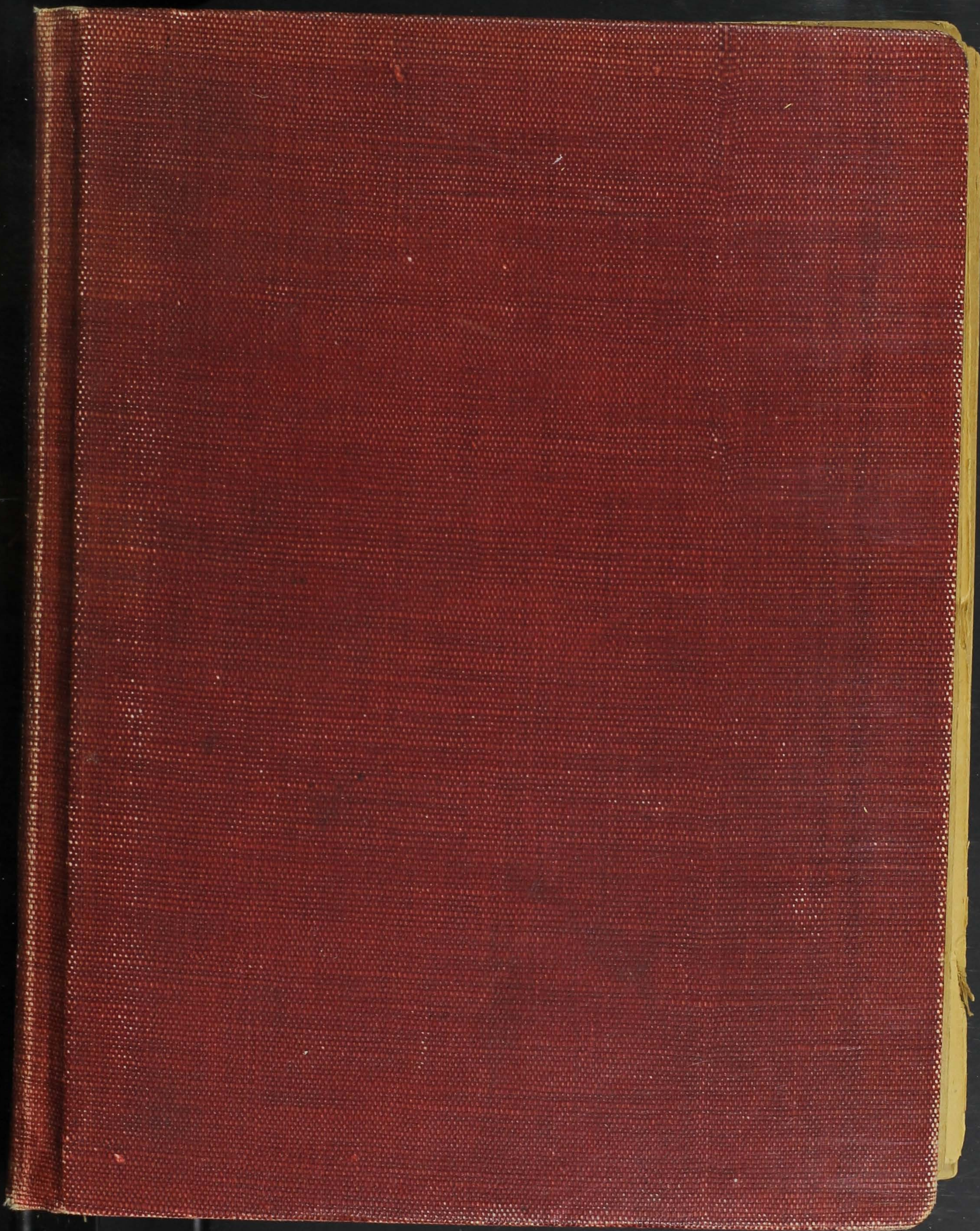




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Miss Cooke Compiling History

Miss Edith Cooke is compiling a military history of Buena Vista college. The purpose of this history is that there may be as complete a record as possible of the part Buena Vista men have played in the war. Miss Cooke is gathering the material for the history from all possible sources in which news of Buena Vista men has been printed.

That the work may be complete, Miss Cooke is requesting that any one who has information concerning the college men will please send it to her.

The State Historical society is the moving force in the compilation of these histories. Experiences of past wars has been that it has been next to impossible to find any complete record of the men from any community. This was so because the records were not made at the time; the only ones available being the more or less technical ones of the government. A work such as Miss Cooke is undertaking will aim to tell not only the date of enlistment and of mustering out, but will give in addition as much of the record of the soldier as it is possible to get. It is not difficult to understand and that such a volume would be of inestimable value fifty years after the war is over.

If you have any items of value for a history of this kind, send them to Miss Cooke.

5/30 '18

WAR TIME RECORD

Our war record is one of which we may well be proud. Buena Vista has done her full share in this, and has made our motto "Education for Service" seem more real to everyone.

- Lieut. Wm. G. Aitken, B. V. 1913-16.
M. G. Co., 26th U. S. Inf. Amer. E. F.
- Sgt. Donald Ambler, B. V. 1915-18.
Hqt. Attachment, 4th Repl. Regt. Camp Gordon.
- Robert Baile, B. V. 1913.
O. T. C. Camp Humphreys, Va. *& Camp Pike*
- Harvey Barnard, B. V. 1913-14.
147th Field Artillery, Amer. E. F.
- Robert S. Beatty, B. V. 1915-16.
First Class Quartermaster, U. S. S. Lake Francis.
- Jay Boslough, B. V. 1911-17.
1" Second Class Yeoman, Bayrick, N. Y. U. S. S. Philippines
- George Brandt, B. V. 1915-17.
First Co. Military Police, 88th Division, Amer. E. F.
- Bernice Bradford, B. V. 1908-09.
Aero Division, San Antonio, Texas.
- Zenos Bradford, B. V. 1913-14.
Rammer on the U. S. S. United States of Columbia.
- Lieut. Stewart Brown, B. V. 1914-18.
5th Cadet Sqdrn. Ellington Field, Houston, Texas.
- George Burmeister, B. V. 1914-18.
Hospital Corps, Camp Perry, Great Lakes Naval Station. *U. S. S. Delaware*
- Ray Canady, B. V. 1916-17.
Co. L., 13th Regt. Marines, Amer. E. F.
- John R. Carey, B. V. 1915-16.
Co. C., 326th Battalion, Tank Corps, Amer. E. F.
- Murl Carlton, B. V. 1909-13.
Camp Dodge. *Sanitary Squad 70, 88" Div. Amer. E. F.*
- Sgt. Gerald W. Chaney, B. V. 1913-14.
4th Platoon, Camp Gordon. *Co D 4" Replm. Regt.*
- Lieut. Lyell Chapman, B. V. 1907-08.
Co. M. 126th Inf., Amer. E. F.
- Sgt. Harley Claus, B. V. 1913-17.
Co. A. 350th Inf., Amer. E. F.
- Edward G. Crouch, B. V. 1912-18.
Co. O. 3rd Bn. C. W. S. Edgewood Arsenal, Md.
- Lieut. J. Emmons Crouch, B. V. 1909-14.
Battery C. 2nd Battalion, 1st Brigade, Field Artillery, Amer. E. F.
- Lieut. Lloyd Crouch, B. V. 1907-12.
Co. L. 163rd Depot Brigade, Camp Dodge.
- Logan Crouch, B. V. 1914-17.
Casual Co. C. Tank Corps, Amer. E. F.
- Justice Crowley, B. V. 1906-16.
88th Division, Amer. E. F. *Co 7 350" Inf.*
- Lloyd Cunningham, B. V. 1913-14.
Signal Corps, Amer. E. F.
- Sgt.* Ralph Dagger, B. V. 1917.
Field Hospital Corps, Amer. E. F. *Mobile Hospital, No. 3.*
- Lieut.* Edward Danielson, B. V. 1912-14.
U. S. Navy, Torpedo Boat, Charleston. *Lieut in Navy, later Captain.*
- Ensign Lael DeLand, B. V. 1915-16.
U. S. S. Ophir. *U. S. N. R. F.*
- Clinton Diehl, B. V. 1912-13.
Quartermaster's Dept. Camp Fremont, Cal., O. T. C., Camp McArthur, Texas.

George Diehl, B. V. 1915-17.
A. P. O. 717 Tours, France, Amer. E. F.

Merrill Drury, B. V. 1914-18.
Sanitation Corps, New Haven, Conn.

Paul Eshbaugh, B. V. 1909-12.
Co. B. Hdq. Train. M. P., Amer. E. F.

Everett Evans, B. V. 1914-15. *Yeo. 2" Cl. U.S. Naval Base*
U. S. S. Carola, Brest, France. *Brest, France*

Corp. Earl Ferguson, B. V. 1909-10.
Camp McArthur, Texas. *Co B, 1" Training Bn.*

Clarence Foster, B. V. 1912-13.
Camp Hancock, Ga. *M.G. Co. 3" group, 35" Training Corps.*

Lieut. John Fulton, B. V. 1915-17.
Paris Island, South Carolina. *O.T.C. Quantico, Va. - (mariner)*

Walter Gabriel, B. V. 1915-16. *Signal Bn. Dispatch rider, and*
Enlisted in wireless branch of service in the National Guards.

Lieut. Floyd Gilliland, B. V. 1914-15. *Telegraph Operator*
Co. E. 350th Infantry, Amer. E. F. *Amer. E. F.*

Sgt. Denton Gregg, B. V. 1912-13.
Rainbow Division, Amer. E. F. *Hdq. Co. 168 Inf. 42" Div.*

Dr. J. Eric Gustafson, B. V. 1908-09.
Enl. Medical Corps. 2nd. Med. Examiner

Willis Heald, B. V. 1914-15.
U. S. Marines, Virgin Is., West Indies.

Peder Hage, B. V. 1906-07.
O. T. C. Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.

Bn. Sgt. Maj. Harvey Hood,
350th Infantry, Amer. E. F. *A.P.O. 795.*

Seth Hovey, B. V. 1910-14.
Fort Riley, Kansas.

Corp. Wilbur Hughes, B. V. 1915-16.
Co. B., 109th Am. Train., Amer. E. F.

Corp. William Hughes, B. V. 1914-15.
Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C. *Bn. A. 60" F.A.*

Clifford Inman, B. V. 1916-17.
Great Lakes Naval Station. *Thaeta Mech. Av. Sect. Navy.*

Chris Jensen, B. V. 1912-14.
Regimental Band, Ft. Douglas, Utah.

Corp. Floyd Jensen, B. V. 1917-18.
Field Hospital Corps, Amer. E. F. *36" Div. Mobile Field Lab.*

Lieut. Arthur Johnson, B. V. 1914-16.
Hdq. Co. 302nd Bn. Tank Corps, Amer. E. F.

Leon Johnson, B. V. 1911-14.
Great Lakes Naval Station. *U.S.S. Harding. Destroyer No. 91.*

Corp. Mahlon Johnson, B. V. 1918.
Co. C. 351st Infantry, Amer. E. F. *Hdq. Bn. gen. Hdq.*

Lieut. Jas. D. Kelly, B. V. 1914-15.
Co. C., 214th Engineers, Camp Custer, Mich.

Tilford Knudson, B. V. 1913-15.
Camp Dodge. *Co D. Development Bn. No. 1*

Sgt. Harold Lancaster, B. V. 1915-16.
Tank Corps, Gettysburg, Pa.

Harold Lindsay, B. V. 1917-18.
Supply Dept. U. S. Navy, Eastleigh, England.

Captain Ira Lockwood, B. V. 1903-04.
Medical Corps, Amer. E. F. *Evac. Hosp. No. 1*

Lawrence Loots, B. V. 1913-15.
Place of service not known.

Ralph Lovesee, B. V. 1910-11. *12" Vet. Hospital Unit, Trier, Ger.*
~~Place of service not known.~~ *Amer. E. F.*

Clarence McPherson, B. V. 1915-17.
Camp Hdq., Camp Gordon, Ga.

Lieut. Burt Mack, B. V. 1904-05.
Chemical Warfare Service, Edgewood Arsenal, Md. *Co H. 2" Bn.*

Major Frank Mack, B. V. 1901-02.
U. S. Filling Station, Magnolia, Md. *Chem. Warfare Service.*

Lyle Mantor, B. V. 1913-14.
Camp Grant, Ill.

Edmund Marousek, B. V. 1913-18.
 Balloon Camp, Camp John Wise, San Antonio, Texas. *Acting M.C.O. Co. 14.*
 Lieut. Elmer Marten, B. V. 1906-07.
 Camp Shelby, Miss. *140" Eng.*
 Sgt. Ralph Marten, B. V. 1914-1918.
 Recuperated Hospital, U. S. A., General Hospital 21, Denver, Colo.
 Roland Marten, B. V. 1915-16.
 Band, Great Lakes Naval Station. *Mus. 1" Cl. 3" Reg. Band.*
 Romaine Mortenson, B. V. 1911-13.
 Rainbow Division, Amer. E. F.
 Corp. John Mattison, B. V. 1914-15.
 Co. L, 4th Replacement Regiment, Camp Gordon, Ga.
 Ray Mattison, B. V. 1906-10.
 Co. E. 313th Engineers, Amer. E. F.
 Edward Mernin, B. V. 1911-12.
 Co. D, Hdq. Dept., Camp Gordon.
 Lieut. George E. Melody, B. V. 1909-10.
 306th Cavalry, Fort Clark, Texas.
 Wayne Meyers, B. V. 1912-13.
 U. S. Navy, Municipal Pier, Chicago. *Seaman 2" Cl. 1" Co. 1" Regt. 1" Div.*
 Earl Moore, B. V. 1916-17.
 127th Machine Gun Bn., Amer. E. F.
 Burt Newton, B. V. 1913-14.
 Medical Corps. *Camp Greenleaf, Co. No. 1 Greenleaf.*
 Thaddeus Olsen, B. V. 1917-18.
 Field Hospital Corps, Amer. E. F. *Evac. Hosp. No. 12.*
 Lieut. John Parkhill, B. V. 1915-18.
 Eberts Field, Lonoke, Ark. *Aviation Service Detachment Flying Corp.*
 Sgt. John Pendleton, B. V. 1912-13.
 Camp Lee, Virginia. *Co. A. 1" Bn. Ordnance Corps.*
 Eric Perkins, B. V. 1916-17.
 513 Mobile Laundry Unit, Amer. E. F.
 Philip Planalp, B. V. 1911-12. *Pvt. 1" Ord. Co. Ord. Dept. Raritan Engineering Div. Detachment, Camp Ranton, Mentucher, N. J. Arsenal.*
 Lieut. Earl Recknor, B. V. 1912-13.
 Co. L. 304th Inf., Amer. E. F. *Lieut. Walter Price, B.V. 1898-99. Instructor, Aviation, Kelly Field, Texas. d. Febr. 2, 1921, Riverside, Calif. in airplane accident.*
 Manson Redenbaugh, B. V. 1916-18.
 Co. R. 116th Engineers, Amer. E. F.
 Sgt. Basil Rice, B. V. 1916-17, 1918-19.
 Co. A., 383th Inf., Camp Wadsworth, S. C.
 Mus. Arthur Riedesel, B. V. 1915-18.
 Regt. Band, Co. F., 318th Eng., Amer. E. F.
 Clifford Rigdon, B. V. 1917-18. *Seaman 2" Cl. U.S.S. Hancock S.P. 517*
 Caldwell, N. J. Rifle Range.
 Lieut. Hugh Rosson, B. V. 1912-13.
 S. A. T. C. Inspector in New York.
 Edward Rust, B. V. 1907-13.
 Medical Corps, Army of Occupation, Treves, Germany.
 George Scott, B. V. 1913-15.
 9th Co. Aviation Corps, Ft. Logan, Colo.
 Corp. Aubrey Shaul, B. V. 1914-16.
 Co. B, 109 Am. Train, Camp H. Sulpice, France.
 J. Kenneth Shaul, B. V. 1907-16.
 Co. C., 4th Replacement Regt. Camp Gordon, Ga.
 Chester Sheley, B. V. 1906-09.
 350th Field Hospital, Amer. E. F.
 Hayden Sisson, B. V. 1907-08.
 Co. J. 139th Inf., Amer. E. F.
 Sidney Slagle, B. V. 1915-16.
 Great Lakes Naval Station. *U.S.N.R. 7. Co 519, 14" Regt. Av. Corps.*
 Lieut. Elden Smith, B. V. 1911-14.
 O. T. C. Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky.
 Lieut. Kenneth Smith, B. V. 1912-13.
 Camp Humphreys, Va. *Inf. Trans. Corp.*
 Captain Joseph Sohm, B. V. 1912-16.
 Instructor School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla. *Dept. of Material*
 Herbert Sparr, B. V. 1916-17.
 U. S. Navy.
 Corp. Ralph Stock, B. V. 1913-16.
 Co. F., 433d Motor Supply Train, M. H. C., Fort Sheridan, Ill.

*Archie O'Donoghue
 Medical Reserve
 Iowa City.*

Marion Strawn, B. V. 1911-15.
 Artillery Repair Truck, 111 Ammunition Train, Amer. E. F.
Ensign Francis Stringer, B. V. 1915-16.
 U. S. Navy. *U.S.S. Waukesha A.T.C.*
 Lieut. Ilo Taylor, B. V. 1905-06.
 305th Regt. Camp Lee, Va. Died Jan. 26, 1918.
 Lieut. Eilet Torkelson, B. V. 1914-17. *Aviation*
 190th Aero Squadron, Langley Field, Hampton, Va.
 Lieut. Cecil Troeger, B. V. 1915-16.
 35th Division, Amer. E. F. *Batt. Adj. 138 Reg. Art.*
Corp. Claude Typper, B. V. 1913-14.
 Camp Upton, N. Y. *Co B, 338 M. G. Bn. 88 Reg.*
 Lieut. Charles Unger, B. V. 1908-12.
 1st Lieut. Art., Camp Sill, Okla. *Ad. Art. Sch. of Fire.*
 Lieut. Halfred Warren, B. V. 1907-08.
 Base Hospital, Harrisburg, Miss.
 Rolla Weaklen, B. V. 1916-17.
 Amer. E. F.
 Sgt. Ross White, B. V. 1909-13.
 Co. B. 212th Eng. Camp Devons, Mass.
 Zeno White, B. V. 1910-14.
 Hdq. Co. 337th Field Art. Amer. E. F.

Corp. Frank Wilfong, B. V. 1911-12.
 Amer. E. F. *Co. M. 352 Inf. 88 Div.*
 Henry Wright, B. V. 1912-14.
 Co. A. 127th Machine Gun Bn. Amer. E. F.
 Sgt. Lester Yerrington, B. V. 1916-17.
 Hospital Corps, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.
16th Reg. Med. Corps.

Capt. John Beard, B.V. Ac. grad. 1904
 Chap. 91" Div. A.E.F. Croix de Guerre
 Raymond Bertness, B.V. 1912-14
 Co. 10 3" Bn.
 Lieut. Wm. F. Brinkman, B.V. 1900-09
 Med. Corps Ft. Riley
 Dale Clemons, B.V. 1916-17
 Fort Sheridan
 Paul Groszkruger, B.V. 1911-12
 Co E, 347 Inf, A.E.F.
 Francis Castle, B.V. 1917-18
 Navy U.S.S. Astoria A.E.F.
 Mathew Cavanaugh, B.V. 1908-9
 Co. C, Hdqt. Co. A.E.F.
 Harry Lovesee, B.V. 1905-7
 Batt. B. 12 Regt. M.T.C.
 Forrest Holmes, B.V. 1916-17
 Co. 12, 3 Bn. 156 D.B. 13 Div.
 Carl Johansen, B.V. 1912-13
 Pvt. 1 Cl. Base Hosp. No. 105 A.E.F.
 Arthur Dierwechter, B.V. 1912-3
 Pvt. C.A Mech. Trng. Sch. Ames, Ia.
 Lieut. Earl Schwartz, B.V. 1910-11
 Batt. F. 38 Art. C.A.C.

NURSES

Eva Delbridge, B.V. 1907-9 Enl 1917.
 Served at Deming, N.M. and at Base Hosp. 101
 6 and 114 in France. (Died Aug. 17, 1919)
 Josephine Hoffman, B.V. 1907-8. Enl. 1917
 Served at Mare Is. 6 mo. Transferred to
 Tubercular Hosp. Fort Lyon, Colo.

SUMMARY

Army and Navy		124
Army	105	
Navy	16	
Marines	3	

S A T C		96
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Officers	
Majors	1
Captains	3
Lieut.	26
Sergt.	10 - 1 Sgt. Maj.
Corporals	11
Ensign	2
Quarterm't'r	1

From the Faculty		2
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Total		222
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Red Cross nurses	2
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Overseas men (including men in navy who crossed)	60
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Croix de Guerre	1	(Included in captains above)
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Died in camp	1
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Y M C A	
Faculty	2 (Amer.E.F.)
Students	3 (Two later entered Army)

Faculty

Wm. R. Sherman
Co H, 2" Bn. Edgewood Arsenal, Md.
Wm. E. Burns
Lieut. San. Corps, New Haven, Conn.

Y M C A

Claire Foote
Harold Lancaster (Entered army later)
John Fulton (Entered army later)
Frank Harrison, Amer.E.F. (Faculty)
James P. Linn Amer.E.F. (Faculty)

SUMMARIZED WAR WORK

Y M C A War Fund, Nov. 21, 1917

\$300.00 subscribed

United War Work Campaign, Nov. 11 & 12, 1918

\$286.00 collected.

Library Book Drive, March 18, 1918

123 books collected.

Women's League

Nov. 24, 1917 - Selling badges of the Allied colors - \$55.00 for Red Cross.

Dec. 21, 1917 - Made Xmas presents for B.V. soldiers

Febr. 20, 1918 - Began working in the Surgical Dressings work room.

Nov. 26, 1918 - Concert Benefit by Mrs. Holden for French Orphan fund. 36.50

Xmas, 1918 - 30 greetings sent to B.V. soldiers

Jan. 25, 1919 - Conundrum Supper - \$45. for Armenian relief.

Y W C A - Mar. 25, 1918 - Wayside Piper for Hostess House fund - 10.00

Two Red Cross Drives - almost 100% in each
Student Friendship War Fund - subscriptions taken for this.

Council of National Defence and Four Minute Men - President Stanton Olinger, Dr. J.W. Parkhill, and Prof. J.J. Yost.

Faculty activities -

Alice E. Wilcox - Finished courses in First Aid and Home Nursing, and worked in the surgical dressings workroom.

Edith Cooke - Finished courses in First Aid and Surgical Dressings, served as workroom supervisor and instructor in the latter, and helped establish workrooms in Marathon and Newell.

Jessie Coles - Worked in surgical dressings workroom.

Marie Agnew - Worked in surgical dressings workroom.

Those who were in the College Surgical Dressings classes from Jan. 12 - Apr. 20, 1918 - Marie Agnew, Esther Aitken, Ruby Angier, Irma Beazley, Geneviene Benedict, Jessie Coles, Mary Chapman, Dorothy Eyres, Mable Fife, Margaret Hanson, Mildred Heath, Opal Kraemer, Ruth Meighen, Edna Motter, Florence Mitchell, Nora Rohwer, Alice Wilcox.

Edith Cooke, Instructor.

Finished Standard Course - Esther Aitken, Ruth Meighen, Florence Mitchell.

KNIT OR NOT?

Knitting is all right. We are not in sympathy with those ultra-efficient experts who claim that knitting is a waste of time and energy—that a machine can do it faster and better. It may be true—especially as regards speed. But a machine has no heart, and the war demands that the hearts of the people be in it. The woman who knits puts her heart into the war.

But all women can not knit, some are too busy to knit; and some believe that other ways of helping are acceptable.

Enter the Women's League. They take a bolt of ribbon, a roll of tape, a sewing machine, and produce therefrom and therewith thirty dozen badges. In a driving snow storm they go "over the top" and capture fifty-five dollars for the Red Cross.

Knitting is not the only way to help.

11-24-17

College Girls do Their Bit

The interest of the college girls in Red Cross work took a decidedly active form last week Friday and Saturday. The Council of the Women's league had planned a campaign the slogan of which was, "Wear the colors of the Allies." The badges were soon made, and almost as quickly sold. The neat little sum of forty total amount for the Red Cross drive dollars was cleared to which the faculty women added eighteen. The is fifty eight dollars.

Girls of the Y.W.C.A. are busy practising the play "The Wayside Piper," which they intend putting on Monday evening March 25 for the benefit of the Hostess House Fund.

R 11-29-17

And the students and faculty of Buena Vista responded in their determination to do "their part." The subscriptions were taken with the result that \$269 was pledged, making an average of those who pledged of \$6.25. A personal canvass of each student that did not subscribe was made later with the aim of having each and every student in Buena Vista do a bit. The result of this campaign indicates that the total amount subscribed will be \$300 or more.

Y.W.C.A. War Fund

12-21-17

Women Do Red Cross Work.

The advisory board of the Women's League, in secret session recently, planned to surprise the surgical dressings committee by having a larger number present at the Red Cross work-room on Saturday, February 9. Ten women were present, and the order of work was "split irrigation pads" of which eleven were made. Miss Edith Cooke was in charge of the work, and she informed the workers that they had surpassed any former record by three pads.

The work was interesting and enjoyed by all. While but a few girls had previously worked in the Red Cross room, this will be a permanent feature for the college girls on Saturday afternoons.

R 2-21-18

123 Books Contributed

Buena Vista students and faculty contributed one hundred ~~thirteen~~ books in the recent drive for books for soldiers and sailors. The books covered a wide range of subject matter, History Science, Drama, Fiction, Poetry and Religion. The drive in the college was superintended by Miss Cooke and to her goes much credit for its success.

Mar. 18, 1918

SOLDIERS APPRECIATED

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The Woman's League of Buena Vista sent out Christmas remembrances to the various students, who have gone out from our college. The boys who responded certainly appreciated these remembrances. The sentiment expressed by each was that he appreciated greatly, when far away from home, any word or thought coming from associates of past days. The following is a reply that was received from France.

To the Woman's League: Pleased indeed, I was to be the contact point of Christmas greetings from Buena Vista college. Such a connection shall always be cherished. I hope to be able ere long to tread the halls of B. V. once again—even if only to renew old associations. Accept my best wishes for a pleasant and successful New Year. Arthur Riedesel, Regimental Band, 318th Engineers, A. E. F., France.

2-11-19

SUM OF FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS IS RAISED FOR THE ARMENIAN DRIVE

1919

The Conundrum supper on Saturday evening, January 25, proved a great success. The commercial rooms were again transformed into a regular dining room and soon after the doors were opened, a jolly crowd began to pour in, filling all the empty chairs in a short time.

The guests were efficiently served from booths and many and varied were the menu sent out from these booths, for any one who has ever attended a conundrum supper knows that you do not always get just what you are expecting. When your order is filled. Of course all of our beloved professors called for that article designated on the "menu cards" "the faculty." They were rather surprised to find themselves classified as nuts. It was soon conceded that "What the Seniors most desire," was dates but some of these people now did not know the Pachyderm's in their freshman days or they would leave well enough alone. So the guests joked and laughed and the supper not only an event of benevolence, but also a delightful social event.

