



England
June 4, 1918

My dear Dad:

You have got to pull me out of a hole. Gee, but I'm in an awfull fix. Here I have 27 letters, piled up in front of me, a few of which have been answered, (not many) and all the rest, patiently awaiting their turn. Now my difficulty, lies, in trying to read over all these letters, pick out those which are unanswered, answer them, giving also some news of the current events. If you have never had a similar experience, then you can't appreciate my situation. So now, just as when a little kid, I am coming to you with my troubles. We've been busy, dad, awfully busy. Why I have even carried a letter, unread, around with me for half a day, before I could even get a chance to read it. A simple, and interesting incident of our every day life is as follows. We were sitting out in front of the hangar, while planes, ^{were} gradually dropping from the evening sky, and rolling up to be refilled. Their days work done, and pilots wandering off, with a few more hours to their credit. Our "buss" has been up nearly an hour and a half, and we have lost



England
June 4, 1918

My dear Dad:

You have got to feel me out of a hole. I
but I'm in an awful fix. I have a box of
letters, piled up in front of me, a few of which
have been answered, (not many) and all the rest
patiently awaiting their turn. You may difficulty
be in trying to read over all these letters,
pick out those which are unanswered, answer
them, going also some news of the current events.
If you have never had a similar experience,
then you can't appreciate my situation. I know
just as when a little kid, I am coming to you
with my troubles. I have been very bad.
Definitely bad. I have been carried a letter
around, around with me for half a day
before I could get a chance to read it.
A simple and interesting incident of our every
day life is as follows. We were sitting out in
front of the hangar, under planes, probably
drifting from the evening sky, and looking
up to be recalled. These days most boys
and girls's wandering off with a few more
hours to their credit. Our time has been up
nearly an hour and a half, and we have not



sight of it. Conversation drifts to what might have happened, and finally we decide that there has been a crash. A few more minutes, and the flight sergeant comes running out, takes the time board and then goes up to the Flight Commander. We know ~~to~~ now that there has been a crash, and naturally, start to pick up our things. In a few minutes, a "tender", (a light, covered motor truck) is seen to drive up, with a trailer attached. Few words are said, but we pick up our tool boxes, and necessary rigging, stow them away in the tender and "pile" on to the trailer for a "joy ride". (?) We learn, from the driver, the name of the town, for which we are headed. It may be a matter of a few hours, or it may be an all night job, but it makes no difference. We go off smiling. Once outside the camp, we strike out across the country, at a beautiful clip, and the beauty of the passing scenery is intensified by the clouds of dust, and gas fumes, which escape from the exhaust. Laughing and joking, we spin along, now on the crest of a hill, and a few seconds later, down in a quiet little



village, where the people are beginning to retire for the evening. We stop ^{at} a small square, in the center of a hamlet, to inquire the way, and immediately we are surrounded. Old men and boys, women and girls, anxious to have a chat with a "Yank". By this time, however, the sun is sinking rapidly, and we must make haste, if we are to accomplish anything, so covered with dust and smiles, we say "good night," and once more, we hit the road. From the top of a hill, we can see a group of women and children, gathered about a heap of twisted wire, sticks, and linen, down in a meadow, maybe a mile or two away. This, is our destination. We find a gate in the hedge and drive through, only to be greeted with a series of smiles ^{and} curious glances. Surely we are a mess. Grey, with dust, from head to foot, but always smiling. In a few moments, or hours, as the case may require, we have removed the twisted wires, taken out the sticks, and separated the various parts, so as to make transportation easy. Our next job is to load the wreck onto the trailer, which is accomplished



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to return for the evening. We stop a small
square, in the center of a block, to examine
the way, and immediately we are surrounded
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to have a chat with a "gent." By this time,
however, the sun is sinking rapidly, and we
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very good night, and over and we had the road.
From the top of a hill, we can see a group
of women and children, gathered about a
heap of twisted wires, sticks, and lumber, down
in a meadow, maybe a mile or two away.
This, is our destination. We find a gate in
the hedge and drive through it to be greeted
with a series of smiles, curious glances. Surely
we are a new. They, with that, for that to
foot, but always smiling. In a few moments, we
have, as the case may require, we have removed
the twisted wires, taken out the sticks, and
assembled the various parts, as we make them
pretter say. Our next job is to look the
work at the table, which is accomplished



in a systematic manner. It is fairly dark, now, and the crowd has left, taking with them everything, which they were able to remove, without tools, and get away with, as souvenirs. By the time we are all hitched up, again, it is dark, and fairly cold, so the boys just scramble up on top of the wreckage, or wherever they can find foothold, and start home. Cold, tired, and hungry, we arrive back in camp, well after mid night, but our work accomplished. The wreck is tucked away in the hangar for the time being, and if everything else is all right, we head for our tents, "Still smiling." That smile, and spirit, dad, is going to win this war.

With love and best wishes to all, I remain,

(in haste)

Affectionately
Richard.

Edward R McElligott.

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England.

Censored by
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 without tools, and get away with, as soon as
 by the time we shall be hatched up, again, it is
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 to be up on top of the wreckage, or wherever
 they can find foothold, and stay there. Talk
 tried, and things, we seem back in camp,
 well after midnight but our work accomplished.
 The wreck is tucked away in the canyon for
 the time being, and if everything else is all
 right, we head for our tent, still holding
 that smile, and spirit, and in going to win
 this war.

With love and best wishes to all I remain,

(in haste)

Affectingly
 Yours truly

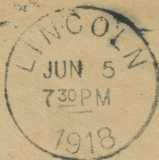
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