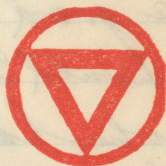


NATIONAL WAR WORK COUNCIL

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

"WITH THE COLORS"

Jan. 30 1918

1917

Dear May:

What's up? Haven't heard from home for ages. 'Bout a week, I guess. Beg your pardon. I did get a letter from Es, yesterday. It left Boston on December 14, spent several weeks in San Antonio, and finally arrived here, in good condition, and contained two pictures. One of Uncle Richard, and myself, and one of Essie + me. Didn't you pose for one that morning? I thought you did, and would be pleased to see it, also any others that you might happen to have handy.

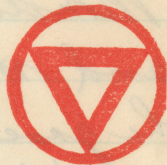
Well, I'm back at school. This time, as a student. You see the new system requires no clerk. The instructors here take care of all reports, grades, time, etc, and turn their data into the chief instructor who makes out the final report. Well, we've got the laugh on them, anyway. Held down

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a good job, as long as it lasted. So why should we worry. McDaniel, the fellow who had charge of the old school, received his commission the other day, first Lieut. However, he has not got his old job. Lost his authority in the school, but he is still around. He promised me a letter of recommendation. Said he was perfectly satisfied with the work done. Guess I'll take it. It would be quite convenient. Don't you think? (th letter)

The work in the school is extremely interesting. Time passes like a shot. I would like to grab off an instructor's rating, but the chances are about one in a hundred. Do you think I can make it? Maybe I'm getting in over my head, but I've put in application for the Sergeant Major's school. That is the highest Non Com's rating there is, excepting the very uncommon, M.S.E. (Master Signal Electrician). The S.M. takes care of the affairs of the entire affairs of Squadron, or company. I would rather get something in the Corp school, but my chances look too slim. Huh!, maybe I'll get left all around, and

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be a "Buck Private". But we should worry. This certainly is one grand life after all. Everyone is so darn "care-free" and happy. Takes what comes, and when it's over, smile. Of course guard duty, and "fatigue" are disagreeable, but, somebody's got to do it, and until my school training is over, I don't get any more.

We are still "packed up," but current rumors say that we are here for some time yet. We were ready to go though, but things have changed, so if you get a chance, drop a line this way.

Our chow is the best in camp, and I eat like a horse. The mess sergeant is an old timer, and arranges things so that we have fruit of some kind for two meals a day, puddings and imagine it: 40 pies for dinner tomorrow.

Had a letter from Gerry O'Leary the other day. He wrote in on a

Monday, carried it around all week,
and mailed it on a Friday. However,
he gave me a lot of news.

Well the boys are flocking in, in
bunches, now, and at present there are
4 of us on my bunk, and they're still
coming. So there is no chance to write
any more.

I have not written to the Flynns,
yet. If you write, remember me to them.
The Nangles are not forgotten, and I'll
get to the Keelers & Kenneys soon.

Love to all

Richard.

Did you get my money, last week?
We signed the payroll, again, today.



"WITH THE COLORS"



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