

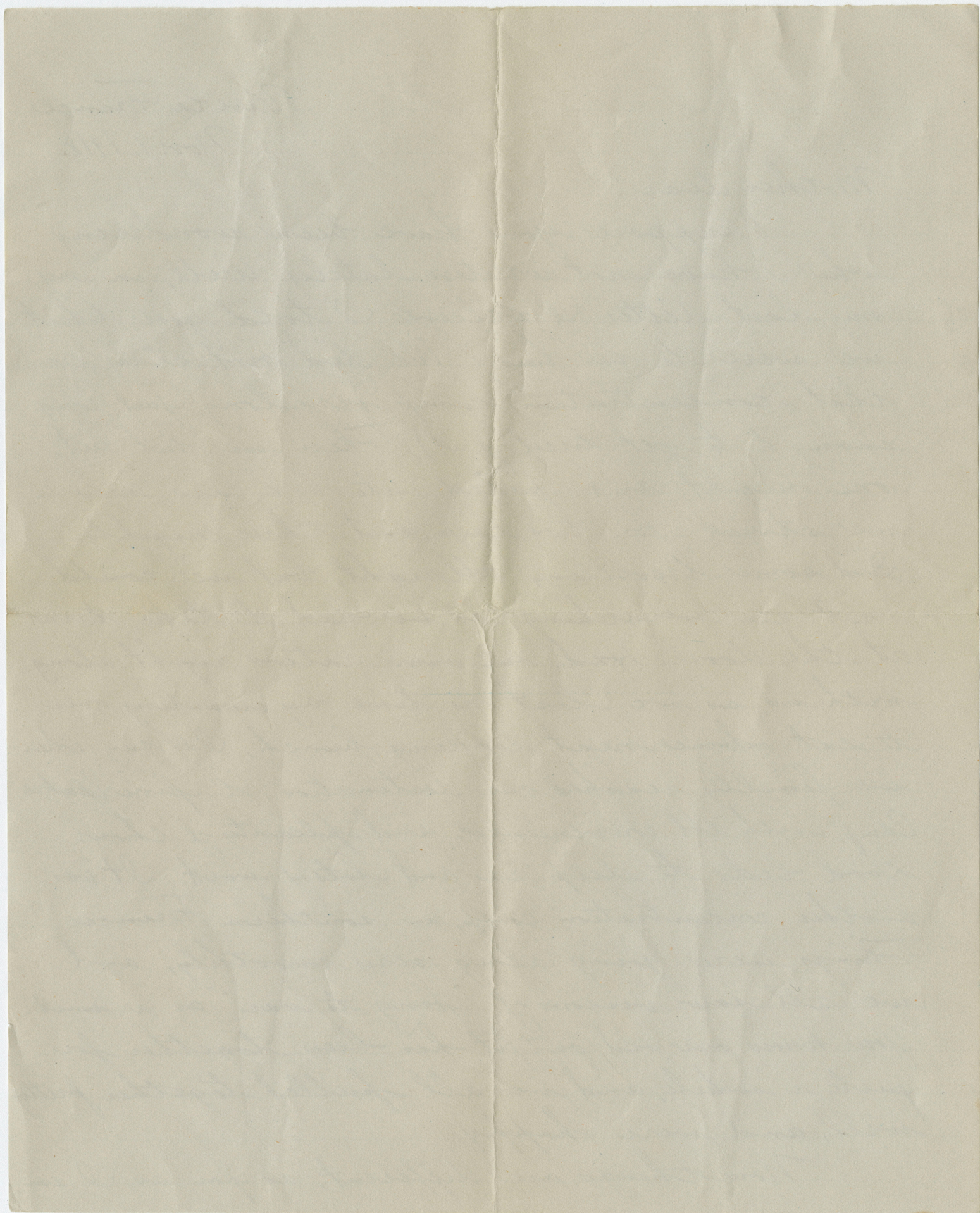
Vive la France

Nov. 1, 1918.

Mother dear:

