



"WITH THE COLORS"

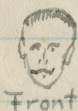
Nov. 26, 1917



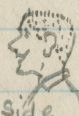
My dear little sis:

Rec'd your ever welcome letter this morning, and may as well tell you now, as any time, that "it's all off." What's off? Why the hair on the top of my head. Yes, I just came out of the "Barber shop," after having a "regulation"

Oh, it's a beaut, you know, looks some thing like this



Front



side

But that gran! Also, we had another vaccination, and inoculation this

afternoon. Oho! this was some day. But yesterday was better. Yess! + Saturday was best. I got a 32 hour pass, starting Saturday at 4 P.M. and running till till 12:45 A.M. Monday morning. What did I do. Why just this. I grabbed the 4³⁰ boat, with a fellow named Mc Rulay, from Albany and my bunkmate, #1 Dud Weldon, from Pittsfield N.H. who spent two years at the Art Museum school and three years at Columbia Uni. N.Y. Real nice chap. But anyway, both of the boys knew N.Y. like a book, so we left New Rochelle at about 5¹⁵, took a trolley to 235th St., elevated to 177th St.

tube to West 117th St. (that's Columbia Stop), and went right to a "chew house" on Broadway, and then up to the "Frat" house, a swell joint, where we decided to stay for the night. We picked out our rooms, played pianos, mandolins + victrolas, and at about 8 o'clock I called up Flynn's house, + Martha answered, she knew my voice immediately. Pig came and we talked for a while + after the usual ~~prelims~~ prelims, she told me I was to report for mess at 670 Putnam Ave at 2 P.M. on the following day. "Oh them delicious words." (Real cats). Sid I return the salute? Heck! I should snicker. Well so much! We left the Frat house at 8 o'clock, "Saturday night," imagine it, 8 o'clock, to try to get into the "Hip" Well, we didn't get in, nor in the next 14 houses we tried, either. Finally at just 8⁴⁸ by my wrist watch, we obtained standing room, in the "Strand," and saw a good show, Like Keiths. We came out at about 11¹⁵ and amused ourselves, by looking over the tall building. Gee! we had a regular circus, all to ourselves, + we never bothered "no one." We were in uniform, too. Well just at about this time, we acquired a terrific thirst, (for coffee) real coffee, so I suggested the old standby,



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the Automat. Oh! what a treat, after the "drinks" we had been getting, at the Fort. I'm not complaining, remember, far be it from me, I'm perfectly contented, but some of the boys don't like it. Oh the deuce with that stuff, but just let me tell you one case we had & at mess last week. I claimed we were drinking cocoa, Weldon said it was tea, and the fellow opposite, swore it was coffee. Well we decided to settle the question by vote, and what do you think? The cocoas won. Now we're way off, are n't we! But we'll come back. Yess. Poor little "Sud" Weldon got tired, so after a little more wandering, we went home. (to the Frat house). Huh! He didn't have any key, and "the boys" were all out, so little Sudley climbed up a column, and found an open window, (old stuff) and we got in. No! I forgot to tell you, we had a nice hot "fudge sunday", Oh gee, I can taste it now, and after that we got in. Did we sleep? Oh! my no, not at all, and the beauty of the

thing was, no reveille in the morning.
Now I'm going to shock you, I know. But
here goes. I was the first one in the house
to get up, that was 8²⁰. I washed, shaved, and
was just going out to look for a church, when
I thought of Mac, there & he was, dead to
the world, sound asleep, it was criminal, I
suppose, but I did it. Yes, I just yanked
him out. He was mad at first, but I had my coat
& hat on, & I suppose I looked big, and I told
him he had 10 minutes, & he did it. Washed &
dressed & went out with me. We found a cop,
and my friend Mac, "popped the question". We were
directed to a "nifty" little Chapel, on Morningside
Drive, Avenue, or something like that, but anyway
it was pretty classy. Women, oh my! I thought
I was the only one that noticed them, but when
I got out, Mac told me all about them. "Some
chickens", and Mac & I were the only two men
in uniform, too. Gee! it feels funny, sometimes.
I can't just describe the sensation, but I sort of
like it. It's not exactly a conspicuous feeling, it's
more than that, sometimes we feel just a little
bit better than fellows, in "city". Gee! some of
the things you see on Broadway, that think
they are men. Oh! deary, Mac sings "Lilly of the



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Valley? He's a funny kid. Gosh! I'm raving again. Oh! there's so much I could tell you, if I have only been away 10 days. Oh we travelling men his ours, alright. Well anyhow, we went to 10 o'clock Mass in that little French Chapel, and it was very nice. They would ^{not} accept our seat money, our P.D.'s got us by. We were back to the house at 11 o'clock and "Dud" was just getting up. We'll get him yet. We picked up another fellow at the "house", who was hungry and all went out to Breakfast. Gosh! did we eat? We did. ~~then~~ then Dud showed us the University, "Some Place" Big? no, that word isn't large enough. It's Bigger. Then we went to Riverside Drive, & saw Grant's tomb, (we were in it). Saw the Hudson, & the Palisades, swell! Well, the boys put me on a car, & I was on my way to Brooklyn. I found the house, and was at Flynn's at 1³⁰. They treated me royally, and I did full justice to a ~~Hot~~ Hot Roast Lamb dinner. Ummmmmmmmmm! At about 4³⁰ Neil showed up. He crossed

the signals again, somehow and got his pass~~ed~~
from 12-Sunday (noon) to 12 Monday noon, instead
of 12 Saturday (noon) till 12⁴⁵ Monday Morning.
He's a star! But anyhow, he got there, and
had every nice time. One of their cousins blew
in, also a pair of Homer's pals. Homer was not
there. Well we had a nice supper and a big
⊗ chocolate pie. You! We ate. At 7¹⁵ I had to
pull out, so Mr Flynner came along to give me
a start, + also show Neil the city. Neil stayed at
F's all night. They wanted me to, but "I'm in
the army now" So I went back. I was in the
barracks at 9⁴⁵ (Good time) Gee! those trains travel.

