

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. DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Reply to Company Bar Regt *Mar. 24 1918*

Stationed at *England,*

152nd Aero Sqdn. A.C.F.

C/O Mr. Cllyott, # 37834

My dear Essie:

Is this your turn, or should I write to May, this time? Well, here goes. We are still at the same camp. That is, the second one, to which we came. The weather here is very fine. Nice and cool in the morning, warm at noon, and fairly hot in the afternoon. By the way, the clocks here, have been set ahead one hour. Yes, they got us up at 5.15, and we "fell out" for reveille. After waiting for several minutes, we "fell in" again. Those, higher up, forgot

to set their clocks ahead, so we had no reveille.

When I wrote to mother, last week, I said that there was no news. Well, that was just before I had taken a walk. Another fellow and myself went for a cross country hike. We wanted to see the neighborhood. We walked rather briskly for about an hour or so, and finally came to a very small hamlet. The first thing we saw was a church. A very nice looking but small, stone structure, of ancient type. We went into the church yard and started to read the epitaphs. One we found, which was written in 1811, another, in 1819. So you see, it is quite antique, over this way. Upon leaving the church yard, we followed the main road, to the

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end, and here we saw a beautiful stone, ivy covered mansion, of the "Elizabethan" type. It was quite a picture, Essie, with a great garden, with pools, and flowers and fancy walks. While admiring it, from the road side, a very pleasant old lady came out, and asked us to "step in and look about". We did, and when we had finished feasting our eyes, and were on our way out, we met an old gentleman coming in. He wanted to know what we thought of his place, and we told him. Our answers, must have pleased him, for he invited us up to the house. Did we go? Well I guess

TO ECONOMISE PAPER, PLEASE WRITE ON THE OTHER SIDE, IF REQUIRED.

we did. He had to hustle to keep up with us. I shall never forget the sights we saw here. It was a treat, Essie, and the way that house was fitted up, was no joke. Talk about interior decorators, he must have had a whole squadron of them, work there. We were led into ^{the} library and asked to have a seat. Great, massive leather chairs, around an open fire. Here the four of us sat, the old gentleman and his wife, and we two "Yanks". The most pleasant afternoon I have had since I left home. We were invited to stay to "tea" but had to refuse, in order to get back to camp, on time.

That is about all the news, Essie, except, the fact that we are "broke". Gee You? Gee! I don't believe there is a pound in our

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whole outfit. But never mind. Don't send any money. We'll get some, sometime. And when we do!!!! Oh! — I have been flat, for so long, that I don't mind it a bit. Gee! how good a letter would seem. I've got a pack of old ones, here, that I brought along, and every once in so often, I pull out a few and read them. The other night I read that combination letter, which you, May, mother and Annie Curry sent me, when I was at Chanute, also one from Mrs Wangle. Tell her, I started a note, to 108, the other night, but

one of the Tuscania boys came
in and sat opposite me, Naturally
we started to talk, and good
night letter. I have rewritten several
letters, home, and elsewhere, which
have been returned. Failed to
pass the censor. That sort of
takes the pleasure out writing,
Es, so have a heart. Send me
a nice long letter, and tell
every one else to, and by and
by I'll get a chance to answer
them.

Give my love to dad, mother,
May, and aunt Em, and keep a
whole lot for yourself. Remember
me to all. The Wangles, Kenny's
Kerby, etc.

Hoping that this gets over
at top. I remain,

Your own little buddie,
Dick.

With
love
to
all

CENSOR

CENSOR.

6514

6514

Mar. 24, 1918

Miss Cother & Mr. Ellegott
91 Fenwood Road.

William
Boston, Massachusetts
U. S. A.

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