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,
Nasselle or any former time.

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, Nasselle at 3 a.m. Roll packs and fall out for the road. Can you bear it?

Well, we got up at the prescribed time, and got ready. Here, I was on a truck with the baggage, waiting to get to the dock. I am lucky in a way, by being on baggage detail. Saw out on all three mile three and four mile takes, with full equipment.

Nevertheless, through some error
we did not board the boat a little
two paddle 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-
voyed to camp. Oh, what a place!
Simply wonderful. Gee, but some
of these boys are lucky. Why it is
so different. When we hit theater,
I thought it was lone but say
That was like some part 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 here.

Last night when we came in,
a hot supper, meat, potatoes, pudding,
fruit, bread and coffee, was served to
us in a most wonderful mess hall.

So it looked like a banquet to us.

Then, we found that our bed ticks had been filled with straw, furs, and oh! dad, what swell quarters.

This morning, marvelous, Chow of two hard-boiled 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 pot, 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 imagine that? A Blow Out! Why if there are continuous blow outs 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 Y of C Hut. Now I'm going over and stuck away a few hours in my bunk. I must get caught up on the sleep line.

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

Will write as soon as I hear any thing official.

We're very glad to get mother's telegram.

Hoping to see you all soon, anon.

Very affectionately,

Richard.

(C.P.) Expect to be awful busy for two or three days. May not get a chance to write. Give my love to all.
Mr. John E. Mcelligott
91 Fenwood Road.
Boston
Massachusetts.