



ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
"WITH THE COLORS"



Camp Lee, Va.
Feb. 23, 1918

Dear Dad:

We've moved! And this is some camp. (But I'll come back to that later) Yesterday, Washington's Birthday, was a holiday in Camp Stuart. No reveille, or any formations. Some event for us. Yes, it is so long since we have had a holiday, that we anticipated a wonderful time. BUT! Friday night we got a couple of orders, Reveille at 3⁰⁰ a.m. Roll packs and fall out for the road. Can you beat it?

Well, we got up at the prescribed time, and got ready. At six, I was on a truck, with the baggage, waiting to go to the dock. I am lucky in a way, by being on baggage detail. Lose out on all these nice three and four mile hikes, with full equipment.

Nevertheless, through some error

we did not board the boat, a little
two piddle river boat, until 10.³⁰

Our course was up the James River
to City Point, a dock, about seven
miles from Petersburg. Anyway it
rained all day, but if it had
been pleasant, it would have been
wonderful, for the scenery looked
very fine. We stopped at Jamestown
and Claremont.

At City Point we got off, and climbed
aboard Liberty trucks and were con-
veyed to camp. Oh! what a place
Simply wonderful. Gee! but some
of these boys are lucky. Why it is
so different. When we hit Stuart,
we thought it was home, but say,
That was like some port in France
compared with this.

Excellent roads, quarters, amuse-
ments, and everything. The chow?
Why, honestly, I don't believe you'd
believe me, if I told you how we
~~live~~ live here.

Last night when we came in,
a hot supper, meat, potatoes, pudding,
fruit, bread and coffee, was served to



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us in a most wonderful mess hall
Gee, it looked like a banquet to us.
Then, we found that our bed trucks
had been filled with straw for us,
and oh! dad what swell quarters.
This morning, no reveille, Chew at
7:30. two hardboiled eggs, hashed brown
potatoes, corn flakes and milk, bread
coffee and oranges. Gee! it's like a
dream. But wait *till you hear about
the dinner. Real roast pork, white
potatoes, creamed corn, brown gravy,
bread, sliced pineapple, and coffee.
Tomorrow night there is to be a blow
out, from the mess fund. Can you im-
agine that? A Blow Out! Why it's
been one continuous blow out ^{for us,} ever since
we hit here.

The weather is perfect Warm, in
fact it's hot. I'm the happiest kid
in the world. If only I can keep
from eating myself sick. Oh! what a
temptation!

Went to Mass this morning in
the X of C Hunt. Now, I'm going over
and tuck away a few hours, in my
bunk. I must get caught up, on the
sleep line.

Things look very encouraging,
here. Our outfit "busting" in a few
days, and I'll be turned over to
a gang going north. Ought to hit
Devens, next week. But can't say, as
I might have to wait for a Massachusetts
Detachment. ('s hope not!)

Will write as soon as I hear any-
thing official.

Was very glad to get mother's telegram.

Hoping to see you all, soon. Remain

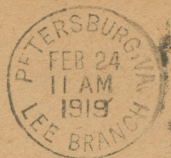
Very affectionately.

Richard.

(P.S.) Expect to be awful busy for two or
three days. May not get a chance to
write. Give my love to all



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Mr. John E. Mc Elligott
91 Fenwood Road.
Boston
Massachusetts.

