ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

Hartley Pd Oct 1915

Dearest Cissie:

Here's another copy of the S.S. for you. Hope that you will excuse its battle scarred appearance. No, it has not been through the big push at St. Mihiel, but it's done some mighty active service at this here camp. From tent to tent, all the boys like to give it the 00 before I send it home. Then it managed to locate a leak in our tent and get wet. So don't mind this time. I'll try and be more careful next time. It's been awfully damp here. Gosh, the dampness just pours, so that is one reason why I do not write so often. When we get our tent lashed down, to keep out the
wet, it is so dark inside, that about all you can do is sleep. (That is provided there is no inspection.) It has been customary to have Saturday afternoon off, but lately, besides having it off, we have had inspections, and oh! what a pleasant way to spend a holiday.

Last Thursday, I had a pass to Norwich, the nearest city (?), and what do you suppose was playing in the Theatre Royal? Nothing else but "High Jinks". Of course I took it in, enjoyed it so much. The old music and songs made me feel right at home. "A Little Bit of Fluff" is there next week, and I am going to try to make it. Of course, it is necessary to leave before the last act is over, in order to
get back to camp. But, it's worth while.

This is Sunday morning, & I have not been to Mass. And what is more, can't find any way of getting there. The nearest church is eight or nine miles away, and the wind and rain make it impossible to go there on a cycle. Norwich is out of the question, we can't go there Saturday Sunday or Monday. So, while we are here I guess, I am going to be up against it. However, if you feel will just remember me, and say a special prayer. I'll do my best, and try to be good on Sunday mornings, any way.
They are holding a religious service here at the Y-tent, now, and I cannot seem to write very well. Anyway, out of respect for the boys who are not of our faith, and who are taking part in the hymns, I quit.

Love and best wishes to all.

I remain,

Your loving brother.

Richard.

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