The menu is as follows:

Chopped Stupidity—Salad.
Labor's Stronghold—Meat.
Father of All Darkness—Ham.
Hurry—Catsup.
Freshman's Main Food—Milk.
Adam's Tempter—Baked Apple.
Nature's Offering—Water.
Lover's Choice—Pickles.
Ivory Manipulators—Toothpicks.
Greek Letter—Pie.
What a Patient Has and What a Doctor Gets—Coffee.
The Faculty—Nuts.
What Women Need Most—Bread.
Dentist's Joy—Candy.
Having Eyes Yet See Not—Potatoes.
A Letter and to Utter—Butter.
Wiggle—Jelly.
Boston's Pride—Beans.
Visible Pain—Cake.
What All the Seniors Want—Date.
S. O. S.—Ice Cream.
Favorite Pastime—Gum.

All the articles served had been liberally donated and the Women's League, who were managing the affair realized about \$45, the greater part of which will go to help out in the campaign for the Armenian relief.

BUENA VISTA IS TO HAVE SERVICE FLAG

Committee is Trying to Locate
Every B.V. Man Who is
in the Service.

The committee which has charge of the Service Flag have compiled the following list of names of Buena Vista men who are eligible to recognition on the flag. However, the committee feels that there may be others whose names have been overlooked who deserve recognition, and the request is made that any one knowing of any addition or correction that should be made will communicate with the editor of The Tack. It is desired to give every man a star on the flag, and no one will be left out intentionally. ~~Here is the list.~~

Notice

We are gathering data for a record of all Buena Vista college students now in the service of their country. We are very anxious to have this complete by June 4, and would appreciate any help which can be given us by people throughout the county. We would like to have dates of enlistment or draft, present address, items of interest in connection with their work, etc. There are many boys throughout the county and neighboring counties who have attended Buena Vista college in the past but concerning whom it is difficult to get exact data. Please notify any of the following by phone (college phone 66) or by post.—Geo. H. Fracker, Alice E. Wilcox, Edith Cooke, Elmer Stahl, committee. 5-31-18

STAR SOCIETY DEDICATES FLAG FOR TWENTY-EIGHT

A service flag with twenty-eight stars was dedicated by the Star literary society on Last Friday evening for the former and present members.

The program was opened with a solo, "God Bring You Safely to Our Arms Again," by Miss Edna Keith. Miss Joyce Wahl then read, "An Incident from the French Camp." Miss Fuhrmeister made the dedication speech and then read the list of the men, who are represented on the flag. Miss Mary Thomas read, "Henceforth to be American." The program was concluded by singing, "The Star Spangled Banner."

FLAG DEDICATED AT FAREWELL SERVICE

Flag Contains Seventy-One
Stars. Presented to the
College by the
Faculty.

The farewell chapel services on June 4 was of peculiar significance this year because of the dedication of the college Service Flag. The flag was presented to the college by the faculty, and contained seventy-one stars representing Buena Vista men in the service.

Preceding the dedication of the flag, Miss Norma Siebens sang Van Dyke's "America for Me." After this the audience repeated in unison "The American's Creed" by William Taylor Page.

The dedication service proper was begun by Miss Edith Cooke who read the list of Buena Vista men in the service. She also gave a short history of each man's movement from the date of his enlistment to the present. The one gold star, she explained, was in memory of Ilo Taylor, the first Buena Vista man to die in the service of his country.

Mayor Edson then delivered the dedication address. Mr. Edson spoke of the sacrifices the men are called upon to make, and emphasized the part America must play in the war. He told of the speech of Lincoln in which the martyred president had said, "A country divided against itself can not stand." There are at present two forms of government in the world, the democratic and the despotic; and history has shown that one man can not dominate the world. This foretells the doom of the kaiser.

Germany today is not the Germany of yesterday, and this is what is fooling the ordinary pro-German. Germany today has a plan of world conquest, and it will be up to America to foil this plan. Speaking of the flag, Mr. Edson closed his address with those immortal words of Kipling's, "Lest we forget."

The farewell chapel service at Buena Vista college on Tuesday was the occasion for the dedication of a Service flag in memory of seventy-one Buena Vista boys who are now serving with the colors in different parts of the world.

The introductory part of the service was featured by a solo, "America for Me" sung by Miss Norma Siebens, and by the reading of "The American's Creed" by the audience.

The dedication service was begun by Miss Edith Cooke who read the names of the boys in service, telling a number of interesting facts concerning the date of their enlistments, their movements since enlistment and the present location of the men. The one gold star on the flag is in memory of Ilo Taylor, the first Buena Vista man to die in the service.

The dedication address was delivered by Mayor W. C. Edson. Mr. Edson emphasized the service and sacrifice of the men, and told of the part America must play in the war. He cited history to show the truth of the words, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." He also showed that history gives no record of world domination in its fullest sense by any one man. Germany, he declared, is not the Germany of twenty-five years ago. To day she plans a world conquest, and it will be America's part to put a stop to those plans. Mr. Edson closed with a quotation from Kipling's "Recessional," "Lest we forget."

The Buena Vista boys represented on the flag are: Ilo Taylor, William Aitken, Harvey Barnard, Robert Beatty, Jay Boslough, George Brandt, Stewart Brown, George Burmeister, Lyle Chapman, Harley Claus, Ed Crouch, Emmons Crouch, Lloyd Crouch, Ralph Dagger, Ed Danielson, Lael DeLand, Clinton Diehl, George Diehl, Merrill Drury, Paul Eshbaugh, Everett Evans, Walter Gabriel, Floyd Gilliland, Dent Gregg, Paul Hannah, Willis Heald, Harvey Hood, Wilbur Hughes, Wm. Hughes, Chris Jensen, Floyd Jenson, Arthur Johnson, Mahlon Johnson, James Kelly, Harold Lindsey, Frank Mack, Lyle Mantor, Romaine Martinson, Ray Mattison, George Mellady, Wayne Meyers, Earl Moore, Thad Olsen, John Parkhill, John Pendleton, Eric Perkins, Philip Planalp, Earl Rechnor, Manson Redenbaugh, Arthur Riedesel, Hugh Ross, Ed Rust, George Scott, Aubrey Shaul, Chester Sheeley, Elden Smith, Kenneth Smith, Joe Sohm, Carl Sparr, Marion Strawn, Francis Stringer, Eilet Torkelson, Cecil Troeger, Claud Tipper, Charles Unger, Harfred Warren, Rolla Weaklen, Frank Willfong, Henry Wright, Lester Yerington, Bernice Bradford, Hayden Sisson.

UNVEIL FLAG FOR MASONS

Sixteen Stars Placed on Emblem
of Our Liberties.

CEREMONIAL IMPRESSIVE

Bishop E. S. Johnson Delivers Most
Powerful Address—Sir Knights
Act as Escorts.

With fitting, beautiful and impressive ceremony, Jewel lodge No. 309, A. F. & A. M., unveiled a service flag upon which were sixteen stars at Lakeside church on Tuesday evening in the presence of an immense audience. The service was one of the most successful and interesting ever held in the city. The ceremonial was written and arranged by Joseph E. Morcombe, editor of the American Freemason.

T. H. Chapman presided over the exercises and after introductory remarks, Rev. John McKee, pastor of the Christian church, invoked Divine blessing. The Deacons of the lodge, Charles Lynde and T. G. Shannon, then repaired to the rear of the church where they were joined by nine Knights Templar in full uniform, who escorted the American flag to the front of the church. The knightly escort was in charge of Sir Knight Arthur Edson with the following Knights composing the escort: Raymond A. Jones, L. S. Todd, Fred P. Foster, E. W. Oates, J. B. Wadsley, G. M. Triplett, D. F. Shannon and Guy E. Mack. The flag was deposited at the front center of the rostrum and placed in charge of Miss Katherine Kinne. Following this Mr. Morcombe paid glorious tribute to the glorious flag, the tribute including an original poem.

The Temple male quartet, composed of H. F. Miller, A. G. Hoch, George B. Eginton and Dr. W. M. Storey, then rendered "The Flag Without A Stain," in a most beautiful manner. The service was then turned over to Roy U. Kinne, who asked the secretary, Albert Tymeson, to call the roll of the members of the lodge who are in the service, and he read as follows: Captain George K. McCollough, Lieutenant Dr. J. H. O'Donoghue, Lieutenant Kenneth J. Smith, Lieutenant Charles Unger, Lieutenant Joseph Sohm, Lieutenant S. L. Hoffman, Lieutenant Frank W. Mack, Lieutenant Lyell A. Chapman, E. L. Green, Neils Neilsen, L. L. Foster, Robert Beatty, Floyd Davis, Edward Crouch, Ejvind Kielsholm and William Streb-elow.

When the cover was removed from the service flag by the Deacons, the stars were covered, and the mother wife, sister or friend of the soldier-Mason, was escorted to the service flag by Sir Knights Arthur Edson, Raymond A. Jones and Fred P. Foster and uncovered the star which represented the Mason in service in whom each is the most interested. The ceremony was extremely impressive and enacted perfectly.

The male quartet sang again after which Presiding Officer Chapman introduced to the large audience Brother Bishop Eben S. Johnson, former pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, now bishop of Africa, and deeply beloved by all people, who delivered what is held to be the address of his career. His opportunities for growth have given him the great vision which he was able to pass on to his friends in Storm Lake in a remarkable manner. First he stated that his son was at the hour on his way to Jefferson Barracks to enter the most dangerous service as motor cycle message bearer to accompany the tanks and from that he passed on to the great question of the war and its relation to the Masonic fraternity. In strong and effective words, he recited that the teachings of the Masonic lodge lead one to want to do battle for humanity and human liberties and that is what this war is for, to preserve these very things to this country and men everywhere. The eloquent Bishop, at his best, told something of the hopes and aspirations of the peoples of Europe who are fighting with us and with whom he had been recently visited. He impressed all with the seriousness of the situation across the water and urged upon men and Masons to falter not and to do everyone his best. It was a masterful address and Bishop Johnson closed, asking for the singing of the last verse of "The Star Spangled Banner," and expressing the deepest conviction of final victory.

Throughout the entire ceremonial, Fred W. Wimberley presided at the pipe organ. The affair was a distinct credit to Mr. Morcombe, to Jewel lodge and to everyone who had any connection therewith and awakened a new and deeper feeling for the soldier-Masons, all soldiers and in the war generally.

DEDICATION OF ALUMNI FLAG

4-19-18
Fitting Ceremonies Conducted
by Class of '03.

HONOR DEPARTED ONE

Death of Lieut. Ilo I. Taylor in Service Inspires Presentation of
Flag to High School.

The dedication of the Alumni service flag of the Storm Lake high school was an event which took place in the high school auditorium Monday evening, April 15, 1918. To Miss Grace Russell the credit of the idea should be given, but the other members of the class of 1903 living in Storm Lake are responsible for the arrangements of the ceremonies which were held in memory of Lieut. Ilo Ivan Taylor, of the class of 1903, who died while in the service of his country. The members of the class who were present included Mrs. Meda Ross-Steig, Miss Wyn La Grange, Mrs. Edna Steffen-Vandemark, Mrs. Stella Anderson-Staley, Miss Freda Witter, Charles G. Chapman and Walter Luhman.

The dedicatory ceremony opened by the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by the audience. A quartet composed of Misses Freda Witter and Lillian Nitzke, and Messrs. Paul Troeger and Robert Gring, sang, "For the Flag and America." Miss Jean Woodruff was the accompanist. Charles G. Chapman, '03, gave the presentation address and Miss Nellie R. Goodman, principal of the high school accepted the flag. Don G. La Grange read the forty names which were designated by stars upon the flag, which included twenty-six officers or those in officers training camps and a Red Cross nurse.

Those beautiful words of Walter D. Nesbit's, "Your Flag and My Flag" were sung by Miss Kathleen Richardson. Miss Stella Russell, a former instructor of the Storm Lake high school, gave a talk on the "Star of White, in memory of Lieut. Ilo Ivan Taylor. Miss Russell's most excellent eulogy follows:

The Star of White

A star of white superimposed on a star of blue signifies one who has died in the service. The flag dedicated tonight bears one such star, and it is in the memory of the one for whom it stands that this flag is given the high school by the class of 1903.

I have two reasons for feeling especially honored that the class of '03 has seen fit to ask me to talk tonight.

The class of '03 was the first class that came under my jurisdiction when I became a teacher in the Storm Lake schools. I have the warmest affection for every member of that class. Lieut. Ilo Taylor, who is represented by the blue and white star was one of its members.

The second reason is that of the forty young men from the alumni of the high school represented by the stars on this flag thirty-two were my pupils for a longer or shorter time as was also the Red Cross nurse. There is a tie which binds the hearts of a teacher and former pupils, and I can but take a keener interest in these boys and this girl because of that relationship. As I said, Ilo was one of my first pupils and it is of one of his most persistent and commendable characteristics that I wish to speak.

We hear the word "duty" very often in war times. It is true that our duties as citizens have seemed to increase in the present crisis. It is equally true that the attitude that we hold toward duty in the time of war is but a reflection of the attitude that we have learned to take in the time of peace; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that the attitude that we hold toward duty in the time of peace is but magnified as through a lens in the time of war. The details of our characters were all there before, but now the character of each and call came for men for the officers' training camp was but characteristic every one of us is magnified by the lens of suspicion and thrown on the screen where all may see.

Ilo's attitude toward duty when the of his attitude toward duty from childhood. I believe it was innate in his being—a part of him though developed by training. It was like his attitude toward school work when a boy in the grades, of his attitude toward getting a higher education when he had completed his high school course, of his attitude toward the duty of providing for his family.

Ilo Taylor was one of the very few, if not the only one of the pupils of the Storm Lake schools who from the time he entered the baby class in the primary room until he graduated from the high school was never either absent or tardy. An enviable record is it not? It was just a matter of duty with Ilo to be at school and to be there on time. I do not think that he ever thought of it especially as a duty. Others of his class were absent and no one ever made much fuss about it. Nobody would have made much if Ilo had occasionally been absent, but he wanted to be there. It was natural for him to be there. Duty is not natural to some people. It was to Ilo. Duty is not a pleasure to some, but that is merely the way one gets into the habit of thinking about it.

Again Ilo had the habit of getting his lessons. That is also a matter of duty, but I do not think that Ilo thought much about it in that light. He wanted to have his lessons. He the natural thing for him to get his work done as quickly and as efficiently as possible. It was ly as possible.

Another illustration of Ilo's attitude toward duty came after he finished the high school. This time it was his attitude toward getting an education. It is right for every boy and girl to fit himself for life by getting the best education possible. Ilo did not look at it especially as a duty, but he wanted the education. It seemed to him like the natural thing to want to go to college and prepare himself for the greatest possible usefulness in life. But there was one thing that did not make it easy for him to go and that was money matters; but the boy who wants to go to college will find a way to go, and Ilo did just what thousands of American boys are doing every year and just what thousands of boys will not attempt to do. He earned most of his way through school and he worked hard to do it. Having prepared himself for life, he was prepared to live it dutifully and honorably.

Ilo was making a good record as an instructor of engineering when the U. S. entered the war. Then the call came for engineers for the training camps and Ilo enlisted. Afterwards he told me that he knew that the government needed engineers and he thought it was a good chance and it seemed like the natural thing for an engineer to do. He did not say that he thought it his duty to go. He did not seem to think much about that. It was what he wanted to do, but, as I said before, it was characteristic of Ilo always to wish to do the thing which consciously or unconsciously he felt it to be his duty.

Another phase of Ilo's attitude was shown in the provision that he made for his mother, his wife and his children. He took out the maximum insurance that officers were allowed to take for his wife, and made other provisions for his mother and children. He may have thought much of his duty in the matter, but even if it had not been his duty I believe that Ilo would have done it anyway.

I realize that I am talking largely to high school students. The most effective habit that you can acquire in your high school work is the habit of wanting to do cheerfully the thing which you realize is your duty to do. Some of you are wondering what you ought to do in the present condition of affairs. It is the general consensus of opinion that boys of school age ought to complete their education, and pre-

pare themselves to take the places of the thousands of trained young men who are falling victims of the war. The demand for educated young men is greater now than at any time in history. The demand will be still greater during that great reconstruction period which is bound to follow the war. The higher schools of France and England are practically bereft of students as boys of eighteen are now included in the drafts. It has been so for nearly three years, for, before the younger classes were called into the armies, industries claimed the school boys. So not only America but England, France and Belgium will need men trained in business administration, engineering, and the professions, for reconstruction work. The boys who are in the schools and colleges for the next four years are bound to find wonderful opportunities open to them. The high compensation of labor at present will tempt many boys to quit school, but if you boys are ever going to amount to much more than common laborers you must get college training. The educated man is not the only one who has a chance but he has a far better chance than the untrained man.

Notice this, of the forty boys represented on this service flag, eleven are commissioned officers, six are non-commissioned officers, and at least eight are in officers' training camps, making a total of twenty-five who are either officers or officers in training. Why so large a percentage? It is because these were mostly college trained men (it is so in every case of the commissioned officers) who had the brain power developed that would enable them to take the different training of the officers' camps. Those who were not officers are mostly the younger men who have not had time or opportunity for college work. That is the secret of the whole matter. The right thing, the natural thing for you boys to do is to stay in school and to work as if the whole future of America depended upon your getting an education, and you should stay there until your call to the colors comes.

We who are older may also draw our lesson from the life of the boy who is represented by the star of blue and white. We, too, should see in duty the only natural thing to do. We should find it a pleasure to put our hands down in our pockets and help the cause of the Red Cross and the Liberty bond drives. Some people grumble a good deal about the war breads, but since it is our duty to eat them let us do it cheerfully and without grumbling. Surely if our boys can run the risk of the camp diseases, the submarines, the sharpnel, the gas, the machine gun fire, and endure the grim and dirt and the homesickness, we at

home should respond to every demand that our government makes on us in the support of our boys and this righteous cause.

We should knit and make surgical dressings and not stop just because we are tired. The boys get tired, oh, so tired sometimes. Surely we should be ready to sacrifice something for them. We should be willing not to touch wheat until the harvest if the need becomes that urgent. What is that sacrifice to the sacrifice that these boys are making?

Some of these boys represented on this flag are already in France. Probably all of them will be soon. We must willingly and prayerfully fall in line and work for their comfort and their welfare. We must remember that American boys are fighting and dying in France tonight. In the words of Lincoln, "We must dedicate ourselves to the unfinished work. It is for us to take increased devotion of that cause for which" the boys "are giving that last full measure of devotion, that we highly resolve that our dead shall not have died in vain."

Miss Dewey Deal gave a reading, "Fleurette" and Guy E. Mack talked on the subject of "Our Opportunities". The program closed with the singing of that popular war song, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," by the quartet. The entire program was given by members of the alumni association, and were most fitting.

Stars for These

Lieut. Frank Mack, '01, U. S. Filling Station, Magnolia, Maryland.

Lieut. Ira Lockwood, '02, Medical Reserve Corps, A. E. F., France.

Lieut. Ilo I. Taylor, '03, Engineering Sub Depot, Camp Lee, Va.

Lieut. John Reynolds, '04, Co. A, 504 Eng. Bat'n. A. E. F., France.

Serg. Major Bert Reynolds, '04, Engineers Corps, Camp Dodge.

Serg. Lyell Chapman, '06, Officers Training Camp, Camp Dodge.

Lieut. Halford Warren, '07, Base Hospital, Harriesburg, Miss.

Clifford Schultz, '07, Battery 1, Officers Training Camp, Camp Dodge.

Lieut. Charles Unger, '08, Field Artillery, Camp Funston, Kansas.

Bernice Bradford, '08, Aero Division, San Antonio, Texas.

Lieut. Kenneth Smith, '10, Co. F, 163 Depot Brigade, Camp Dodge.

Clinton Diehl, '10, Camp Fremont, Cal.

John Pendleton, '11, Ordnance Inspection department, Aberdeen, Md.

Philip Planalp, '11, Ordnance School, Chicago.

Lieut. Floyd Gilliland, '11, Co. E, 350th Infantry, Camp Dodge.

Corp. Mahlon Johnson, '11, Co. D, 351 Infantry, Camp Dodge.

Arthur P. Hughes, '11, Aero Division, University of Wisconsin.

Floyd Davis, '11, 133 Field Hospital, Camp Cody.

Lieut. Eric Gustafson, '11, Medical Reserve Corps, Chicago.

Wayne Myers, '12, Municipal Pier, Chicago.

Lieut. Joseph Sohm, '12, 163 Depot Brigade, Camp Dodge.

Sylvester Mealy, '12.

Wilbur Walpole, '13, Cadet Flier, Kelly Field San Antonio, Texas.

George Diehl, '13, A. E. F., in France.

Lieut. Harold Darr, '13, Brooks Field, San Antonio, Texas.

Robert Beatty, '14, Municipal Pier, Chicago, U. S. A. Gopher.

Serg. Cecil Troeger, '14, 6th infantry, Camp Leon Springs, Texas.

Wesley Schuldt, '14, 215 Truck Co. Camp Kearney, San Diego, Cal.

Francis Stringer, '14, Municipal Pier, Chicago.

Corp. Donald Hill, '14, Co. E, 350th Infantry, Camp Dodge.

Bly McConkey, '14, 109th Engineers, Camp Cody.

Hilbert Barrick, '14, 109th Ammunition Train, Camp Cody.

Harold Krause, '15, Co. D, 118th Infantry, Camp Sevier, S. Carolina.

David Crissey, '15, Aero Division, University of Wisconsin.

Lael DeLand, '15, Municipal Pier, Chicago.

Karl Bowers, '15, Co. A, 8th Engineering Corps, Camp Baker, Texas.

Serg. Dent Gregg, '15, A. E. F., in France.

Elwood Cole, '16, Co. H, 6th Reg. Camp Perry, Great Lakes.

Russell Battern, '17, 19th Co., Seattle, Wash.

Ida Schweitzer, '12, Red Cross nurse, Army Base Hospital, Camp Deolus, Ayer, Mass.

Enlist in Ammunition Train

The new unit of the Iowa National Guard, the ammunition truck train, has drawn several recruits from this city. Hilbert Barrick, Wilbur Hughes and Aubrey Shaul enlisted in the train at Des Moines Sunday and Don Hill and William Hughes signed an agreement to enlist at Sioux City Monday providing the government gave the state an extension of twenty-four hours time to finish enlisting the unit to full strength. Permission was given by the government for this additional unit to the guard providing it could be recruited to the full strength of 702 men by twelve o'clock Sunday evening. At that time only a few over 500 were enlisted and application was immediately made by Governor Harding for an extension of time and all recruiting stations were ordered to obtain as many as possible who would enlist if the time extension was secured. If the new unit is a success they will no doubt mobilize at Des Moines between August 1 and 5.

RECRUITS TO CAMP

New Recruits in Company M of Cherokee to Camp at Pilot Rock—
Start Army Life Monday.

Our recruits from this city who have enlisted in the national guard since the guards return from the border, are having their first real touch of soldiering this week. They are being drilled in the manual of arms, taken on long hikes with a seventy pound pack on their back, eating army rations and sleeping in the army "pup" tent. Sore feet and lame backs will be the order through out the camp after the first few days of real army life are finished.

Orders were received the latter part of last week for all recruits in the Iowa national and state guard who have enlisted since the return from the Mexican border to report for camp duty on the first of July. Enough officers and non-commissioned officers to take charge of the "rookies" were also ordered to report at their armories. Company M of Cherokee of which nearly all of the local boys who have recently enlisted, are members will be camped at Pilot Rock a few miles south of Cherokee and they will be stationed there until the guard is called into the federal service. Officials predict that the guard will be called about August 1 although no official report to that effect has been made.

The idea of these camps is to round the new members of the guard companies into as good shape as possible before reporting at the large mobilization camps later in the year. It has been rumored that company M will be mustered into the federal service as a light artillery company. Robert Smoot, who has recently been promoted to a corporalship, was one of the non-commissioned officers to be called and Corporal Dent B. Gregg was another. Corporal Gregg was in Canon City at the time he received his orders. Floyd Davis reported at Sioux City Sunday where he recently enlisted in a hospital corps. Cecil P. Troeger, a recruit in company C, Iowa engineers, has received orders to report at Des Moines Friday and Dr. W. H. McLain who holds a lieutenancy in a field artillery company at Mason City, has no doubt been called also. Following is the list of new recruits in Company M who departed for camp at Cherokee on Monday morning: Dewey Crissey, Everett Breig, Walter Crissey, Harry Gordon, Warren Scofield, Jacob Haywood, Jay Carey, Fred Robinson, William Condon, Earl Moore, Emile Witt, Howard Crissey, Leo McFadden, Clarence Bosley, Ira Wedge, Walter Hull. 7-6-17

MORE STARS FOR FLAG

Thirty-four Added to Methodist Episcopal Church Flag.

Thirty-four stars of blue were added to the Methodist Episcopal church service flag at an impressive service held on last Sunday evening.

The service was opened by a prelude of Allied songs and followed by the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner." Rev. Irvin Green led in prayer and Rev. W. T. Macdonald gave the evening's address on the subject, "Our Heroes and what they stand for."

Relatives unveiled the stars for the following boys in the service:

Russell H. Barr, Leonard Barr, Jesse Battern, Elvin Battern, Albert Becker, Fred J. Bruhn, George Burmeister, Damond Edwards, Paul Eninger, Damon Vernon Foell, Lawrence Geisinger, George Hardin, Edwin Hoch, Forest Hoch, Everett Hughes, Harold Lancaster, Clarence Lindlieff, C. P. Mallison, Harold McKee, Clarence McPherson, Nels Nelson, Kirk Oleson, Earl Pentico, Norman Pike, James Pike, Earl Schwarz, James K. Shaul, Carl Schweitzer, Bert Shannon, Walter Ralph Stock, Philip Troeger, Edward Troeger, Zeno White and Ross White.

B.V. First in War

According to some interesting facts gathered by Miss Cooke, Buena Vista College is first in war in a number of ways. Harvey Hood, one of the first of the drafted men to leave Storm Lake, was a student at Buena Vista. Dent Gregg, one of the first to join the Rainbow Division from Storm Lake, was a Buena Vista student. Miss Corinne Buland, the first war bride from Storm Lake, was a Buena Vista student. The first Storm Lake man to reach France, William Aitken, was also a student at B. V. Ilo Taylor, the first Storm Lake man to die in the service, was a student at B. V. And honorable mention must be given to Baby Taylor, the first war baby who can claim relationship to the college.

R-5/30 '18

First Storm Lake girl to reach France (first BV County girl also) was Miss Eva Delbridge.

Will Take Half

How will the next draft affect Buena Vista college and the other colleges of the state is a problematical question arising in the minds of many in these war times. The war has called so many of the college boys that there are now but thirty-three young men registered in Buena Vista college. At least half of this number will be taken in the next draft. There are now ten in college who have enlisted and are awaiting the call to colors.