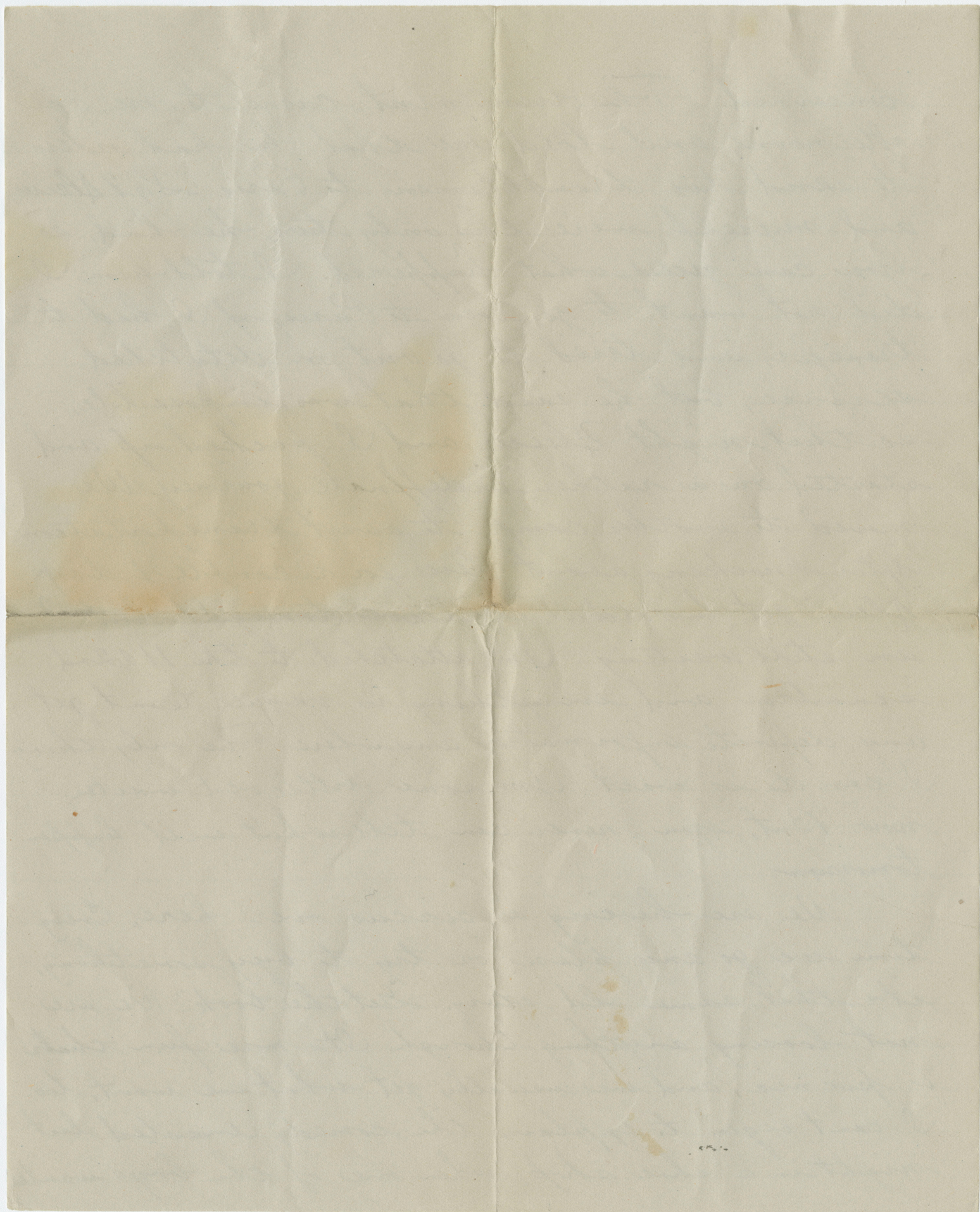
I suppose you have been wondering why I have not written lately. Well, in my my last letter, I believe I told you that we were to be busy. We did not stay in that concentration camp very long, (just long enough to get tired of it). Then we "hit out" one night, and piled into box cars, where we stayed for two days and three nights. Did some travelling, all right, but we could not see everything, as we had to take turns at the door. Had our own rations right along, with us, so we lost no time, by waiting over, to eat. Some neat looking bunch, I'll say, when we finally reached our destination. A fine Ypakee Camp, with all conveniences, and plenty of chow. Good beds to sleep in, and lots of work. It was another concentration camp, in southern France. Things were going along very smoothly, and we all saw visions of "going to war" as a unit. You know our old outfit has been together for quite a while, and we all pulled together pretty well, and were happy.

Now things are different, as far as I am



concerned. The lieutenant came to me, one afternoon, and told me that he had orders to send two draughtsmen to Paris. Sq't Fleiser, and myself, were the only two, he had, so, you can guess what happened. I told him, I did not want to go, even to Paris, if I had to transfer, and tried to go out on detached service, but he said that was impossible, so that night Fleiser and I packed up and started on a rather indefinite journey. We moved to another camp, to await transportation. After knocking about here for a couple of days "Fleis" got his orders. He leaves tonight, but I am still waiting. Am attached to the 1102nd squadron, and everything is vague. Can't get any definite information anywhere. The only thing I can do is wait. Am some little old waiter, now. But, you never can tell what will happen tomorrow.

We are having a circus over here. Every time we go any place, or try to buy something, it's that same old story. "Get the book" We are not losing anything though. It's more fun than a picnic, and we usually get what we want, too. I can't begin to explain the comedy enacted last night in a shoe shop, when one of the boys wanted



to get a pair of shoes mended. We talked, laughed and made signs for about a half hour, and won. Tonight, I am "on guard," but have a quiet post, so there will be no excitement.

If my duties are to be in Paris, in the future, I guess my days of excitement are over. No more air raids, joy rides, or prospects of getting into action, such as we had over in "Merry England"

The "casuals," who drift in here, (after six or eight months on the front) have some pretty good stories to tell. But now it looks as if I am to miss all that. However, we'll just wait and see. If you don't hear from me, now, for two or three weeks, you'll know, that I'm busy, travelling around France, (Destination unknow)

I cheer up, mother, dear, and give my love to dad, and the girls, and all the rest, keeping lots for yourself. I remain,

(Don't write)

Your loving son,

Richard.

Pvt. E. Richard Mc Elligott.

1102nd Aero Squadron.

American Ex. Forces.

France.

O.K. L. Hunter
2nd Lieut. U. S. Army.



Rt. E. R. McElligott.
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