



England.  
May, 20, 1918.

My dear little sister:

I'm sorry, that you noticed the way, in which my letters were addressed. Surely, you do not think, that just because I address a letter to one member of our family, that all the others are forgotten. No, matter what I do, or try to do, I always seem to slight someone. You have been good to me Maisie, and I will try to be more thoughtful, next time.

You will get used to this holiday business, before long. One thing, that you can be thankful for. You have your Sundays to yourself, which is more than you will get if you should take a notion to cross the pond. Too bad that you had to miss that parade, though. It must have been grand. You know, I like parades, too.

I guess my chances of meeting Lieut McElligitt are pretty slim. As George is in the Infantry, he is probably over in France, by this time. However, if I ever get a line on his location, it will take some pretty heavy restrictions, to keep me from seeing him.

Maisie, that wasn't a castle I described. It was, well, I don't know just what what you would





England.  
May 20, 1911

My dear little sister:

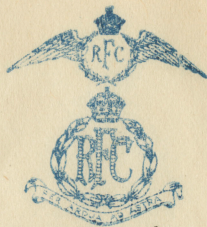
I'm sorry that you noticed the way in which my letter was addressed surely you do not think that just because I address a letter to one member of our family that all the other are forgotten. No matter what I do, or try to do, I always seem to slight someone. You have been good to me, Annie, and I will try to be more thoughtful, next time.

You will get used to this happy business before long. One thing, that you can be thankful for. You have your hand set to yourself, which is more than you will get if you should take a notion to cross the pond. I'm glad that you had to miss that parade, though. It must have been grand. You know, I like parades, too.

I guess my chance of meeting Aunt M. will be pretty slim. I disagree with Infanter, he is probably over in France, by this time. However, if I ever get a line on his location, I will take some pretty strong restrictions to keep me from seeing him.

Annie, that moment a castle I described. It was, well, I don't know just what your world





call it. The people in the town, call it "the Hall". As yet, I have not found out just what political or social position the "master" (as they call the man of the house) holds, but he has two sons in the service. So I guess he is all right.

The pictures were quite a pleasant surprise. I love to receive them. We all had a great deal of pleasure, and amusement from them. My, how the boys did laugh at the one, in which my eyes were closed. It really was funny, and they could not make me sore, by laughing, because I just had to laugh myself. Those are the little things that help, in this life. In the other one, (picture, I mean), in which I was resting on one foot, the boys also found much amusement. Is that the position of a soldier?" They asked. But I fooled them. Yes, I told them that I was standing at attention, but our house was built on a hill, and what they saw, was an optical illusion. Wow! they they threatened to throw me out altogether.

You certainly are doing your bit, May. If all the rest of the people in U.S., are buying bonds that way, well, we'll have nothing to fear. Let us hope that they realize, what a tremendous





call it. The people in the town call it the bell.  
 Do get, I have not found out just what political  
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You certainly are doing your bit, boy, off all  
 the rest of the people in A.S. are buying books  
 that way, well, well, have nothing to fear. It  
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army, they are supporting, over here, as well as in the States. It's wonderful, the way the boys are coming over.

Those local boys are certainly made up of some stuff. Who ever thought that so many of them would be getting commissions. I am awfully glad, to think that our district is showing up so well. If you get a chance to see any of the lucky ones, again, extend to them, my heartiest congratulations.

Tell Cassie, that I am awfully sorry that she felt lonesome at the banquet. How I wish that I could sit down to one now. I'm afraid that I should not have time to get lonesome. But someday we'll make up for all this. Won't we.

