

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE

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E. E. BRODIE, Editor and Publisher.

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BOYS OVER HERE—OVER THERE

Interesting Facts About Oregon City Boys In The U. S. Service

Mrs. H. J. Bigger has received a letter written December 10, showing the appreciation of a soldier in receiving literature from the United States. This was written by young man, who was receiving medical treatment in a hospital at Bordeaux, and the magazine was sent with others to France.

The following is the letter:
Bordeaux, December 10, 1918.

"Dear Friend:
Just to let you know that a copy of Leslie's, bearing your name, is being read in the Red Cross Hut at Base 22. As an ex-Oregonian, from Portland, your address attracted my notice.

"Your magazine is doing its 'bit'!"
Sincerely,
"SERGEANT R. T. PATTON,
"Tank Corps, U. S. Army."

In a letter from Luxemburg, Germany, written by Charles Richardson to his mother, Mrs. C. W. Richardson, dated November 23, he says: "My Darling Mother:

"Just a few lines to let you know that I am all O. K. I just came off guard about an hour ago. I received a big bundle of papers from you yesterday. Maybe you think that Sergeant Kent Moody and I didn't look them over! Especially the Oregon City Enterprises.

"Well, Mother, we spent Thanksgiving in Luxemburg; Christmas in Germany, and I think we will spend St. Patrick's day in the U. S. A., the best place in the world.

"Say, Mother, tell the girls that worked for the Enterprise Patriotic fund that I thank them very much for what they done for the boys of Clackamas county. Never received my greenback but I know they sent it. Probably it was sunk, but we know they worked hard for us, and tell them we sure appreciated it.

"Give everybody in dear old Oregon City my best regards."

Private J. M. Rissberger, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rissberger, of Eleventh and John Adams streets, was heard from Tuesday morning, and he is enjoying the best of health in Belgium. He is with Company B, 316 Field Signal Battalion, A. P. O. 776. He has been in some of the big battles and has many exciting experiences to relate when he returns home.

When this young man enlisted he was manager of the Western Union at Vancouver, Wash., having learned the telegraphic trade while in Oregon City. He left Camp Lewis June 27, and since that time has kept an interesting diary of each day. This was forwarded to his parents this week, and from this the young man has seen much of the world since leaving Camp Lewis. Among the places he has been stationed and passed through are Winchester, England; Southampton, England; LaHavre, France; Odovot, Bonnet, Sarcey, Vivincourt, where he slept in the woods; Auzville, Camouflage, where he prepared for the big drive in the Argonne forest. The drive started September 26 at 2 A. M., Juy, Nattancourt, Contrisson, and passing through Paris at 10 A. M., arriving in Fiverville, Belgium, October 18, at 5 A. M., passing through Ypres, arriving on October 20 at 5 P. M., at Oostnieuwkerke, and leaving there October 25 at 12:30. Den App was reached at 2 P. M., where he remained until October 28. Other places passing through were Issegem, Oostrosebecke, Audenarde, where he was stationed when the news of the armistice being signed was heard; Michelbeke, Elene, Dickelvenne, Deutengem Roulerou, Elverdungh and Rousburg. At the latter place he wrote the letter dated December 8.

The Women's Patriotic Edition of the Morning Enterprise has just received the following letter from Private Clarence Morrell, thanking the young women for the dollar greenback and the letter sent to him in France. The letter is as follows:

"Somewhere in France
December 6, 1918

"Dear Friends:
Just a few lines to let you know that I have received the money sent me. I wish to give my thanks to the four young women for working so hard to benefit the boys over here.

"I am now stationed a few miles from Montreux, France, and have been in Paris and in Pontoiseville, where I have had the pleasure to go through Napoleon's castle, and it is sure great, but tonight I am in my little dugout.

"I was at one time very close to the fighting line, but as Fritz retreated so fast that I am now very far, but still it is very hard for us boys to entertain ourselves.

"We have all played the game, and as the war is so near over, we are glad, but we are still in to the finish.

"Instead of taking a poor little English maid out to tea, as you have suggested that might suit my fancy, I am afraid that this little eagle note is going in my souvenir bag, like all the other boys are doing, and if possible I will get a German helmet.

