

## SOLDIER LETTERS

Camp Meade, Md., Aug. 26, '18.

Dear Folks:  
I will try and write you a few lines this evening to let you know that we are still well and hope you are the same. We are having a fine time but it is awful hot. We are going on the rifle range for ten days. We will start about the 29th and will be gone from camp for ten days.

I was made Private 1st. Class on the first of August. I think I will try for Corporal in a month or so.

Ed will get a four weeks' furlough about the 16th of September, I think. He is feeling fine.

I have not heard from you for over two weeks.

I am sending you a copy of a small poem I composed on the train, in what little spare time I had. You can give this to The Stayton Mail if you wish and think it is all right.

Well, write soon and tell me all the news.

I remain as ever,  
Your son,  
Oliver A. Forrette  
Co. F, 63rd. Reg. Inf., Camp Meade, Maryland.

### THE JAUNT OF THE 63RD.

Now all you soldiers listen,  
And a tale I will unfold,  
Of the jaunt of the famous 63rd  
From that far off state of gold.

We got here Monday morning  
After seven long days' grind,  
But filled with pleasant memories  
Of the girls we left behind.

We left Old San Francisco  
Which lies near the Golden Gate  
Via the Southern Pacific  
Across the Golden State.

Rolled into Sacramento  
At 5:30 Monday night,  
And the soldiers, those heartbreakers,  
Spooned the girls with all their might.

We left there on the W. P.,  
The Feather River line,  
And the scenery through the Canyon  
Was certainly sublime.

Then we hit the desert country  
Just a barren stretch of sand  
A hot and lonesome section  
And an utter waste of land.

Soon we cross into Nevada,  
Route—Denver and Rio Grande,  
Headed straight for Salt Lake City  
Where wives are in great demand.

Through hills we travelled slowly,  
The Grand Canyon Route we took,  
To do justice to the scenery  
You could fill a large sized book.

Ten thousand feet we climbed up,  
Till we reached the mountains' crest,  
Where we left the dusty coaches  
For a short but needed rest.

Then down the hill we glided,  
Into Utah state we passed,  
As our train meandered onward  
Sometimes slow and sometimes fast.

So we wandered into Pueblo,  
Colorado, late at night,  
But of that historic city  
Couldn't even catch a sight.

We then crossed the state of Kansas,  
Which is dry and without booze,  
Still a drink can be obtained there  
If its water that you choose.

When we stopped at Kansas City  
It was late, about midnight,  
And with dust and grease and cinders  
We were in an awful plight.

To get a bath and change our clothes  
We opened up our packs,  
But we got our bath in the same old  
Place where the chicken got the ax.

Now we go across Missouri  
With its corn fed girls galore,  
When we left that bunch of chickens  
All the men were surely sore.

And when we reached St. Louis,  
Did we take a swim? I guess,  
Consequently all the sewers  
Were left in an awful mess.

After leaving Old St. Louis,  
We went across the Mississippi,  
And a number of the soldiers  
Had a bottle on their hippi.

Then the sucker state we travelled

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To Our Customers:

The undersigned, stockholders of the Stayton State Bank and the Farmers and Merchants Bank, feeling that it is to the mutual benefit and interest of all concerned, have unanimously voted to consolidate the above mentioned banks.

The capital stock of the two banks will be united, bringing the capital of the re-organized bank up to \$50,000.00, making one of the strongest banks in Marion County.

For the present time, the business will be conducted in the building occupied by the the Farmers & Merchants Bank--which affords more room for additional business.

This consolidation will make possible more efficient service and cordial relations by being carried in one institution.

The continued efforts of the stockholders below, will be devoted to upbuilding the consolidated Bank and serving your interests.

You are personally invited to feel free at all times to call on us for any advice you may desire.

We all thank you for past business and with your future support,  
we are Yours for a Greater and Better Bank.

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E. P. Schott  
Jos. Susbauer  
C. H. Brewer  
Jos. Breitenstein  
Martin E. Smith  
Stanley Starr

#### EMPLOYES

Stanley Starr  
J. M. Ringo  
Edward Bell  
J. W. Mayo

#### STOCKHOLDERS

W. H. Tate  
Henry Miller  
John Kerber  
A. D. Gardner  
J. T. Hunt  
John Sandner  
W. W. Elder  
J. M. Ringo  
J. W. Mayo

The transfer will be made Monday, Sep. 2, 1918, and will be ready for business in the new quarters Tuesday morning, Sept. 3, '18

If you have them, Continue to use Stayton State Bank Checks

And onto Hoosier land,  
And at all the different stations,  
We were given the glad hand.

