Minnie dear:

Yesterday I received a bunch of mail, so am going to try and answer seven or eight of your letters in one. No doubt by this time you are back at work, at least I hope so for your own sake. Was very glad to hear that you were well again. Does the old beach look the same? We had one or two days this summer when I could have appreciated a dip. Most of our time, however, is spent in trying to find a place where we can get out of the wet. Rain and wind are very frequent visitors here.

Minnie, I am not the only Catholic in camp but somehow or other I happened to be the lucky one in securing the Sunday morning passes. At the other camp, I did not object to a ten mile walk for the purpose of attending
Miss, but here I seem to be out of luck, for I think a 10 mile hike is too much for one morning. There is no train service in that direction, and unless I can get hold of a wheel, I don't know what I shall do. One of these days, we'll pick up and hit for Victoria. When that will be, I don't know, and wouldn't say, if I did. It is only a matter of "wait and find out."

How is Jim coming along in the draft? Or has he gone in for something? Did his brother Charlie over here yet? Tell Jim that the Gillett is doing wonderful work. Not only for me but for others, who were unfortunate enough to loose their outfits.

I don't think that Harry J. is in earnest when he speaks of Vancouver. He is not exactly the kind of a fellow I should pick out for a "woodsman."

Architecture and aeroplanes don't seem to connect, over here. You understand, I am in a "service squadron. The construction squadrons take care of all the work you speak of. If an opportunity presents itself, I shall transfer, but at present..."
I imagine it might cause considerable trouble, as things are just a trifle upset. Uncle Sam says, "Every man where he is most efficient." Now I have, or at least am learning rigging, but chances for advancement are growing dim. Freddy Goebel is in a construction squadron, so you see he is right at home.

St John Nelson was very lucky. His job must be with the engineers, at least he was in that branch when I saw him last, a private too.

Received cards from all the Crosby's. Both show me I never going to get caught up. Five or six of the letters were from the Nangles, too. You tell them for me, May that I was very glad to hear from them, and that I shall write as soon as possible. Essie has an awful stack of unanswered mail over here, but she understands. Mother and dad are about
the only ones with whom I am on even terms. A card from McIverey, Yank Beach, is from Emily, isn't it? I'll try and answer it any way.

I shall have to stop now and try and answer another letter. Which one to tackle, I'm still in doubt. Know I'll close my essay and draw.

How is Delene Greene? Gee, I ought to send her a line, but, oh,, jeez, for me. The wrist watch is running fast. Fellows with all kinds of watches come to me for the right time. Speaks well for a Boston product. Doesn't it?

Remember me to everyone you meet, then I get them all in.

Love to all,

Rec'd.

37/34 Off. Cpl. Richard McElligott
152nd Aero Squadron
4th American Gun. Forces
35 Eaton Place
London, S.W. 1
England

Censored: 2nd Lieut. Sig. R. C. A. S.
Any old night in England

The Night of the Big Winds—Rain

Candie Grease