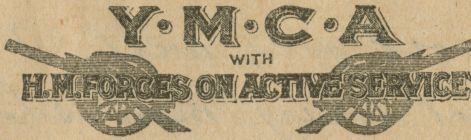


FOR GOD, FOR KING AND FOR COUNTRY



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 Reg:

Stationed at

July 31 1918

Maisie Dear:

How are you feeling, now? Hope you are better than ever, by this time. You must have been working, awfully hard, or worrying about something. If you would only take advice from one who knows, I would tell you to quit both, for awhile. I did. For several months, I did my share of worrying, and more than my share of work, and what did I get out of it? Nothing, just what the other men got. But now, I never worry, for what good does it do? And so far

as the work goes, well, I believe now, that every man should do his share. I do mine, and let it go at that. Things have assumed a very cheerful aspect, about the camp, and everything is going smoothly. Am still attending Cass Drill. Had the darn thing on for thirty minutes at a stretch, this morning. Of course, it is not the most pleasant sensation in the world, but I know one chap, an Australian, who had one on for six hours, once and then got gassed in the end. Can you beat that? However, he is at present, the happiest man I know of. He was in London, when I was, waiting for a boat, to take him back to "Russie."

A bit of news, now, about the "Trip of Trips."

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H. R. H. DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

Reply to Company Bat Regt
Stationed at 191

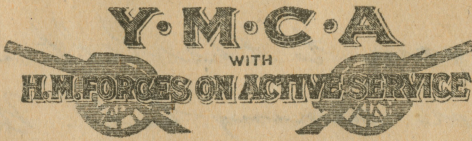
At one thirty, P. M., on Friday, July 19th, Whitney, Coble, and myself, left camp, in a big truck, bound for town, where we were to get a train to London. Of course, we had a few minutes wait, at the station, but we were so delighted at the grandness of it all, that the time passed very rapidly. Finally, the train pulled in, and we climbed up the sides and into our compartment. Strange things, these English trains. Anyway, after about four hours and a half, we arrived in London, and were like a bunch of sheep. Honestly, it is so long since I've been in a

real city, that I could hardly cross the street. Again, the traffic regulations are different, over here. "Keep to the Left." With some difficulty, I managed to reach an island, where a policeman, was stationed, and inquired the way to "Eagle Hat," the American Y.M.C.A. After much pondering, during which time he seemed to be in fierce mental agony, he told me to get on a certain "bus." Number 77, to be exact. Well, 77 just happened to be passing, so I shouted "Come on" and the three of us tore away after the moving bus. Now, the busses, are very much like the ones used in N.Y. on Fifth Ave., so you know what I mean. Well, in order to make sure that we were getting our money's worth, we climbed up, on top, where we could see all.

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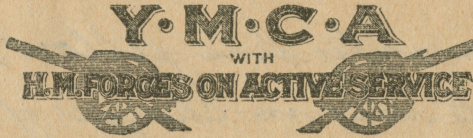


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Stationed at 191

After about twenty minutes ride, we, were stopped in front of the "Eagle Hut," so we all piled down. We went right inside, and up to the desk to register. Gee! but that is some busy place. Soldiers, sailors, marines and officers, all walking, running, talking, sitting, lounging and standing about. Pianos, Victrolas, pool tables, writing tables, lazy chairs and davenport. Oh! it's some place, all right. To the left, as you go in, is the "Lounge," a large hall, with a good sized stage. Where the entertainments are held. Very nice. To the right, and extending way back and

around again to the left is the canteen, or dining hall. Nice tables chairs, and a real honest to goodness soda fountain. We sat down at a table and a young lady came up, took our order and brought us a real meal, for which we paid one and three. (a shilling and three pence) Thirty cents. The next thing, was "where do we sleep"? We found out, much to our regret, that no beds were available in the hut, so we went next door, to the Gluyck Hut. Run by the Australian Y.M.C.A. A fine place, much smaller than Eagle Hut, and more quiet. Everything settled, we went out to see the town. Well, it was growing dark and we couldn't see much so we decided to go to a show. It didn't take us long to find a theatre and we

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H. R. H. DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

Reply to Company Bat Reg?

Stationed at 191

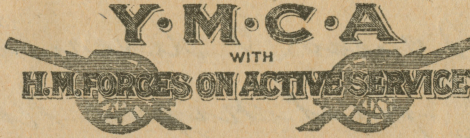
enjoyed a first class vauduville show. At ten thirty we were on the street again, headed toward home. Surely we couldn't go to bed with an empty stomach. So we decided to go in and eat. This was where I met Mrs. Alberto, also, Captain Pat Desmond of the Royal Engineers. The latter was highly decorated, and had two wound stripes. Interesting? Say, we talked until after one thirty. The Captain was staying at the Royal Automobile Club, and invited me to call. I said I would, but, I suppose you know me, by this time. Anyway, that was the last I saw of

him. A mighty fine fellow, too.
Mrs Alberts was in charge of the counter, she is one of a number of ladies who donate their time and services to the comfort and welfare of the troops. You can't imagine how much it means to a fellow, when he meets someone like that in a strange country. Mrs Alberts works every Friday night from 10³⁰ till 1. and then again, early Saturday morning. Everywhere, in London, you see Y.M.C.A. huts and rest rooms, and you would be surprised to see the class of people who give their time and service to these. Ladies, predominate, and they are very nice. Refined, and intelligent. Several of the ones with whom I spoke had traveled all over the world and

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Reply to Company Bat Regt
Stationed at 191

could talk on any subject. These
are the kind of people I like to
meet. Then of course, the "Yanks"
were doing exceptionally fine work
at the front that week, so everybody
seemed to have a pleasant word
for us. Seemed to think that we
deserved a lot of credit, and did
not seem to hesitate about hand-
ing it out either. Well, I only hope
that someone is handing it out
to the boys over there. For they
are the ones who are entitled
to it. Not us "pleasure seekers." By
the way, I wonder what the Kaiser
thinks of his Crown Prince, now?

Well I guess I described my trip and first night. Now I'll rest a while and tell you about the day trips etc later.

Hoping that your improvement is rapid and that mother dad and Co are enjoying good health, I remain,

Lovingly
Richard.

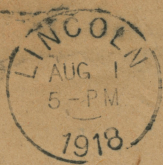
From. P.t.e. C Richard Mc Cliggett #37834
152nd Pers Squadron,
of American Air Forces.
35 Eaton Place, London S.W.1.
England.

Censored by
Second Lt. Sig. R.C. A.S.

P.S.

I suppose you have heard that all allotments were cancelled. I did not make another. I thought I might as well get the money so to have it tied up. (Advice).

Private
E. R. McElligott
152nd Aero Sq. in.
American E. F.



Soldier's Letter.



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

