

August 4, 1918.

Essie dear.

No news. Absolutely nothing to write about. While on N.P. the other day I got stung by a bee. The other camp was over-run with earwigs. Earwigs in your bed, your clothes, mess kit, and occasionally in the chow. Here, the earwig is only a visitor. But the bees! Good night!

Tomorrow, we are to have a holiday, and a sort of carnival. (if it ever stops raining)

Washington is still in touch with our "orderly room," regarding that allotment proposition. You had better send them word that everything is O.K. From July 1st, my money comes to me. The only thing deducted is the insurance. Maybe sometime, I'll make another allotment. Am well and happy.

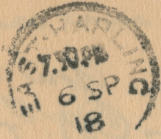
Rich.

P.O. Richard M. Elliott #37F34.
152nd Aero Squadron,
4th American Air Force.
35 Eaton Place, London S.W.1
England.

Censored
2nd Lt. S. J. R. A. S.

From: Pte. F.R. McElligott
152nd Aero Sqdn.
American E.F.

Soldier's Letter.



Miss Esther McElligott
91 Fenwood Road
Boston,
Massachusetts
U.S.A.

[Signature]
Reg. Lieut. F.R. McElligott

