May 31, 1918

My dear Aunt Sue:

Just a word or two to you tonight, to let you know that I am in the best of spirits and am enjoying perfect health. One thing though is giving me considerable trouble. My letters keep coming in so rapidly now that I find it impossible to keep up with them. I know that you will excuse me for not writing more often, and I am going to ask you to try to explain matters to the rest. During the past week, I have received about a dozen letters. All of which I am very anxious to answer, but owing to lack of time will have to postpone that pleasure. For example, last Wednesday day morning, I went on duty at four A.M., and though it was a half holiday, I had to work until after nine that night. Now as the following day was a station
holiday, the boys were in very high spirits, and just had one grand rough-house which lasted until midnight. Well, the morning came, and, being a "half-day" most of the boys rested (in one way or another) but you're truly had to go to work. Well I got to the hangar at 7 A.M. Thursday morning, and left it on Friday morning, at 5:30. Some day's work I'll say. There were two tussors which were unserviceable, and which had to be in condition this morning. One of the boys had my blankets, all spread for me, so that when I reached the tent all I had to do was "flip" (which I did in great style). Well, I slept about all day, and am now already to go on at 4 A.M. tomorrow.

We signed the payroll this morning, so sometime within the next month we expect to get paid.

Love and best wishes to all.

C. Richard McElroy.
152 Aeroplane
9th American Air Forces
35 Eaton Place, London, SW.1
England.