now, you see what happens when you fail to write frequently.

For the past two months, I have received my mail, not as something to be expected, only as a surprise.

Essie speaks of the "Spanish Influenza". My! but she is formal.

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Over here, we just call it "the flu." And just a trifle annoying, but it was one of our minor difficulties. If any of you have had it, well, you probably got it out of one of my letters. But now, it is about over, and only rarely, you see a casualty, as a result.

Did Ed get his "commish"? If he did, hand him my "congrats". On the level, I cant get chance to write, much. Am going to do my best, to get, a line to Aunt Louise, tomorry. But how I hate to write a letter of condolence.

Hoping that you are well, happy and enjoying life, I remain,

Affectionately
Richard.

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