

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Headquarters for United Kingdom:
47, RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C. 1.



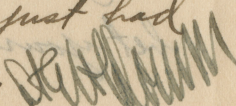
In England.
April 6, 1918.

My dear Sis:

What do you know? We have been paid. That is partly. This afternoon, we were called in from work, and "paid off". I received five pounds, and nine pence, or in other words, \$24.28. That was for services rendered during the month of February. My insurance fee was deducted, but, the allotment was not taken out this month, I think that comes out from March on. Did I tell you that we have taken new quarters? Well, we have. That is some of us. We were just beginning to make ourselves comfortable in the other camp, when we had to get out. We were quartered in tents, and were not very comfortable, so a few of us moved into a deserted hut, nearby, and found it very comfortable, after several weeks of tent life, over here, where it is so cold and damp. The hut had very few windows, left in it, no stove, and the roof leaked, but one by one, we remedied these faults, and were getting along fine, when out I had to go, and now I'm back in a tent. Oh! I almost forgot to tell you, I have had a new job. (Just for a while though.) You see, one of our cooks, is out of camp on special duty, and as I had quite a lot to do with the kitchen and supplies at one of the other camps, they asked me to take his place. Did I? Well you can just bet your hat I did, and I'll do it again, the next time I get

a chance. Easter Sunday was the first day I put in. Got up at four A.M. and quit at 8 P.M. But even so I got plenty to eat. The kitchen was dry and warm, and then I had two days to myself. Cooks work every third day. I sort of liked the game too. But it was too good to last, and now I'm back on the planes again. However, the food here is better and the cooks are fine, so it's not so bad after all. The only difficulty here is, reveille, at 5.45 A.M.

We are kept busy enough, here, some days, after going out on to the field at 6 A.M., it is 8.30 or 9 P.M. before we leave the hangars. This morning for instance, I was over to the hangar, and had the planes all out in flying position by 6 A.M. At just about 6.30, a heavy rain struck us, and wet down the planes. We pulled them in and then had the pleasure of "rubbing them down". There was very little or practically no flying done all day, on account of the steady rain, so I spent about all my time in the hangar, splicing cables. I'll have to write and tell uncle Henry, about that. I like it too. I suppose I'll be knitting socks for myself next. Thanks to the rain, we were dismissed at 5.30 this evening. Our section of the camp is a wreck. Mud! Oh my; it's gooey, and then, some of the tents leak. We happen to have the floor of ours, jacked up, on red bricks, so that it is fairly dry.

In one of my "cooks days off" last week, I went to town. A nice little five mile walk, and saw the most wonderful Cathedral. Oh! it was fine. Will tell you more later, for I must get to bed now. Please don't bring this letter home, as mother might think I am complaining, or dissatisfied, but I'm not, really, I just had to say something for news. Love to all, Rick. 



Soldier's Letter



From: Pvt. McElligott
152nd Aero Sqdn.
A.E.F. England.

Miss Mary C. McElligott
% Boston Herald
91 Fenwood Road Tremont Street
Brookline Boston,
Massachusetts
U. S. A.

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