

August 29, 1918.  
England.

Dearest May:

This morning, I find that for a few moments, I have absolutely nothing to do. Can you imagine that? You see, I do not start work until eleven o'clock, and as mess is over, beds made and tent and vicinity cleaned up I am at liberty to do what I please. Yesterday, I went to work at 5 A.M. and worked until 2. That was the schedule of the shift for this week. Last night, however the flight sergeant stepped into our tent to inform me that in the morning I would not go on early flying, but report at eleven, with the other shift. It is now my pleasant (?) duty. I have been told, to take charge of the riggers, on that flight. By right, I should have waited until after I



I had worked my shift before mentioning the change, then I could give you a little better idea of my duties. However, I hope that you will understand me, and not think that I am bragging, or boasting. My present position has no effect on my rank, whatever. I am still a "back private," and it looks as if I shall continue to remain such, for the duration. At least, I shall not be disappointed if I do. Possibly it is rather embarrassing for you at times to have to admit that after nine months I have made no progress when everybody else's brother goes from sergeant up. How does Billy O.B., like his new rating? What has become of the 301st? You ~~no~~ must not believe everything that Pierce of W. I. tells you about Freddie G. Fred is a plugger, I'll admit, and is evidently in a construction





squadron. He is very well satisfied, and is making good. He does not say that he was too good to come over. While at Rantoul I had an opportunity to transfer to a permanent squadron, but that was not my object when I enlisted. Maybe Freddie is not ready to come over yet.

You ought to see the little black angora kitten that just poked his head under my elbow. He's a beauty. Been around the tent for about a week, now.

Hope that you will excuse the looks of this note, as I am laboring under difficulties, sitting on a couple of blankets and writing on my knee. When camp conditions improve, I will write more often. This is camp life, pure and simple. No word from home now for over a month.

Love to all  
Rich.

Pte E R McElligott  
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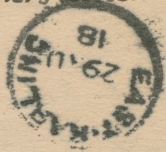
Censored  
2nd Lt. S. J. ...  
S. J. ...  
S. J. ...





From Pte. E. R. McElligott  
152nd Aero Squadron  
American Ex. Forces.

Soldier's Letter.



Mrs Mary C McElligott  
91 Fenwood Road  
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U. S. A.

*Censored - Pte. E. R. McElligott  
2nd Lt. U.S. Army (A.S.)*

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