Dear [Name],

I have only a few moments now, and even so much to say. How I wish I could get caught up with my correspondence. The post was very good to me last time. Brought me four letters and a package. Yes, the famous package has arrived. I was awfully glad to get it, as I had been expecting it for so long. Though I appreciate your kindness, and thank you for all the trouble you must have gone to, I must ask you not to send another. You see, dear, it is this way; the package contained only such articles as we can buy here in the canton, and they are all "British Make." I am sorry, to have to tell you this, but as I see it, you are only paying about four times
the price of the article, that way. I
If only they were Yankee goods, I'd
never say a word, but I guess you
understand what I mean. The pack-
age contained 1 small can of salmon;
1 small can of marmalade, 1 can of
sardines (very small), 1 small can of
chicken soup, and a half pound of
sweet chocolate. Well, the marmalade
and chocolate have gone their way,
but we are holding the rest till we
are broke, and want something to eat.
Whatever you do, don't send me any
of that English tobacco. Gee! When
I had used up what little American
tobacco I brought over with me, I
couldn't go this local stuff so I
just stopped smoking.
Poor Jim! What happened to his
ship, was she torpedoed? You see, what
little news we get over here, comes from
Boston. Harry Met, one of the boys who
was at the South Station that night
gets a bundle of Boston Post, every once
in a while, and when he is through
with them, he turns them over to
Colstad and me. So far, I have only seen one name of the many casualties, which I recognized, A.P. Ross. You say that you saw Ruth Connell out to Mosely's, and that she writes often? Oh yes, frequently, since I've been in the Army. I think that I have received three letters from her. But then, maybe she did write a few more, but they got lost in transit. Occasionally, I get a letter which bears the seal, 'Opened by the Censor', but as far as I know, not a word has been scrutiny out. So you see, you are all right. I have a letter before me now, from Ruth Wangle which was opened, but that was all. The pictures we intact. Odd, I haven't written to her for ages, but you will say that all right. Don't you dare. She has been good to me, and I know I ought to write. But, as I said before.
I'm as darn busy. It was early this morning when I came away from the hangar, and today was supposed to be a holiday, as our boys have done more time than any other flight. But the majors came around last night and cancelled it. So now it is back to the factory. On account of working late last night, I didn't have to get up for rollcall, and so this is Monday morning the tents had to be scrubbed out. Well just to show you the calibre of my pals, they never woke me to help them scrub, but just took me, blanket and all, and laid me out side. I had just received five letters and was reading the first one, when splash! I looked up, and here was Robbie, with a basin of cold water, standing over me. The sun was well up, and all the work was done. It was after eight o'clock then, so I knew that if I wanted any breakfast I would have to hustle. You see that let me sleep until the last minutes. I did want to go back to sleep though, just
to finish that letter. It started out
great.

We had a "sports day" here
last Saturday. What won two prizes.
Auntie watched, first prize for the juiciest
melt, and a card case, second prize
for the two twenty. I was an I.P. in
the sergeants mess, so I missed it
all. But that's nothing, somebody
had to go on.

I shall have to go out and put the
things back into the tent now, as it is really
class time and I must go to work at one.

Love to all from
Pete.

C. R. McElhieff
1572nd A.A.A. Bnip
46 U.S. Air Force
35 Eaton Place
London S.W. 1
England.

R.S. Received this picture
Pete Williams with
on Active Service

with

American Expeditionary Forces

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I don't think the riding today didn't

find.

We ate an omelet for lunch and had

some bread and coffee. I was feeling

tired and decided to rest up for a while.

I don't know what the weather will be

like tomorrow, but I hope it's not too

cold.

We are about to leave.

Good night.
Soldiers Letter.

E.R. McEligott
52nd Aero Sqdn.
American F.

Miss Mary E. McEligott
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