

ARMY BRANCH

OF THE

Young Men's Christian Association

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

PUBLIC CORRESPONDENCE
TO INSURE THE RETURN OF THIS LETTER
IF NOT DELIVERED, WRITE YOUR NAME
AND STATION ON ENVELOPE IN WHICH IT
IS POSTED.

152nd Aero Sqd'n.

Chanute Field, Pantoul, Ill. ~~NEW YORK HARBOR~~

December 19 1917

My dear aunt Emily:

You see I've changed my address again. I wrote to Essie this morning, but was not sure of my location, so I told her to hold off. But everything is O.K. now. Tell her she can ship me the piano, if she wants to. I guess I'd get it alright. The above address, Chanute Field, Pantoul, Illinois, is correct, and things look now, as if we'd be here for the winter.

I didn't ^{do} much writing while stationed at "Kelly," because they kept us on the jump, all the time. But now, before they start anything, I thought I drop a line.

We left San Antonio, Sunday morning, Dec. 16, and nobody felt badly about it either. Conditions were such, down there that we knew we must strike some thing better up here. After the sand storm,

a week ago last Friday night, the weather was miserable, cold and damp, with a haze over the sun, daily, except on rare occasions. The nights were very cold. Unless you kept a fire burning all night, in the tent, the water would freeze. Often, mornings, while in line for mess, you would see someone try to draw water from a faucet which was frozen solid. We didn't mind that though. It was the dust and the dirt that got our goats. Almost impossible to keep clean. We would spend about three hours, over a pail, washing our clothes, and if we hung them out to dry, in the open, they were unrecognizable, in about thirty minutes. Black? Say that dust is as good a dye. Impossible to get out. Of course the temperature did not bother us northerners, but it certainly did raise blazes with the real southerners.

Here at "Chanute," we are "in heaven" compared with "Kelly." Now if we can only get enough to eat, we'll never want to go home (?)

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NEW YORK HARBOR

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We struck snow in Oklahama, and I have had it since. They must have had a thaw here, because the streets are covered with hard ice. Pantoul appears to be a very nice little town, and soldiers are a novelty. The people, (regular old time New England farmers) seemed extremely glad to see us. You see this is a new camp, and only a few men have been stationed here. (mostly fliers) At present there are only three squadrons here. 150 men to a squadron. I understand that this is a school, so I might land something yet. Our quarters here are fine. The accommodations are excellent. Real beds, with springs, electric lights, steam heat, hot and cold (folding doors), I mean water, and we even have a screened porch, out front. Can you imagine anything finer. Of course

the screened porch is sort of deserted, at present, but if we're here in the spring, we'll enjoy it. There is a large corn field just across the street. Oh I forgot, there is a trolley line passing the front of the barracks. (You notice I said line, Well that's all that passes I haven't seen a car yet, and I've been here three hours. However, we are only about three miles out of town so we'll never miss a little thing like a car. It wouldn't do them any good to run anyway. We're all broke, and payday ???...

There now, it's twelve thirty and mess call is liable to come any minute, and as I want to be right at the head of the line, I close. Hoping that you and all the "gang" will write me a "slew" of letters (war cake included) I remain,

Sincerely

Richard.

152 ← Squadron number

→ 8 ← Propellers

What we wear on our sleeves

| Am taking up Italian, I teach the Wop, English, + he teaches me Italian.



Mrs Edward J Keeler
111 Fenwood Road,
Boston,
Massachusetts

From E.R. McElligott

152nd Aero Squadron

Chanute Field.

Rantoul, Illinois.

**NATIONAL
WAR WORK COUNCIL
ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
"WITH THE COLORS"**