My dear Mother:

Since my last letter home, nothing serious has happened, over here, as far as news is concerned. We are still on detached service and are getting pretty well used to it. The most important item in this note will probably be the weather report. Today has been clear since early morning, and it was actually warm enough this afternoon to go about without wearing an overcoat. Yesterday was also pleasant, that is in the afternoon, and our tents are now thoroughly dry. How good it seems, after such a damp spell.

Just at this moment, there is a Zeppelins sailing peacefully along, overhead. It is a monster. Not an enemy, however, but a trophy. We are told that it was captured, over here, somewhere.

Yesterday I saw a monster plane, one of our own. It was a beauty, and if I thought it would
"get by," I'd give you the dimensions, but that would be useless. Nevertheless, I am sure that you would be surprised at the greatness of this new house. It is a wonder.

While out on pass the other night I became acquainted with a sergeant, wearing the British uniform, with three years of service, to his credit. Strange to say, his home was in Texas. I shall never hold that against him, for he gave me a wonderful reception. Took me to the house where he was billeted, and believe me, it was some home. Combat? Gee, I don't see how that fellow could realize that there was a war on. And the food he put up? Oh, my! the best I have had since leaving home. He made me promise to come again, and I will. He was a mighty nice chap, and seemed pleased to have a Yankee for company.

Almost close, now, mother dear, as the lights are going out. Trusting that you all are enjoying the best of health, and that you are, by this time, receiving mail, from here, Remain,

To love, your affectionate son

Peyk.

We got paid tonight.

Present weight, 161 against 142 when I enlisted.
FROM: ERMcElligott
152nd Aero Sqdn.
A.E.F.

Mrs. John McElligott
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