"As there is not much excitement about living over to Bordeaux,

here now, will say goodbye, and with my best regards to all, I am

"Yours sincerely,
"PRIVATE CLARENCE G. MORRELL,
"U. S. Air Service, U. S. Army,
373 Aero Squadron."

(Morrell is a well known Willamette boy, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morrell, of that place).

Joseph Gosesky, of this city, has just received a brief letter from Stanley Gosesky, with the Bakery Company, 344 U. S. Army, P. O. 712 and at the time of writing was at Issurville, France. He says:

"Dear Brother Joe:
I have received your letter of November 19, and was glad to hear from you. I am feeling good and getting along fine.

"Do you ever hear from Anthony? I have heard from him only once since he came over here, that was in September.

"We do not know when we are coming home; but it is not very soon, as far as we know.

"It looks like we will have to stay a couple of months here.

"Tell Mother not to worry, because we are in a good place for the winter.

"I hope everything is O. K. at home.
"Your brother,
"STANLEY."

Anthony mentioned in the letter above, is a brother of Stanley, and who has not been heard from for a number of months. He was in the Marine Corps, and was in the thickest of the fight when last heard from. The family has taken the matter up with the government, and hope to hear of the young man's safety.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bagby have just received a letter from her son, Rody Bagby, who is at present stationed at Camp Merritt, N. J., and the letter is in part as follows:

"Dear Mamma and Papa:
I have received everything O. K. and also your letter.

"I don't think it will be long before I get home. The boys are coming in here by the thousands from France, and you should see them and then you would realize what war is. One cannot realize it until you see it for yourself. There are cripples of all kinds, some having legs blown off, and eyes out, and everything else that is possible to happen to a person. It is just terrible. Believe me, they are sure glad to get back. All they talk about is the Salvation Army and the Red Cross. They think they are the best things in the world. The Salvation Army women made coffee and doughnuts and took these to the boys in the trenches. They say 'God bless the Red Cross; God bless the Salvation Army!'

I sent you a box for Christmas, and suppose you have received it by this time.

"It is raining here to 'beat the band'.

"Well, as it is getting late, will close for tonight.

"With lots of love and wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.
"Your loving son,
"RODY."
"Thirteenth Infantry, Hdq. Co.,
Camp Merritt, N. J."

Dr. L. L. Pickens has just received a card from Sergeant Chester G. Stryker, of the Artillery, written at Lussac de Libourne, Gironde, France, and is as follows:

"Dear Doctor:
I have thought of you many times over here, and wondered how you would like to have seen this country with me. I will tell you a lot of it when I come back.

"The people here wear wooden shoes, live in stone houses, cook over fireplaces and drink nothing but wine.

"It rains here but not like it does in Oregon. The roads all over the country cannot be beaten.

"There are some interesting ruins near our town, and some date back as far as 700 A. D.

"The wine made here is the best in the world.

"Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and with best regards,
"STRYKER."

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Donovan have recently received two letters from their son, Private Harlan Donovan, who is with the 337 Aero Squadron, and stationed in France. A portion of the letters is as follows:

"Dear Mother and Father:
I wrote about that description of the camp. It was printed in the New York Herald on November 7, 1918, and I am sending the copy of which I wrote and told you I had lost, but which would have had it, I have found it.

"I am going to try and get a pass to Metz, the town that used to send out airplanes to bomb I—I out of us. We were bombed only twice, but the 'bloody blighters,' as the English call them, used to keep us awake until after 12 o'clock, and then we would have to get up at 5 o'clock. We had to get out of bed a couple of nights, as would hear the motor of the Boche

machine, and then all aboard for the trench.

"German souvenirs are plentiful but I don't think that we will be able to take any home. I had a Boche gas mask, but I gave it away. They are crazy old things, and no telling what kind of germs are in them.

"So you want to know what kind of work I am doing. I am working in the shipping room of the supply of the First Air Depot. I am not doing much of anything since the war has ceased, but we sure did work to put the kaiser out of commission at one time.

"This depot is the advance supply for the American Expeditionary forces, that is for the air service.

"Our squadron holds down the best jobs in camp. There are two or three good men on the flying field and about 30 chauffeurs; one man in the mail service and about four in the construction. That is all, except those in the supply. We have about sixteen men over here. There are eleven men working in the shipping room. Whenever we have any hard work, we get Boche prisoners to do the work. We had a motor overhauling and a machine shop here. We donated about 40 men to both, so you see that our squadron was sure composed of some good men.