1-25-18

Colleges Make Good Showing

2-20-19

University and college students of Iowa have paid 62 per cent of the \$93,100.46 which they pledged to the United War Work Campaign, according to reports just issued by Bruce W. Tallman, director of collections.

Students of Iowa State college, who subscribed nearly a third of the state student quota have turned in \$18,720.28 on a pledge of \$30,281.76. Iowa State university has paid \$6,589.20 on a pledge of \$11,435.45, while Grinnell is a close third with payments of \$5,630.85 on a pledge of \$10,943.90. Drake holds fourth place with \$3,182.75 paid on a subscription of \$5,181.75. Iowa State college is just even with the state average, 62 per cent, and Drake is 1 per cent below.

Among the major institutions, Cornell easily outranks all others in percentage of payment. The students of the Methodist school have paid all but \$203.67 of a pledge of \$6,200 and are credited with 97 per cent.

Iowa Teachers' college actually has a 1 per cent lead over Cornell but the teachers had a much smaller amount to pay. They pledged \$2,509.65 and are back only \$52.32.

Of all the schools which pledged more than \$1,000, these two are in a class by themselves. Three schools—Penn, Simpson and Upper Iowa—are closely bunched for third place. Penn students have paid 78 per cent of their pledge of \$1,200; Simpson has collected 77 per cent of a subscription of \$1,040, and Upper Iowa has sent in 72 per cent of a pledge of \$1,640.

Two schools are over the top on their contributions. Iowa Wesleyan has paid a pledge of \$510.85, and Ellsworth college has cashed in on a subscription of \$331. St. Joseph's Academy of Ottumwa is also 100 per cent on a pledge of \$500.

A complete list of the schools which held United War Work drives, together with their pledge and per cent of payments follows:

Buena Vista, \$319, 90 per cent.
Central, \$836, 70 per cent.
Coe, \$4,606.50, 50 per cent.
Cornell, \$6,200, 97 per cent.
Des Moines, \$1,540.50 54 per cent.
Drake, \$5,181.75, 61 per cent.
Ellsworth, \$331, 100 per cent.
Grinnell, \$10,943.90, 51 per cent.
Iowa State college, \$30,281.76, 62.
Iowa State Uni., \$11,435.45, 58.
Iowa Wesleyan, \$510.85, 100 p. c.
Morningside, \$3,936, 62 per cent.
Parsons, \$831, 64 pre cent.
Penn, \$1,200, 78 per cent.
Simpson, \$1,040, 77 per cent.
Tabor, \$205.80, 97 per cent.
Upper Iowa, \$1,640, 72 per cent.
Western Union, \$800, 40 per cent.
Dubuque (St. Joseph), \$4,016.30, 35 per cent.
Dubuque (Delhi St.), \$2,034, 28.
St. Ambrose, \$350, 57 per cent.
Mt. St. Joseph, \$600, 67 per cent.
Presentation Academy, \$200, 50.
Visitation Academy, \$300, 67 p. c.
Immaculate Conception, \$201, 50.
St. Angella's Institute, \$300, 69.
Our Lady of Angels Academy, \$50, 100 per cent.
Our Lady of Victory, \$100, 100.
St. Joseph's Academy, \$500, 100.
Sacred Heart Convent \$100, 100.

Three Months' Course

A special course preparing young men and women for the Civil service has been announced by Buena Vista college. A three months' course is offered by the commercial department. Right now the nation needs men and women with special training and they should prepare for service.

12-21-17

The courses in explosive chemistry and in wireless telegraphy are being offered next semester. These are of especial value to young men who are expecting to go into the army.

Heard Dr. Linn 8-15-19

Worshippers at the Lakeside church were agreeably surprised last Sunday morning at the presence of Rev. J. P. Linn, D. D., former president of Buena Vista college, in the pulpit and to hear something of his experience in Y. M. C. A. work in France. The address was highly appreciated. He also spoke to the Christian Endeavorers in the evening. His many friends were pleased to grete him again.

G. A. R. GIVES COLLEGE FLAG

2-21-18

Presentation Will be Made Friday Afternoon.

CHAPMAN TO SPEAK

Public Schools to Hold Patriotic Program in Observance of George Washington's Birthday.

The anniversary of the birth of George Washington, the father of our country, will be observed with more than usual ceremony this year in Storm Lake. Today, February 22, is the day when the nation floats to the breeze the star spangled banner in commemoration of one of the greatest men the country has produced. The story of the little red hatchet and the man who never would tell a lie will be retold by the children in the public schools this afternoon. In the Buena Vista college chapel a rather elaborate program and flag presentation will be given and as a fitting finale of the day the W. R. C. and G. A. R. societies will celebrate with a program and supper at the court house.

Patriotic Program at College

At a recent meeting of the College Women's League the question of having a flag on the campus was taken up and discussed. A flag committee was then appointed. Because years ago the G. A. R. had given the old flag that has hung for years from the north wall of the chapel, it seemed the natural thing for the girls to go to them for suggestions and help. And truly this was wise. No sooner did the G. A. R. hear of the project than they were ready to aid. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Currier and Harlan, was appointed and in almost less time than it takes to write it, the league was assured of the flag.

The following patriotic program under the direction of the G. A. R. will be carried out Friday afternoon at three o'clock in the college chapel:

America.

Prayer, Dr. Fracker.

Patriotic address, Mr. T. H. Chapman.

Solo, Van Dyke's America, Miss Siebens.

Presentation of flag, Col. George Currier.

The bringing in of the flag.

Appreciation of gift.

From students, Miss Agnes McCreery.

From faculty, Dean Parkhill.

From trustees, Mayor W. C. Edson.

Unfurling of flag, E. L. Marousek, custodian.

Star Spangled Banner.

SWIPED GERMAN MAPS

Prof. Fred W. Wimberley Can't Fight
But he Can do His Bit.

When Fred W. Wimberley read on Saturday that the American government was greatly in need of maps, pictures, etc., of the area where the forces are fighting and of the territory which the allies hope to gain, he dug down among his souvenirs brought home from Europe in 1907 and found valuable maps which he at once forwarded to Washington.

The packet which he sent to the war department contained several maps, which Mr. Wimberley admits he got away with while in Germany and were maps that were not supposed to be taken out of the country. He also has some 500 post cards of streets, scenes and buildings in Germany and France.

Mr. Wimberley has no love for the Germans and hopes for their defeat, with more vengeance than the average American, who does not know conditions as he does.

Miss Coles Leaves. 1918.

Miss Jessie Coles, who has had charge of the Home Economics department of Buena Vista college for the past two years, left Saturday, May 11, for Ames. Miss Coles will ally herself with the Iowa State-Wide Food Conservation Campaign which has for its purpose the carrying out of the Government Conservation plans.

Miss Coles will remain in Ames a week, and then will be appointed Home Demonstration Agent in some county where this office has not as yet been created. Her work will consist of demonstrations in saving garden and orchard products, canning, drying, storing, methods of cooking, the saving of wheat and sugar, and the use of fats and meats.

The college can ill afford to lose the services of Miss Coles, under whose direction the Home Economics department has reached a high degree of efficiency, but the call of the nation can not be disregarded.

8-21-19 — R —

Returns to B. V. College.

A few days ago the friends of Buena Vista were delighted to know that Big John Fulton had come back to enter college this fall as a member of the Senior class. In college athletics John has few equals in the state of Iowa. In baseball, football and track, he has been equally successful.

At Buena Vista he became interested in Y. M. C. A. and went with our delegation to Lake Geneva. There he was the acknowledged leader of the Iowa Group that captured about every athletic event on the program. At the outbreak of the war he at once enlisted for Y. work and was assigned to Camp Gordon, Ga., where he had charge of much of the athletic

activities of over 40,000 men. His work was so good that Mr. Jones at the head of the work in that camp said: "Everyone in Camp Gordon knew John Fulton. He was the best man we have ever had."

In a short time John decided that he wanted to get into active service where he would be sure to get into the hottest part of the fighting. He enlisted in the marines and was stationed at Paris Island, where he was soon commissioned as lieutenant.

He was just recently discharged, and his return to Buena Vista means a successful football team, and a big boost to the new gymnasium building as well.

PRESBYTERIAN SERVICE FLAG Des Moines

Sunday evening, the Presbyterian church held an impressive service in its dedication of the service flag for those who have given their lives as a sacrifice for their country.

One of the Sunday school classes gave the flag and after the stars had been pinned on by mothers or relatives of the boys, Chaplain Boyd of the 313th Engineers of Camp Dodge, gave a fine address on the sacrifice which the boys had made, and the duty of the church in keeping up of the standard set.

Lieutenant Wm. G. Aitkin, Lieutenant Gerhard Hansen, Orville Wooden, Marion Strawn and Tom Harries were Highland Park college representatives on the flag.

COLLEGE BANQUET

8-1-18

Rilfe Arrow:—Buena Vista college gave a patriotic banquet to a selected number of gentlemen of this locality at the Presbyterian church last Thursday evening. Just where the line of cleavage lay we were unable to determine by the attendance. Some forty odd took advantage of the opportunity offered and attended, feeling amply repaid for the time devoted. The banquet was served by the ladies of the Excelsior Society and was a splendid culinary effort. It was a regular threshing time feast. The tables were very nicely decorated and won the attention of one of the speakers. We understand the Misses Nellie Grant and Edna Marcum had this work in charge. The banquet was well served and put all in a good humor for what was to follow.

The feast of things to eat over, Rev. C S Burnette of the Methodist church acted as toastmaster and announced the order of events. Rev Burnette, always good, seemed right at home on this occasion and convulsed the listeners with his fund of good stories. At an after-dinner affair, Rev. Burnette is hard to beat. First he introduced Miss Dewey Deal of Buena Vista college, winner of first honors in the state oratorical contest with her address, "The Policy That Failed". It was a master selection from the standpoint of literary merit and facts five, and was delivered in a forceful and splendid manner. Miss Deal is a power.

Next Dr. J. W. Parkhill of the College was introduced for a patriotic address, filling in for President Olinger, who was unable to be present. The Doctor surprised even those who had heard him before with his excellent address. It was a patriotic effort, dealing with present conditions. He showed plainly what had contributed to present conditions, and brought the state of mind of Germany to a point where it could think that what is being done in this war is all right. State chosen preachers, an educational condition that has lead the mind in this direction for forty years. He put up a great plea for the smaller colleges, which have time to devote to the moral education of the students, making no distinction as to denominations, bearing especially upon the relation of Buena Vista and Morningside colleges to northwestern Iowa. He brought home a lot of good truths and made friends for the small denominational colleges.

The meeting was highly successful and will bear fruit.

Buena Vista college representatives entertained the men of Pomeroy in a most interesting way at a banquet prepared by the ladies of the Presbyterian church, which was served in social parlors of the Methodist church, Friday evening. About twenty-five men were present. Miss Deal's oration was thoroughly enjoyed and is a striking illustration of the earnestness of the way in which the young people of that school pursue their work. President Stanton Olinger's address on "Patriotism and Education" suggested the need of Christian education, based upon the ideals of Christianity, that the young people of America should be trained in the way which will develop the most conscientious citizenship. The formal address did not take up any exploitation of Buena Vista college, but when requested to give something more particular about the school Dr. Olinger told of the accredited standing of the college, the equipment as to instruction, ect., and the high minded ambitions of these in charge of the school. The meeting was interesting from the nature and merit of the subjects presented and gave to the people who were present a favorable acquaintance with the policies of the college. The program was provided over by Rev. Homer S. Baumgardner of the Methodist church.

The college library is in receipt of the following camp papers from former students: "Tale Spins" from Cadet J. Stewart Brown, Cadet Squad, Ellington Field, Houston, Texas; "The Leatherneck" from John Fulton who is at the marine officers' training camp, Quantico, Va.; "The Balloon Pilot" from E. L. Marousek, Co. 91, Camp John Wise, San Antonio, Texas; and the "Sam-Sun", also from Mr. Marousek while he was at Camp Mabry, Austin, Texas. These are welcome additions to our file of camp papers. The library was also glad to receive copies of three scientific pamphlets written by Dr. Stanley B. Fracker, deputy state entomologist of Wisconsin, a graduate of Buena Vista college, class of 1910. The titles of these are "The San Jose Scale," "White Grubs," and "The Alcyonidae of the United States."

Memorial services for S. A. Ensign were held in the college chapel Wednesday morning. Judge A. D. Bailie gave the address. 11-22-18

FRANKLIN SOCIETY DEDICATES FLAG

Twenty-Five Franklins are
Serving in Different Parts
of the World

A Service Flag with twenty-five stars was dedicated by the Franklin Literary Society on Monday, May 27, to Franklins past and present who are serving in the war.

The program opened with the singing of "America," and after a piano number by Miss Ruby Angier and a reading by Miss Marie Doxsee, Miss Eva May made the dedication speech. While she was unveiling the flag, the distant call of the bugle was heard. This little touch added to the effectiveness of the scene. She then read a list of the men who are represented on the flag:

George Diehl, George Brandt, Lael DeLand, Robert Beatty, Kenneth Smith, Emmon Crouch, Lloyd Crouch Ray Mattison, Paul Eshbaugh, Elden Smith, Charles Unger, Aubrey Shaull, William Aitken, Hugh Rosson, Joe Sohm, Harvey Hood, Harvey Barnard, Arthur Riedesel, Philip Planalp, Manson Redenbaugh, Stewart Brown, John Parkhill, Arthur Johnson, Archie O'Donoghue and Lura Chapman.

The remainder of the program consisted of a talk by Miss Agnes McCreery on "How Franklin Ideals Prepare Our Men to be Soldiers;" a saxophone and clarinet duet by the Messrs Marten and Nelson and a vocal solo by Mr. Marousek.

"The Star Spangled Banner" was sung by the audience at the close of the program. 1918

Over the Top with Red Cross

Buena Vista college played her part in the Red Cross drive Tuesday, November 3. The announcement was made in chapel and with no further asking or canvassing, fifty three dollars was taken in to be turned over to the town, as a part of their drive. It was especially noticeable how very prompt some of the young men were in signing up. 11-18-19

CAPT. ROBT. J. SHAW

Infantry, U. S. Army; Commandant, S. A. T. C.

B. A. University of Iowa, 1916; Law College, University of Iowa, 1915-1916; Law College, University of Chicago, 1916-1917; assigned to 40th Infantry, U. S. Army, November 27, 1917; senior instructor, Co. "II", R. O. T. C. and S. A. T. C., Fort Sheridan May-September, 1918; commanding officer, S. A. T. C., Buena Vista, October-December, 1918.

STUDENTS' ARMY TRAINING CORPS

On October 11, 1918, 96 men of the S. A. T. C. were inducted into the service of the government at Buena Vista College. The following is the roll of the company:

Officers

Capt. Robert Shaw, Commanding.

Lieut. Orrin Letson.

Lieut. Ethan Norton.

Lieut. Edward Edwards.

First Sergeant—Ned E. Dahl.

Supply Sergeant—Earl Brown.

Mess Sergeant—Harry Gunnarson.

Corporals:—

Fred Porath.

Floyd Albert.

Elmer Nelson.

Faber Dopp.

Herbert Plagman.

Paul Lindsay.

Ray Jardine.

Lester Mason.

Marion Heth.

Leo Mooney.

Eli Parry.

Max Littlefield.

George Augustson	Primghar
Floyd Albert	Primghar
Wendell Bailey	Royal
Forrest Barnes	Cherokee
Lester E. Baskerville	Fonda
Ralph Benson	Primghar
Eugene Boettcher	Truesdale
Aaron Brandvold	Rembrandt
Jothan Bristol	Marathon
Forrest Breyfogle	Alta
Earl Brown	Laurens
Vernon Buehler	Odebolt
Joseph Carlson	Odebolt
Julian Cheney	Newell
Raymond Christopher	Storm Lake
Henry Cook	Mapleton
Franz Copeland	Nodaway
Leo Cosgrove	Meridan
Herman Cox	Alta
Ned Dahl	Alta
Louis Denison	Battle Creek
Martin Dilworth	Fonda

Faber Dopp	Fort Dodge
Kenneth Dunlap	Jefferson
Clair Doan	Webb
Steven DeVries	Gaza
Wm. Dubois	Sioux Rapids
Henry Ducommun	Marcus
Henry Edge	Havelock
David Evans	Linn Grove
Fay Evans	Early
Russel Edwards	Storm Lake
Raymond Finders	Lake View
Arthur Firth	Wall Lake
Maurice Geary	Marathon
Randall Gottschalk,	Cherokee
Walter Grey	Albert City
Harry Gunnarson	Peterson
Cyril Gunther	Fort Dodge
Zeno Hammen	Jolley
Lloyd Haroldson	Rembrandt
Chester Harris	Rolfe
Raymond Heard	Marathon
Elmer Heathman	Havelock
Marion Heth	Carnarvon
Allen Higgins	Storm Lake
Merle Hines	Newell
John Jacobson	Marathon

Charles Jardine	Jolley
Robert Jardine	Jolley
Julian Jensen	Newell
Seigfred Johnson	Sioux Rapids
Evan Jones	Hospers
Raymond Jones	Sioux Rapids
Clarence Kearney	Fort Dodge
William Kelley	Fonda
Howard Kepner	Spirit Lake
Gerhardt Knudson	Newell
Lambert Larson	Alta
Marion Latta	Sioux Rapids
Max Littlefield	Cherokee
Elwin Lindlief	Alta
Paul Lindsay	Marcus
John Marshall	Battle Creek
Lester Mason	Primghar
Henrik Matson	Alta
Dewitt May	Lake Park
Frank May	Storm Lake
Irving McCarty	Fort Dodge
Leo Mooney	Fort Dodge
Elmer Nelson	Spencer
Karl Nicholas	Lake Park
Carl Olin	Cherokee
Laverne Olney	Odebolt
Eli Parry	Primghar
Leonard Peterson	Alta
Irving Phipps	Sioux Rapids
Herbert Plagman	Peterson
Fred Porath	Newell
Floyd Reese	Linn Grove
Arthur Reese	Linn Grove
Wilmer Reichardt	Nodaway
Beryl Rice	Storm Lake

Homer Roberts	Spencer
Thomas Robinson	Wall Lake
Clarke Stamper	Danbury
Harry Toms	Fort Dodge
Roy Van Cleve	Storm Lake
Ray Waldhelm	Primghar
Cecil Waldron	Rembrandt
Glenn Warren	Cherokee
Harold Whealen	Storm Lake
Donald White	Storm Lake
Fred Wilkins	Sioux City
John Wooster	Mapleton
Ray Witthauer	Storm Lake

FOR MILITARY TRAINING

Government to Install it in all Colleges
Starting Next Fall.

Following is a communication which has been received by President Olinger of Buena Vista college from Newton D. Baker, secretary of war:

"Military instruction under officers and non-commissioned officers of the army will be provided in every institution of college grade, which enrolls for the instruction 100 or more able-bodied students over the age of eighteen. The necessary military equipment will, so far as possible, be provided by the government. There will be created a military training unit in each institution. Enlistment will be purely voluntary but all students over the age of eighteen will be encouraged to enlist. The enlistment will constitute the student a member of the army of the United States, liable to active duty at the call of the president. It will, however, be the policy of the government not to call the members of the training units to active duty until they have reached the age of twenty-one, unless urgent military necessity compels an earlier call. Students under eighteen and therefore not legally eligible for enlistment, will be encouraged to enroll in the training units. Provision will be made for co-ordinating the Reserve Officers' Training Corps system, which exists in about one-third of the collegiate institutions, with this broader plan.

"This new policy aims to accomplish a twofold object: first, to develop as a great military asset the large body of young men in the colleges; and second, to prevent unnecessary and wasteful depletion of the colleges through indiscriminate volunteering, by offering to the students a definite and immediate military status."

Buena Vista college has met the government requirements for the establishment of a student army training corps and the corps will be organized by a United States army officer some time during the last week in September.

President Olinger of the college has been advised by telegraph by the Adjutant General's office at Washington that the army officer upon his arrival at Storm Lake will immediately proceed with the organization of the unit. The telegram further states, that rifles, uniforms, overcoats and other equipment will be shipped, advise by wire final enrollment figures."

The course of study at Buena Vista will be the same as at other colleges and will be under the supervision of the War department. At least three hours each week will be devoted to the study of "war aims."

To enter the Student Army Training corps a student must be a graduate of an accredited high school, or have twenty-eight credits which entitles him to enter as a conditioned freshman.

The school year will be divided into three quarters beginning October 1. At the beginning of any quarter—October 1, January 1, March 1, any person of high school education between the ages of eighteen and forty-six may enter.

A boy whose eighteenth birthday occurs after October 1, will have an opportunity to join the S. A. T. C. when he becomes of military age.

Athletics will receive as much attention as the government will permit and will be conducted along similar lines in all colleges. The student will be under military discipline twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. If you are over eighteen years old and your number is called before October 1, you should apply to your local board for a transfer to the S. A. T. C.

Towns Represented in Intensive Training.

In anticipation of the Students Army Training Corps to begin work here October 1, a number of boys have enrolled for intensive training in one or two subjects. Those enrolled and the towns from which they came are as follows:

Alta—Forest Breyfogle, Lambert Larson, Henrik Matson, Leonard Peterson.

Linn Grove—Leslie Davis, David Evans, Rex Fountain, Arthur Reese, Floyd Reese.

Rembrandt—Aaron Brandvold, Eli Parry.

Marathon—Jothan Bristol, Raymond Jacobson, Raymond Heard.

Jolley — Roy Jardine, Joseph Hammen.

Creighton, S. Dak—Abram Crouch.

Jefferson—Kenneth Dunlap.

Storm Lake—Russell Edwards, Manley Millard.

Wall Lake—Arthur Firth, Thos. Robinson.

Carnarvon—Rudolph Heith.

Newell—Merle Hines.

Meriden—Harvey Turner.

Part of these are enrolled for the Two weeks training, part for three months.

UNCLE SAM'S BOYS COMING

Army Training Corps Opens
October 1.

LT. LETSON IN CHARGE

Bradford Hotel Will House 125 Students—Enrollment Open Until
October 1.

Lieutenant Orren Letson of Indianapolis arrived in Storm Lake on Saturday and will have full charge of the army training corps of Buena Vista college. Lieutenant Letson received his commission at Camp Lee, Va., but was for some time stationed at Camp Pike and Camp Zackery Taylor. He is a native of Iowa, having been born at Emmetsburg, and he considers himself rather fortunate to have been assigned to an Iowa college institution. Since his arrival on the scene of his activities he has been a busy man lining up the work at hand and making ready for the reception of the 125 students who are due to arrive in this city Thursday of this week. Lieutenant Letson will be assisted in his work by an army physician, who will be assigned to Buena Vista college.

Bradford Hotel Leased

The plan to erect barracks on the college campus to house Uncle Sam's boys was abandoned at a meeting of the college board and the military officer, Lieutenant Letson on Monday morning. The Eilers Hotel company offered the use of the entire third floor of the hotel for the sleeping quarters of the men and the basement for a mess hall. This proposition was readily accepted as the officer declared that no college in the state would then have finer quarters than the students of Buena Vista college.

The building of barracks, which would perhaps be the better plan, was given up because of lack of time to erect the buildings, and on account of the great expenditure of money which the citizens of Storm Lake and the friends of the college would have to raise in order to build and properly equip barracks.

Cots are Wanted

Pending the arrival of the cots and other equipment from the government, the local committee is up against the proposition of cots for the boys. It is desired that every person who possesses a cot which can be loaned for a short period, telephone college headquarters, 808.

The college training corps formally opens on October 1, but the men are ordered to report in Storm Lake, Thursday, September 26. Twenty young men have been at Buena Vista college during the past two weeks taking intensive training to prepare them to enter October 1.

Squads were drilling near the park on Sunday afternoon.

Daily Routine

A daily routine similar to that of United States cantonments will be maintained for all members of the S. A. T. C. The following is a tentative schedule subject to future revision:

6:30 a. m. first call.
6:45, reveille.
7:00 a. m., mess.
7:45 to 9:45, drill.
9:45 to 10:00, chapel.
9:45 to 10:00 a. m., class room.
10:00 to 12:00, class call.
1:30 to 4:30 p. m., class call.
4:30 to 5:30 p. m., athletics or drill.
5:30 p. m., retreat.
6:00 p. m., mess.
7:30 to 9:30 p. m., supervised study.
10:00 p. m., taps.

Students will be under regular military law and discipline twenty-four hours per day. Vacations, holidays and other release from camp duties will be given only upon formal leave.

EXTEND INDUCTION TIME

Not Too Late to Enter S. A. T. C. at
Buena Vista College.

The war department has extended the time to October 30, for the induction of September 12 registrants into the students' army training corps of Buena Vista college.

Originally the date was October 15, and this barred many from entering for various reasons. This extension gives an opportunity to others who have completed a high school course to take advantage of the government's plan of sending the boys to a college to receive military training along with securing an education.

Forty weekly newspapers over this section of the state were sent a telegram yesterday to announce the extension of time. It is believed that a number of new students will be secured when the order is known.

10-25-18

CEREMONIALS AWAIT ORDERS

Boys Ready for Induction into
Service

QUARTERED AT BRADFORD

Fine Y. M. C. A. Room Will be Opened in Benson Block by War
Council.

The one hundred and more members of the students army training corps have arrived in Storm Lake and their formal induction into the service of the United States army, awaits final instructions from Washington. Lieutenant Orrin W. Letson, military commander, is daily expecting final orders.

Until such orders are received the young men are not under military discipline. On Tuesday the students outlined their courses at Buena Vista college, and they are following regular courses of study.

The uniforms and other equipment have not yet been received, and in all probability two weeks will elapse before the boys will appear in uniform.

Drilling has already begun.

Boys Get Good Rations

The Bradford hotel has proven a most ideal location for the housing of the 125 boys of the army training corps. The third floor is utilized as sleeping quarters. Reveille is sounded at 6:30 in the morning and simultaneously every telephone on the third floor rings. By seven o'clock there is a grand rush for the mess hall in the basement. Three waiters in white serve the boys and it is some liberal serving they get too.

The tables are plain white pine boards, but the boys eat from perfectly good white dishes. For breakfast they have sausage, rolled oats, bread, butter and coffee. On Wednesday, their mid day menu consisted of veal stew, potatoes, boiled cabbage, rice pudding, bread, butter and coffee. On the tables are placed big, steaming pots of hot coffee and heaping plates of white bread. They also have sugar for their coffee.

An outside entrance is being built so that the boys will have no need to go through the lobby of the hotel.

Mail From Home Heavy

Manager Eilers of the Bradford says he will have to secure an extra size postoffice box to take care of the additional mail which is coming to the hotel on account of the army training corps. A number of the boys re-

ceive several "dailies" which shows that the folks at home are not intending that they should become lonely.

Nearly every town in northwest Iowa is represented. There are boys from Fort Dodge, Battle Creek, Primghar, Hartley, Cherokee et cetera. A complete list of the personnel of Storm Lake's first army training corps will appear as soon as the men are inducted into service. Only one registrant in the September 12th registration, over thirty-one, has joined the army training corps. He is Ned Dahl of Alta.

