



Jewish Board for Welfare Work  
in the United States Army and Navy

Headquarters:

Room 1413, 31 Union Square West  
New York City

Station Chaumont Field

Regiment \_\_\_\_\_ Co \_\_\_\_\_

Date Jan. 27, 1918.

Dear Mother,

Where did we leave off? You see, I've been kicking around here so much, that I don't know just where I am at. As for correspondence? Why! I have given that up entirely, for the present. The last letter I sent, was on Friday noon. Enclosed a money order for thirty dollars. Did you get it? By right, you should have received it Monday evening, Jan 28<sup>th</sup>. The past week, is one which I am not liable to forget, in a hurry. I've been busy. Darn busy! Have had letters from both John & Ed Nangle, also one from Neil, and have not answered any of them. Try to square me up. Will you?

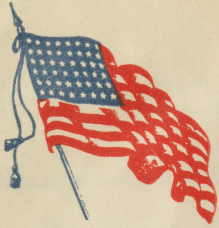
Last Monday morning I went on guard, and came off at 11 o'clock Tuesday



morning. Well I don't remember now,  
exactly what happened after that, but I  
know that I was on again Wednesday  
and Thursday. Friday they gave me  
a change. I mean a shovel, and sent me  
to the coal cars, along with seven other  
\* M.C.H.s., and after seven hours, we had  
unloaded a car, 51 tons. Now maybe  
that wasn't work. I men figure it out.  
Saturday morning I wasn't posted for duty,  
what do you know about that. I thought  
some mistake had been made, but I  
kept quiet. Went out and got a shave.  
Not that I needed it at all, but just  
as a matter of form. At two o'clock I  
was called up, quizzed on my "general  
orders", and infantry drill, passed,  
and posted for guard again at 5  
o'clock. Oh! my. You can tell Mary  
Crosby, she's a friend of mine. I wore  
the knitted Sox, she sent, and I guess  
they saved my toes, alright. It was  
some night. But tonight will be worse.

\* Master Coal Heavers





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However, I'm not on tonight, so you see I'm in luck. Nothing to do now but sleep. If a man gets more than four hours sleep a night here, it's because he's sick or something.

Guess my "snap" is over for a while now. I put in an application to attend school here, and was brought up before the adjutant, and what do you think? He accepted me. Wow! no more guard duty, coal pile, or K.P. till I get thrown out of school. Believe me, they're going to "go some" to get anything on me. I'm going to plug.

We are liable to leave here, any day now, but we don't know when, and further-more, the gink who lets the date out, is going to be "in wrong". It's a court-martial offence.



Has Neil said anything to you, about going over? I guess if the railroads were in any condition now, we'd be on our way east. But we can't find anything out. When you see me come in the door, you'll know I'm home. Not before.

You should have seen the meal I tucked away this noon. Had breakfast at 6, then after a couple of hours out in the weather, I was ready for chow at 12. Oh! my. Roast pork, mashed potatoes, mashed turnip, bread, stewed pears and coffee. You should have seen my mess kit. Piled high, and I cleaned it out too.

Skelton is still in quarantine, guess we'll leave him behind. Everyone else is fine. Am getting so used to this life that I don't know what I'll do when I get home. Jeff's letter was very encouraging. He still thinks I'm a civilian. Traffic is again suspended in Chicago. 3' of snow.

Love to all Richard.





"WITH THE COLORS"



Mrs. John C. McElligott  
91 Fenwood Road  
Boston,  
Massachusetts



From :  
E. R. McELLIGOTT  
152nd Aero Sq'd'n.  
Rantoul, Ill.  
(Chanute Field)