

My
Address: E. R. McElligott
152nd Aero Sqdn.



A. E. F.

Via N.Y.

"WITH THE COLORS"



England.

Mar. 11. 1918.

Dear Dad:

How are things going over there in "God's Country"? I hope you are all well, and and free from worry. This life, over here is not half bad. A trifle rough, perhaps, but it could be worse. We are now, in what they term, a "rest camp." Rest being the name of the party who founded the camp, I should judge. For surely it is no vacation, here. Plenty of hikes, and blankets to sleep on. But then! they say one squadron was here for four months, and when they left, every man was fat. Of course we do not expect to be here as long as that, but if we were, well your's truly would still be 142*

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I'm doing my best now, to try and put on about 15 pounds. While stationed at this camp, we are being fed on British rations, and while we get enough, it is not like one of your "Sunday Specials." Sugar is very scarce, here, and even the candy, which they sell at a very high price, is not sweet. If you folk, could scrape up enough to make some fudge, or molasses candy, it would be one grand treat. If, however, you ever have an occasion to send anything over, Be sure and bale it up. Dad, you know how to fix up a package for rough going. They say tin boxes are good to use for such purposes, but then they must be "fixed up" good. Tuck in a package of "Gillette Blades," will you. No hurry, but any time you happen to be at it. We have about all the necessities. The luxuries are all we want now. Cigarettes have no charm for me. I carried some, which the Association sent



"WITH THE COLORS"



me, all the way from Pantoul, and never opened them till the day before yesterday, when I distributed them among some of the boys. They were tickled to death to get an American "flag," as they say the things you get over here are rotten.

I haven't told you what I'm doing yet, have I? Well, while on K.P. the other day, the Mess Sergeant asked me how I would like some special duty around the kitchen? I said O.K. So he gave me a job tending two fires, under water kettles. It is not a bad job, all I have to do is keep the water hot, and I get everything in kitchen to eat. That will last as long as we stay here, so you see I am not badly off.

On the whole, I am pretty well

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satisfied, and as long as I can keep well, I won't complain.

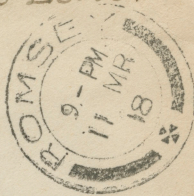
On the boat, one of the cooks, came in contact with a "harp," of some kind, with a small key board attached. No one could do anything with it, so I took a whack at it. You remember how I used to drum on the piano? Well it's the same thing now, and instead of complaining, the boys seem to like it. One night on the boat, while I was writing a letter to mother, they interrupted me, and said "give us a tune." I could not imagine what was up, so to be agreeable, I ran off a few, and on looking around, saw a lieutenant sitting down, taking it all in. It seems, he was passing, and saw the instrument, and asked for a tune. He got it and went away smiling.

Well dad, I've got to get after those fires now, so give my love to all, take good care of yourself, and "keep the home fires burning." Love Richard.



From:
E. R. McElligott
152nd Aero Sqd'n.
A. E. F.

Soldier's Letter.



Mr. John C. McElligott
91 Fenwood Road
Boston, Massachusetts
U. S. A.

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If not delivered in Ten days return to

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ARMY AND NAVY DEPARTMENT
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