Open Lounging Room

Nothing will be left undone for the comfort and convenience of the boys of the army training corps. Just as soon as it became a certainty that a training corps would be established at Buena Vista college organizations began to conjure up what could be done for the happiness and pleasure of the boys.

The War Work Council, through the local county Y. M. C. A. has leased the suite of rooms over the Security Trust and Savings bank for a lounging room for the boys. It will be fitted up as a reading and writing room and will be equipped with all the supplies of similar rooms in the larger camps. The room is ideally located but is not as spacious as is really needed, but will answer the purpose very nicely. Volunteer workers will be in constant charge of the room, and men from all over the county will devote some time each month acting in the capacity of host to the soldiers.

In this room the boys may meet, sing rollicking songs, write a letter to mother and read the daily newspapers.

Arrangements are also under way to secure a room where athletics of all kinds may be indulged in. A suitable room has been found and will likely be fitted up for that purpose within a short time.

Second Registration Day.

On October 1, the S. A. T. C. appeared in the halls of Buena Vista for registration. About one hundred and twenty five boys from the various towns of Iowa were enrolled. The registrar and three assistants were kept busy all the day. The old students took a vacation that day as classes were not held.

S. A. T. C. WELCOMED TO BUENA VISTA

Two Speakers Deliver Inspiring Addresses.

Mr. C. W. Edson, Mayor of Storm Lake and also president of the board of trustees gave the opening address to the S. A. T. C. on Wednesday, October 2. He asked the boys first to pause and consider the past conditions, and then compare them with the future. Much responsibility is placed upon the boys of today. The support of the government is depending upon the boy who has the education. The boy with the education is measuring up to the requirements. Many parents are now regretting that their boys have not had this required education. "Why has the government called you forth?" It is to contend in a great struggle between constitutional government, and the Divine right of autocratic government. Our country must show her rights and must be protected. People of the present age do not intend to return to the old days again, but desire a reformation. "Boys, you have the greatest problem to solve. The German government must be remodeled and who is to take the responsibility. Some of this group may be sent to help remodel her government." The young man with the education is able to measure up to the responsibility. You have the greatest opportunity of the day. In behalf of Storm Lake, and trustees of the college, I welcome you to the best service of the American flag.

Next Lieutenant Letson was initiated to chapel service by giving a talk. He likened himself to an Arkansas farmer who lived in a valley. One day the farmer was taking a load of apples to market, about half way up the hill, his horses stopped and on investigation he found he had lost his apples. "Stuck, and nothing to unload." We do not believe this of Lieutenant Letson. He requested the boys to conduct themselves as gentlemen before being taken under strict army regulations. He knew they would be gentlemen afterwards. He complimented the American army by saying that all men in the army are gentlemen.

Investigates S. A. T. C.

Ctpt. Hansen of the sanitary corps of the regular army arrived in Storm Lake on Saturday, and spent the day in this city in getting data on the operation of the S. A. T. C. hospital during the war. He is a regular army man who had been retired at the outbreak of the war, but could not stay out of the scrap, and re-enlisted. He spent over a year in France. Captain Hanson spoke very highly of Storm Lake, remarking that it was one of the prettiest and coolest looking towns that he had been in. He is on a long tour of investigation and left on Sunday. 7-25-18

Army Physician Here

Lieutenant L. J. McLaughlin, detailed by the government to conduct a thorough campaign against vice in the cities where there are students' army training corps and cantonments, was in Storm Lake last Saturday. He looked over the situation and will return later. 10-11-18

LECTURES TO S. A. T. C. BOYS

Dr. I. W. Galloway, of Beloit, Wisconsin, one of the lecturers sent out by the War Council of the Y. M. C. A. to the S. A. T. C. units, gave his lecture on Sex Education to the men of Buena Vista college S. A. T. C., Monday evening in the college chapel. The Y. M. C. A., as in all other phases of its work seeks to give the men of the S. A. T. C. throughout the United States such addresses and lectures as will not only enlighten, but also strengthen them that they may get the most out of life and also give the most to those around them. Dr. Galloway's talk was very instructive and was much enjoyed. 11-15-18

The S. A. T. C. did not attend classes Friday, afternoon, November 8. The reason for this was that they were being inoculated.

Professor Young of the State University of Minnesota, Professor Bird of Carleton College; and Dean Almy of Grinnell College, were inspecting the S. A. T. C. classes Thursday, November 7.

Mr. Gear of the State University of Nebraska, was here Thursday, November 7, inspecting the entrance records of the S. A. T. C. boys.

PROVIDE READING ROOMS FOR SOL- DIERS IN MAKING

Rooms Over Ballou Bank Engaged by County Y. M. C. A. Workers

The bringing of a Student Army Training Corps to Buena Vista college has brought some responsibilities upon the Y. M. C. A., which is taking hold of the task, and as far as possible will follow the lines of work done in cantonments and camps. First of all the boys will be provided with a reading and writing room, which will be over the Security bank, in the rooms formerly occupied by the Marten & Sutherland architect offices. These are now being fitted up and within a few days will be ready for the purpose planned.

Aside from this the Y. M. C. A. will try and arrange for athletic events which will command the interest of the young men.

This work is to be conducted through the following committees chosen from the county: A. G. Hoch, chairman; E. W. Oates and George Steig, Sr., of Storm Lake; F. G. Redfield, Newell; Harry Erickson, Linn Grove; F. Ballantyne, Sioux Rapids, and Thos. Welch, Marathon. This work will keep the new county secretary, J. G. Lillibridge here more than was at first contemplated, and he will be general secretary, being assisted by four department secretaries—religious, social, physical and business.

Rifles were issued to the S. A. T. C. last Friday, and most of the spare time since then has been used in removing the grease with which they were covered. The grease was put on them to preserve them during storage, and sticks like the proverbial "puppy to a root," so that it takes a vigorous rubbing to remove it. Since the rifles were issued the boys have been receiving instruction in the manual of arms.

BUENA VISTA YANKS YANKTON'S SQUAD

SALMON AND BLACK DEFEAT GREY HOUND BY NAR- ROW MARGIN.

Buena Vista college won the first game of the season from Yankton by the score of 14 to 13 last Saturday. The Yankton squad was much heavier than the Buena Vista bunch who in the first half had no difficulty in scoring two touch downs upon their slower antagonists. In the second half however, their superior weight of almost twenty pounds per man began to give them the advantage, enabling them to play a more even game.

The game opened with Buena Vista winning the toss and choosing to receive. The ball was advanced about thirty yards when B. V. punted. failed to gain and punted. Buena Vista started on her 40 yard line and Christopher Reese, and Fountain smashed up the field, Christopher carrying the ball across for the first touch down. Captain Evans kicked goal. Yankton received and the play remained in the center of the field for the rest of the quarter. In the second quarter Buena Vista took possession of the ball in her 30 yard line and by a long pass to Fountain advanced it to Yanktons 20 yard line from where in a series of smashes, They made their second touch down Christopher carrying the ball. Captain Evans again kicked the goal. Yankton received, failed to gain, and punted. B. V. returned the ball about thirty yards and punted. Yankton advanced the ball to B. V.'s 40 yard line from where they scored on a forward pass. Reedy received the kicked goal. Buena Vista received and the half ended with the ball in Buena Vista's possession on her forty yard line. Score fourteen to seven.

In the second half Yankton came back strong, successfully completing at one time being free for a touch down but was tackled by Evans, playing safety. The third quarter ended without score. In the fourth quarter Yankton by the aid of the forward pass was enabled to score again but failed to kick goal.

B.V. played on the defensive for the rest of the game, punting at all times. The game ended with the ball

in Yankton's possession on Buena Vista's forty yard line. Score fourteen to thirteen.

Yankton was quite confident that their heavier team would have "easy pickings," but the lighter team was much too fast and ran away with them in the first half. They were able to gain nothing around on

ends, and only at rare intervals through our line. In the use of the forward pass, however, they made practically all their gains.

While all the B. V. boys played good football, Mason, Christopher, Captain Evans, and Fountain were the individual stars of the game although Reedy and Kinny, the Yankton colored half back, showed up unusually well. Captain Evans of B. V. outpunted Smith at all times during the game averaging over 40 yards. D. E. Gilmer who coached the B. V. team last year accompanied the team.

Line Up.

Buena Vista		Yankton
Jenson	LE	Reedy
Guenther	LT	Stephen
Reichardt	LG	Durland
A. Reese	C	O'Rourke
Nelson	RG	Landers
Dunlop	RT	Thompson
Mason	RE	Reukert
Evans (Capt.)	Q	Youngworth
Christopher	RH	Kinny
Fountain	LH	Van Tugel
T. Reese	F	Smith

Referee—Carberry Umpire—Hoops
The substitutes were: Crouch for Reichardt; Reichardt for Fountain; Bristol for Guenther.

On account of the state quarantine of South Dakota, the game was not open to the general public.

Lesson in Discipline

The S. A. T. C. boys received one of their first lessons in military discipline on Monday morning when they were compelled to remain in their quarters during the early morning jollification. It is beneath the dignity of a soldier to participate in such affairs.

11-14-18

BUENA VISTA OUTPLAYS DES MOINES COLLEGE

Buena Vista college was too powerful for Des Moines in their contest on the Des Moines team's field Saturday afternoon and the Storm Lake boys downed the capital city team by a score of 19 to 0. Three touchdowns gave the Buena Vista team their scores.

The visitors outclassed the locals at all times and from the start the winner was never in doubt. The Buena Vista team scored its first touchdown in the first half. A thirty-seven yard run by Reese followed by a five-yard plunge through the line by Davis resulted in the touchdown.

The second Buena Vista touchdown was the result of a forward pass, Evans to Jensen. The latter raced sixty-five yards through a broken field for the score after he received the pass from his teammate.

The final touchdown was made in the third quarter by Reese from the three-yard line. Plays through the line and short passes worked the ball within scoring distance.

The Buena Vista team took the aggressive and held it during the entire game. At only one time was Des Moines dangerously near to scoring when in the third quarter they completed a forward pass but was tackled on B. V.'s 15 yard line. They failed to advance and lost the ball, Evans putting the ball out of the danger zone.

B. V.'s first touchdown came in the 2nd quarter by straight line bucks, Davis carrying the ball over. They were again on Des Moines four yard line when the whistle blew, ending the first half. In the third quarter Reese broke through the line and ran forty yards for a touchdown only to be called out of bounds on the ten yard line. The ball was carried over, however, by straight line bucks, Reese crossing the line for the score.

The third touchdown came in the last quarter, when Bristol completed a forward pass and ran thirty yards for a touchdown. Due to the wet field only one goal was kicked.

The game ended with the ball in B. V.'s possession in the center of the field.

11-23-18

Fifteen in Guard House

Fifteen of the S. A. T. C. boys were placed in the guard house week ago Monday. These boys were caught gambling and forced to take this lesson in military discipline. 11-22-18

11-29-18 BUENA VISTA WINS AGAIN

Outclassed Opponents in Every Department of Game.

Buena Vista college S. A. T. C. defeated a team from the 163rd Depot Brigade, Camp Dodge, by a score of 42 to 0 in one of the snappiest games of football ever seen on the local field. The locals were able to score in each of the quarters securing the first touchdown in the first five minutes of play with a long forward pass which was perfectly executed.

It would be hard to pick any particular member of the local team as a game as the team showed ability to play for the advantage of the team and not personal glory. The back field made good gains through the visitors' line and each time they had the full support of their own men in making the holes for them. Reese made the most spectacular play when he went 80 yards for a touchdown through a broken field. Evans for the locals had a perfect score in kicking goals and placed two through the posts on difficult chances near the left boundary line.

This was the last game of the season for Buena Vista and they came through the season without being scored against and made good scores against all the teams they met. A game had been scheduled for Thanksgiving with a Camp Dodge team, but the date was cancelled too late to secure another team.

Much credit for the showing of Buena Vista team is due Mr. Woodworth, superintendent of the Hayes consolidated school and formerly played with Perdue who coached the team this year. Also due credit must be given the town of Linn Grove who furnished all but one of the backfield of the team. These players have been together for several years and sure are a good fast bunch. The lineup of Saturday's game was:

Buena Vista		Depot Brigade
Bristol	L. E.	Behyag
Alberts	L. T.	Wilcox
Richard	L. A.	Hall
A. Reese	C.	Bowlrig
Nelson	R. A.	Rickerson
Dunlap	R. T.	Schantz
Mason	R. E.	Knight
Capt. Evans	C.	Johe
Christopher	R. H.	Hadlock
Davis	L. H.	Banta
T. Reese	F.	Walker

Substitutes for Buena Vista, Jensen for Bristol, Crouch for Nelson, Fountain for Davis, Matson for A. Reese. Referee, Todd, umpire Latham. Headlinesman, Anderson.

\$960,000 DOLLARS WORTH OF INSURANCE TAKEN OUT

There are now 96 men in the S. A. T. C., the majority of whom took out the full \$10,000 insurance offered by the government. This covers both accident, life and disability while in the service, and may be converted into an old line policy retaining the same features. This makes a very desirable insurance, and when the cost, which is about \$6.50 per month per \$10,000 is considered, all arguments against it fade away. In all about \$960,000 worth of insurance was taken out this week. There are two classes, the voluntary, made by unmarried men, to persons whom they had been totally or partially supporting before enlistment, and the involuntary allotment, or required ones, made out by married men to their wives, allots \$15 to his wife, and the government allows another \$15, thus, in effect, paying the soldier an extra \$15 for his services. The public is familiar with this and knows how it works.

The second class allotment is not so familiar. This may be made by any man to a member of his immediate family when he has been partially supporting. The government also allows something extra in extreme few of the compulsory allotments would be made here, and few of the voluntary ones.

EDUCATIONAL SIDE OF S. A. T. C.

We were pleased to have Dean Nicholson present at Chapel service the other day. He comes from the university of Minnesota and is employed in the educational work of the S. A. T. C. The following is a part of his talk:

One of the biggest experiences in Educational experience is this new revolution move. It must have the cooperation of all to make it successful. The men in training are learning to be loyal, to be obedient, and how to become a good citizen. The men must have this right spirit. This spirit will add much credit to the world. When the members of the S. A. T. C. reach this stage of responsibility, they will be at the utmost of their ability. Boys, you never have approached your work with such alertness. Your mental activity is better as more sleep and more study is required.

"FLU" VICTIMS TOTAL THIRTY

12-18-18 No Fatalities Occur in S. A. T.
C. Hospital.

MARIE GARBER IS VICTIM

Epidemic in Storm Lake is Considered Under Control—Lt. Orrin W. Letson II.

Only one death from Spanish influenza in Storm Lake's territory is reported, while the total number of cases is approximately fifty. Marie Garber, aged eight years, died Tuesday morning of pneumonia, following a seige of influenza. The Garber family reside on the Arthur Brink farm eight miles south of Storm Lake. One other member of the family is ill with the disease, but is reported to be improving today.

Quarantine Timely

Seven days ago there were only four cases of the flu reported in the students' army training corps and today there are thirty cases. At that time the schools of the city were closed, which in the light of later events, is known to have been a wise course.

Last Friday it was known that the epidemic was to become general among the student's army training corps, and the improvised hospital at the home of Mrs. E. S. Ballou was deemed inadequate and the Red Cross, whose duty it is to care for the sick, lost no time in making arrangements for a hospital. T. K. Alexander and C. F. Aikin at once offered the use of the I. O. O. F. hall and rolled up their sleeves to assist in getting the quarters ready. With the assistance of Red Cross workers and members of the army training corps, it took less time that it takes to tell it, until a finely equipped hospital was in readiness. Friday evening twelve victims of the influenza were moved to the new quarters.

A complete hospital staff with Dr. E. F. Smith, as army physician, and nurses, including Mrs. E. S. Ballou, Mrs. A. E. Webb, Misses Luella and Hughena Burns, Miss Hoke, Miss Olson, Miss Bertha Dlugosch, Miss Searle, dietician, Miss Cooke, secretary and Miss Bertha Knight, matron, are in charge. A number of orderlies from the training corps are assisting. The hospital rooms are well equipped as there is a kitchen, reception room, a large hospital ward, and a room for the convalescents.

Patients Doing Well

Homer Roberts of Cornell, Iowa, has been seriously ill, but encouraging word from the hospital this morning is to the effect that he is showing improvement. Lieutenant Orrin W. Letson, military commander, was taken to the hospital Tuesday morning. His condition is very satisfactory. Two Storm Lake young men are down with the disease, Frank May and Harold Whealen. Both are getting along fine.

Three cases of the epidemic developed yesterday and additional equipment was rounded up by the Red Cross workers yesterday. Excellent work has been done by Mrs. Bert Lewis, Mrs. Stanton Olinger, Mayor W. C. Edson, with Mrs. J. A. Schmitz as chairman. The Motor Corps gave good service in the solicitation and gathering of hospital equipment. The women of the country are donating cream, butter and chickens for the hospital and the boys are getting the best possible care and attention.

While the disease has not spread at an alarming rate among the civilian population, every precaution should be heeded. Several members of the Mack family are ill and there are scores of cases which have been diagnosed about town as "colds" which may develop into something more serious. Mayor Edson urges the people to use every possible precaution and preventive, and it is believed that the influenza fight will result in the stamping out of the epidemic, within a short time.

The officers of the Yeoman lodge have offered the use of their hall for a civilian hospital in case that it is needed.

Two nurses, Mrs. Webb and Miss Dlugosch at the hospital, have been worn out by the strenuous duties and are ill at their homes.

Dr. Smith Army Surgeon

Dr. E. F. Smith has received his the students' army training corps at commission as contract surgeon for Buena Vista college with the pay of a lieutenant. He will not be required to wear the uniform in his present capacity.

10-18-18

THE LETTER BELOW

SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

Mrs. J. H. O'Donoghue,
Storm Lake, Iowa.
Dear Madam:

The trustees, Faculty and Students of Buena Vista College, desire to tender to the Storm Lake Chapter of the Red Cross their sincere thanks and appreciation for your efforts on behalf of the members of the Student Army Training Corps at the college.

This ought to go down in the History of Storm Lake, as one of the splendid things done by your chapter. We have been informed that this was the only Unit of the Students Army Training Corps in the Central Division, where no lives were lost from the epidemic of Spanish Influenza.

Will you as President of the Organization, extend to its members our thanks and appreciation for what you have done.

Yours very truly,

BUENA VISTA COLLEGE

W. C. EDSON, Chairman of Board of Trustees.

W. M. STOREY, Secretary of Board of Trustees

11-18-18

NO NEGOTIATED PEACE

Captain Shaw addressed the S. A. T. C. and the student body on Wednesday, October 30.

He began with the pointed remark that a negotiated peace is labeled with the trade mark, "Made in Germany."

Our task lacks competition and it is wrong to cease war until military autocracy is crushed. He said, What would an unconditional surrender meant in 1865? The same principles apply today, for the task must keep on until autocracy is gone.

The whole thought through out Captain Shaw's speech was not to seek peace for the sake of peace itself, but rather to fight on until the task for which we took up arms is completed, and German autocracy is completely crushed. Then will come peace, and a permanent peace for the coming generations.

"FLU" SCARE HAS ABATED

Buena Vista College Ordered Re-opened Monday.

HOSPITAL CLOSES TODAY

**No Cases of Epidemic Have Appeared
Among the S. A. T. C. Since Friday—No Fatalities.**

With no new cases of Spanish influenza reported in the students' army training corps since October 18, it is believed that the epidemic has been checked as far as Storm Lake is concerned.

The war department has advised the president of Buena Vista college to re-open the college on Monday as it is interfering with the progress of the students' army training corps. The government order was transmitted to the state board of health and the reply of the state board was to the effect that it would in no way interfere with the government's order. Therefore Buena Vista college will open its doors on Monday after a two weeks' enforced closing.

Hospital Closes Today

The emergency hospital opened in the I. O. O. F. hall on Friday, October 11, by the Red Cross to take care of the victims of the influenza, will be closed today. During the past two weeks thirty-one of the students and the commanding officer, Lieutenant Orrin W. Letson have been ill with the disease. No fatalities occurred and President Olinger praises in the highest terms the efficient work done by the Red Cross. Good care has been instrumental in the saving of lives.

But four cases are in the hospital and they will be dismissed today. They are Roberts, Benson, Whealen and Dweller. The commanding officer, Lieutenant Letson was able to leave the hospital yesterday.

Ninety-seven Inducted

Owing to the illness of the commanding officer, the war department sent to this city Captain Robert J. Shaw of Ames who arrived on Monday. The formality of inducting the men into service has been delayed on account of the delayed receipt of the induction papers from Washington. The men inducted Wednesday were given brassards to wear until the uniforms are received.

The students have been drilling daily with either Captain Shaw or Sergeant Dennison in charge. Captain Shaw has seen overseas service having served in 1915 with the French army.

10-25-18

LIEUTENANT NORTON GIVES BAYONET INSTRUCTION

Lieutenant E. A. Norton of Ft. Sheridan, Alabama, is giving the S. A. T. C. instruction in bayonet practice this week. This instruction is to be given two hours weekly and must be a concentrated course because of shortage of time. However, Lieutenant Norton is a past-master in the art of getting his ideas across to his class and in spite of the bad weather this week has the boys a good idea of the "Spirit of the Bayonet" which is the spirit of determination to win. He has taught them the first positions to be assumed in bayonet fighting.

He is a graduate of the university of Illinois and has been at Ames during the last four weeks, aiding in the induction and organization there.

In preparing for bayonet practice boys of the S. A. T. C. have provided themselves with willow poles in preference to using the more dangerous weapons which are provided with their rifles. The boys spent leisure hours the first of the week fitting up these long poles, and excited a good deal of curiosity as they went through town taking special care of an apparently invaluable piece of property. The boys have been marching back and forth this week with their imitation bayonets instead of the government rifles.

12-5-18

The Red Triangle.

"It follows our boys everywhere"—what? The Red Triangle. In the windows over the Security bank may be seen displayed the sign of the red triangle. The Y. M. C. A. has opened headquarters there, and the S. A. T. C. are treated the same as in the cantonments. The Y. M. C. A. rooms mean to the boys of the corp a place to feel at home, to think of home and to write home. Good music is furnished by a victrola. We have several records now, but anyone having victor or columbia records and wishing to donate them may do so, feeling that they will be most acceptable to the S. A. T. C.

Piano for Y. M. Boys

A committee of girls representing the Girls' Service Corps installed a piano in the Y. M. C. A. rooms today. There are a number of talented musicians in the S. A. T. C. and the boys have been anxious to have a piano. When the girls learned of this need they got busy. Under the leadership of Miss Annie Robertson there is to be more surprises for the boys.

10-25-18

S. A. T. C. Soldier Weds.

The first wedding to take place among the Students Army Training Corps of Storm Lake, was that of M. J. Hines, who is attending the military school here, and Miss Gertrude M. Papik, both well known and popular young people of Newell, which took place at Newell last Sunday evening at eight o'clock, when the young people were united in marriage at the Methodist parsonage, by Rev. George Eggleston, the pastor. The simple ring ceremony was used, and the wedding was a quiet affair, the only guests present being Miss Verna Gilman, a close friend of the bride and groom, and Mrs. Eggleston. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Papik of Newell, Mr. Papik being foreman at the Mirror office there, and she has lived there for a number of years. She is an experienced linotype operator and held a position at Verdigris, Nebraska, after which she took a position at this office where she was employed for a time. She recently accepted a position as stenographer and bookkeeper at the telephone office. She is a fine young woman and with her winning personality has made many friends in this city during her stay here. The groom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hines of Newell, and has lived there the greater part of his life. He attended the schools there until a short time before entering the military school here. He is a young man of good clean character and has a host of friends. He is a nephew of E. M. Hines of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Hines expect to make home for themselves as soon as the war is over, but for the present the bride will continue her work at the telephone office. The many friends in this city and at Newell will extend best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Hines for a happy wedded life.

10-31-18

WAS TROUBLE IN THE CAMP

Critic Frowned But His Superior
Only Smiled.

TRAINING CORPS STAY PUT

Buena Vista College Trustees Now
Declare Every Cloud Has a
Silver Lining.

Old Man Gloom, in the personage of a second lieutenant of the United States army, came to Storm Lake last week on the special mission of inspecting the housing conditions of the students' army training corps.

He found so much fault and his report to his superior officer was of such a discouraging nature that the trustees of Buena Vista college and others who had put forth such a strong effort to secure the corps, saw it fading away. It was about that time, however, that an S. O. S. call was sent to headquarters and Captain Zeilman of Minneapolis appeared upon the scene, and with him came a ray of hope that "all's well that end well."

Praised Hospital Corps

Captain Zeilman carefully inspected the rooms used as barracks, the mess hall, the course of study outlined by the college, and was fully informed as to the manner in which the Red Cross handled the Spanish influenza epidemic. He declared that to his knowledge Buena Vista college is the only institution in the United States in which there is a training corps where no fatalities occurred. He praised the nurses, physician and local people for the wonderful manner in which they met the exigency of the hour. In minor details he found flaws, which he set about at once to have righted.

Following his report to the government the men were inducted into the service and Buena Vista college now has a training corps located here until called into active service.

Captain Shaw Commander

Captain Robert J. Shaw, of Sigourney, Iowa, is now commanding officer of the S. A. T. C. Captain Shaw is an Iowa university man, and has seen service with the French army. He is an excellent officer, and the men under his command and that of Lieutenant Orrin W. Letson are rapidly being whipped into fighting trim. The men are under military discipline and have learned what reveille, mess call, retreat and taps are. Groups of people gather on Fifth street each evening to watch the soldiers drill.

The first consignment of equipment for the students' army training corps, was received Wednesday, which consisted of cots, rifles, bayonets, blankets and floor mats. The uniforms are expected with in the next few days and it is needless to say that the boys are anxiously awaiting the olive drab outfits.

9-1-18

ANNUAL COLLEGE LINE- UP IN COM. ROOM

SERVICE MOTHER'S CLUB DO-
NATE PIES AND THE S. A.
T. C. ENJOY FEED.

It has been the custom for a number of years to have, near the time of Hallowe'en, a masquerade party. This year it was thought unwise to follow the usual plan so it was decided to have a regular Hallowe'en party with all the ghosts, and spooks that go to make up such events. Now in planning a party the first thing thought of is "eats" What shall we have! That is the question of those present would be from the S. A. T. C. If we only could get something like "mother used to make," how glad those boys would be. Now there is nothing boys like better than pie. Why not have pie, and coffee? But who was to make the pies?

In Storm Lake there has arisen in the last year a club, known as the Service Mothers Club. The members of this club are the loyal loving mothers of the boys who have left the community to enter the service of their country. Like all mothers these women have just been waiting and hoping to be able to do something for some other mother's son who is away from home and home ties. Knowing the attitude of the club, a representative from the Student Council was sent to their meeting on Friday. An appeal was made for pies and before the appeal was half finished hands were coming up and all were saying "I'll give a pie" until twenty three pumpkin pies had been given by the twenty present.

