



"Bob" Lawson
of Boston

Bill Cronley
of Jersey.

St. Maxent.

Terance, Nov. 24, 1918.

Daddy dear:

Today, is the day set aside by all members of the A. O. U., as Dad's Xmas Letter Day. It was planned to have the Censor Laws removed, for this special occasion, so that the boys could send a real, honest to goodness letter home, and have it arrive there sometime during the Christmas season. As usual, "yours truly" is out of luck, in this certain respect. For our C.O., has received no orders, allowing him to lift the Censor Law. So now, it is a case of "Say a lot about nothing." Where to begin, I do not know. Did you ever try to write a letter, when there is absolutely not a thought in your head? It is some job! A whole lot worse than my daily occupation (which, by the way is "carpentering", for the present).

The other day, I was busy, repairing a bunk, when the "boss" came up and said that he was very sorry

to interrupt me, but the tools had to be turned in. So now, I am out of a job. Though not to my regret, for, yesterday, being off duty, I got a chance to go down to the Cathedral. I was fortunate to meet a Chaplain, so went to confession. This being Sunday morning, I got an early pass and went down to eight o'clock Mass, where I received Holy Communion.

Things are assuming a very pleasant attitude in and about camp, now. Tomorrow morning we have a "show down" inspection, so you see, we are getting ready to move again. Of course, we have not the slightest idea, as to what is going to happen, nor when it is going to strike. All we know is, that sometime, we are going to leave this camp. Now, isn't that definite! Maybe, one of these days, my travelling orders will come through and on a couple of hours notice, I'll leave leave this bunch, with all its plans, and head for Paris. If such a thing happens, I'll be neither surprised nor disappointed. I'm in the army now (But I would like stay with this outfit)

It is "chow time," now, dad, so I'll have to quit for a few minutes. So if you'll excuse me, I'll go and feed my face. There! Had a good dinner. Roast beef, boiled potatoes, creamed carrots, creamed onions, rice pudding, cream sauce, coffee and bread. Oh, yes, dad, we had boiled cabbage, too. We surely are making up for the time we wasted in England. After dinner, I came in and naturally felt like a nap. So I lay down on my bunk, and woke up at four o'clock. This is the life. It was too dark to write then so we just sat around and talked until retreat. Chow again, immediately after retreat, and it was better than the dinner. It being very disagreeable out, we did not go for a walk, but Elliott and I sat on my bunk and talked over our future. Gosh! we picked every business to pieces, and finally decided that there is pretty good money in wheat. Elliott lives in Oklahoma and has interests in Oil. Says opportunities are very good out that way. He's a dandy chap

Well educated and refined. By the way,
he is about four inches taller than I. We
are pals.

Tomorrow is the big day, and I am all
ready for the final (?) inspection. The duty
roster shows that I am on guard. So guess
there is nothing more to say. I may think up
something more to write in a day or two, but
in any case, don't worry if you don't hear from me
for a week or two. Lay it up to Christmas rush,
on the Postal Service, and travel on my part.

Understand, I am in Southern France, and travel
over here is very slow. So if I am sent up north, it would
take a week or more. Don't Worry!!! Am in
perfect health, and able to eat everything in sight.

Hoping that you all are well and happy, and
that you will have a most pleasant Christmas. I remain

Your loving son
Richard

C. K. Richard
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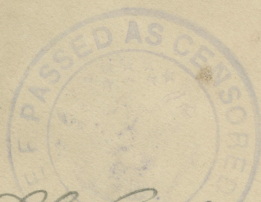
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Mt. E. R. M. Elligott.
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SOLDIER'S MAIL
(DATE & ADDRESS LETTER)



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