

Feb. 20, 1918.

Dear Mother:

Back again, and not a darn thing doing. We pulled into N.Y. at 12¹⁰, just one hour late. There was not a great deal of excitement on the trip, but we did have a regular circus with a couple of kids, who had enlisted, and were on their way to Slocum. We certainly did give them some points, but they thought we were fooling. It was just three o'clock, A.M. when we "hit" the barracks, and I tucked away a few hours. The boys had my things all packed up for me, as we are to move somewhere, this afternoon. I think it is over to Field No. 2. That is Minneola. You see we are now at Field No. 1. Garden City. How did you get home, last night?

Weren't the Nangles good. The boys here certainly did the raise the deuce about my mustache, or rather lack of it.

I don't think that I shall send anything home, except a sweater, as I have borrowed some space in another Bellows barracks bag, so everything is in O.K.

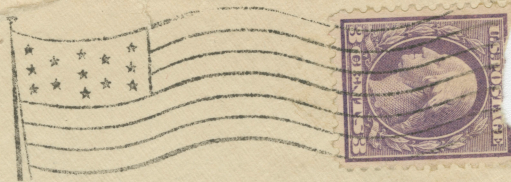
There were just 72 ~~men~~ men reported A.W.L., on Monday morning, think of it about $\frac{2}{3}$ of them, and some are not back yet. Others have been back and gone, again.

I'll quit now as I would like to get out a few notes.

Love to all,
I remain (still a good soldier).

Pick.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
FEB 21
9 30A
1918



Mrs. John C. McElligott
91 Fenwood Road,
Boston, Mass.



BOSTON, MASS.
FEB 22
10:20 PM
1918
BACK BAY STA. S.S.