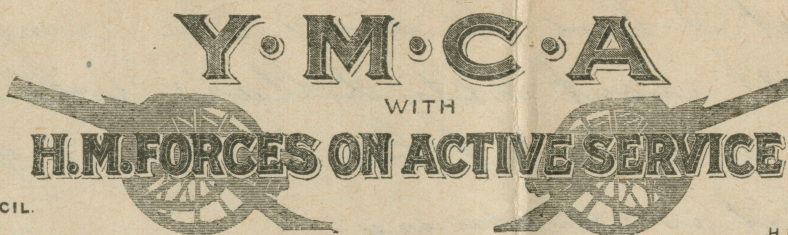


FOR GOD, FOR KING AND FOR COUNTRY



PATRON
Y.M.C.A. NATIONAL COUNCIL.
H.M. THE KING.



PATRON
MILITARY CAMP DEPT.
H.R.H. DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

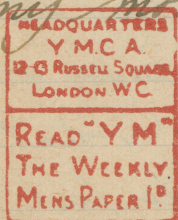
Reply to Company Bat Reg'

Stationed at

August 8 1918

Mother dear:

Today was "pay day," and I drew five pounds, eleven shillings and three pence. In other words, twenty seven dollars and fifty cents. That is full pay, minus six dollars and fifty cents, which was taken out for my insurance. The allotment, is a thing of the past, as far as I am concerned. As you may have heard, all voluntary allotments were cancelled, automatically on July first, so of course that meant that new applications had to be filled out, and the whole thing started over. Well I figured that it would be some time before things would be regulated, and in order to do away with all worry or suspense, on both ends, I decided to draw all my money. From now on, I have no allotment. You will receive, eventually, all the money I had put into my allotment. Four months, at fifteen dollars per month, will give



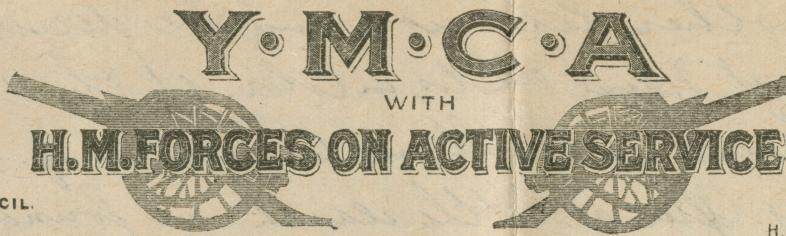
you sixty dollars. Hope you can use it. I'll spend what I have to, save the remainder, and when I get about fifty dollars, will cable it over. Advise me, as to what bank I shall get in touch with, if that is necessary.

I am feeling exceptionally well, (as usual) and just think of it, it is over seven months, since I have gone on a "sick report". Not bad, is it? Before long, we will be wearing our service chevron. Have you seen any of them yet? Well after we are in foreign service six months, we are entitled to wear a gold braid, in the form of a V, on the left arm. By the time you get this letter, we will, no doubt, have them. That is, of course, unless your mail service is better than ours. I think it is about three weeks, now, since I have heard from home. Of course you write, I have no doubt about that, but never mind. I have so much to do, that it really is not as bad as it sounds. When I get a bushel of mail, it only means that I have that much more to answer, and you know how I love to write. Can't imagine what the Nangles think, that is, if they ever do think of me now. It is so long since I have written. They were so good to me, too. Tell them, Mother, that they will never be forgotten. I'll surely write soon. That pillow, which Puth sent me, is doing wonderful

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MILITARY CAMP DEPT
H.R.H. DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Reply to Company Bat Reg:

Stationed at 191

work. If ever I happen to be out at night, (which is very seldom) I always have to wake somebody in the tent up. For it is an unwritten law, the first man in gets it. Robbie, a chap from California used it, all the time I was in London, and thought it was great. "Whit" and I have a scrap every night, regularly. He is crazy over it.

A word or two about London, again. Monday, I believe. Well, we got up at 7⁴⁵ and had breakfast at the Hut. For an hour or two, we had rain, but when it cleared, we jumped a bus and went up to the famous "Wax Works". Of course, the things were all very wonderful, we'll admit, but! It was so quiet, everything standing still, and staring at you. Guards, policemen, program girls and all. We enjoyed it, but it was too tame. Oh! I'm getting awfully tough. From there, we went to the Zoo. See it was big. Norumbega and Franklin Parks could fit in one corner of it. We got but here and after an hour or more, I

HEADQUARTERS
Y.M.C.A.
11, G. BUNSEN SQUARE
LONDON W.C.
READ "Y.M."
THE WEEKLY
MENS PAPER!

returned to the Hut. After putting away a good dinner, I met the other fellows, and we decided to take in the display of Naval Photos, in Color, at the Princess Galleries. As usual, we went up the Strand to Trafalgar Sq. up Haymarket to Picadilly. After a little search, we found what we were after and as usual, I got lost. Not until after we were inside, tho. While I was gazing a splendid reproduction of the Olympics, I was questioned, as to the meaning of the emblem on my arm. Result, two young ladies (not too young) adopted me and took me to tea in a swell cafe. I was certainly embarrassed, but I absolutely could not get out of it. When I said, as a final effort, that I did not drink tea they said, "Oh! you can have coffee." No use, I was roped in. I ate with Lieutenants, Captains and Majors, and thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon. That night, we were guests of the G.M.C.A. at the Hippodrome. We saw "A Box of Tricks". Some show. Scenery, costumes, lighting effects and music were very elaborate. Another day well spent.

Well, guess I'll have to close now. go over and get my ~~cocoa~~ cocoa and biscuits and go to bed early. With lots of love to all, I remain

Affectionately
Richard.

Pte. E. Richard M. Lilligott #37834.

152nd Aero Sqdn. 40 American Air Forces.

35 Eaton Place, London, S.W.1.

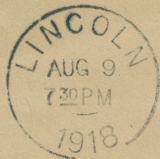
England.

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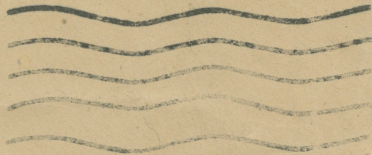
2nd Lieut. Sigs R.C.A.S.

K. S. Hall

From. Pvt. E. R. Melligott #37834
152nd Aero Squadron.
American Ex. Forces.



Soldier's Letter.



Mrs. John & Mc Elligott
91 Fenwood Road
Boston
Massachusetts
U. S. A.

