My dearest Sue:

Tonight I received two letters from you, and was never so surprised in my life. There were those old snapshots, of W.T. Vinton Pond, "yours truly" in a Cadet uniform, etc. What's the matter, kids? Are you getting sentimental? Some how, they didn't seem like your letters at all. Of course, I don't mind of you write in pencil. Write with anything that will make a mark. All I want is news. I'm glad that you are receiving the London cards. Wish that I could have sent more, but you know, I was running on half-speed there, and had to watch my step.

Sam Brown Belt? I wish I had. Where do you get that stuff? Of course, we can't wear them. Neither can the Tommy.
nor the Canadians, and whoever you see
with me or commissioned officers, an English
sergeant major excluded, to a dog gone
foreflashes, and ought to be turned in! "Eee
dear! Don't you think that we have deca-
ough, now! Squadron insignia on the right
shoulder, and service chevron on the lower left
sleeve. The non coms have had to remove
their stripes from the left arm, (as the ser-
vice chevrons will not interfer, when they
get up that far).

You need not get anxious, we are
going to get into this show before it is
over. We are very ambitious (now that we
are winning) and the sooner we get over the
the sooner we'll know what it is like. We've
been over here now for more than half
a year. We've had some good times, too.
Been a regular picnics. We're ready, now.
big on your war. You need not think
that just because the boys are over there,
living in trenches, and shedding an extra
FROM A
MEMBER OF
ST. ALPHONSUS ASSOCIATION
(THE LARGEST CATHOLIC CLUB IN NEW ENGLAND)
NOW ENGAGED IN THE SERVICE OF
OUR COUNTRY

arm or leg, occasionally, that it is all
that someone has pictured, you. We talked
with about ten different varieties of fellows
who have done time over there, and not one
of them could say enough for the "yanks." Best
fighters in the world, they say, when they're
not fighting the man they fight among them-
selves. The better it is, the better they like
it, and all such. So that. No matter where he
is, he is at home. And when an English Tommy
gives a man credit, for doing something. Well,
just put it down in your note book. One Duggie
told me that once they were in a bad hole
and, when they were just about on their last
legs, these strangers came to fill up their
ranks, they were good fighters, and when
the excitement died down, they (ch. Duggies)
From a
Member of
St. Alphonsus Association

Well, this fellow told me that it took just about three minutes for the strangers to clean up (and you know that the Australians are as slackers), but as the strangers were Yanks, everything was explained.

Just cheer up, Essie, things are not as bad as you are making them. Occasionally I see a Boston paper and have seen quite a few names I recognized. One chap, Sgt. John Gramstorf, worked with me at the L.M. Cad. W.C. He's gone West, and he was as fine a fellow as I knew. If George is gone, well, that is one more, I'll have to account for. I'm going to try and square up where these fellows have left off. If we ever get close enough.

Those strangers, Essie, may be homesome. If you see a chap who looks lost, well, help him out. Remember, other strangers are helping homesome Yanks out, over here, and things like that are appreciated.
I'll have to close now, as all the other fellows are in bed, and the candle is all ready to go out now, any minute. Have not told you anything I intended to when I started this letter, but it is too late now. Will write they tomorrow.

Love to all.

Dick.

37834 Pte. Richard McElligott
153rd A.A. Squadron
8th American Brigade
35 Eton Place
London S.W. 1.
FROM A MEMBER OF ST. ALPHONSUS ASSOCIATION

THE LARGEST CATHOLIC CURRY IN NEW ENGLAND

NOW ENGAGED IN THE SERVICE OF OUR COUNTRY.

[Handwritten text not legible]
E.R. McElligott
U.S. Air Service

Soldier's Letter

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

Or John R. McElligott
2nd Lt AR MA