"Helped to build some hangars before I went to work in the supply department.

"Probably the next time you hear from me will be when I arrive in New York. I hope so, at least, but you can never tell. That isn't saying that I am coming home now, but that I hope so at least."

In a letter written on November 23, he writes the following:

"Dear Mother and Dad:
As censorship regulations have somewhat ceased, I will try and tell you where we are located. We are near the front in the Luneville sector or were rather near at one time about 25 miles back in the little town of Colanbey Les Belles in the section of France known as Neurthe et Moselle, right back of Nancy.

"The camp is situated about a quarter of a mile out of camp and we usually went into town every night. We did at one time experience several air raids, but never a plane or a person was touched by the bombs.

"I will tell you a little of the route we traveled over. We left Halifax, Canada, about three days after the explosion on December 10, and arrived in Liverpool on the night of the 24th, and disembarked on Christmas day. From there we went to Southampton and remained at a rest camp. From there we went to LaHavre, France, this being on New Year's day. Then we traveled to St. Maxient, where we were quartered in the old cathedral, which quartered Napoleon in his great reign. From there we went to Romorantin, when we left February 1, 1918, and landed in this camp February 6, at which place we have since resided, and which we hope to leave soon.

"Hoping to see you all soon,
"Your loving son,
"HARLAN."

Captain W. E. Hempstead, who has been in the service, returned to Gladstone, and will resume his medical profession, and has leased office rooms in the Barclay building over the Jones drug store.

Captain Hempstead entered the service 17 months ago, and at that time was coroner and a prominent physician of this city. He received the commission of lieutenant, and soon after entering the service was promoted to a captaincy. He was first stationed at Vancouver Barracks, Wash., then transferred to Fort Stevens, Oregon, after which he was sent to Ft. Canby, Wash., and Fort Columbia, Wash. After being stationed at Fort Columbia, he was later transferred to Camp Merritt, N. J., and remaining there for several months, he was sent back to Fort Stevens, where he was assigned for duty. It was before being transferred to Camp Merritt, N. J., and while stationed at Fort Stevens he was promoted to a captaincy.

Captain Hempstead says he is glad to be back in Oregon City.

CAPTAIN HEMPSTEAD RECEIVES DISCHARGE FROM U. S. SERVICE

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OFFICES OF WILLIAMS TRANSFER COMPANY RAIDED BY THIEVES

Burglars early Monday morning broke into the office of the Williams Transfer Company and the Hub Barber shop on Main street, entering the buildings from the rear. Officers found a chisel which had been left by the robbers. At the Williams Transfer Company's offices nothing was taken as far as can be learned, but the safe, which is always kept unlocked, was found locked this morning, and it is thought that the burglars tried the combination, thinking that the safe was locked.

W. F. Schooley, who has desk room in the Williams office, had his desk broken open, and the contents were scattered over the floor, but only a flashlight, which was in the desk at the time, was missing. The robbers took the light, but left another one of inferior quality, in its place. Nothing was taken at the Hub barber shop. Chief of Police Woodward is working on the case.

There are several very pretty villages near town that can be reached by trolley. One of these places is Pont de Ce, which is located on a branch of Loire river, about six kilometers from Angers. Pont de Ce is famous in the early history of France.

The demurrer in the divorce suit of Margaret M. Shinner vs Edward Shinner was overruled and given until January 8 to file answer.

Demurrer overruled.

WEEKLY SOLDIER LETTER

O. E. Freytag, of Gladstone, is in receipt of a very interesting letter from his son, Sergeant Clayton E. Freytag, of Company F, 116th Engineers, written in France November 24, 1918. The young man is now in the United States, and will soon arrive here to spend a few weeks with his father.

The letter is as follows:
Angers, France, Nov. 24, 1918.

"Dear Father:
Today is called 'Father's Day,' so here goes, and as the lid is off, etc., will try and tell some of my experiences since leaving the United States.

"Our experiences have been many and varied. We have traveled in many different ways from Pullman sleepers to a small box car marked on each side 48 hommes, 40 chateaux (8 men or 40 horses) a very cold and unpleasant means of travel, especially in winter time.