Well we got up this morning at 5²⁰ Cold,
no! not at all, we had to get out just the
same. Perille at 6. Men at 6²⁰ Gee! you folks
will have to ~~buy~~ buy by the carload, when I get
back. I like to eat. Tell Mrs Kirby the we finished
here candy today, (Mac, Lind, rd) and, after your
wor cake Co, it was the best thing the boys had,
ever tasted. They appreciate things like that,
~~even~~ even if they are only "recruits," and
honestly, I haven't time to write, for the simple
reason that while at the Fort, here, we know
absolutely nothing. You can't imagine the truth
there is in that song Co, "Where do we go from here."



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For instance, The Flynns made me promise, that if I could not obtain a 48 hour pass, (which would be necessary, to make Boston) that I would spend Thanksgiving with them. Now, I knew I could not get home, because the day after Thanksgiving is "Mustor day" and everyman must be on the Island at 7¹⁵ A.M. So I planned to spend Thanksgiving with Flynns, get back for Mustor, and then try to pull a "48 hour" over Sunday. Isn't that what you might call perantage? But now! We get pulled up suddenly this afternoon and report to the rear of the barracks where we waited fully two hours, right on the beach, Temperature averaged 20° and wind? Oh the air was fine. I was just thinking of writing to Pa, to tell them how I liked the place. Gosh, my face is red as a beet. Well! anyway the "beans are spilled" so we must "go through now" After waiting quite a while, some more fellows joined us, and we began to think. The marched us over to the hospital, gave us

another exam, and some more. Another vaccination and inoculation. That's why this penmanship is not what it might be. Anyhow we're through with that, but then they told us we were "outgoing" Wednesday. That means Ossie, that someone else must take you to that hop. I'm sorry kid, but Orders is orders and remember a "good ~~soldier~~ soldier asks no questions" Well we're all good soldiers up here, no one had courage enough to even ask where we were going. You can just stretch your imagination and try to think of the answer he would have received. Our sergeant is a real old timer, and is about 45 or 50 yrs old. but can keep up with the leader in the three mile trot every morning. Gee! Es, its fine up here, when you start drilling. Good fresh air, and excellent calisthenics. I will be a regular Hercules when I get back.

If I get a chance tomorrow I'll have a picture taken in my O.D.'s. but we can't guarantee ourselves time to eat. However, it will be different when we get our regular assignments. I'll write every day. (if I have time). You'd be surprised to see how I have eaten up stamps, since I've been here. Any body that says I haven't written to them, must be mistaken. (Liberal)



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Now kiddo! I could just keep on writing for the rest of the night, but then someone else would probably get sore. You will forgive me sis if I close now, as I feel I must get get some more news out before my arm "goes dead" again. Tomorrow we don't expect to have time for anything, but I'm going to ^{by} a post card address it and when we're slipping out, I'll manage to dash off something. I don't know what but I'll try. I don't know whether Neil is with me or not, but I'll find out, if his folks call up, "quiet" don't know any thing. Because all these things may be cancelled Wednesday morning. Such things have happened.

Well here goes, I must write about sixteen more letters. Give my love to Mother, Dad + May Aunt Em + Uncle Ed + any one else who would care for any. Now don't forget yourself in the scrimmage. You folks can't get at me, for a week, probably, so I wouldn't keep it a secret, that I

Have left Fort Slocum (the old homestead)

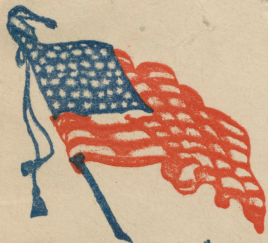
I'm going to write to Flynn's now, so
cheer up keep the old "hurdy gurdy" going
& maybe when I get back I'll be able to
strum a Yuke.

Your own little old "buddie"
Geil.

* Buddie is a great word, here, everybody is every-
body else's "Buddy"

Tell Pline that "just" as soon as I can
grab a minute I'll send her a line. The
watch is a big "hit" If anybody wakes up at
a knight and wants to know the time, they holler
for "time"

P.S. There is a Piano going & about 40 boys singing
(all tuner) a victrola speeling over on the other side
and everybody else is talking, in the "Shack"



FORT SLOCUM
MILITARY BRANCH



3 id letter
Nov. 28-17

Miss Esther McEllyott
91 Fenwood Road
Boston, Mass.

From

CR McAllister

25 So. 8th

Fort 913

N. J. 111

**NATIONAL
WAR WORK COUNCIL
ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
"WITH THE COLORS"**