PAGE FOUR

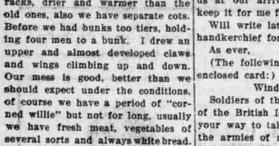
you. Yankee boy. Yankee doodle boy. Yock-A-Hilo town.

Kentucky.

DAILY ROGUE RIVER COURSES

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1918.





I've thought many times how nice it would be to fish in the old Rogue as I did last fall. Here the rivers are muddy and slow, more like brooks to us who know a river when we see it.

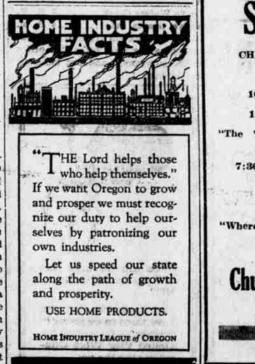
We start a letter and do not have time to get more than a paragraph written at a time. Lights out soon, and as we attend that little social event common to army life, reveille at five o'clock in the morning I shall turn in.

Matthew C. Riddle, Base Hospital No. 46, A.E.F.

> France, A.P.O. 712. October 4, 1918.

Dear Mother and all:

Received yours and also dad's letter this evening, written on Sept. 10. and sure was glad to get them. I received two letters last evening and two today, so am tickled about it. We are just beginning to receive mail pretty regular. What do you think? I was up town yesterday and who should I meet but Sergeant Jim Moore. He has been in the camp here for two weeks, also Lon Frye is in the same Co., so I had quite a visit, with them. They are with the 344th Bakery Co. and have been 15 miles from here at the city nearly all the time since we landed in this camp. They left the U. S. A. jujst



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is at all times well ventilated.

Ers.