"We left New York November 26, 1917, and were 14 days on the sea, where we spent a never-to-be-forgotten Thanksgiving day. My, but the sea was rough, and our boat pitched and jumped around like cork. Stood watch in a place called 'the forward crew's nest,' which is located on the forward mast, and is 75 feet above the deck, and is reached by climbing the rigging as far as the cross tree and from there straight up the mast to the crew's nest. It was no fun nor an easy job going up the mast with the boat doing all sorts of capers. The waves at times broke against the side of the boat and would soak us to the skin 70 feet above decks. We were on the ship Tenedores, not a large boat but quite seaworthy.

"After 14 days of rough riding we finally came to anchor in the bay at St. Nazaire and docked early the next morning. We were not allowed off the boat until the afternoon of the 17th day from New York, when we first touched French soil.

"We moved into billets the same day. My how it was raining. We stayed here nine days and a very wet, cold, hungry nine days it was. Here we lost 147 members of our company who were sent to the Second Engineers, who were then on the front. It was a cold, wet and very blue day when our old members and friends left us. We all felt blue and discouraged just at this time you may be sure. Finally orders came for us to break camp and move somewhere, where we didn't know.

"On the 14th of December, we left St. Nazaire, got aboard of some box cars (8 horses and 40 men) and started on the coldest ride I ever took anywhere. After about 36 hours' travel, we arrived at a place called La Courtille, in the state of Creuse, which is in the south central part of France. Here the snow was about knee deep and the thermometer at zero or lower. Here we moved into very good barracks, were well fed, in fact, were quite comfortable as far as that goes, had stoves in our rooms, etc., so were not so bad off. Here we spent our first Xmas in France, where I'll spend my next one, I don't know. We stayed here about a month and then moved to Seller sur Cher, which is in the very northern part of the state of Indre. Here we were billeted in a large barn, but were quite comfortable, almost like spring.

"We stayed at Seller sur Cher until the 5th day of February, when we moved again, this time to Angers, arriving here the 6th of February. Have been here ever since.

Here in Angers we have fought the only battle of our kind in the American Expeditionary Forces, and the longest lasting from the first of March or earlier, forgotten exact date, until now and it isn't finished yet as far as I know.

"Will try to tell a little of our work, how it was done, etc. We have a training section of which I was a member. From and through this training section all work is carried on. I was considered an expert in infantry drill (close and extended order, commonly called squads east and west). It was my work to train the men who came through our camp in infantry drill and discipline. I was not alone in this work as there were others in this and other lines of work. In fact, there were 200 or more members in this training section.

"We would receive a bunch of replacement men from some camp in the United States about once a month. These men would be attached to the different lettered companies for rations, etc. Our work would then go something like this: We would get A Company in the morning for Inf. C. and E orders in the afternoon D. and E. or the same thing, which, when the periods for our instruction were over would be a day's work for us.

"The next day would be the same only D Company in the morning and C and F Company in the afternoon. This would go on day after day, week after week. Our work was quite thorough. Had to be, because we very seldom saw the same men over four or five times when they would be sent to some English regiment up on the front. These men were all green recruits when they first arrived in our camp, and when they left were a very well trained soldier.

"Now for the town of Angers itself: It is a city of about (80,000 before the war) 13,000 and is situated on the river Maine. Angers has many old places famous in the early history of France. I have visited many of these places and they are very interesting and beautiful. This city has one of the oldest and most famous chateaux in France, also several old and famous cathedrals, very rich in old paintings and other works of art of historical value.

"There are several very pretty villages near town that can be reached by trolley. One of these places is Pont de Ce, which is located on a branch of Loire river, about six kilometers from Angers. Pont de Ce is famous in the early history of France.

"The weather in general here is fine. Not real cold at any time, nor very hot in the summer and not very wet in fact very little rain, about 20 inches average per year. Really an ideal climate to live in. I really like this part of France fine, but France is France, and not the United States of America.

"I have been in other places besides Angers. Have been in Tours, Samur, Orleans, Nancy, Paris, Versailles, Le Mans, Rennes, St. Malo and many other small towns too numerous to mention, but in all travels I never got nearer the front than Paris at any time.

"Some of the boys went to the front as convoy to troops going to some regiment up on the front. After delivering these men to the regiment to which they were sent the boys returned to Angers with some great stories to tell.