Saturday evening came. Ghosts were at the doors and the guests were directed up the dark stairs to the second floor where they were to remove their wraps. Many of them were delayed by the two attractive booths where still more attractive girls were telling fortunes.

The commercial rooms had been decorated with Jack 'o lanterns, cornstalks, crepe paper witches, and black cats. Here and in the society halls entertainment was furnished.

Then came the time for the "eats." Not refreshments, but a regular feed for by this time about thirty-five delicious brown pies had accumulated. Those precious women had some of them decided to bring two while others had mentioned it to their neighbors and they too wanted their share in the giving. Generous slabs of pie were given and then the boys were invited back for more and more until they were "dat full of pie dat dey like to bust der selves."

Mothers Bake Pies

Members of the S. A. T. C. enjoyed real home made pies just like mother used to bake at the party given for them at the college Saturday evening. The Service Mothers club baked thirty pies for the boys, enough so that they could have all they wanted. Nearly every mother who baked a pie had a laddie "somewhere in France."

11-8-18

To the Service Mother's club of Storm Lake: We wish to express our thanks for your very generous response to our appeal for pies, last Saturday. We assure you those home made pumpkin pies were appreciated by all and especially by the boys of the S. A. T. C.—The Student Council, Buena Vista college.

Capt. Robt. Shaw left last week for Cedar Rapids where he is to have charge of the R. O. T. C. at Coe.

1-16-19

Lieutenant Letson, who has been one of those in charge of the S. A. T. C. at Buena Vista college, received his discharge the first of the week. Lieutenant Letson will leave for Missouri where he expects to attend Columbia college.

Lieut. E. A. Norton, who has spent the past few months in the city one of the officers in charge of the S. A. T. C., left Friday for Iowa City where he will assist with the demobilization. Lieut. Norton has many friends during his stay in the city. His home is at Bloomington, I. and he is a graduate of the state university there.

FUTURE OF S. A. T. C. IS QUESTION IN MANY MINDS

News Today Intimates Demobilization Within the Coming Month

What is the future of the S. A. T. C.? This is a question which has been exciting the interest of those who are interested in Buena Vista college, as well as all other colleges of the land. It is also a matter of lively interest to many young men who, through the Student Army Training Corps, are securing opportunities of study which they might not otherwise have.

It has been expected, since it was announced that the armies in the camps would be demobilized, that the college adjuncts would meet the same fate. This is not certain as yet, however.

During the past week, in common with other colleges, Buena Vista had the opportunity of responding "Yes" to a query from the Committee on Education and Special Training as to whether the institution desired to retain the student training corps. The question was put as follows: "Assuming an equitable financial arrangement in case your contract is discontinued at end of first quarter, and assuming that if continued, regulation of academic work by the War Department will be abandoned and military work reduced to nine hours weekly, do you wish to have your collegiate unit continued to June 30, 1918?" To this Buena Vista answered "Yes."

Another important question followed: "If contract is discontinued at end of first quarter and men discharged, what number of S. A. T. C. men would leave college?" To this the Storm Lake school answered "Seventy-five."

In the several schools of the state practically a majority of the students state their preference for a return to civil life rather than to continue under the present schedule. From the nature of the query sent out from Washington it is apparent that no definite policy has as yet been settled upon, and that it may be sometime before the fate of the S. A. T. C. will be known. 11-28-18

S. A. T. C. UNIT MUSTERED OUT

Student Soldiers Given Their Discharge Last Friday.

SHAW A POPULAR OFFICER

Boys Do Good Work and Show Much Improvement—Will be Missed in City.

With fitting ceremony, the Buena Vista college Student Army Training corps was mustered out of service last Friday afternoon and the flag was lowered for the last time from the staff which has been in the court house lawn since the boys were mustered into service.

It was a very different looking bunch of boys who were formally released from the service than the boys who were mustered in a few short weeks ago. It has been wonderful the manner in which the training has developed the boys. It has made them more alert, has caused them to walk more erect and step with more regularity and has added greatly to the development of each of those who Shaw, who has been in charge of the has received the training. Captain unit, is a most efficient man and the boys all admired him. He gave them a most stirring and helpful talk when they were mustered out as did the lieutenants. Dr. J. W. Parkhill also addressed them and the boys will long remember his words of advice and his admonitions.

About twenty-five per cent of the student soldiers will remain to continue their studies at the college. Many of them left town the same afternoon for their homes with most kindly recollections of the weeks they spent in the service and of Storm Lake and its people. The boys added much to the life of the community and gave a martial touch to the streets which will be missed.

Immediately after the departure of the soldiers, T. D. Eilers of the Bradford went to work to refurnish the rooms which the boys had occupied and get them ready for occupancy. Now that the war is over and salesmen will be back on the road, he will be glad to have the additional room to take care of his business. He has done everything in his power to make it pleasant for the students and they have appreciated it. They were certainly well quartered and well fed during their stay and health conditions have been excellent. 12-20-18

S. A. T. C. UNIT IS MUSTERED OUT

DISCHARGED WITH FITTING CEREMONY

The S. A. T. C. has been disbanded. The whole thing started off with a rush Thursday evening, December 12, when the men got their second month's pay, and signed their discharge papers. They had already turned in their extra shirts. The next morning blankets were first turned in as were also the duffle bags. Then the cots were folded up and a long line of boys formed stretching from the third floor to the basement and back to get rid of same. Coming back to the rooms they looked so forlorn and lonesome that the boys had to sweep them out to keep themselves from getting sentimental about the whole business.

During the time that rooms were being swept, the frank labels for returning uniforms were being given out at the orderly room. From the orderly room one went directly to his own room to get ready for physical examination and beat it for the northeast corner room where examinations were had. All this while the raucous voice of the chap who was doing his best to give you the best bargains in the world was heard at the head of the stairs. Said person was selling out the remnants of the Post Exchange, "Bring your wife and kids to the bargain sale, gentlemen."

At about eleven o'clock formation company was formed and the boys received their discharge papers, after talks by Captain Shaw, the lieutenants and Dr. Parkhill.

The S. A. T. C. was mustered out with a fitting and impressive ceremony the lowering of the flag in the court yard for the last time by the boys.

The boys did splendid work during the two months of training. This showed itself especially in improved physique and in manner of carriage.

S. A. T. C. NOTES

We now have a Post Exchange where a fellow, provided he isn't broke, may purchase anything they have on the shelves. The profits from this are to go to the Company Fund, the purpose of which is to purchase things for the Company.

They now allow us a ten minute intermission during the study hour in the evening. What are we going to do with all that time?

The voice classes under Miss Swisher, debated last week on questions concerning the S. A. T. C., such as, "Resolved, that the S. A. T. C. should be immediately disbanded," and kindred subjects. The arguments, pro and con, offered range all the way from direct, vital statements, to just plain windjamming.

A laundry basket has been placed in the corridor at the barracks for the receipt of the laundry of the S. A. T. C. In this way we can get good service on our laundry, and the proceeds from a slight reduction for collection will go to the Company Fund.

A call of "Our suits are here, brought everyone out into the barracks hall last Tuesday evening. A question or two spread the information that it was only the laundry basket, which had just been brought up. Humph! Stung again!!

They are beginning to feed us quite the grub that mother used to stack our plates with back home. Griddle cakes have become common place. The latest novelty to tickle our palates and also as a secondary consideration, to satisfy the howl for which the inner man raises at about 6:45 every morning, is French toast with syrup. Yum! Yum!! Everyone went back for "seconds" and some "thirds."

"Go at him and look fierce," that is the admonition given us by Lieut. Norton at bayonet practice twice a week. He puts the emphasis on the "look fierce," and we are certainly gaining a high degree of efficiency in the art. Of course we cannot use our looks against the Germans, in view of recent events, but they might be of some use to frighten off marauders who may chance to be after the "Kale" we will receive when that vague thing called "Pay Day" gets here.

The S. A. T. C. Benefit Fund of about \$100 which was gathered by hat collection the day of the Grand Celebration, because of the signing of the armistice, is being spent wisely. Two sets of boxing gloves were ordered on the field of battle. Black eyes and bloody noses are in fashion, boys.

We now are honored with a First Sergeant, and Mess Sergeant. All these live in the rooms at the northeast corner of the barracks. They're a darned exclusive bunch. They have a door. The rest of us don't. There ought to be a regulation against allowing Sergeants to have doors. Its undemocratic, and our

army was organized to fight for democracy. Oh! yes, we have a use for Sergeants. The First Sergeant takes us out to the college at night for study period. He also marches us back. We should report to him when we have the croup, whooping cough, or any other such childish ailments. This, however, does not include the colic,

The supply Sergeant must see that our supply of blankets, food, water, heat and air (hot or cold, but especially hot) is abundant and free. He must also see that the increase of good-natured profanity necessary to our well being, is produced as needed. This, however, is one of the smallest of his worries.

The mess Sergeant is the person to whom we go with all kicks against the grub, the cooks, etc. If you don't like the color of your coffee, if the butter, more familiarly known to the initiated as "grease," looks like lard, when you haven't had a letter from your wife, or you've recently gone broke, tell the Sergeant.

It is true these gentlemen do not always seem to have known that their duties were completed as stated above, but do not let that bother you. Any one of them will be glad to hear all your family history, all your family troubles, past, present, future, and will take immediate and successful steps to get out of your way.

ARE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS TO BE BULLIES?

(This article was received from an S. A. T. C. member. We would be glad to have some one take the opposite side of the question.)

There has been a tendency on the part of at least one of our newly appointed officers to take advantage of his position to bully the men under him and to show his authority when it is not to the least necessary or wise. This has caused adverse criticism among their officers and the men, because men have refused to give obedience to commands which they deemed was entirely without necessity or warrant, and were abitudinally given for the sake of making a show of authority and to annoy the person victimized.

The writer does not in anyway condone the action of the men in these cases and believes they should have given prompt and unquestioning obedience to the orders.

There are two sides to the question however. The men stand ready to give orders to the fullest to their officers. It is not always necessary to keep them always aware of the fact of the personal importance of the before mentioned noncommissioned officers.

Is it not a better way, the more manly way, the way which the traditions of our army dictate to treat the men under you as equals as far as possible? It is the only way to get

the enthusiastic support of your men.

All men in great conditions attest to the truth of a Biblical expression "that a man who cannot rule himself is not fit to rule others." What would their judgment be of the situation that sometimes arises in the S. A. T. C.

Is it not an indication that you are not broad minded enough for your job when you use it to bully those under you? Would it not be far better to gain their support by the exercise of moderation.

From "The Jack."

Buena Vista Football Squad of '18.



Top row—Alberts, Phipps, White, Mattson, Jones.
Second row—Gunther, Bailey, T. Reese, A. Reese.
Third row—Fountain, Christopher, Crouch, Reichardt, Mason.
Bottom row—Jensen, Dunlop, Evans, Davis, Bristol, Nelson.

BUENA VISTA CLOSES SUCCESSFUL FOOTBALL SEASON

With only two of last year's men playing, Buena Vista succeeded in winning every game this year. Yankton, Des Moines, and the 163d Depot Brigade were defeated by decisive scores; and by comparative scores we should have had no trouble in defeating the two teams that cancelled their games with us.

Our standing in the conference this year is considered higher than that of last year, and it is deeply regretted that we could not have played more games.

The men are to be congratulated upon their excellent team work and they can be called a "one-man" team only in the respect that they acted as one man.

Captain Evans at quarterback deserves much credit for his head work on the field as well as his brilliant open field running and tackling.

Jensen at end did creditable work in both offense and defense.

Mason, at right end, was one of our fastest men and was successful in breaking up plays before they reached the line.

Nelson at right guard, because of his experienced determination and weight, make his position almost impregnable.

Art Reese at center proved a bulwark of strength on defense and because of his accurate passing, the team was credited with few fumbles.

Alberts at guard and tackle made an excellent showing as he was fast and heavy and made holes wide enough for a wagon.

Bristol at tackle and end played pulled a spectacular play at Des Moines, receiving a forward pass and running 45 yards for a touchdown.

Dunlop at tackle played a hard game and proved a formidable antagonist.

Bill Reese at full back smashed across the line for many a touchdown and did some excellent open field running, as his 80 yard run against the soldiers.

Christopher at right half proved a consistent ground gainer and was always there to stop it when anything came his way.

Fountain at half, is the hardest tackler seen on this field for some time, and the way he put the Yankton backs out of the game was almost criminal.

Davis at half back displayed himself to good advantage in advancing the ball as well as on defensive.

Guenther at tackle worked well on both offense and defense and was a sure tackler.

Reichardt played at guard and allowed few plays to go over him. He also worked behind the line.

Crouch worked at guard and showed up well when given a chance.

Bailey, though light, showed the fight and football experience too, that made him a formidable antagonist.

Matson worked at center and guard and conducted himself creditably in the game with the depot brigade.

Phipps at tackle proved a good worker and a hard fighter and made a reliable man in the squad.

Coach Woodward is deserving of considerable credit for his efficient coaching, the originality of his plays, and the influence he had over the men. No matter how brilliant the individual members of a team might be, without the organization and team work promoted by good coaching, the team would not be a success. Mr. Woodward met only with success. It is sincerely hoped that he will be here to coach the team next year.

REESE PLACED ON THE ALL-STATE TEAM

Thomas Reese, of Linn Grove, has been chosen on the All-state team from the Buena Vista football team. Reese was a member of our S. A. T. C. this fall and showed his ability on our team.

S. A. T. C. NOTES

Battalion drill was given to the boys on last Tuesday morning. The company was divided into two companies and drilled as a battalion. It was interesting and kept the boys alert.

On November 26, a ruling was posted upon the bulletin board to the effect that those having no demerits against them during the week would not be checked at toss Saturday evening. This meant a longer or more pleasant evening for those who deserve them.

Lectures have been the order of the week for the S. A. T. C. On Monday morning, Captain Shaw gave a talk on the care of the feet, telling of many foot defects which disable a man for marching. On Tuesday morning the infantry sack, giving an illustration of its contents and method of making up. When fully made up, the pack weighs from 55 to 70 pounds, depending on whether it is at the beginning or end of a march. It is very snugly put together and carries all that a man needs.

Parry poles were fashioned by the boys for use in bayonet practice. These were poles about six feet long with a wad of rags on the small end to neutralize the solidity of the pole, and a wire loop on the other. They were used much the same as bayonets and rifles are used without any attendant danger.

"My Experience in Germany," was the subject of a talk by Professor Wimberly in War Aims on November 26. He gave an interesting account of his life while a student in that country. One of the best illustrations of the power of militarism given by Professor Wimberly was that of an officer striking a soldier on the street with his sword, as a punishment for his failure to salute when the officer passed by in a street car.

Rifles were turned in Thursday, December 5, the boys thus lost their "best friend," but nevertheless breathed a sigh of relief that they would not have to clean the brutes in the future.

Pay Day has at last arrived. The boys were each paid \$20.00 the other night for his services in the army of the United States during the month of October. Now, how the deuce will we spend the stuff? We've become so accustomed to the feeling of being broke that we don't know how to act.

ARMY SHOES A NEW FEATURE AT COLLEGE

Between Bells.

Max—Every time I get three feet from the wall, I stub my toe.

J. W.—What makes your feet so large, Grandmother?

R. M. (Butting in.)—The better to kick you with, my dear.

Physics Professor—"How many feet in a yard?"

H. L. (Looking at Geary's shoes.)—"Two." (Howl.)

Robinson—Know any one who wants to rent a pair of shoes for three months?

Mrs. B.—Where's Mr. Nelson?

Chorus—Tripped and couldn't get up again.

Lone Voice—He couldn't fall down in those shoes.

Mrs. B.—Like the salt cellars with the lead weights.

CAPTAIN SHAW ADDRESSES THE STUDENT BODY

On Tuesday, November 25, Captain Shaw delivered another of his interesting stop and think addresses to the student body. He spoke on the benefits that come from the military training. The eight different phases mentioned by him were: Carrying the body in a correct position, confidence, self respect, observance of rules, ordiliness, discipline, loyalty and team work.

ARMY EXPERIENCE.

While on guard one Friday night, having first finished my last beat, and being about to wake the guard who was to releave me, the sound of heavy, slow moving footsteps came from the end of the hall.

As it was after two o'clock, it was my duty to return and investigate the matter. When I rounded the corner of the hall, I saw a huge, bulky form struggling towards me. It was a man, but who could it be at this time of night? He would pick his left foot up, throw it out in front of him, hold it in mid air for several seconds, then let it down and lift the other foot. I was unable to recognize him in the pale moonlight cast through the window. What strange person could it be? As he approached closer, I noticed that his clothes were but partly on and those that were on, were in a confused shape. His shoes were unlaced, I could hear the flap of the strings each time he took a step. One hand was on his forehead as if he had a violent headache. Once I thought he was about to faint, but he reached the wall and steadied himself. When I saw that he seemed sick and in need of care, I rushed to his side.

I seized him that he might not fall. Imagine my chagrin when I discovered him to be a chronic sleep walker who habitually feigned to be an acrobat while on his midnight promenades.

COLLEGE MEN BAN- QUETED BY TRUSTEES

COMPLIMENTARY TO TEAM—
FOOTBALL SYMBOLS IN EVIDENCE.

12-11-18
SATC

A most delightful time was enjoyed by the boys of the college on Tuesday evening when they were tendered a banquet by the board of trustees, complimentary to Buena Vista's football team, which has proved so successful in all of its games this season.

When the guests arrived, they found that the commercial room had been transformed into a banquet hall. Tables covered with snowy cloths formed miniature football fields. The goal posts were wound in smilax and the football itself laid in the center awaiting the kick-off. This together with the small footballs at each place, which served as place and menu card combined, made an attractive picture.

After the guests found their places they proceeded to enjoy the delicious food served by eleven of the college girls in regulation middy suits.

Menu. Fruit Cocktail.

Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Oysters
Cream Chicken a la Timbale
Cranberry Sauce Buttered Rolls
Pickles Olives

Waldorf Salad Wafers

Pineapple Bavarian Wafers
Coffee

Yells filled the interval between courses. Several enjoyable numbers were given by the S. A. T. C. male quartet.

The toast program was found to be fully as interesting as the menu. The following is the program:

Symposiarch	-----	Pres. Olinger
The Kickoff	-----	Mr. Dubois
The Sideline	-----	Mr. Stahl
Making a Punt	-----	Mr. May
The Forward Pass	-----	Mr. Brown
The Goal	-----	Mr. Nichols
The Players	-----	Coach Woodworth
The Old Players	-----	Dr. W. M. Storey
The Game of Life	-----	Guy E. Mack
The Referee	-----	Judge A. D. Bailie
From the Bleachers	-----	
	-----	Hon. W. C. Edson
The Military Game	-----	
	-----	Capt. Robt. E. Shaw

IOWA RESPONDS TO THE COLORS WITH 97,781 MEN

How generally Iowa has responded to the colors was reflected in the chart published by the war department Saturday showing the number of Hawkeye boys that served in the army from March 31, 1917, to November 11, 1918. All inductions through draft, all enlistments and all accessions from the national guard, drafted into the federal service August 5, 1917, from Iowa totaled 97,781, ranking 13th in the list of states as far as numbers who have entered the service. Of all the states, insular possessions and inductions in the service by the American expeditionary forces, Iowa was only topped by New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Texas, Michigan, Massachusetts, Missouri, California, Indiana, New Jersey and Minnesota.

The war department also published figures showing the rapidity of the demobilization, troops being returned to civil life through Camp Dodge with more speed than any other camps except Taylor and Grant. Up to February 1, 51,267 officers and men have been mustered out at Camp Dodge, denoting that the mustering out machinery at the huge Des Moines camp has been working in excellent order.

County Interested In The New Victory Hall

The men who are interviewing the people of the County in the interests of the Victory Hall report a splendid interest and a generous response. This is the only county enterprise being contemplated for a memorial to our Soldiers, Sailors, Marines and Nurses. Every person in the county should be interested.

In a few years Victory Hall probably will be the most popular building in the county, for the war record of the "boys" will be found there. It is a place to which young and old will resort for patriotic meetings and the contemplation of the heroic deeds of the past. Unless we perpetuate the names of these who took part in the World War, in a few years many of the names will be remembered only by their immediate families.

There are fifty-six men of Buena Vista county who made the supreme sacrifice. Buena Vista County has always had the reputation of being one of the most patriotic counties in the state and there is no doubt that this reputation will be sustained.

WORLD WAR VETERANS COMPLTE ORGANIZING

7-24-19

The World War Veterans held a regular meeting at the Commercial Club rooms on Wednesday evening this week. The meeting was called to order by Secretary E. L. O'Connor, and Lieut. Wm. Aitkin was appointed as chairman in the absence of Major Mack. A motion was made and seconded that the post be called "Schaffer Post" which will be in honor of Harold Schaffer, the first Storm Lake boy to fall in battle. A representative of Buena Vista college has been invited to meet with them for the purpose of explaining the use of the gymnasium by the World War Veterans. It was decided to hold a meeting on the first Wednesday night of each month. A committee was appointed for the entertainment for the next meeting, next Tuesday night and John Carey, E. L. O'Connor and Robert Smoot will have charge of the entertainment. As soon as the charter is received officers will be elected. Applications for charter membership was signed by the members present.

R

The Victory Hall campaign that is just now one of the big ventures in Buena Vista county affairs, was given big publicity this week when Des Moines and Sioux City papers presented a picture of the building with a story of its prospective use and general style of construction. This effort of Buena Vista county to erect a useful memorial is commanding the admiration of our neighboring citizens. The town of Odebolt has proposed such a building, the funds to be solicited in its own trading territory. Certainly Buena Vista county could erect this building as a county project without being burdensome to anyone.

7-31-19

SCHAEFFER POST MEETS

Action Deferred on Officially Accepting Generous Offer of College.

The Schaeffer post of the American Legion met on Wednesday evening, and listened to talks by Guy E. Mack and President Stanton Olinger of Buena Vista college on the subject of Victory Hall of the college in its relation to former service men. In the business meeting following the question of the endorsement of the matter of erecting of the gymnasium was taken up and considered. The final decision of the Legion was deferred until a later date.

The meeting was called to order by the chairman, William Aitkin. Guy E. Mack, representing the college board, spoke explaining that W. C. Edson was unable to be present on account of a road meeting. He spoke of the feeling of the civilian toward the soldier, and said that the college board was anxious to help the soldier so far as was possible. We have never felt the proper appreciation of the Civil war veteran that we should, and he voiced the opinion that in the future we would not make this mistake, that something should be done to tie us to the coming generation, that they might hold the proper respect for those who offered their lives for their country. He introduced Dr. Olinger, president of the college, who was to speak in more concrete terms as to the plans regarding the use of Victory hall by the returned soldiers.

Dr. Olinger said that the idea of a memorial gymnasium was not a new one but was one being used in many colleges. The college authorities, he said, had decided to give a free life membership to all honorably discharged men of the army or navy entitling them to the use of all the equipment of the gymnasium, including the showers and swimming pool, in fact every convenience of the gymnasium. In addition the college offers a room for permanent headquarters. The trophy room is to be for the exclusive use of the ex-serviceman. They are also allowed to hold outside athletic meets, and to join any gymnasium classes free of charge. The plan is to have everything absolutely free to returned service men.

Mr. Sutherland then explained the plans, which have already been published in this newspaper. The trophy room will contain the names and records of all men from the county, and will be filled with relics of the war. The room would be a club and meeting place for returned soldiers.

A discussion of the subject was then taken up, Dr. Olinger and Mr.

Mack answering questions in regard to the plans. In the business meeting that followed it was moved and seconded that a committee be appointed to confer further with the college board in regard to the building. There was an objection raised to the motion, and it was sustained. A motion was then made that a committee be appointed to approve and draw up a petition addressed to the proper authorities for the furtherance of a community building erected as a memorial to the world war veterans as prescribed by the state legislature. The motion carried. It was then determined to lay the consideration of the endorsing of Victory hall on the table until the next meeting, after a motion to reject it had been carried and on motion reconsidered.

The next meeting will be on next Wednesday evening. All returned soldiers are asked to be present.

Shaffer Post Passes Resolutions

Whereas Buena Vista college has seen fit to build a gymnasium and to set apart one room in it for the exclusive use of Shaffer Post 115 of the American Legion,

And whereas the above College has been so generous as to offer a free, life membership entitling all returned soldiers, sailors and Marines to all the privileges of the gymnasium,

Be it resolved that Shaffer Post No. 115 of the American Legion give a formal vote of thanks to the Officers and Trustees of Buena Vista College for their generosity;

Be it resolved also that in view of the passage of the Memorial Law by our last legislature, that the above vote of thanks shall in no way jeopardize the chances of Shaffer Post in affiliating with or endorsing any future movement to erect a Community Building as a Public Memorial in compliance with the aforesaid law;

Be it further resolved, that in view of the policy of the American Legion to oppose any movement which tries to take advantage of popular sentiment by utilizing the uniform or patriotic appeals for the raising of money from the public for private enterprises, that the above vote of thanks shall not be used in any way whatsoever by any man unit, or organization or its representatives in the solicitation of donations or subscriptions for any purpose whatsoever.

Whereas the Storm Lake Commercial club has seen fit to grant one year's free membership to their club and club rooms to all returned soldiers, sailors and marines who have been honorably discharged from the service,

Be it Resolved that Shaffer Post tender to the Storm Lake Commercial Club a formal vote of thanks in appreciation for the latter's kindness and generosity.

Be it further resolved that the above resolutions be printed in both Storm Lake papers and that copies be sent to Buena Vista College and the Storm Lake Commercial Club.

Notice to Contractors

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of Guy E. Mack, treasurer of Buena Vista college, of Storm Lake, Buena Vista county, Iowa, up to the hour of 8 o'clock p. m., August 21, 1919, for the erection of a gymnasium building for the said college.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the architects, Marten & Sutherland, in Storm Lake, Iowa.

All work to be done strictly in accordance with the plans and specifications as furnished by the said architects.

Bids to be divided into three divisions: 1. General contract, with alternatives; 2. Heating, plumbing and ventilating contract; 3. Electric wiring contract.

A certified check for 5 per cent of the amount of the bid, made payable to said treasurer, shall accompany each bid, this check to be forfeited to said college in case a bidder awarded a contract fails to execute same and furnish bond as required by specifications, within ten days after being awarded the contract.

The college reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Dated at Storm Lake, Iowa, July 23, 1919.

W. C. EDSON,
President board of trustees.

D. G. LA GRANGE,
Secretary board of trustees.

Our Boys in Service

William Aitken, son of Mrs. William Aitken of this city and a student of Highland Park college at Des Moines, has been chosen for the training camp at Fort Snelling. Mr. Aitken has had considerable experience in military training at the Shattuck military academy and is a very desirable man for the camp. He was out from Des Moines Wednesday to spend the day with his mother. 5-11-17

AITKIN GETS A COMMISSION IN ARMY

Ferrell and Mitchell Appointed to
Second R. O. T. C.

