

HOSTESS HOUSE
NATIONAL YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS
CAMP LEE, VIRGINIA



March 3rd.

Essie dear:

Many thanks for the stack of letters, which I received the day before yesterday.

About seven of them were from you. All overseas mail, too. There was one from Mother, one from St. Mary John, one from Polly O., several from Ruth N. and a letter and card from Neil.

Your letters were all very jolly, and I only hope that things are going as well at home, as they are here. It is only a matter of time now, before I will be home. Have been through the "delousing plant" twice,

already, once in France, and
once in Camp Stuart. Not that
I needed it either time but
the whole squadron had to go.
As a result, my clothes are in
fine shape. They shrank where
they should have stretched, and
"vice versa". My overcoat! Oh!
what a wreck. It got scorched,
in places. When you see it,
you'll do well, if you refrain
from laughing. The collar,
is an odd shade of brown,
while the upper part of the
body is a queer shade of some-
thing, fading out into a belt
of green, around around the
waist. The skirt part, is sev-
eral shades of a mysterious
color, obtainable only in de-
lousing plants. Wrinkles?

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Say! you folk had better make arrangements of some sort, to smuggle me home from "Devens," for I am afraid that if I am found wandering about about the streets of Boston, enquiring the way to Fenwood Road, I'll be picked up by an "M.P.," and sent out to 74. I've got the most wonderful pair of "hob nail" boots you ever saw. I'd throw them away, and come home in something else, but, I just want you to see their graceful lines, and all the "room for improvement," also, the weight. Am still wearing an English issue of breeches. Sort of a whip cord or corduroy, or some-

out of the ordinary stuff. Oh yes,
the blouse, I have, was issued at
Wellesfield. Outside of that, I
guess I'll pass. Still have my
Fox putts, and a fairly decent issued
~~and~~ ~~by~~ ~~her~~ I washed it yesterday
and it came out fine.

The birds who are stationed
here, are having the time of their
young lives. All dolled up tailored
serge uniforms, Stetson hats and
nifty overcoats. Who wouldn't? With
these conditions. This Hostess House
is the best place I've struck yet.
So cozy and homelike. The women
are very nice to us, too. You ought
to see some of the real Southern
Beauties, who drifted in this afternoon,
to visit their brothers, or friends, who
are still here. You know this is
used by officers and men

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alike. You see everything from
Major General, down.

I've been doing a little
sign work, and lettering, for the
house, and Breeling, who came back
last night, came in here with me
this afternoon, and I gave him a
job. He's very clever with the
brush, and colors. I thought that he
needed something like that to
occupy his mind, and he did seem
to enjoy it. Poor chap. I feel awfully
sorry for him. He's alone in the
world, now, and you couldn't find
a better fellow. He's white, all through.
Tomorrow evening, a bunch leaves
for New York City, Washington, D.C. and

Rtd Philadelphia: Followed by a
group for Camp Taylor, and Texas.
When the next train goes to Stevens,
I can't find out. I was just too
late to catch the last one. But
wait! there'll be another, soon.
Have not signed my discharge papers
yet, but hope to, tomorrow, or the
day after. Now don't plan. For nothing
is definite.

Have you heard from Frank McCann,
I left him at St. Nazaire. He was
to follow in these days. I was to
call his sister, as soon as I struck
home, but! — If you have not
already heard from him, please
call: Miss Helen McCann,
office of the Chief Inspector
of Ordnance.
of U.S. Cartridge Company
Market St. Lowell, Mass.,
his sister, tell her I was asking for

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Frank. When I left him, he was fine. Anxiously waiting for "the Day."

Just before we left St. Mary's, I got ~~at~~ a letter from Mother, telling me that Dan had passed away.

Well, of course you know how I felt.

She told me, plainly not to feel badly about it. But who could feel otherwise. Dan, who had been doing things for me, ever since I can remember. Always willing to help where he could. May he rest in peace.

I was pretty badly shaken, and then right away, I got one from you, saying that George McLeod had gone west.

I sat down and wrote a letter of sympathy to Mother, but discovered,

a week or two later that it was never mailed. In all the excitement of moving, I suppose it slipped my memory. Forgive me. I always was thoughtless.

Breiling has just invited me in to have some cake and ice cream, so I guess I'll close and accept his invitation, for I'm still the same old "chow hound."

Hoping that you all are well, and that very soon, we'll be talk-
ing it all over, I remain

Affectionately
J. C. B.

P.S. Tell that little friend of yours, (Grace Brown, I believe is her name) that her letter to me was received, while I was at St. Nazaire, and it was quite an unexpected pleasure. I like such little surprises, a great deal.

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To The Cafeteria Director at the Camp
Draws Hostess House.

Put. E. R. McEligott has qualified
as a very satisfactory manager of
this Cafeteria, as I am sure he
will be a most excellent assistant
to you.

Elizabeth R. McCreary
Assistant Cafeteria Director

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To the Captain District of the Camp

Dear Mother

Mr. R. McLean
has a very interesting
the Captain, on 2
will be a most excellent

To you

Elizabeth R. McLean
Assistant Captain District