

For God, ~~For King~~ & For Country.



**Y·M·C·A**  
WITH  
**H.M. FORCES ON ACTIVE SERVICE**



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 \_\_\_\_\_ Mar. 17 1918  
Rationed at England.

Dear Eric:

I wrote May a letter, while we were at the other camp, but some how or other, lost it, and last night, I sat down here, and started one to you. Got about half a page written, when my pencil broke, and I borrowed a knife, to sharpen it. When I returned it, the fellow asked me where I was from. Boston says I, and he said, "Is that so, I'm from Cambridge." Well: right there we stopped writing, and talked for the rest of the night. It seemed, he worked for the "Edison Co," on

Boylston St., His work was mostly on metres, and his district took in Huntington Ave., from Mass. Ave. to the "Switch." He knew quite a bit about the Fenway, and we surely had one pleasant evening.

Did you get the letter, in which I spoke of meeting Frank Mc Cann & Heck Wheaton, on the boat? If you didn't, let me know, and I'll tell you all over again. You may think know, that I don't write letters, any more. But Esie; I do, I write every chance I get. We don't get many chances, and even then if something slipped by the censor over here, and got picked up over there, you may never get the letter at all. I try my best to write an interesting letter, without giving

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rationed at \_\_\_\_\_

any news, and you don't know how hard it is. I want you folk to be sure and get the mail I send, so I don't give you any news. After a while, I suppose I'll learn just what will get by, and what won't. Then I'll write

We are quite a distance, now, from the camp we left. Were on the road nearly a day. Seems to me, this is some sort of an excursion. All we do is travel. But: England is a very nice country, with interesting scenery. You can't imagine how pretty some of the scenes are. But what gets my goat, is, the

~~and~~ color of girls' cheeks, over here. You never saw any thing like it. Red? Well you ought to see them. But they can't begin to compare with our American girls, either in looks or in style. They regard us, as some sort of a curiosity. The women, too, are different. In the States, (how does that sound?) generally, when we would pass, most of the women, would look sort of "down in the mouth," you know, kind o' glum. But here, why, they just take you right it in, that is, the older women especially. Walk right up to you and ask, how you like it over here, and then, before you know it, they're telling about their boy.

We are at a dandy camp, now, always something doing. No matter where you look, in

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the air, you see plains, I mean  
"planes". And such flying! Gee,  
it's a treat. Why it makes you  
want to work, just to see one of  
these machines.

Now kiddo, I don't think I have  
said anything out of the way, but  
if you get this letter, besuse and  
let me know. I have hopes of re-  
ceiving a letter, this week sometime.  
Have not heard a word since leaving  
the "world"

Give my love to all and keep  
heaps for yourself.

Your troublesome little brother.  
Rich.

P.S. If you happen to hear of  
any of the boys going into service,  
be sure, and inform them of those  
air pillows. They may not need  
them, over there, but they'll never  
regret it, if they buy one. You can't  
beat them. Thank Emily N. and  
Ruth N. for me.

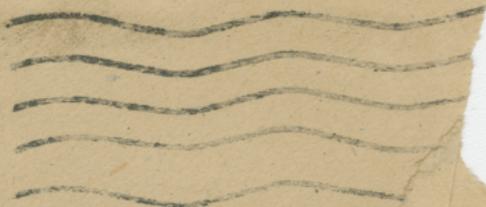
152nd Aero Sqdn.  
A. C. 4.

Please send me some money

6221



Soldier's Letter.



Miss Esther & Mr Elligott  
91 Fenwood Road  
Boston, Massachusetts  
U. S. A.

*via N.Y.*

**OPENED BY  
CENSOR.**