Mother dear:

Just one word tonight, before I turn in, to let you know that I am still well, and going strong. If I was busy in the past, I am now doubly so, for I have hung another scalpel on my belt in the form of a course in French. You see, we do not count on staying in England forever, so before we go over, want to know a little about the language of such great fighting people.

At present, besides my regular work, I attend two classes, one in rigging, which is held during...
the day, and another in French, which is held at night.

I got a letter from McPangle Sunday morning, also, one from Neil, who is in Brest. He enclosed a snapshot of himself and a few of his comrades. Deadly looking shapes, all of them. Neil looks very well, I guess he weighs that 160 all right.

Don't be surprised if my letter is a few, and far between, from now on. I'll write when I can.

Love and best wishes to all, goodnight.

Richard

Richard The Elliott
102nd Field Artillery
16th American Field Forces
35 Eaton Place
London, S.W. 1
England.
Dear Essie,

Received your letter of May 16th this noon. I was tired and hungry when I came in from the field, after being out there since 4 in the morning (we get up at 3:15). Anyway, I was damn glad to hear from you. Such a nice pleasant letter, too. Read it through, before going to chow, and it put some pep in me. Yes, I even got up courage enough to take a bath. Not that I needed it, or anything like that, but just as a matter of course. Then you should see the way we fixed our tent up. Robbie (a fellow named Robinson, from Cal.) and myself cut all the grass and weeds away from the immediate vicinity, dug a pretty little trench all around, and sunk a stone walk up to the door of our tent. We get more fun out of that
old tent than you could imagine. As it is for the present, our home, we try to keep it as such. Red peppers, and thistles are abundant, even right here in our front yard.

Essie! Don't you bother sending things over to me. Not that I don't appreciate your thoughtfulness, or anything like that, but it must be such a bother. So much red tape, and then you never can tell how or when it will reach me. And besides, I'm getting more used to this life every day, and don't mind the absence of the little things, so much as I used to. If that boy ever does reach camp, it will surely create some excitement.

You need never worry about us taking up with that tea stuff. No, they tried putting it over on us, twice a day, but, now the boys have coffee. Those "various fund" parties, must keep you on the top. See, I'd like to go to a real dance once more. We are having a little hop at the Y tonight, but as it's strictly has he been up since
three thirty this morning, and as few of these English girls know how to dance, as you girls do, I do not think that the Yanks will be very prominent. Just it awful.

How do Dad like the Jury? Tell him to drop me a line, if he is not too busy. I'm awfully sorry to hear that Mary has been sick, but trust that by this time she is well.

I have heard from Neil, Jeff and Fred T. recently. All are well and happy. As yet, I have answered only Neil's letter. Tell the Nangles to have patience, I'll get to them soon. See!

I'm busy, but tomorrow is a holiday and after I get through washing and fixing up my clothes, I may get a chance to write, if our tent doesn't fall down or something else happen. Catherine Tolbin sent me a serial letter, and
she is not forgotten, merely in the list.

For the present, I have cut out smoking, am taking French, instead. Wonder what the Aero would say, if I were to run off a couple of lines? You see, I don't get out on the road much, now, for I have one book and a lot of notes on rigging, and three books of French instructions to take up my spare time. As it is only an occasional letter, which is censored, coming over, you need not be timed. The first and only censored letter I received, came through without a knock. So keep up the good work, or as they say over here, "CARRY ON."

With lots of love to all, from

Pete.

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