Massie Dear:

Just a line tonight, to let you know that I am well and happy. Last week I received four letters from home and one from Arthur H. I've been awfully busy, as have done practically no writing. I did, however, get one letter started to George P. In my letter from Neil, I received a snapshot of him, he did not have a mustache, nor a bald head. It must be much warmer where he is than it is here. You would be surprised to hear how cold it is here at 4 PM. I'll look at the thermometer soon and let you know. It is very damp, also. But with the aid of a sweater, I get along. Yesterday, I went out on a march at 6 AM and came back at 1 PM. I like that sort of work. We found the boss, strolling on its nose in the middle of a ploughed field, but after securing a few new parts and adjusting others, we had
the bus in condition to fly back to camp.

Last Sunday I walked ten miles to get to town, but didn't seem to mind it much. Had ham and eggs for dinner, at a local restaurant and a real supper at the new American Y. Liston. Baked beans, creamed peas and carrots, brown bread and coffee. Cucumber, tomato and lettuce salad. Served with milk and sugar, and strawberry shortcake. Of course the latter was very short and rather steep, but we don't get meals like that every day. But meal I've had since I landed here. It was cooked by American women, too, and tasted so much different from the Army chow.

Our latest is, gas mask instruction, so you see, Sunday, you'll get a letter from France. At present, I am enjoying the best of health and am in good spirits. The news is good.

Love to all, pem.

Richard.

Richard McElroy

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