My dear Sisters:

Your letters of May 28th were received. Many thanks for the news and the chippings. You must not mind a little thing like a two weeks silence, once in a while. I always manage to get at least one letter a week, over to you, but often am two or three behind, owing to business. However, I shall try and do better in the future. The casualty you spoke of, was news to us. How little we know of what is going on. But then, we are to be here for a month or two, so you need not worry.
We are beginning to yearn for activity. We hear so much from the Tommies, that we want to try it ourselves. And then, we all have faith in the front, who send in favorable reports.

Neil is far behind the lines, but Homer, Fred, and Jeff are up where it is hot.

Thanks for putting my name on the Red Cross list. No doubt, I will someday, feel the result. I received the badge, and though we are not allowed to wear any ornaments, on our uniforms, I found a place for it, on our tent. And I tell you I heard from Greg.

How was Memorial Day celebrated this year?

It is too bad about the old Honeysuckle and Popwood, but
if I ever get back, I shall be able to get along nicely without them. Is Chuck still alive?

Massie, it is a good thing for everyone concerned that you can handle those figures, which seem bound to haunt you. Suppose that I was in your place?

However, May, I have learned so far, that is not what you can do, but what you have to do. Why, I have had to do everything from cooking to sign painting, but with never a chance at drafting. Congratulations on your high percentage. And you were afraid to take those exams.
At present, I have letters from Mrs. R., Ruth, Ed, and John, and all O.K., which I would be pleased to answer, if I only had the time. Just tell them to wait. Within the past two weeks, I have received quite a lot of mail, including a letter from Peggy F., which I have just answered.

You say that the camp at Ayer has been closed to visitors and no one knows why. Well I'll bet you a shilling that I can guess. Did it ever occur to you that those boys have been under training for about eight or nine months?

As yet, I have not received the box, but as I understand conditions in this country are not worrying about it. It will show
up, some day. I'll write and give you the particulars, when it gets here.

Did I tell you that I received a letter from his royal highness on my birthday? Well, I don't suppose that King George knew that it was my naval day, but I got it, anyway. A letter of welcome, and appreciation. Wishing us happiness during our stay in England, and luck in our future undertakings. I'll send it home, soon (as I answer it).

So Cicie is a stenographer. Well well well. Some class to the kid. Note that you do not try to end this war now, and get yourself all played out.
again. What do you mean, winning prizes? And getting raises all in the same letter. Gosh, it's a wonder you'd deign to write to a common ordinary private. Your mind, now, maybe someday I'll get my name in print too. You see, I'm an actor. Yes, just to put some pep into this camp, we decided to pull off a comedy. Have mercy, Judge. I'm the judge. And now your letters are going to be fewer than ever. Between work, school, French class, and rehearsals, I can see where I am going to be on the jump. But then we don't mind a little thing like that. We are trying to have a good time ourselves, and keep up the spirits of the rest of the boys. We have plenty of excitement. Our own little war, and everything that goes with
them. The other night, while
the boys were playing good rough-
house war in order and that old
camp looked like a battlefield.
Finally, one of the non-coms, took
offence at my moustache, and at a
given signal, I was laid out
flat on my back, and a pair of
scissors separated me from one
half of my mouth. It was that
dark I couldn't abuse so I had
to stand reveille the next morning
only half shaved.
out of boxing gloves, and I am a student in the manly art.

Send over one of those Red Cross photos. Will you?

Régis's letter afforded me no little amusement. Where under the sun did she learn to write. God! I don't suppose I should talk, Cassie, but if had time, I could do a little better than this (old stuff). Anyway, there is a rehearsal tonight, and I go on duty tomorrow at 4:20 A.M.

What is Saint Cézanne's record in feet? I would be interested to know. See! I thought he'd turn out to be something like that. Some boy!

If we ever get paid again, I think that I shall take a little trip to Boston. Not the one you know, but another. Over here, just to compare the two. Interesting.
don’t you think? What a wonderful time a fellow could have, if he only had the money. Most of my time is spent in hiking. One can see quite a bit, that way, and more detail, too.

I saw a "Boston Post" the other day and also a picture of the late Lieut. Stephen Fitzgerald, of B.C. Wasn’t he on the debating team? His face looked awfully familiar. Poor chap.

Essie, I think I’ll just nod and work up before rehearsal. So with torrents of love to all. I remain,

Your own

[Signature]

C.R. McElhigott
152 Gros Lyder
4th U.S. Air Force
35 Eaton Place
London S.W.
England.
ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

[Handwritten text not legible]
Miss Mary McElroy
91 Fenwood Road
Boston
Massachusetts
U. S. A.