

August 17, 1918
England.

Mother dear:

Just a line or two, to let you know how things are getting along, and to offer an explanation for the scarcity of mail.

Until very recently, there has been absolutely nothing to write about. Now there is even less. You see we have moved. Yes, we spent about all day yesterday on the road. Came south, quite a distance, and then ran up to the North east, about half way. Now I suppose by this time, you understand, fully, our exact location. If you don't, well, just read over that explanation, again.

At present, the 152nd looks very unsteady. We have been divided into four sections, A, B, C, D, each section is ~~also~~ called a "flight." I am in "A Flight." Whitney, Robbie and Longfellow, are in "C Flight," and are stationed at another camp. B and D are in still different camps, so you see we are pretty well split up.

Things are very quiet here. Not even a

August 17 1877
England

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored across the central fold.]

town, within twenty miles. About an hour's ride on the train. The camp, though, looks lively enough, as far as work is concerned. A very large field, with permanent brick hangars, and shops. Brick barracks are under construction, but at present we are under canvas. No "Y" or canteen, has yet been established. A new camp, I guess. There seems to be a fine class of fellows here, and there is plenty of music. Guitars, mandolins, banjos, Yukeleles, accordions, harmonicas, and about everything else but a piano. So far it is fine. Had some rain this morning. Tomorrow we expect to start work. As soon as things settle, a little I write some more. I am sitting in a very uncomfortable position, just now, about as close to the ground as I could get, so as long as there is no place else to write, I'll quit.

Hoping that you all are in the best of health by this time, I remain,

Your loving son,
Richard.

Pvt. ERM Elligott #37834

152nd Aero Sqdn.

to American Air Service

30 Eaton Place, London, SW1

England.

Censored by
2nd Lt. Sig R.A.S.
J. P. ...

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored across the central fold.]

[Faint, illegible handwriting, possibly a signature or name, located in the bottom right corner.]