Dec. 25, 1918
France.

My dear Alice:

Some poor goof woke up this morning, just before first call, and shouted "Merry Christmas, at the top of his voice, and you should have heard the "wishes" he got.

It was a cold damp morning, with a fog on the parade ground, which nearly obliterated the O.D. who stood in the center. In fact, it was the first morning we've had, where an overcoat was really necessary. Then, about noon, we had a little shower, for a change, in which white flakes were visible now and then.

Yesterday, was a wonderful day.
Now I am all dined up in blue demims, waiting for an hour or so, when I'll grab a flat, and Baker and myself will start smashing baggage. Funny, these fellows back Christmas in their departure.

Last night, I received a package from the Y. containing chocolate, gum, tobaccos, and cigarettes. Everyone in camp got one. Quite nice! Yr. the 9N I have not come, but I expect it any time.

Hoping that you all are well, and that you are not getting anxious. Remember,

Your little brother,

P.S.

Richard No. Elliott 827834
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France