

From: F. Richard McElligott
Apr. 9, 1918.



"WITH THE COLORS"



152nd Aero Squadron.
% American Air Service
35 Eaton Place
London, S.W. 1
England.

Mother dear:

Tonight, I received another letter from Essie. Strange, isn't it, that last Sunday, I received a letter from her, which was dated March 7th, and tonight's letter, is dated February 24th. But why should we worry over a little thing like a date, as long as we get the news. Sunday night, we (that is, four of us) were kind of sore, at the world in general. We were tired, for one thing (after being on duty from 8³⁰ A.M. till 8.45 P.M.), hungry, and disappointed, because there was no fruit left in the canteen, and we did want a lunch before going to bed. Well, we were around a table, eating bread (the butter had given out just before we came in) crackers and sardines, (at a shilling a can) when the mail orderly happened to "drop in". He gave us our mail and we forgot all about the chow, until at 9³⁰ we were told to "get out." We finished the lunch, and

'beat it' to the tent, where we were all in each others way, trying to get at the lantern so we could finish reading our mail. Gee! you never saw a change come over a crowd, (rather a small crowd) so quickly in your life. Noone was tired, and everyone was happy. It was one grand night, and I could not go to bed, until I had read every one of my seven letters. Did I tell you I had one from St. Mary John?

I guess you never heard that we had been attached to the Royal Flying Corps, did you? Well we have. Ever since we left that famous Put camp. Here we are working on the British planes, and learning the English methods. Later on I suppose we'll cross the Channel and find out how the French do it. After that, — Well, I suppose we'll do the real jobs, ourselves. For the time being, and a few months, we expect to be, if not at this camp, in this part of the world, at least. So don't be afraid to write. The plain A.C.F. address will reach me, all right, but this other one is supposed to be quicker.

Am well and happy, and hope you all are. What are we going to have for Christmas dinner?
Bob Wilson

Pick

From: ERMcElligott
152nd Aero. Sqdn.
A.E.F.

Soldier's Letter



Mrs. John C Mc Elligott
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OPENED BY

CENSOR.

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