Dear Maisie:

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. I am still attending Sandhill. 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 Russia.

A bit of news, now, about the "Trip of Trips."
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 in-
quired the way to Eagle Hut, the
American Y.M.C.A. After much ponder-
ing, 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 took
away after the moving bus. Now
the buses 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.
After about twenty minutes ride, we were stopped in front of the Eagle Hat, so we all piled down. We went right inside, and up to the desk to register. It's hard to see, but that is some busy place. Soldiers, sailors, marines and officers, all walking, running, talking, sitting, lounging and standing about. Piano, Victrolas, pool tables, writing tables, lazy chairs and armchairs. 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 and 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 Sherlock Hut run by the Australian Y.M.C.A. A fine place, much smaller than the 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
enjoyed a first class vaudeville 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 when I met Mr. Alberto, also Captain Pat Diamond of the Royal Engineers. The latter was highly decorated, and had two wound stripes. Instructing, 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 supposed you knew me by this time. Anyway, that was the last I saw of
him. A mighty fine fellow, too.

Mrs. Alberto was in charge of the country, 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. Alberto works every Friday night from 10 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, predominant, and they are very nice. Refined, and intelligent. Several of the ones with whom I spoke had traveled all over the world and
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 handing 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 I are enjoying good health. I remain

Lovingly
Richard.

From Pte. O. Richard McAligott "37834
102nd Roy Squadron,
of American Air Force.
35 Eaton Place, London S.W.1
England

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)
Soldier's Letter

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