



ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

July 18 1918

Dear Dad:

Holiday today, isn't that pretty soft. The sun has just come out so I suppose it is time for us to start out on a hike, somewhere. Our holiday started yesterday noon, but I didn't go anywhere because I wanted to get my outfit "ready for the big joy trip." On the whole, we had ~~it~~ pretty easy, yesterday. Got up for reveille at 6¹⁵, drilled for thirty minutes, and then had breakfast. After breakfast, we went to work. Now there has been quite a shake up in the works, here, and as a result our shift is no longer on the field, but in the A.P.S. Rebuilding the wrecks. It is dandy experience, as we are in a position now to learn just where the "weak spots"

are, and the quickest and best way
to repair them. Of course, we were
supposed to know all this, and the
fact is, we really do, but in this
business, a man cannot be too
careful. We are becoming better work
men, and the things learned now
about Aircraft, will, no doubt, be of
use to many, in civil life. Several
of the boys, already, have decided
to "follow the game." There now, I'm
way off, I started to tell you what
happened yesterday. After working from
7³⁰ till 9 A.M. we were told to report
for "Gas mask drill." Gee! Dad, that is
one thing in this army, that I am
not going to like. Then again, we
looked like a bunch a little elephants.
The shape of the mask, big eyes, and
rubber tape, certainly did make
good camouflage. In way, our pleas-
ant little drill was interrupted at 10³⁰
when the clerk brought us the news
that we were wanted at head quarters
to be paid. Can you imagine it?
Needless to say, we lost no time in

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getting over. For that is one time when every body is on the jump. It was noon, and dinner was ready, before we were all paid, and after dinner we found that the holiday was "on." Last night, we, the investigating committee were supposed to attend a "Lawn Fete" in a small town about four miles away, but at six o'clock, it started to rain. And it surely did rain, some rain. Gosh, we just stayed in our tent, and had a party, all by ourselves. You see many of the boys were out on pass, so we had plenty to eat, and then some. So most of us took a couple of slices of bread, and some jam, ^{from cleaning mess} for a midnight lunch. Our tent only leaked in a few places, so we were not at all uncomfortable. We sat up, and talked, until our candle burned out, and then we turned

in. We had a tobacco issue, this week,
too. I got One can P.P. tobacco, two sacks
of Bull Durham, and one package of
twenty honest to goodness cigarettes. I
gave my "fags" away but am enjoying the
rest. The issue, is to last us, until we
get another, which I suppose will be
in two weeks. Now at the rate I am
smoking, I shall have plenty left, by
that time. You see I haven't smoked at
all for about three months.

Tomorrow we go to London, so you
folk shall not hear from me until I
get back. I am to draw full pay for
July, as the allotment is all off.

Love and best wishes to all

Richard.

Pvt. Richard McElligott. #37834

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of U. S. Air Forces.

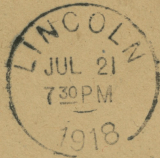
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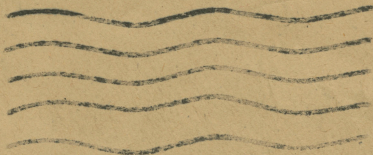
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Censored by
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Soldier's Letter



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