So we rolled into Ohio  
As the Buckeye state 'tis known,  
Where Sergeant Francis our supply-  
man  
Gave a most heart rending groan.

For we went thru Picqua City  
Without even a slight pause,  
While Francis raved and roared  
around

And cursed the "Con" because  
Picqua was his home town.  
And his folks he wished to spy.  
Still he has this consolation,  
He may see them bye and bye.

Then Columbus into Pittsburgh,  
In the state of iron and coal,  
Now our trip is near completion—  
We are coming to our goal.

Into "Maryland, My Maryland,"  
And so into Camp Meade,  
In the early hours of morning,  
With us raving for our feed.

Then the Captain hiked us into camp  
No more just now to roam,  
So we settled down to soldiering  
In this "Our Home, Sweet Home."

We hope to soon go "over there,"  
And get into the game,  
And start to shooting up the Huns  
And win immortal fame.

Just think how proud the folks will  
be,  
And they talk of how we wrote,  
And told them how the famous 63rd  
Helped to get the Kaiser's goat.

Bordeaux, France, July 4, 1918.  
Dear Brother and Sister:—

Your letter received a few days ago and as there is no work today will write, even if there is nothing to write about.. Today

is a big day here, also in England, for the Allies. As far as possible all of the troops, except those holding the trenches, will celebrate.

Most of our fellows are going to lay around camp and take life easy. It is so hot here now and the streets in Bordeaux are so warm and always crowded, that one is about all in after a day spent in town.

It has been very hot here for the past month, both day and night, with no let up. Have had no rain for about six weeks, not even a thunder shower. Everything is beautiful tho and does not dry up like the vegetation does in the states.

No, I have not seen Gus yet but know where he is. We are quite a ways from each other. Win Benham is at the same place he is. All of Co. M, the old Salem N. G., are at the same place. Don't know, but guess that they are doing M. P. duty there.

I had a letter from Guy and Rosa the other day. Guy had been wounded slightly in the hip by an exploding shell but is all right again. They are on the Belgian front some where. They are sure fighting hard up there now. Every day there are several Red Cross trains coming through here and are always filled with wounded. The Germans don't know what to think of our style of fighting.

So far our troops have never retreated an inch since entering the trenches, but have always went the other way. Of course

some of the railway engineers were badly butchered up and had to retreat, but they were with the British in the big push last April.

I hear that Oliver and Ed are in the army now. What branch are they in and where are they stationed? It is just about 11 months since we started in foreign service. One more month and we get a seven day furlough. Don't think that I will take mine tho for I have not got the money. It don't take much, but money goes quickly here for laundry, tailor, barber, etc. They say that after we are here 18 months we can go back to the states and spend 30 days there. I am going to take that in all right for that is only 7 more months and time passes so quickly here.

Well, guess I had better stop this for there is no news and it is about time for dinner. We sure are hustling now and have to work one hour longer each day. I will finish on my piece of work Saturday and will go to the new job Monday. I hate to move, for it is so blame hard to finish a job, also start a new one. It isn't so bad after everything is going good. Well, good bye for this time.

Corp. Glenn W. Porter  
Co. E, 18th. Engrs. Ry., A. P. O., 705 A. E. F.

Bordeaux, France, July 31, 1918.

Dear Rex:—  
Your letter just received and will answer this evening, for it has been some time since I have written to you. Have had some

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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Its successful graduates.

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over forty percent representing officers.

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very warm weather for over two months and it is still hot. Have had no rain since May 15th. and everything is very dry.

We moved about three weeks ago and are living in tents now. Like the tents better than the chateau, only it is very warm during the day. Everyone is working rather hard. Have about all that I can do. I have one company of negroes, (250 men) under me and are laying

steel and lifting and ballasting track. The crew is scattered along about 2 1-2 miles of track, so have to keep on the jump quite a bit. We are just finishing the work also and I would rather do most anything than finish a job.

Just had a letter from Chas. Darby this morning. He is at St. Nazaire now. They are building docks there. He was (Continued on page three)