Dear [Name]:

Received two letters from you Saturday, and am sorry to learn that you are having such a string of hard luck. Had a little myself today, try to imagine what a pleasant combination of duties, Gas Mask Drill, and Kitchen Police are. Well, the day is over and I'm not sorry. I'm not going to give you any news about the London trip tonight because I feel too tired to do justice to it. However, I'll get up courage one of these days. I had a letter from [Name] today, also one
from Fred Cole. He is in a construction squadron, while McCann, Nick and I are in service squadrons. Let the difference.

Mail has been very scarce this past month, but I suppose it will come through in a bunch soon.

Hoping that you are all well and happy, and that things will brighten up a bit. I remain,

Your loving brother

Ochard

Pte. Richard McElligott
15th New Squadron
15th American Air Forces
35 Eaton Place
London, S.W. 1
England.
From:
Pte. E.R. McElligott
152nd Aero Sqdn.
A.E.F.

Lincoln
Jul 31
5-PM
7918

Soldiers Letter.

To:
Miss Esther E. McElligott
91 Fenwood Road
Boston, Massachusetts
U.S.A.