I am very much pleased to hear that Neil is over. I was afraid that it would be just his hard luck, to run into some trouble. Wonder how the kid is making out. His thoughtlessness must cause considerable anxiety, at home. I do regret the day that we were separated at Ft. Slocum. I often think of him. As his own disposition, is largely responsible for our separation, I do not feel so badly, as if it were wholly





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 his bird back, to run into new trouble. Woods  
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 army, they are expecting, over here, as well





accidental. Too bad that his mother is so affected by his absence, isn't it. But then, it must be dreadfully lonesome, in that house. Neil was such good company. I'll tell the world that I'm proud of the way you folk have stood up under the series of strains, which have come to '91. As long as our health holds out, and we try to be good, we have nothing to fear. You speak of mother's hair showing strands of silver. Well, even when I was home on pass, I noticed a few grey hairs, but said nothing. I did think a lot, though. What sleepless nights, and thoughtful days she must have spent. Why even when I was in "civies," she used to wait up for me, nights. Thinking perhaps I never noticed it. But when I get back, I don't think she'll ever have to wait up, again. No. I've got the nine o'clock habit, now.

So Cissie is at it again. Well tell her that no one ever wished her any better luck, in succeeding at her new deals, than her own little "buddie." Tell her not to aim too high, though. It doesn't pay. I've tried it myself.





It doesn't pay. I've tried it myself.  
Little trouble. Tell her not to run too high things  
anxiety of her near death, than her own  
in her mind, but any letter, but, in  
to Curie is still again. Well, tell her that  
I get back, I don't think she'll ever have to  
Thinking perhaps I never noticed it. But she  
involves, she used to work up farms, nights.  
she must have spent. Why ever when I was in  
What sleepless nights, and thoughtful days  
but can't nothing. I don't think a lot, though  
was done on farm. I noticed a funny hair  
a funny amount of water. Well, remember  
nothing to fear. You speak of mother's hair  
holds out and me try to be good, we have  
which but come to 91. I long so our health  
have stood up under the same conditions,  
would that I'm proud of the way you felt  
That was such good company. Well, tell her  
must be beautifully dressed, in that sense.  
affected by his absence, isn't it. But then, it  
accident. I've had that his mother is so





I am receiving a few of her millions of letters, but four or five a month is the limit. Where the rest go to, I don't know. The three, I received today, were dated April 18<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup>. not quite a month ago. One day's difference.

When you are having one of those nice "rain fits," like Niagara Falls, think how nice and pleasant it must be, to lay under an old tent and hear the music. It is really soothing, except when one of the seams starts to leak.

Steve Prunty went to school with me, but I haven't seen him for years. McEwan and Wharton, are now located, about fifteen miles from here, I think, but I have no way of getting in touch with them. Remember me to Hank, won't you. Your letters always find me well and happy, now. I am absolutely carefree. How is Dad? What is he doing? Has he joined the Army or the Navy?

Hoping all are well, I remain,

Your own,

Richard

C Richard McElligott, 152nd Aero Sqdn.  
% American Air Forces.

35 Eaton Place, London, S.W.1, England.

Censored by

1st Lt. S. G. R. A.S.



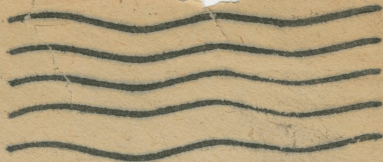
I am going to write out of a list of articles, which I want you to send. Not immediately, but any time you get around to it. I wouldn't send, but I happened to see an article in the Boston Post the other day, which gave a list of articles, which "the boys didn't want sent over, because they could be purchased cheaply, over here." Well, if we fellows could just get a whack at the guy who published that notice, he'd never buy anything, that's a cinch. There wasn't an article mentioned, that we wouldn't walk eight or ten miles to buy, if we could get them. Maybe those things can be purchased in the canteens, in France, but some people do not know that every one who leaves U. S. does not go to France. Some of us came to England. "You tell 'em, dad, I stutter"

Your own  
Richard  
Richard Wright  
of American in France  
3000  
2880



OPENED BY

LINCOLN  
MAY 21  
5-PM  
1918



BOSTON, MA  
JUN 1  
9 A

Miss Mary E. Mc Elligott  
91 Fenwood Road.  
Boston.  
Massachusetts  
U. S. A.



THE MANUFACTURE

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CENSOR.