William G. Aitken, former student of Highland Park and captain of the college drill squad last year, was granted the commission of second lieutenant in the U. S. army, after a three months' training course at Fort Snelling, Minn., last summer.

Instead of being assigned to duty in one of the cantonment camps for the training of the conscript army, as most of the Fort Snelling graduates were, Mr. Aitken was sent to New Jersey, from which place he will go direct to France to serve in the regular army there.

Mr. Aitken was the only man of nineteen applicants from Highland Park College who was selected for the first R. O. T. C.

Raymond W. Ferrel and Paul Mitchell, both former students, "H" men, were appointed for the second training school, and are now at Snelling in training.

William G. Aitken, who recently visited at his home in this city, was one of ninety picked from the Fort Snelling training camp to be taken to France as quickly as possible for more intensive training. In other words, he was one of the most likely men up there and is wanted at the front at the earliest possible moment.

Second Lieutenant William Aitken, United States infantry reserve, departed Saturday evening for Chicago to report to General Barry for further orders. According to his orders, he will no doubt be located for the present at Long Island.

Aitken Reaches England

William Aitkin is the first Storm Lake boy to cross the briny deep to fight for his country. A letter dated September 23, was received by his mother, Mrs. William Aitkin Wednesday morning which stated that he would land in Liverpool. He added that he was sleeping about twenty hours of the twenty-four regardless of several sub scares which they had experienced. He did not experience any sea sickness but mentioned the cold ocean trip. It had been four weeks since Mrs. Aitkin has heard from her son and they have been anxious moments. 10-12-17

Mrs. William Aitkin was very happy on Monday morning to receive a letter from her son Lieutenant William Aitkin, written from "somewhere in France." The letter had been opened by the censor. By permission the Pilot-Tribune publishes the letter herewith as follows: "At last I am settled for five weeks at least and I sure am pleased with everything. Even with my valet; yes, just think of an American second lieutenant with a striker. We have a real feather bed to sleep on and it sure is great after sleeping for nearly a week any place we could find room to throw ourselves down and eating very irregularly. It just about got my goat. But we are here and very close to the lines at that. As was almost understood when we left we would see service in schools for some time and that is where we are now, but we can't name a village or anything like that, for that would be against the censor's wishes. But the school we are attending is the Third British Infantry school. My address however will be Lieut. William Aitkin, U. S. R. (unattached) American Expeditionary Forces, 3rd British Infantry School, France. I am well and feeling fine even after being through all I have. Please give my address to the various people who may ask for it as I haven't time this morning for many letters. But write at once and I may get it before I go to the front. Greetings and love to all. Send me clippings of football games you may think I will be interested in, also the Pilot-Tribune. We are only allowed to send three letters at one time."

10-26-17

BEHIND VERDUN SECTOR

Lieut. William Aitkin Assigned to
First Regiment to Reach France.

Ten days ago Lieutenant William Aitkin of this city, who was the first Storm Lake soldier to reach France, wrote his mother that he was leaving in thirty-six hours for a tour of inspection to the front to learn trench methods and after four days spent there would begin his journey to the first division headquarters of General Pershing's army. Naturally his relatives and friends were anxiously awaiting a letter telling about his trip and permanent location. The letter arrived on Wednesday and the Pilot-Tribune has been permitted to publish the contents which follow:

"Dear Folks: My birthday and no mail yet. But why worry? I am assigned at last to the first regiment to reach France. Moshier and myself are still together in the same company. We are now behind the Verdun sector somewhere and that is all I can say about our location. Just arrived here today and it sure is a God forsaken spot, but the officers seem to be splendid fellows and the army chow is sure good compared to the British, which in a way is fairly good.

I wish I had an oil stove over here for my billet. It would help to cheer it up quite a bit, but I must stand it I guess, as the men are worse off than we are.

There is nothing certain as to the permanency of this assignment but I feel as though it will be practically so for some time at least.

We had quite a time with the British when we visited their sector on the Hindenberg line. That Hindenberg tunnel is a marvelous piece of work, fifty feet under ground and I think twenty-seven miles long, averaging five to ten feet high and ten wide with electric lights and power plant right in the tunnel. It was built by civilian contract with prisoners of war labor (Russian and English prisoners.)

My clothing hasn't caught up with me yet and I have a cold which isn't helping a bit by wet shoes.

Well, folks, you now have a real address so I sincerely hope I will hear from you soon." 12-7-17

FRENCH IDEAS CALLED FUNNY

Lieut. Aitkin Awakened By
Chorus Mornings.

SEES PITIFUL SIGHTS

It Will be a Grand and Glorious Feeling
When He Gets His

Mail. 12-28-17

The desolation which exists "over there" is graphically pictured by Lieutenant William G. Aitkin in a letter written to the publisher. The misfortunes of war are made very clear in the pen pictures by the first Storm Lake soldier to reach the front. His letter follows:

"I don't know as you will be expecting a letter from me, but I have a little time to kill, so thought that I would write to you and the Pilot-Tribune, just for the sake of old days.

You will see by the heading that I am with Co. F., 26th U. S. Inf. and so far as I know I will be with them for some time, as there is no immediate idea of changing me to an other outfit, so far as I know. I really like the work, and in fact every thing but the weather and the ideas of the French people, and take it from me they sure have some strange ideas. Their houses are generally fairly clean so far as the living rooms are concerned, but they have a funny idea about housing their live stock and that is in the same building that they live in. They generally have the horse stable on one side, the cows and hogs on the other, and the chicken roost either over head or underneath, so you can easily imagine how nice it is to wake up in the morning to the combined chorus that generally begins about five a. m.

The troops are billeted in the villages so far as possible and it is a big question to get the billets fixed up for winter quarters. The officers are billeted in rooms that are rented from the French and we are fairly comfortable even though the men are far from being well situated in their billets. But then we are doing everything that is possible to do for their comfort, and with a few more days they will be fairly well fixed for the winter, which they say is quite severe in this part of the country.

I have only had six letters from home since I left on August 25, and maybe I wont put in a big day reading my mail if it ever reaches me,

which I hope will be soon. It is a big change to make, from college to the army, and much as I would have liked to be playing football this fall, I would not have missed this trip to France and the associating with the British officers at the British army school I attended for five weeks, for anything. It was from these British officers that I really received my first impression of the vastness of this war, and then the trip back from their front through the Somme valley and other battle fields was one of vast interest. I never realized that such complete desolation could ever exist as exists in that valley. Shell holes simply overlap each other and the most pathetic part of the whole trip through the valley was the "little white cross" that marked the resting place of some brave man. These crosses are in every shell hole, and when you imagine a picture showing these shell holes overlapping each other and in area covering many square miles, with a cross in almost every hole, and thousands to be buried yet, you can imagine how costly the greatest and bloodiest battle the world has ever known was to both the Allies and the Germans. A report was given out that half a million British troops fell on this field, and when you stand on the hill overlooking the valley, and see a white cross as far as your eye can distinguish it, you really get an idea of the utter desolation that exists.

Another point I might mention is that every village and town is level with the ground, and towns that before the war housed several hundred and even thousands of people are now a mass of crushed brick and rock, with not a pillar or stick standing. The woods of this area were the prettiest of northern France before the war. Now they are merely the dead shells of trees. The branches twisted and mangled as though some giant had wrestled with them, the trunks often cut and pierced by heavy shells, and not a vista of green. Even the grass has not grown the way it normally does, and the only signs of life in the valley, so far as I could see, were small groups of French and English, Australlian or Canadian women folk and the Indian laborers the British have imported for the purpose of salvaging all metal, and tending the graves and burying the unburied dead. The women were there trying to find the grave of a loved one who had fallen on that battle field. I can't begin to put the picture of this battle field in words, for it is almost impossible, but I think I have given you an idea of it.

Another interesting thing I might speak of is the Hindenburg tunnel. I cannot give any figures as the censor would not let it through, but it is a tunnel large enough for a man to walk upright in, and runs for miles as a crow flies, and is from fifty to eighty feet under ground. It is of concrete and the walls are many inches thick, with electric lights, and light stations right in the tunnel. The English hold a little less than half of the tunnel

now and the Germans still hold the remainder, so it is a question as to whether or not the rest of the tunnel will ever be in British hands.

I miss the daily papers very much and would give a whole lot if I could get up from the breakfast table on Sunday morning and swing into a chair before the fire and read the Sunday paper, or for that matter any

S. paper. The only paper we see here is the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune and the New York Times, which are both one sheet papers, arriving at the headquarters usually about five p. m. daily, but every once in a while not at all.

It is mess time now and I must close. You can put what you choose of this letter into the paper if you desire, as it is only a poor sample of copy, but undoubtedly interesting to you and to the people who may notice it. If this reaches you in time, I wish you and the Pilot-Tribune, a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year. With greetings to the staff and to all, I am, your sincere friend, Wm. G. Aitkin, 2nd Lt. Co. F, 26th U. S. Inf."

The latest news which Mrs. Aitkin has received from her son, Lieut. William Aitkin in France, is that he has been moved to an English officers' training camp. 1-18-18

Word from Lieutenant William Aitken who is with our army in France says that he has received his regular army commission as the result of the examination he took at Fort Snelling several months ago. Lieutenant Aitken has been in the hospital with some form of bronchial trouble but is getting along nicely. A couple of weeks ago, his friends were greatly alarmed over a report that he had been gassed but there was nothing to the report. 2-1-18

WM. G. AITKIN GASSED IN TRENCHES BUT RECOVER- ING IN FRENCH HOSPITAL

Tells of Terrible Experience He Has
Due to Effect of Poisonous
Gas on System.

HE ONCE LOST HIS VOICE

After Forty-Seven Days in Hospital
Will Soon Be in Trenches
Again.

Co. F, 26th U. S. Inf.,
A. E. F., France via New York,
Feb. 14, 1918.

Dear Doctor Magill:

I just received your letter tonight, and it being the first from the states since Christmas week you can imagine how welcome it is, although your announcement that you are leaving H. P. C. is a great surprise to me. Then too, what you say about Mr. Brown being over here is another big surprise, although of course that is the type of work he is best fitted for and I only hope he understands the men better than the Y. M. man with my battalion, for he is the poorest specimen of manhood I've ever seen, and is hated like poison by the men.

I've had hard luck this winter. Was slightly gassed early in November and although it did not bother me a great deal, I suffered considerably from sores in my mouth which spread to my throat early in December, and about the 15th of Dec., my throat went back absolutely on me and I lost every bit of my voice. I was attending a British machine gun school at the time, and managed to carry on my work until Dec. 29th, when I gave in completely and had to be taken to the hospital. I was very low for the first week, in fact for three days, the lowest my temperature descended was 104 degrees, and then when it did drop it went about as far below normal as it had been above so from ice and cold towels on me, they had to pack me in hot water bags, etc. However, I got over that spell and was getting along fine, my voice coming back slowly all the time, until the sixteenth when I had a relapse and the paralysis again settled in my throat.

This time they changed the treatment and effectively cured my throat, only to drive the poisonous materials over my system, causing me bladder and kidney trouble and three great running sores on my back. I was transferred to another hospital

and am now able to get up and around about four days out of the seven, and this is my forty-seventh day in the hospital. However, to make a long story short, I fully expect to get back to duty about the first of the month if everything goes as it should.

Although the American army has officially taken over a good piece of the front, we don't read a thing of what they are doing in the English papers, so I am absolutely ignorant of what they are doing and even as to where they are now located; and I will be some job for me to find my company headquarters when I am released from convalescent camp, for I am now in the north of France and the regiment is in the south somewhere.

I am glad to know Ferrell, Hanson and other H. P. C. boys have made good. George Cherrie, the young fellow from Ankeny, who enlisted in the coast artillery, is now over here somewhere. One of the lieutenants in my company met him somewhere and he asked for me, but as yet I've not heard from him.

Well it is time for the sister to begin torturing me by renewing the dressings on those sores I spoke of so I must close. Wishing you and yours the best that may be yours and trusting your successor at H. P. C. will fill your office with as much skill as you, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
WM. G. AITKEN.

The Paullina Times published a letter last week from Lieut. William Aitkin of this city which was written to his aunt from a British hospital where he landed as a result of infection which he contracted from his gas mask about the first of November. He lost his voice for three weeks but the letter gives evidence that he was then on the road to recovery, but added that a little Iowa sunshine would help out a lot.

3-1-18

Mrs. Aitken received a letter from her son, William Aitken, who has been in a hospital in England for several weeks recovering from a case of infection contracted from a gas mask. He wrote under date of February 18 and tells of receiving an entire pouch of mail, including forty-five letters, Christmas packages and twelve Pilot-Tribunes and other newspapers and that he was indeed glad to receive it. In the package was some jelly which his mother sent him and he says he divided it with three American officers and twelve British officers who are in the same hospital. He is recovering nicely and it is believed that he is back on the front by this time. The pouch of mail was the first that had reached him since November 18 and it had journeyed through Africa before he got it.

3-15-18

Mrs. William Aitkin is justly proud of a picture which she received from her son, Lieut. William Aitkin in France. The picture shows a group of American and British officers with the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack in the back ground. The last letter received stated that Lieut. Aitkin was still in the British hospital.

3-29-18

From Lieut. Aitken

Following is a letter which was received on Wednesday morning by the Pilot-Tribune from Lieut. William G. Aitken:

Dear friends in Storm Lake: I've received so many little things—candy, papers, etc., from one and another of you that I feel it is my turn to give you a little bit from the overseas force, and the best plan I can think of is to give Mr. Mitchell and his staff a little more work to do by printing this letter in the section of the Pilot-Tribune that is headed "With Our Sammies" or something like that. Personally I think the nick name "Sammies" should be something else. The men don't like it, and would prefer the name "Yankees", but as they were named Sammies by the French, I guess it will have to stick.

It think it was Darwin who taught the theory that man was more like a monkey than any thing else. Well, I am going to dispute his theory now, for in the last two months and a half I've found them to resemble a prairie dog or ground squirrel, more than I've ever seen men resemble monkeys. You all know how a prairie dog or squirrel digs a hole in the ground, and makes his home. Well that is what we are doing over here; only the

squirrels get out and roam around in the day time, and we don't, as the atmosphere is not exactly suitable or conducive to a longer life. The reason for this unhealthy condition above ground in the day time, is the flocks of G. I. cans shrapnel and a thousand and one other varieties of concentrated deviltry that the Hun throws over our way all the day long. At night he is not so busy and we can get out and move around, but it is always best to be near a shell hole or trench for we sure don't love the above named messages the Hun sends over.

I shaved and washed my hands and face today, which was poor judgment on my part for now I will have to go thirsty till eleven p. m. when the water detail and our one hot meal a day will arrive. Last night a chunk of shell knocked a hole in the boiler the chow wagon was bringing the coffee up in, and if you ever in your life saw a mad bunch of men, you should have seen my men when we got no coffee. I believe they would have gone right through to Berlin if it hadn't have been such a long walk.

I'll have to include rather a funny thing that occurred last night in this letter before I close. Two of my men were sent back about three miles to guide a carrying party up with some material for the working parties. They started back at dusk and were hiking along the road at a pretty good rate, when one of them kicked something lying on the road. He investigated and found a full bottle of three star cognac, and as both were men who held duty first, they were going to keep it for a time when they were off duty. But—they had only gone a step or two when they both fell down into a big shell hole. The one carrying the bottle came in contact with a man's leg and the other the right hand and part of the forearm of a French soldier. The leg and arm of the man were all they could find, and it so unsettled them that they sat tight in that same shell hole and drank the whole bottle of cognac, but I'm glad to say that though feeling pretty good both men were at no time unfit for duty in any way. To finish the story, the French officer in charge of a liaison post near my position was over to see me just before daybreak. He came over to see if the man whom he had sent back for some wine and cognac, had by chance found his way to my post instead of his own. Of course I told him about my men finding the bottle of cognac and the pieces of a French soldier, and he went back to his post, a little out of temper, because he had to go without his wine for dinner today. It must have been a ten inch shell at least that killed the Frenchman, but it will always be a puzzle to me how the bottle of cognac came through unbroken.

It's getting dusk now so I'll have to get out on top and line up my work for tonight. Cheers and good luck to all. Your friend, Wm. G. Aitken.

DESCRIPTION OF "BIG SHOW"

**Lt. Aitkin Fought Against
Prussian Guards.**

PROMOTED ON FIELD

**Report Concerning Fate of Harold
Shaffer Believed Untrue—Par-
ents Not Notified.**

Lieutenant William G. Aitkin has written an intensely interesting letter concerning "the big show" as he terms the July battle with the Boches, and extracts are given below, through the kindness of his mother, to whom the letter was written:

"July 27: My first chance to write since the show, and by writing you know I am still on the job, although it was awful for five days of the show. However I am one of the rather small number of officers who got through so perhaps my luck was with me. I hope it may continue to be with me. No mail for two weeks due to moving about. We are in a beautiful part of France now, but will probably move again soon. The majority of our men in the First division are well past their first full year's service in France. But now many replacements are coming in to fill the gaps in the ranks. Morton Stull of Storm Lake was in the bunch I was in command of a few days ago. It sure did seem good to see a familiar face and a friend. Was sorry I did not get much chance to talk to him. But such is life. You meet friend and say goodbye to him in the same breath.

"Had a twenty-four hour pass to the big city of Paris yesterday. Sure seemed good to get back into civilization again, although only for a day. Would like to be home to tell you all about the big show, but cannot in letters. You will have to read the newspapers. But anyhow Fritz knows the Americans can hit mighty hard and often.

Tells of Another Fight

On August 2, he writes from a rest camp thusly: "I am feeling fine. Had a nice swim this morning the first in France and believe me it was sure good, and on August 8, he adds: "I am feeling good, the only drawback to my state of satisfaction is the cooties keep me so busy scratching I

can't get enough to eat to rebuild the energy expended. Succeeded in catching an average of ten per day. But I am used to them now as there is no chance to get rid of them as long as you are in the trenches.

We are in a rather quiet sector, though far from a rest camp. Don't know when we will get back for a real rest or to rebuild our outfits. Over two-thirds of every company will be drafted men.

Finest and Best Troops

"The old fighting First" may not be much at 'grand stand' drills but they are as near perfect as they possibly can. A French general who saw the men in action against Germany's best, the Prussian Guard, said they were the finest and best troops on the Western front today. A British officer said nearly the same thing and the best of it is that twenty-four of the thirty-six officers who came through the second battle of the Marne, July 18-23 inclusive, alive and unhurt, were cited on the field for military medals of high honor from the French. I am one of the twenty-four to be promoted, so don't be surprised to hear I am wearing the silver bar instead of the gold on my shoulder some day soon. Your boy, Bill."

WILLIAM AITKEN WRITES FROM FRANCE.

October 27, 1918.—Dear Miss Wilcox and friends at Buena Vista. I don't know of a better way of saying "hello" to you, unless it was to write directly to the editor of The Tack. Not knowing who that unlucky individual is this year, I am writing to a mutual friend, who, if I remember rightly, loves to swing the blue pencil over all the Tack copy, and will most likely butcher this letter of mine, before it gains a place in the columns of "The Tack" for that is what I want done with it.

You have followed the success of the Yankess through the medium of the press, so it will be needless for me to say anything about the present fighting. I couldn't get by with it—for again the blue pencil would swing, as such is what the army censor lives on. However, I can say that the Hun is a master hand at wrecking towns and villages, and sure does a thorough job, unless we are right on his heels, and don't give him time. In the Argonne region there isn't a stick or stone left standing. Everything is flat, and it is the same everywhere else on the front where the Hun had time to place his mines.

Cantigny, Soissons, St. Mihiel, the Argonne and now the Meuse Valley,

five hard, nerve shattering battles in six months, is the record of my division. Few of the old men are left. I don't know if I will get back to it, but I'm sure going to pull every rope I can, for we who are left feel mighty proud of the fact that we have set the pace all summer long. Of course, other outfits are mighty fine. What Yankee unit is there that isn't pure wool and a yard wide? But it is just as the captured German officers said,

GERMAN OFFICER LOUDLY PRAISES AMERICAN ARMY

Citing First Division, Captive Says
Troops Are Wonderful.

By Frazier Hunt.

With the American Army, Oct. 24.—The growing respect of high German officers for the training and fighting ability of American troops is shown almost daily in the interrogation of prisoners captured by our forces. Many of them are frank in their praise of our soldiers and express absolute wonder at the way American divisions have been developed in short periods.

Recently a captured officer of the German army gave a great tribute to the First Division. With four years of severe fighting to look back on and with only certain failure to look forward to, he spoke with bitter frankness.

"Yesterday I received orders to hold the ground at all cost," he volunteered. "The American barrage advanced towards my position and the work of your artillery was marvelous. The barrage was so dense that it was impossible for us to move out of our dugouts. Following this barrage closely, were the troops of the First division. I saw them forge ahead and knew that all was lost. All night I remained in my dugout hoping vainly that something would happen that would permit me to re-join my army. This morning your troops found me and here I am after four years of fighting, a prisoner.

"Yesterday, I knew that the First division was opposite us and I knew that we would have to put up the hardest fighting of the war. The division is wonderful and the German army knows it. We did not believe that within five years the Americans could develop such troops. The work of your infantry and artillery is worthy of the best armies of the world."

You've probably heard about my being a victim le guerre. Rather a bad dose of the worst of all gases, mustard, and a slight shell wound received in the battle of the Argonne on October 4. I have been in one of our base hospitals three weeks now, and am looking forward to two and possibly three weeks or more, before I am discharged. Even then, I may not be fit for duty at the front for some time. But I was lucky in getting through all the shows up to now, and mighty lucky I wasn't more seriously wounded.

Must say cheerio for now, but in saying goodbye, I want to extend my best wishes to faculty and students of Buena Vita college.

"Red."

M. G. Co., 26th U. S. Inf.
American E. F., A. P. O. 729.

"BILL" WILL GET BOX

Lieutenant Aitkin Sent Home Label—
Wounded in Action.

Up to date, as far as it is known, Lieutenant William G. Aitkin is the first soldier with the American forces in France, to send home a label for his Christmas package which will be sent him on November 15, through the Red Cross.

Mrs. Aitkin received a letter from her son, October 29, which was written in a hospital on October 13, stating that he had been wounded in action and was recovering. He enclosed the label given him to be sent home for his Christmas packet. Friends in this city will be sorry to know that Lieutenant Aitkin is still pursued with ill luck. He was the first Storm Lake soldier to reach France, having gone over with the First division several months ahead of the Rainbows. He was infected from his gas mask and for several weeks was seriously ill. Later he recovered and was sent back to his company, only to receive wounds from the hateful Hun.

Six hundred cartons for Christmas packets for the soldiers have been received by Mrs. L. M. Nusbaum, chairman in charge of the county Red Cross packets. Every person who receives a label from one of the boys should immediately call upon her for a carton to fill. Nothing breakable, perishable or inflammable may be sent and the package must not weight over two and one-half pounds.

LIEUT. AITKEN HOME.

1-30-19

Arrives Home in Fourteen Days After Leaving France

Word was received in this city last week by Mrs. Wm. Aitken from her son, Lieut. Wm. G. Aitken, that he had arrived in Boston, from overseas, and would return home soon. She received word Monday morning that he would arrive that day. The family and a few friends went to the station to welcome him home. He has since been busy receiving the hearty welcome of his hosts of friends. The lieutenant is one of the real war heroes and Storm Lake has reason to be proud of him.

Lieutenant Aitken was the first Buena Vista county boy to go to France. He enlisted in the first officers training school at Fort Snelling in the summer of 1917. He was there for about three months, then received his commission as a first lieutenant and was granted a furlough and came home for a visit with his relatives and friends. On his return he was sent direct to France and has seen 17 months of active service at the front. He fought beside the Rainbow division in the worst battles of the war. He was wounded and gassed severely and was in the hospital for a time, but later returned to service at the front. Lieutenant Aitken is the first Storm Lake boy who has seen active service, to return home. He sailed from France, January 13, and landed at Boston, January 22. It was just 14 days from the time he sailed from France until he reached his home here. His experiences on the bloody battlefields of France have been many and terrible.

The lieutenant will enjoy a rest for a time, however, he will be compelled to relate his experiences to his friends who are anxious to talk with him. He is welcomed home by our people and all honor is due him.

Recent letters from Lieutenant William G. Aitken tell of his being wounded in the leg, and also receiving some more gas burns. Lieutenant Aitken has the honor of being the first one of the boys in France to send home the order for their Christmas box.

11-18-18

LIUET. AITKEN ARRIVES HOME

First Buena Vista County Man
to Reach France is Out.

SAW MUCH HARD SERVICE

Was Within Artillery Range for Nine
Months on Different French
Fronts—His Story.

Lieut. William G. Aitken, the first Buena Vista county man to go overseas, the first Buena Vista county man to receive an army commission and the first Buena Vista county man to get into the actual fighting, landed in Storm Lake on Monday afternoon, after having been in the service for more than eighteen months. Like all of the men who have actually been up against the great and terrible thing we know as war, he is modest, almost reticent and singularly without seeming bitterness.

Lieut. Aitken enlisted in the first officers' training school at Fort Snelling May 12, 1917, and received his commission as second lieutenant on August 15. After a furlough of two days spent with his mother and sisters in this city, he went to New York and on September 1, went across attached to the first division, Twenty-Sixth regiment, Co. F. After landing at Liverpool he was soon transferred to an infantry school in England and also was ordered to the small arms and machine gun school in England, and it was while in training there that he came in contact with some coke gas which kept him in a hospital for two months, most of which time was spent at Camiers, France. He went back to his regiment in March, 1918, when they were ordered into the Toul sector and from then until he was wounded and gassed in the Argonne forest late in October, he was never beyond the range of artillery fire save for a day or two at a time. After several weeks spent in the Cantigny and Montidier regions, his outfit was sent to Soissons where they were in eleven counter attacks in three days between July 18 and 30, and where he received a slight wound which sent him into a rest camp for a few days and he and his outfit were permitted to remain in a quiet sector until August 14 when he was sent to a training school for some special work before going into the Argonne fight. He was not in the St. Mihiel affair but describes it as more or less of a big

maneuver as the Huns offered little resistance. On September 30 he marched from early in the morning until 9:30 the following morning straight into the very thick of it and dug in under fire. They staid there until October 4 when they were sent over in the second phase of the great Argonne fight which broke down the German army and they failed to reach the objective in the first days fighting. During the fighting he received one dose of mustard gas, and got hit with shrapnel and a machine gun bullet and was carried off. After receiving first aid, he was sent to base hospital 44 and was in various convalescent camps from then until January 13 when he sailed, landing January 22. He has been discharged and his home to stay. While he is still weak and suffering from the effects of the gas, it is believed that a rest and good air, aided by some of mother's cooking will bring him around in good shape.

