August 3rd, 1918

Essie dear:

It is raining, again, or rather yet, and I am on K.P. tomorrow. Isn’t that fine?

Where did I stop in my last letter? I don’t know whether it was Sunday or Monday. You see my system is not very efficient. Guess I shall have to engage an efficiency expert to keep track of my correspondence. Your letters, as well.

Oh! your idea works out to perfection. One day I received letter number four, in about ten days number two drifted in, and in this time three and three, respectively. So you see, up to date, I have received all four, now if I don’t get about four more in one bunch, I’m going to complain.

How is Miss getting along? Hope she has entirely recovered and is at present enjoying a good vacation somewhere.

Now to get back to the subject. I’ll
give an account of the "soldiers of fortune" and their doings. Tuesday, July 7. In case I didn't tell you about it before. Being Sunday, we were allowed to sleep until 9:00 a.m., if we cared to. But most of us got up early. Yes, I was up and dressed at about 6:45 a.m. Oh, yes, but it did seem good to be able to lie in bed in the morning. Good bed, too. Anyway, right after breakfast, I started out in quest of the Cathedral. I knew it was somewhere in London, as did not feel foolish. Naturally, I headed for Trafalgar Square. That was our starting point for all expeditions. A good brisk walk along the Strand, took me there, and after many inquiries, got started on the right track. As luck was with me, I was fortunate enough to be passing the Royal stables, just at guard mount. It was well worth watching. Lovely black horses, and elaborately uniformed, and armoured guards, who looked as if they knew their business. Even if they were all dolled up. Redcoats, turned heavily with gold, white kid breeches, high cherry black boots, big silver helmets, with plumes, shining.
steel breast and back, armor plates. A large cavalry saber, highly polished, gave quite a touch to the picture. For it surely was grand. Oh yes, great white kid gauntletts showed deep in fine style, against the red coat and black hose. Finally, I reached Bird Cage Lane, a sort of reservation and enjoyed the wall, the full length of it. By this time, I was very close to the Cathedral. So after dodging around a few side streets, there it was. A great red brick structure, with one large tower. As I had no time to lose, I went right in, and Hugh Moss was just about to begin. The altar was so far away from the back of the church that it took me some time to get my bearings. The music and everything was fine. There was no sermon however, so there were two choir masses to follow. At about eleven fifteen, I was on my way back to the hut, when it started.
At Teffit's, I dropped in to a "Y" tent and met myself acquainted with the books and papers. Soon, the secretary came and asked me if I would care to attend a concert that afternoon. I was agreeable, and after dinner at the Alwyn, returned, and the party was escorted to the Paladium, a very large and high class theatre. We were entertained all the afternoon by the Royal Artillery Band. Some concert. It lasted until about 10 o'clock. I thought that I knew my way back, but after about an hour decided that I didn't. Central Y.M.C.A. set me on the right track again, and I got to Alwyn, just in time to get washed, eat and go out to an entertainment at the Palace. Here we saw a very fine vaudeville bill of about twenty numbers. So after that there was not a thing to do but go back to the Y, eat and go to bed.

I don't think that I shall tackle Monday tonight, as it is getting late, and I must clean up my kit.
I have so much excess baggage that I don’t know how I shall ever pack half of it. Guess I start weeding out.

Hoping that all are well, and that nothing is worrying anybody.

I remain,

With love to all,

Pete.

Capt. Richard McElroy
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ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

I appreciate your kind letter. I have been working hard and trying to

keep up with my studies. I am feeling well, and I hope you are too. Please

write and let me know how you are doing.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

[Address]
Pte E.R. McElligott
152nd Aero Sqn
American

Soldier's Letter

Y.M.C.A

Lincoln
AUG 5
7:30 PM
1918

Mrs Esther E. McElligott
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Boston,
Massachusetts
U.S.A.