"We, except Co. F, are not doing very much now except infantry drill. Co. F is a school for S. D. S. candidates, who are trying for a commission, and it is our job to teach them all we know about army work. As is to be expected we are making good at our work. Co. F has the best officers and non-com's in the 116th Engineers, bar none. Sounds like I'm blowing my own horn, but I'm not. Our Hdq. says so, so guess it must be true.

"The 10th of December of this year will be the end of our first year in France, and how much longer we will stay it is hard to say, so will close now.

"With love to all and wishing you all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year, I am,
"SGT. CLAYTON R. FREYTAG,
"Co. F, 116th Eng., Amer. E. F.,
"France."

The following letter has been received by the Women's Patriotic Edition of the Morning Enterprise from Elbert Charman, who is on the Stars and Stripes, the official paper of the American Expeditionary Forces:

Blois, France,
Dec. 9, 1918.

Patriotic Edition Committee,
Oregon City, Ore.

"My dear Friends:
It is with sincere thanks that I acknowledge your news letter of Oct. 31st and the souvenir of the home country which it contained. I am sure that I shall spend the greenback very carefully, for it represents to me the whole-hearted, enthusiastic support which we over here have always received from our home people. I read the patriotic edition with a great deal of pleasure, as did a whole billet full of artillerymen with whom I was quartered at the time I received it. None of them came from Oregon City or even from Oregon, but you would be surprised at the way the boys grab anything which is printed in English. Thus it is not exceptional to find some former Chicagoan or New Yorker perusing with consuming interest the locals from a Miami, Florida, weekly or other small town paper.

"The conclusion of the armistice since your letter was written has given us all hopes of an early return home. We are all proud of the war record at home and abroad of our home state, and it is unnecessary to add, are all anxious to get back to the greater Oregon which we will undoubtedly find. I know this because many of the Third Oregon (162nd Inf.) boys are at Contres, twelve miles south of Blois, and whenever I have seen any of them since Nov. 11th, their first question has been, 'When are we going home?' So make preparations for a heavy run on ham and eggs and airloins, apple pie and nut sandwiches or a serious shortage of such like will be in order. With an alluring picture of home and the home folks in our minds we are marking time and toasting 'Der Tag.' The Day which will be entirely different from the one the Germans had in mind when they used that expression.

"Again expressing my appreciation of your thoughtful remembrance and the patriotic support which it represents,
"Cordially yours,
"ELBERT B. CHARMAN,"
Representing "Stars and Stripes",
A. P. O. 726, American E. F., France.
(Charman is the son of T. L. Charman of this city.)

Isaac Austin has received the following letter from his son, Charley Austin, of Company B, 305th Infantry, 77th Division, written in France on Father's Day:

Bordeaux, France, Nov. 24, 1918.

"Dear Dad:
As this is father's day, I will drop you a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and feeling fine, but I am still at the hospital waiting for the time to come when I will be shipped out. As the D. B. and C go before the A class it is hard to tell when the A class, which I am in will go, but I don't think it will be very long, as they want to vacate this hospital as soon as possible. We boys in the A class were expecting to be sent back to our companies, but the latest news is that we will be sent back to the states as casuals, so if that is true, I don't think we will be here very much longer. The only thing I regret is that I wasn't with my company when the armistice was signed. The company was at the front at that time.

"The weather in general here is fine. Not real cold at any time, nor very hot in the summer and not very wet in fact very little rain, about 20 inches average per year. Really an ideal climate to live in. I really like this part of France fine, but France is France, and not the United States of America.

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"We had orders to roll our packs early Saturday morning and be ready to move at any minute. Well, I was as sick as a dog, but I stayed there and drilled until Monday night, and no orders came to move so when the sick call sounded I fell into line with 22 others out of the company. There were three of us tagged for the hospital. Well, we started out to the main road to get into an ambulance. We had about a mile to walk. There we took the ambulance and rode for about fifteen miles to a field hospital. We remained there over night, and took a train to where I am now. I don't

know how far that trip was, but it took us from Monday night to Saturday night to make it, so I guess we just about made a trip across France.

"We left the Argonne Forest, which is way up in Northern France, and we are now in the southern part of France, about six miles from the coast.

"Today I saw about 200 German prisoners lined up answering as their names were called. They are sending them home, and they sure looked husky and well. All were great big, fat fellows and every mother's son of them had a brand new navy blue suit of over