Lieut. Aitken says that about the time the war was over, the American army was getting organized and prepared to do something. He does not think a great deal of the efficiency of the army but believes that it was rounding into shape. He takes no stock in the stories of the lack of war weapons of all kinds on the part of the Germans or of the air supremacy of the allies and believes that it was internal troubles at home which caused the downfall of the German army. In fact, he is very unenthusiastic over American participation in the war. He says the best fighters from every standpoint in the entire war were the Australian troops. He says that they are magnificent men in every respect and believes that the morals of the soldiers from the great island were better than that of any other soldiers, although the American soldiers behaved themselves. He says that it was literally impossible to keep the men from gambling when they were in the rest camps but that aside from this there was little immorality. He does not have a very high regard for the morals of the English people nor does he think much of their tight little island. He pays every tribute to the spirit of the French people and believes that the world will never again witness the manifestation of a more noble and patriotic spirit.

In speaking of the work of the different organizations over there, Lieut. Aitken says that the Salvation Army was the greatest of them all. He says that at Soissons for five days about all his outfit had to eat was what they got from the Salvation Army lassies who were right up in the front line trenches. The Red Cross also did great and wonderful things on a most boundless scale but he says

that the Y. M. C. A. "did not function." He says lack of proper leadership over there and the lack of proper workers was largely responsible for the failure of the Y. M. C. A. to perform properly.

It is indeed a happy family at the Aitken home when "Bill" reached home on Monday and since his arrival, he has been given nothing short of an ovation whenever he has appeared. He is through with the army and has no taste for the life and after a good rest he will return to civilian life for good.

1-31-19

MET "OVER THERE"

When you are far away from home, and oh, so lonesome, even a yellow dog from home would look good. But suppose you met one of your very best pals face to face on foreign soil? Say, wouldn't it be a grand and glorious feeling?

Lieutenant William Aitkin met George Diehl face to face "somewhere in France" recently. George spied the lieutenant first, and he was so befuzzled he forgot to salute but said "Oh Glory." The joy that the two fellows felt is quite inexpressible. Lieut. Aitkin adds to his story of the chance meeting that "George is fat as a porker."

In a letter received Wednesday by Mrs. Aitkin, under date of March 10, Lieutenant Aitkin says he is just leaving for duty on the front. He has not been with his company since December.

Ambler, D.

Sixteen couples made merry at the Casino on Tuesday evening at a picnic supper and dance. The affair was arranged in honor of two of the boys, Basil Rice and Don Ambler, who left on Thursday morning for Camp Gordon, Ga.

7-26-18

Among those who left Storm Lake on July 25 for Camp Gordon, Ga., and are still there are Don Ambler, Gerald Chaney, Mat Cavanaugh, Charles V. Sutherland, Walter Steig and Elmer Marten.

R

Donald Ambler arrived the first of the week from Camp Gordon, Ga., where he has been stationed for some time, having received his discharge from the service. Donald was called to the colors in July and has since been stationed at Camp Gordon. After a visit at the home of his sister, Mrs. Edgar Ballou, he will go to Odebolt to the home of his parents, Rev. and Mrs. T. A. Ambler.

1-30-19

Bailie, R.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay F. Evans entertained at a seven o'clock dinner at their pretty country home Tuesday evening in honor of three young men who are to leave to enter military service next week. The table was set out of doors and the center piece was a mound of red, white and blue flowers. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Fisher, Miss Fae Mack, Miss Gladys Nusbaum, Mrs. Robert M. Bailie, Mrs. L. M. Nusbaum, the host and hostess and the three honor guests, Charles Sutherland, Elmer Marten and Robert M. Bailie.

7-19-18

Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Bailie arrived the latter part of last week for a visit at the Bailie home in this city. Robert will leave soon to enter the army.

7-11-18

Robert M. Bailie left Friday evening for Des Moines where he will accompany the Polk county contingent to Camp Pike this week. Mrs. Bailie will remain in this city for the present.

7-25-18

Robert M. Bailie, who has been at Camp Pike since his induction into the service, has been transferred to the officers' training school for engineers at Camp Humphreys, Alexandria, Va. Since going to Camp Pike he has been in the headquarters offices doing drafting and similar work.

9-12-18

Robert M. Bailie, who had been in an officers' training camp at Camp Humphreys, Va., was mustered out the latter part of last week and arrived in this city on Friday to join Mrs. Bailie and to visit his parents and friends. He and Mrs. Bailie left on Sunday for Des Moines where Robert will at once resume his old work in the offices of Proudfit, Bird & Rawson, architects.

12-6-18

One Name Omitted

One name was omitted in giving the list of those for whom stars were placed on the high school service flag, that of Harvey Barnard, who graduated with the class of 1910 and who is now with the 147th Field Artillery in France.

4-26-18

In remitting her subscription to the Pilot-Tribune, Mrs. S. E. Barnard of Newell states that her two sons, Arthur and Harvey are with the 147th Field Artillery, 41st division and have crossed the pond. While she has not heard she presumes they are in France.

2-8-18

Barnard, H.

Wants Magazines

Harvey Barnard, son of S. E. Barnard of the Alta Advertiser, with Co. B, 29th engineers in France, in writing home says that the most acceptable gift that his parents could send him would be a subscription to a good magazine. He asks that they send him a magazine that has other material than that about war, as they see enough of the real thing. Extracts from the letter follows:

"August 15, 1918. Dear Mother: I haven't written for nearly two weeks but things have been happening almost too fast. I put off writing to tell you of my trip to Paris and have been travelling since.

"I had only twenty-four hours in the city but made the most of them. I reached there in the evening and after a good dinner took in a show. I had a good bed that night with white sheets and it was some luxury. After breakfast a pal and I started to see the town. By using a cab we managed to cover a good deal by noon without walking ourselves to death. After lunch we walked down to the city hall and Notre Dame cathedral and then caught a taxi for the station.

"While in the city we received word that the outfit had moved and we had to change our destination. We reached our station about ten o'clock then had a twenty mile truck ride ahead of us. We started about ten thirty and after two hours over shell pitted roads we found we had lost our way and were only five miles from where we had started. We stopped and spent the rest of the night in the truck. We were off again about four o'clock and by six we reached our new billets.

"We had two lively days at the front and then moved again. Boche seemed determined to shoot down our observation balloons and there were some merry fights. We started back about seven o'clock in the evening. We had twelve trucks in the train and were on the road until four in the morning. Our cooks went ahead and had hot coffee ready when we landed. We got about three hours sleep and then unloaded and stored our baggage. Now we are working hard, we clear up our quarters in the morning and that is all until the next day. We have turned in all our surplus equipment and all we have is what we carry in our packs. Everything has been cut to the limit so that we can move in a hurry and it looks like that it what we are going to do from now on.

We expect to move anytime and know nothing as to our destination."

10-11-18

4-18-19
John Beard Decorated

The following article which appeared in the Sioux City Journal of Tuesday refers to John Beard, a former well known student in Buena Vista college:

Departing for France as a chaplain with the American expeditionary forces, Rev. John W. Beard, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Hoquian, Wash., returns decorated with the croix de guerre and holding the rank of captain. Rev. Mr. Beard arrived yesterday in Sioux City to join Mrs. Beard and children, who have been spending the time of his absence in France with Mr. Beard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Craswell, of Morningside. He expects to resume his pastorate in Washington.

Rev. Mr. Beard was connected with the Ninety-first, or "Wild West," division, composed of Washington, Montana and Oregon troops. He was promoted to captain for his bravery in caring for the wounded during the drive in the Argonne forest between September 26 and October 19. For his care of the wounded and burial of the dead under heavy shell fire in Belgium between Ypres and the Sheldt river he was recommended for the croix de guerre November 5.

Shells fell like hail in the Argonne forest while the wounded were being dressed, Rev. Mr. Beard said. One shell struck a group of men standing in the runway of the dugout in which he was dressing the wounded and blew four of them into atoms and wounded several. One man, however, was untouched, but his helmet was covered with the brains of the dead men, Rev. Mr. Beard said.

The foreign born American soldier has a greater love for this country as a result of his service in France, asserted Rev. Mr. Beard. He believes they will be more loyal citizens when they return. He is loud in his praise of the American doughboy and says too much praise cannot be given them. "You could burn up your paper praising the American soldiers and you would not say enough," he said. "They are the finest group of men the sun ever shone on," he declared. "In all the fierce fighting I saw only one man beating it for the rear. We hear about the bullet proof jobs of the officers. Gen. Johnson was in the command of the Ninety-first division and, with the shells raining down, he would be walking close to the front lines, calmly smoking a cigar, as if it were a picnic."

Nothing was too difficult for the American doughboys to accomplish, in the opinion of Rev. Mr. Beard. They would push on in the face of all obstacles he said, with the boches shelling every foot of ground and the roads all shot to pieces. The battle cry of the Ninety-first division was "Powder River," the name of a western river, and they shouted it whenever they went "over the top," Rev. Mr. Beard stated.

"There was no shouting but a feeling of joy when the armistice was signed," said Rev. Mr. Beard. "Up to this time you never heard a single boy mention returning home, but after that it was the one thing they wanted." He praised Col. Cummings, of the Three Hundred and Sixty-first infantry, and said no other colonel was loved and respected more than he.

4-17-19
WINS WAR CROSS

Paid No Attention to Shells When Caring for Wounded.

Sioux City Journal: Departing for France as a chaplain with the American expeditionary forces, Rev. John W. Beard, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Hoquian, Washington, returns decorated with the croix de guerre and holding the rank of captain. Rev. Mr. Beard arrived yesterday in Sioux City to join Mrs. Beard and children, who have been spending the time of his absence in France with Mrs. Beard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Craswell, of Morningside. He expects to resume his pastorate in Washington.

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Four Men in Group Killed

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Nothing Too Difficult for Yanks

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Rev. Beard was at one time a student in Buena Vista College and was a scrapper in those days. He is remembered by many of our people.

Beatty, R.

ROB BEATTY WRITES FROM OVER SEAS

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beatty of this city, received a letter the first of the week from their son, Robert Beatty, who is in the U. S. Navy. "Bob" as he is known by his Storm Lake friends, has been having a great time and seeing some grand sights. The day the armistice was signed he was in some city in France and told his

experiences while there. There were twenty of the American sailors given general liberty and with American flags and flags of the allied nations, formed a parade and marched through the streets of the city. They were the only American sailors there and they were the center of attraction and were heartily greeted. They had a hard time trying to get through the crowds which surrounded them, but made a center smash and finally got through. All of the lights of the city were turned on in full blast, and it was a great sight as the city had

been in darkness for many months. Nearly every one in the city took part in the celebration. Bob stated that he expected to get a furlough later on, but that they were giving furloughs to two at a time and it would be late in April before all the crew had their furlough. He said he attended a picture show a few nights before and it was the first one since entering the service. American pictures were shown and musical selections such as "Oh! Johnny, Oh!" and "Alexander's Rag Time Band" which are now popular there, were played. While there he visited an American hospital and also a German hospital. He tried to secure successful. He said it was hard to get them as the soldiers would not part with them unless they were some German souvenirs but was unbroke and needed money real bad. While at the American hospital he got on the good side of one of the Americans and was fortunate in being able to buy a can of jam and some candy. Bob says the American sailors and soldiers get along fine, but that the marines have no time for the sailors or gobs as they are called.

12-12-18

Several Storm Lake boys in the service have received promotions recently which will be welcome news to their many friends. Robert Beatty and Wayne Myers are now quartermasters and expect to receive orders for their first sail on the deep blue at any time. Ernest Bumann, at Camp Dodge, has been promoted to a third class musicianship in the 350th infantry.

3-22-18

Robert Beatty and Francis Stringer, arrived last Thursday from the Municipal Pier, at Chicago, where they have been stationed for some time, for a short visit at the homes of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Beatty, and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Stringer and with their many Storm Lake friends. They departed Friday evening for Chicago, and was to leave there Saturday evening for New York. The boys are feeling fine.

R-7-18-18

Met in Cardiff, Wales

"Chuck" Nattress writes home that he and Robert J. Beatty had a for sure jabberfest over at Cardiff, Wales, recently when they were privileged to spend three days together. Just imagine how you would enjoy it yourself if you had been knocking about over the face of the earth and the deep for several months without seeing any old friends and you would suddenly and without warning bump square into an old pal. Bob has recently returned from a trip which took through a greater part of Belgium and through He does not expect to be released from the service for some time and other parts of continental Europe. "Chuck" writes that he is not figuring very strongly on getting home any time soon.

4-18-19

Bertness, R.

T. T. Bertness and Mr. and Mrs. Tennis Bertness left for Camp Dodge last Saturday for an over Sunday visit with Raymond Bertness.

11-21-18

Raymond Bertness was home from Camp Dodge for an over Sunday visit with relatives.

12-12-18

Raymond Bertness returned here Monday from Camp Dodge, having received his honorable discharge from the military service.

3-13-19

Boslough, J.

REAL CHRISTMAS PARTY

Good Time Given the Jackies at Great Lakes Training Camp.

Jay Boslough, in training at the Great Lakes naval school, has written an interesting letter to the Pilot-Tribune describing his life in camp and the manner in which Christmas was celebrated.

The letter follows:

"When I reached the Great Lakes, I found the naval training station to be much larger than I had expected. But several months ago there were but a few brick barracks and tents but now there are hundreds of wooden houses systematically erected, in an area of a mile square, for the housing of 20,000 or more men.

During the first twenty-one days the "rookie" is kept in detention, that is, while there he is inoculated for typhoid three times, gets a vaccination, diphtheria inoculation and also receives a throat culture. He has a very careful physical examination. He is not allowed to smoke cigarettes or leave the camp during this period. I received my third and last "shot" for typhoid yesterday.

"It is of great interest to observe the various types of fellows as they first enter camp. Some are college graduates, while others are (from outward appearance) uneducated and from the most humble homes. Boys with a southern drawl, Texans with broad rimmed hats, and in fact, fellows from every state in the Union can be seen on the company streets. They are all as one in their feeling toward one another despite educational or geographical differences.

"I was fortunate enough to be enrolled in the camp where "Packey" Schwartz, the noted navy chef, is the director of the mess. Thus far, we have had "real chow" which includes all the food that one can eat, including real butter, and fresh fruit. Before coming to the navy I heard the "jackies" were fed on beans three times a day. Such does not seem to be the case. We had a splendid Christmas dinner with turkey as the principal food. In the afternoon several of my friends from Chicago came out to spend the afternoon, so I really enjoyed Christmas more than I had expected.

1-4-18

Bradford, Z.

"An immense Christmas tree has been erected in front of the main parade ground. It is covered with hundreds of colored electric lights and also jewels which were once a part of the Tower of Jewels at the San Francisco exposition. Several large search lights are directed on the tree at night which makes a most beautiful and inspiring sight. On Christmas eve packages filled with from five to ten presents were distributed to each of the 10,000 boys who could not go home.

"I was more than fortunate in being detailed to assist in the work of apportioning family allotments and writing up insurance. On an average of 95 out of every 100 fellows are taking out \$10,000 insurance policy. This is splendid as it costs only \$8.00 per thousand a year. In case of the sailor's death the government gives his beneficiary \$57.50 a month for twenty years.

"It has been a little hard to accustom myself to the military discipline the new fellows, and the general run of things. I have often wished to meet some of the people at home whom I have known all my life, for in not seeing them it is one of the real sacrifices of the war.

"Looking forward to the grand and glorious time when I may return to Storm Lake with the rest of their loyal men and also with the kaiser down and out, I remain your sincere friend,
--I. J. Boslough. Barracks G. Old detention Camp, Great Lakes, Ill."

Jay Boslough has been released from the navy and has arrived at his home. Jay made several trips to France and enjoyed his entire experience.
6-6-19

Jay Boslough who has been in the navy for some time, has been released from the service and arrived home a short time ago.
6-12-19

Zeno A. Bradford, a student of Buena Vista college for three years, is stationed at Brooklyn, New York. He has written a letter to Mrs. I. L. Boslough and she has kindly permitted this newspaper to publish excerpts of it as follows: "I am almost in the navy now and expect to be there in a few days. One of our crews that came with me from Great Lakes went aboard the U. S. S. New Orleans the other day. I will soon be on a cruiser convoying a flat across the Atlantic. As to the question I know in your mind, 'How does he like it?' I say in advance, fine. This is unquestionably the sailor's Paradise. I wouldn't trade a day here for a week at the Great Lakes, although the Great Lakes station is all right. Jay is not in the Armed Guard and is unfortunate in that respect. I arrived here July 9. I went through Washington, Harper's Ferry and Baltimore on the way. We crossed from Jersey City by boat. I have seen the statue of Liberty and American and French battleships in the navy yard including the flagship of the Atlantic fleet."
7-26-18

Zeno Bradford, a college student during 1913-14, is a rammer on the ship United States of Columbia. He has made several trips across the water.

Brandt, G.

George Brandt, a member of last year's freshman class, spent Sunday in Storm Lake. Mr. Brandt was the second man on the draft list at Peterson and he left Wednesday for training at Camp Dodge.
10-21-17

The following letter was received by Mrs. Ellis Bethards from our old friend, George Brandt, who is now at Camp Dodge.

Dear Folks:

This is Wednesday afternoon and we have a half day off. Hurray! We get every Wednesday afternoon, Saturday afternoon, and Sunday off, and to tell the truth, I'm glad to see them come. We are worked pretty hard the rest of the time. When the barns are finished, and we get our horses, we will be worked still harder. I am getting pretty well hardened in and am not minding it as much as I did.

The army is not such a bad place. Uncle Sam is treating his men fine. We have most of our clothes, and we get mighty good grub. Some of the "high moguls" come around once in awhile and see that we get what is coming to us—including pie once in awhile.

Life is not all drudgery either. We have a football, baseball equipment, some good singers, a mandolin and a piano. The fellows in our company chipped in and rented the latter luxury.

There are two companies of military police in this cantonment, and we have played the second company two games of base ball and were beaten. There are some good athletes in camp, but there are no favors shown, one must work the same as another.

Talk about having a clean yard! I believe that we have the record. Every morning we have to get out and pick up everything, from a half of a match up. We are picking up smaller things than that now. There are no half matches left. The garbage is sorted in different cans, ashes in one, grease in another, and bones, (chicken bones?) in another, etc. The dirt is piled up in neat piles and hauled away. 150 men can certainly pick up a pile of splinters in a little while.

The Y. M. C. A. camp is down the line about three miles. That may sound like quite a distance, but it is not very far for a soldier. The distance would have scared me before I came here.

Don't forget to write. As long as I can not be with you, I would like the next best thing to happen, and that is to hear from you.

George Brandt,
1st Co. Military Police, 88th Div.
Camp Dodge, Iowa.
10-25-17

Brown, S.

Paullina Times: Stewart Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Brown, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church last Sunday evening. A large congregation was present to hear him. The sermon that he preached was one that would have been a credit to a man of many years experience. It contained good thought, was well arranged and delivered in a forcible manner. His many friends here have confidence in his ability to make good as a minister of the gospel, the profession that he has chosen. Stewart has waived his rights to exemption from military service and left Wednesday for Austin, Texas, to join the aviation corps at that place. 7-7-19

Stewart Brown, who has been attending Buena Vista college the past several years, and who recently enlisted in the aviation department of the service received his call to service last week. He left Saturday afternoon for Paullina for an over Sunday visit with his parents, and leaves the first of the week for the training camp in Texas. Mr. Brown is a fine young man and has a host of friends in this city. 5-8-18

11-22-18
At Camp Dix the State Fair Grounds has been turned into army use. Stewart Brown, '18, writes: "I live in the cow barn. I have a whole stall to myself, wire and sheet partition, dirt floor, a ring in front of the cot to which I could tie myself if I feared walking in my sleep nice cast iron feed box, place for hay and all, can you imagine a better place for one of my constitution?"

Lieutenant Brown Speaks

The high school was greatly favored Monday morning when Lieutenant Stuart Brown spoke to us. Lieutenant Brown was formerly a student of Buena Vista college. 3-7-19

Lieut. J. Stewart Brown left Monday evening for Fort Des Moines where he will take up work in the hospital as assistant recreational secretary. 3-20-19

He left on Monday, March 17, to take up the branch of work known as the Recreational work at that place under the direction of the Red Cross. The nature of the work is to plan programs, movies, and entertainments so as to help develop initiative among the wounded soldiers.

Burmeister, G.

George Burmeister Writes

The following message was received on a card from George Burmeister whose address is Co. 19, Barrack 845 W, U. S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill. "I am now at the naval training station. This is some place. There are 30,000 jackies in camp. All barracks are steam heated. Have received one shot for typhoid fever, and will have teeth inspection tomorrow. Have been cooped up two days in detention. Please send my Tack to me. Give all the boys my best regards.—George. 1-24-18

George Burmeister of the commercial department has enlisted in the hospital corps in the navy and expects a call some time between December 10 and January 2. 12-7-17

George Burmeister departed Wednesday morning for Chicago having received a call to duty at the Great Lakes training school. He was accompanied by his father Fred Burmeister of Grant township. 1-4-18

RAY CANADY WRITES WHILE

AT PARIS ISLAND, S. C.

(Paragraphs from two different letters.)

This is Sunday morning but a stranger in camp would hardly know it, as things are going at top speed here now and Sunday is just like every other day. As yet I have not told you much about Paris Island, so will try and give you a little description of what the camp itself is like. It is divided into three different divisions or camps. First the applicants camp where all recruits land, are examined and assigned to companies. From this camp you go across the fence, as they call it here, to the maneuver grounds. From there I came to the main barracks, where I drilled two weeks and then went on the rifle range. One is on the range about two weeks after which you shoot for record. Each man has an individual coach and every effort is made to make you a good shot. It seems funny, but the men who have never handled a gun on the outside, usually become a better shot than the ones who have. The reason for this is that you shoot an army rifle altogether different than a shot gun or small rifle.

Canady, R.

Have just finished chores and am over at the Y. M. C. A. I finished on the range yesterday and am waiting to find out where I will be sent next. It will either be to Quantico or else stationed here on the Island. As yesterday was my last day on the range I shot for record. You are given 60 rounds and shoot 10 from the 500 yard line, 10 from 600 yards sand bag rest, 10 from 500 rapid fire that is you have but 1 minute to shoot 10 shots, 10 from 200 and 10 from 300 both these are rapid fire, and then 10 from the 300 yard, 5 setting and 5 kneeling position. A bulls eye counts 5, then the next is 4, 3, 2, 1. Thus you have a chance to make 300 points but no one has ever done it. The highest mark ever made was 288, made by Captain Smith, who is on the Island now. 202 qualifies you as a marksman, 238 qualifies you as a sharp shooter, 253 qualifies you as an expert rifleman. I was lucky and shot 242 so that qualifies me as a sharpshooter. That does not mean that I will be a sharpshooter, but I shot a high enough score to qualify as one. This will earn me three dollars a month more pay and a sharpshooter medal. It will also help me out in getting a special assignment if I have a chance. I am now through with what is called the boot training of a marine.

I have had to do some awful hard work but that did not hurt me any, T. C. at Iowa. Captain Lane is a graduate of the University of California little anxious about where I am going so I feel pretty well satisfied. I feel a little anxious about where I am going and what I am going to do next.

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS IN FRANCE

John Carey Has A Wonderful Experience--A Real Hero

Mr. and Mrs. John Carey received an interesting letter from their son, John Carey, jr., who is in the Tank Corps in France, a few days ago, and the letter in part is as follows:

Sunday in France, Oct. 27, 1918.—Dear Mother; Your letter received, the first from home for over a month and the first letter from anyone while in France. We landed from England in Cherbourg, France, at a rest camp, where we spent ten days under the most trying circumstances. We were camped near Chateau Tourlavie, where the book, "The Three Musketers" was written. The country was filled with historical interest and we saw much of French peasant life by stealing away from camp. It was a very picturesque scene to drop into the road houses where a French family, minus a father, were eating their evening meal on one table, and English, Scotch, Portuguese, Algerian and American soldiers were drinking their wine at another table and swapping stories. Our company was unlucky in that we were delayed ten days in Cherbourg, waiting for transportation. Finally it came and we could kick rest camp number one a hearty farewell.

We boarded trains, forty men in a small cattle car and started on our journey, we knew not whence. We passed through many of the important cities of France, viz., Tours, Nivers, Dyans, Langres, missing Paris. The trains move very slowly on account of the great congestion of traffic both to and from the front. Trains carrying the wounded coming back during the day time and the new cannon fodder going up during the night. It is so wonderful to us that every minute of experience is

Carey, John

more than livid. It took us six days to arrive at our destination and then things changed. Before this we were unsufficiently fed and had no beds. Now we are billeted in a quaint old fashioned French village near our training camps. Thirty of us are in one real old fashioned stone barn, sleeping below and in the lofts, a dwelling place across the road is used for our kitchen and anywhere for our dining room. Our billet is right near a beautiful Catholic church where I attended services today. The church was beautiful. Mass was at ten o'clock and besides soldiers the congregation was made up of real old men and women with wooden shoes. The younger folks having gone to war, and the girls to cities in ammunition plants and wherever they could take the place of men.

Poor France is ruined, not so much on account of her physical losses, as the breaking up of the homes and deterioration of morals among the children. Across from our billet is a wine shop in the home of a French peasant, in fact nearly every house sells wine and our soldiers are allowed there as if they were French. The water is so poor that wine is welcomed even by the most temperate. They charge two francs or forty cents for a quart of white wine and from that price to twenty or thirty francs as one craves stronger wine. They have no potatoes here at all and can get none, canned beans and tomatoes taking the place of them and we get by some way.

We are in the real tank sector and yesterday we saw our future machines working with men in them who had conducted them safely through many an over the top. They are wonderful and we are all crazy to get at them and we will be there soon and then we will go over the top and be real heroes, and not make believes. The casualties are few and the work they do is wonderful going down into deep holes and over embankments and driving the German machine gunners to hell and back, so it is worth it. I heard about Jay and his wonderful regiment. They have done remarkable work on three different fronts with very few of the old Rainbow division left. I have talked with many of them. I think the first army is going to be rested for a while now and let us do the work. France has many hundreds of German prisoners of which I have seen many in Cherbourg and along the lines where we went. We

Americans are fools giving them cigarettes and things to eat for buttons and souvenirs. It's only the rookies that do it. Those of America who have been up the line hate them. To say it all in one word, mother, I am over come by the experiences so far and think what more is in store for me. When we come back I don't know how the old U. S. is going to give us enough excitement to keep us home. Just forgive us all our wild acts in life in the past for a man suffers more than enough discomfort to pay for it all in getting just this far. I am writing this up in the loft near the eaves by candle and the candle is nearly out so goodbye mother for this time. John Carey, Co., C, 326th Battalion, Tank Corps, American E. F., A. P. O. No. 714.

John Carey came down from St. Paul Saturday for a visit with home folks and friends before departing for the army. After he tried to break in several times, he has at last been accepted in the tank service and he left on Tuesday for Gettysburg, Penn., in response to his call. Johnnie is elated over getting into the tank service as he believes this will take him across quicker than any other service. One of his classmates in the law school and two of the professors will be in the same company.

9-12-18

"I guess we are due to go overseas soon as we have our sea stuff and we go into quarantine after the fourteenth," writes John Carey, who is in the tank service and in training at Gettysburg. He adds that he is crazy to get started and that anyone would be if they could see a transport full of men drifting down the Hudson river with the Statue of Liberty waving them a safe voyage. Several of the boys smuggled themselves on out going transports, he says, and they couldn't put them off. When the letter was penned he had just returned from a three day trip to little 'ol New York and he did the town in proper style winding up at a ball at the Grand Central Palace. On the site where Washington took his oath of office, there is a sign inviting soldiers and sailors to pray. John says he knelt and prayed, but was so excited he could not think of anything in particular to pray for.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Carey, Sr., received an official notice Saturday of the safe arrival overseas of their son, John R. Carey, Jr. John enlisted in the tank service some time ago and is a member of Co. C, 326 Battery and has been stationed at Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania, for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Carey have given both of their sons for the service of their country and both are now in France. Jay has been in active service for several months. Both are fine young men.

12-18-18

LETTERS FROM CAREY BOYS— BOTH ARE NOW IN FRANCE

Mr. and Mrs. John Carey received a letter the latter part of the week from their son, Jay Carey, who is with the Rainbow division in France, which was delightfully received by them, as they had not heard from him for several weeks. Jay stated that he was getting along nicely. He wrote that he supposed by the time his letter was received his parents would have heard of Leo McFadden. He stated that Leo was in a big bunch when the shell came so quickly that he was unable to get out of the way. He also stated that Fred Robinson and Dent Gregg were in the hospital. He had received a letter from his brother, John, who is also in France, which came as a surprise to him. He said he received money which had been sent by his parents and hoped to get a chance to go and see John, and hoped he would not have to go to the front again as he had surely seen enough of it. Jay has been in active service for some time and it is hoped he may be able to come home soon.

A letter was received Saturday from John Carey, jr., who is in France. He stated that he was getting along nicely and would probably go to the front in a short time. However, the letter was written November 10, and so John did not get to "go over the top" as he said he wished to just once, then he would be ready to come home. John is in company C, 326th Battalion, Tank corps. At the time he wrote he said the peace talk was pretty strong, and he supposed the war would be over in a short time.

12-5-18

But He Did Not Make It

Writing to the home folks under date of November 10, just the day before the armistice was signed, John Carey wrote as follows:

"We are in southern France at the tank centers, not as far from the front as you are, but close enough, until we learn a little more about the tanks. The tanks are wonderful and the tank corps work would be a dream if it were not for so much detail work. Sherman must have been on detail when he described war. Sufficient to say, we are all sick of it. I want to go over the top once and then ship me home and prepare to let me spend the rest of the time in bed." Johnnie, it will be remembered, was in the tank service.

12-12-18

2-13-19

Mr. and Mrs. John Carey received a letter on Monday from their son, John Carey, jr., who is in France. John is in the Tank Corps and expected to be home soon, but stated that he was put into the third army of occupation, and was rather disappointed, although he expected to get to see his brother, Jay, who is also in the army of occupation. He stated that he had had a letter from Jay a few days before he wrote but had not seen him as yet. John has been seeing a good many sights in France the past weeks as he is in the Tank Corps Minstrel show and has been in different parts of the country over there.

Mr. and Mrs. John Carey and family were delighted the latter part of the week when they received a telegram from their son, John Carey, Jr., stating that he had arrived at Camp Merritt, New Jersey, from overseas, on Wednesday, April 3, and was feeling fine. John enlisted in the Tank Corps the first part of June last year and was at the officers training camp for a time. He was stationed at Gettysburg, for a time and later was transferred to Tobyhanna and went overseas in September. Although he did not take part in the battle he was ready to go to the front when the armistice was signed. He has had a great experience during his time in the service and had the pleasure of visiting with his brother, Jay, a member of the Rainbow Division, while in France. He will no doubt be home in a short time and his many friends here will welcome him back again.

4-10-19

"Jack" Carey Home

John Carey is home. He arrived the latter part of last week after having spent several days traveling through the east giving tank exhibitions on behalf of the Victory Loan. Jack was in the tank service across and knows how to make one of the critters eat out of his hand. Being an observing young man, and with a sense of humor at that, he talks in a most interesting manner of his experiences across and of the many things he saw. As is true of the other boys, he is the very picture of health and vigor. It goes without saying that family and friends were mighty glad to see him.

5-9-19

Carlton, M.

TWELVE MEN TO GO FOR TECHNICAL STUDY

VOLUNTEERED FOR INDUCTION
TO BE SENT TO SCHOOLS
IN IOWA SATURDAY.

Will Train for Various Kinds of Mechanical Service—Early Boy Inducted to be Chemist in Medical Department.

When the call went out for volunteers for induction for special training along mechanical lines in three Iowa colleges and universities, Sac county's quota of twelve men was soon filled. The local board has assigned them to their schools and they will leave Saturday, June 15 on the 12:25 Northwestern train.

Alvin Herman Leopold Brill of Sac City will go to Iowa State University at Iowa City.

Elbert Brown of Sac City, Ralph J. Irwin of Early, and C. A. Tredway, Kirk Finley, and Bernard Morrow of Wall Lake, will go to Des Moines College at Des Moines.

Joe Brady and Robert H. Page of Sac City, Albert B. Young of Wall Lake, Paul H. Hess of Early, and Lloyd E. Babcock and Glenn H. McFarland of Odebolt will go to Iowa State College at Ames.

Two other young men, Albert J. Claussen and John Alvin Johnson of Wall Lake, also volunteered for this service, but were not taken because Sac county's quota of twelve already had been filled. The total quota for the state is 500.

Murl Cleo Carlton of Early has been inducted through the local board into the medical department at Camp Dodge, whither he departed yesterday. He has taken advanced work in chemistry, and is especially qualified for the service. 6-13-18

Murl Carlton, son of D. D. Carlton of Early, who enlisted in the service of Uncle Sam a few weeks ago, received his call Monday evening and expects to leave in a day or so for a training camp. 6-13-18

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Carlton and daughter Marjorie went down to Camp Dodge last Sunday for a few days visit with their son Murl there in U. S. service.

NINE SAC COUNTY MEN IN LINE FOR SPECIAL SERVICE

There have been nine registrations with the selection board at Sac City of men in Class 1 who are willing to be called, regardless of their order numbers, for service in special mechanical or other work. The registrations have been reported to Adjutant-General Guy E. Logan and the local board will be notified when it is desired to induct any of the men for service. The following are the applications:

Earl Otto Minser, auto mechanic, Odebolt.

William Albert Kistler, commissary storekeeper, Odebolt.

John William Brogan, cook, Odebolt.
Clifford Hamlin Fuller, plumber, Odebolt.

Geo. W. McGuire, brakeman, Omaha, Nebr.

Leo Carl Steward, auto mechanic, Lake View.

Harry E. Davis, auto mechanic, Lake View.

Joseph Veit, auto mechanic, Odebolt.
Murl Cleo Carlton, chemist, Early.

Miss Lucile Hartman and Mr. Merle C. Carlton of Camp Dodge were married July 10 in Des Moines. The ceremony was performed at noon in the Hotel Chamberlain by Rev. Frank Chalmers McKean, pastor of the Central Presbyterian church. It was witnessed by the parents and sister of the bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Carlton and daughter Marjorie; the bride's sister, Mary Hartman; Mrs. E. E. Girton and Mrs. Caroline Deleet. Mrs. Carlton will make her home with Mrs. Girton while her husband is stationed at Camp Dodge. 7-18-18

Merle Carlton arrived Sunday morning from Camp Dodge on a four day's pass (wedding trip) granted, we understand, to newly-weds. He and his wife will divide the time in visiting relatives at Early and Lake View. 7-25-18

Cavanaugh, M.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Cavanaugh received a letter last week from their son, Matt Cavanaugh, who is in France. He stated that he expected to be out of the service within a few days and expects to come home in a short time. Matt has been in France several months. 4-17-19

Sergt. Matt Cavanaugh, who is connected with the General Headquarters at Chaumont, France, writes that he has been there since in November and that there is "beau coup work and beau coup work" and that he is stationed not far from the Rhine. 4-4-19

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Cavanaugh received a telegram on Monday from their son, Mat Cavanaugh, announcing his safe arrival in New York from overseas. Mat was a member of company C Headquarters Company and has been in France for more than a year. His hosts of friends in this city will welcome him home. 6-26-19

Matt Cavanaugh, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Cavanaugh of this city is expected to arrive here the Fourth from New York, from where he will be mustered out of the service Wednesday this week. Matt has spent more than a year in France and arrived in the United States about ten days ago. 7-3-19

Chaney, G.

Mrs. Gerald Chaney of Newell, expects to make her home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wadsley, as Mr. Chaney will leave with the boys of the county in the draft call of July 25th. 7-18-18

Gerald W. Chaney Jr., Arrives

The birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald W. Chaney at the Swallum hospital on July 12, 1918, is the cause of much happiness to relatives and friends as well as the young parents. The little fellow, who is a sturdy looking chap, has been named Gerald Wadsley. He is the first grandchild in the Chaney or Wadsley families and will bring much cheer to the households while the father is away fighting for home and country. 7-18-18

Private Gerald W. Chaney has been "favorably mentioned" in the Camp Gordon official paper and his old Buena Vista college pals have expected this. The paragraphs which referred to Gerald follow: "The outstanding light of the battle was Chaney, right half back for the victorious team. His defensive and offensive marked him to be a player of great merit. After being forced to rest after a kick in the head, Chaney made an end run of 40 yards, and did more than his share to win the fray." He is referred to again in the following: "Private G. W. Chaney will be sergeant of the fourth platoon. If he instructs as he plays football, the fourth platoon will do well in the coming course." 1-8-18

Gerald Chaney, who has been down at Camp Gordon where he has been making a great reputation as a football player on one of the big army teams, broke both of his collarbones in a game on Thanksgiving day. Gerald guesses he will not make it home until spring. 12-6-18

Gerald Chaney arrived last week from Camp Gordon, Ga., to join his wife and baby, at the home of Mrs. Chaney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wadsley. Mr. Chaney has been discharged from the army and will take up work in his father's bank, at Newell.

Chapman, L.

OFF TO CAMP DODGE

Seven Men of County Quota Leave Wednesday Morning for Cantonment at Camp Dodge.

Hundreds of people gathered at the Illinois Central depot Wednesday morning to witness the departure of the first contingent of the conscript army to the cantonment at Camp Dodge near Des Moines. Only seven men were called from this county, which is five per cent of the county quota, the amount which was called from every county for the first contingent. Each of the departing men were presented with a five dollar note and also an excellent comfort kit and as the train pulled out from the station the air was filled with cheers. All of the men were anxious and willing to go which is quite in contrast to the general idea concerning the willingness of drafted men.

In making the selections for the men in the first contingent, order numbers were not controlling and men were called whom the board believed were best fitted to go at this time. Five of these were from Storm Lake as orders to call these men to report were not received soon enough to notify men in distant parts of the county. These men who are first to report will be formed into a skeleton organization which will assist in receiving and assimilating those who will follow them. Officers and non-commissioned officers were in the cantonment to receive them and partial equipment was there to be issued. Following are the names of those who departed to be a part of the new National army: Fred A. Armstrong, L. A. Chapman, Harvey A. Hood, Niels C. Nielson, James A. Poland, Anton Tillgren, Fred W. Webb. 5-4-17

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Chapman received a telegram the latter part of the week from their son, Laell Chapman, announcing his safe arrival at Camp Upton N. Y., from overseas. Laell enlisted in the service more than a year ago and went to France last summer. He was a member of the 32nd Division. He will no doubt arrive here within a few days and his relatives and hosts of friends will welcome him home again. 5-29-18

Sergeant Lyell Chapman is expected to arrive home Friday from Camp Dodge to spend a furlough of ten days with his parents. He has just come out of the officers' training camp but no commissions have been announced. 4-19-18

Sergeant Lyell Chapman and Private Niels Nielson, who were home for over the Christmas season from Camp Dodge, had to take an automobile ride from Storm Lake to Reckwell City on Saturday morning in twenty-nine below zero weather, in order to comply with the orders that no Christmas furloughs would be granted to other than those who could reach home by trolley or automobile. Andrew Nelson took the boys in his car. Their furlough was not up until Sunday but the boys decided to take no chances, preferring to get to Camp Dodge in due time. 1-4-18

An officers training school opened at Camp Dodge last Monday and Sergeant Lyell Chapman of this city will try for a commission. 1-4-18

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Chapman returned Monday from an over Sunday visit with Mr. Chapman's brothers at Bagley. Their son Lyell came up from Camp Dodge to spend Sunday with them. He lost his sergeancy when he entered the officers training camp and until April 1, will be just a private. 2-8-18

Among those who have qualified for officers commissions at the third training camp we note the names of the following young men from this county: Lial A. Chapman, Storm Lake, Thomas V. Welch of Marathon. This list given out from Camp Dodge contained ninety five men from Iowa, nine from Wisconsin, five from Michigan, three from Indiana, and forty six from Illinois. 5-2-18

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Chapman and Mrs. C. J. Read went to Camp Dodge on Friday to say goodbye to Lyell A. Chapman, who received his formal commission as second lieutenant in the army and at the same time orders to move Camp Pike, Ark. The Chapmans also visited in Bagley while away.

It is believed that Lieutenant Lyell Chapman sailed for France on August 27. He has been stationed at Camp Merritt. 1918

Lieut. Chapman Safe

Family and friends of Lieut. Lyell A. Chapman were becoming much concerned because they had not heard from him for a long time, especially since the last word was received was to the effect that he was in the hospital. This anxiety was all relieved on Tuesday morning when Mr. and Mrs. Chapman received three letters from him and others received cards and letters. "Sully" is with the army of occupation in Germany. In fact, he is with that branch of the army which goes ahead and prepares the way for the coming of the army of occupation and he is greatly enjoying his experiences. The Pilot-Tribune hopes to publish some of his letters in a later issue.

Thomas Toohey writes from France, in letters received by his people on Tuesday, that he expected to be on his way home by Christmas. Tom sent home a large collection of post cards.

1-3-19

R

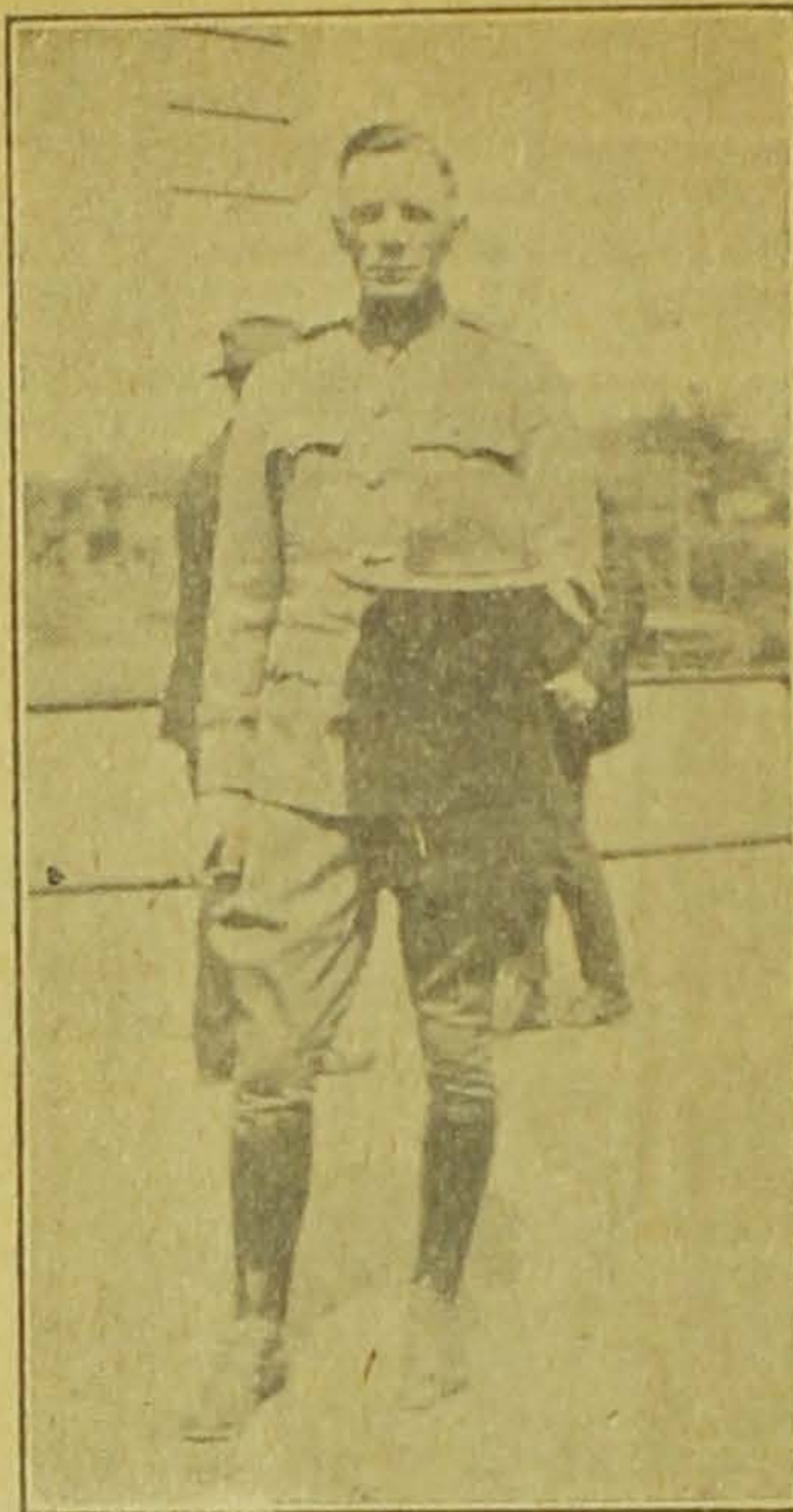
Lyall Chapman, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Chapman of this city, arrived home the last of the week from Camp Dodge, having received his honorable discharge from the service. He arrived in the United States from overseas a couple of weeks ago, having spent about a year and a half in France. He is looking and feeling fine, and is glad to get home again.

R

6-5-19

Lieut. Lyell A. Chapman surprised everybody by dropping in on Thursday morning. He landed in New York less than a week before but took advantage of the fifteen day furlough and came directly home. He will go to Camp Dodge later to receive his discharge.

5-30-19



LIEUT. LYELL A. CHAPMAN

Lieut. Lyell A. Chapman, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Chapman, who returned to his home in this city last Thursday after several months of overseas duty, was with the Thirty-Fourth division, one of the great fighting divisions of the army and he saw much hard fighting. His division went into the fighting on the first day of the great battle in the Argonne forest, captured the city of Romans and other places between that and Sedan. The Army and Navy Journal ranks the fight and the taking of Romans as one of the three great battles of the entire war. Lieut. Chapman was in France just twenty-one days before he hit the first line trenches and his outfit saw the very hardest kind of service. At one time the companies in his regiment averaged out seventeen men as the casualties through the Argonne where machine gun nest after machine gun nest was stormed and taken. Following the signing of the armistice, Lieut. Chapman was with the army of occupation in Germany. No man to whom the writer has talked tells as many interesting and instructive things concerning the countries where he has been, about army life, the plans and purposes of the movements of the different armies and divisions as he. As has been true with the other boys who have returned, it seems impossible to persuade him to tell anything of his actual personal fighting experiences.

6-6-19

Five to Training Camps

The second officers' training camp at Fort Snelling will commence on Monday, August 27, and five of those from this city who made application for admission to this camp have received their appointments and will report there on the date set for the final examination. One of the applicants from this city was named as the twentieth alternate and will receive admission if a number of those who received appointments fail to appear. Considering the number of applicants for the comparatively small number of appointments made to the camp, Storm Lake did extremely well in having so many named for training.

Those who will report for the intensive training on August 27 are: R. A. Jones, Frank W. Mack, Charles V. Sutherland, Joseph Sohm and Charles F. Unger. Kenneth Smith was selected as alternate and if he fails to obtain admission to this second training camp will have a preference in the next bunch of men to go into training for officers. Both L. A. Chapman and Charles G. Chapman made application to this camp and passed all of the preliminary examinations but did not as yet receive notice of their appointment.

8-17-17

Claus, H.

Sergt. Harley Claus of Camp Dodge, came home Monday on a few days leave of absence. 5-16-18

Mrs. Harley Claus, '17, is spending the fall at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Perkins. Mr. Claus, '17, is in France, a member of the 88th division.

A. B. Claus received word Monday that his son, Sergt. Harley of the 88th division, had landed at Newport on May 30th. 6-5-19

Harley Claus, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Claus, returned home last Saturday from Camp Dodge, having recently been discharged from the army, after nearly a year's foreign service with the 88th division, which saw active service during the closing days of the war. Mrs. Claus accompanied her husband to Sioux Rapids, where they are visiting relatives and friends for the present. 6-12-19

Harley Claus Writes From France.

France, Dec. 8, 1918.

Dear Folks:

Well, I finished up at school without breaking my neck, at the 6th Army Corps Aviation, studying liason between air and ground troops. Very interesting, and I am glad of the chance to get a small knowledge of the workings of different branches of service. The only exciting thing I've met so far was my first batch of the darndest little insects you ever saw. We call them "cooties." You should see me with my shirt off popping them with a candle. We saw a lot of France on my trips. Went on a 30 mile hike to the Verdun sector, where our boys kicked off on their big drive in Sept. Saw the Huns cement trenches. You should see what hell a shell raises when it hits there and it hits there too, believe me. Dead Huns were scattered about. I found them by a smell. Some smell, too. "Oh, boy!" Trick grenades were thick around there for a careless Yank to kick his way into heaven or hell on. I found a string of 16 cleverly fixed up. I passed through a cemetery where the Huns had dug

up the French bodies and buried their own instead. Was in the Crown Prince's dug out. Went all through a hill completely undermined with dug outs and tunnels. Enjoyed a wild pig hunt in French woods, also saw deer and fox. Would like it if Uncle Sam got me home for Xmas, but can't expect it. I am real well and fat. We were paid today. Hope it's the last batch of decorated French paper they need to give us. I drew 2.44 francs or \$40.00 of decorations. Ha! ha! Had a little treat on the side a few days ago. I found some straw bee hives and treated the boys to real honey. It must have been great in U. S. when you celebrated. It just put the war from "over here" to "over there." Everyone went wild I hear. Over here we practically lay on our guns waiting for the order to go in for our bit. We argued the possibility of the news being false, even bet on it. When Monday morning, Nov. 11th came we heard the eloquent peace talk of those big "8 and 12" guns. We just grinned and said that sounds like it was all over. "All over Europe," yes. Believe me, we listened to a dandy bombardment. Well we waited for orders to move up. We were all stripped to lightest equipment for real action. At 10:30 I believe every gun on the front was red hot from our work, and then suddenly everything was quiet. We just looked at each other and wondered. Needless to say "those orders never came." A four days' delay saved us, and every one of our fine fellows are with us yet. God only knows what a few hours more would have told. I am glad for the life of one of these comrades is worth more than all the honor and glory of any conquest to me. We played in luck and the ensignia of the 88th a four leaf clover, is a good one. Merry Xmas to all and love. Your son, HARLEY.

Clemons, D.

CLEMONS RE-ENTERS WIRELESS SERVICE

WILL WORK ON CUNARD LINE

Thrilling Experiences Probable as Wireless Operator with the Trans-Atlantic Merchant Marine.

Buena Vista is to have a share in helping to meet the crisis which is now facing the United States. From this time on to the end of the year, men will be dropping out of their classes to enroll in the force for the conservation as well as for the protection of our country's resources. Three men have already enlisted in navy and army departments. Responding to the great need of experienced men in the trans-Atlantic wireless service, Dale Clemons has accepted a position with the Marconi company. He left Sunday, April 29, and is to sail from New York for France or Italy tomorrow, May 2. He will be employed as wireless operator on some vessel of the Cunard line. Owing to the fact that all vessels leave port with sealed orders, their port will not be definitely known until out at sea. Working for the Marconi company, he will have no direct connection with the navy—sailing with the merchant marine. This is the same company for which Dale worked two years before taking up his work at Buena Vista this year. He has kept in continual practice with his wireless station at home so he was able to command a very substantial salary. His work will take him among the German subs in all likelihood, so his experience promises to be exciting in the extreme. As soon as Dale is located he promises to write some of his experiences for the Tack.

5-4-17

—Tack

Dale Clemons later entered army and was stationed at Fort Sheridan.

Crouch, Ed.

BACK FROM ITALY

Dale Clemons, in the employment of the Marconi company of New York City, has just returned from a trip to Italy, according to a letter received this week by his mother, Mrs. W. L. Clemons. Dale was the only wireless operator on board the ship which served as a convoy for ten ships bound for the war zone. Wireless operators are so scarce, Dale writes, that each ship carries but one operator. As many people hereabouts believed, Dale is not in the government's service. Details of the trip over were necessarily omitted and but the bare fact that he was again on U. S. soil was written to relieve an anxious mother.

11-2-17

Ed Crouch Leaves Soon.

Ed Crouch has received his notice to be ready to leave for Camp Dodge on February 25. Eddie missed the first draft last fall by a hair's breadth. He has been improving his time by taking commercial work.

2-21-18

Ed Crouch, '17, left February 25 with the last increment of the first draft for Camp Dodge.

Miss Elsie Crouch, '12, who is now teaching at Duncombe, Iowa, visited Saturday and Sunday with her brother Ed, who left Monday for Camp Dodge.

2-28-18

Ed Crouch Leaves.

Saturday evening, February 23, a group of peppy people gathered at the home of "Ma" Bethards to have a last good time with Ed Crouch before he left for Camp Dodge. Perkins and Canady arrived from Churdan in time to enjoy the fun. Carrom and somerset were the pleasures of the evening. After a large dish of pop corn and another of big rosy apples had been devoured the company said goodbye to "Eddie" and each wended his way homeward. 3-11-18

BOYS FEELING FINE

Ralph Stock Visits Our Soldiers at Camp Dodge.

Ralph Stock has returned from a visit to Camp Dodge and talked with several of the Storm Lake boys whom he found feeling in the best of spirits, only somewhat anxious to get out of quarantine. "Bill" Hopkins told him that he goes to bed every night crying from laughing at "Slim and Spot", two Swede who keep the rest of the fellows in good spirits. Bill insists that they say the most witty things imaginable and when an Irishman says that, there must be something to it.

When Ralph visited the camp, Ed Crouch and Byron Wilcox were out driving stakes for the fellows to march by. These stakes were to be thirty inches apart and a person had to be able to step 120 off in a minute. Stanley Espe said the farmer lads had to take half steps to get down to the schedule. While driving stakes two of the soldiers started dancing when the band struck up a catchy two step. An officer quickly jotted down their names, and Ed Couch received a calling for letting them do it.

Ralph says the camp is much different than he had imagined it would be. He saw eight of the Storm Lake boys he knew and wished he had time to look them all up. En route home he stopped for a visit with his sister in Churdan.

3-8-18

Private Ed. G. Crouch, '17, may be addressed, Co. O, 3rd Bn. C. W. S., Edgewood Arsenal, Md. 11-22-18

R

Ed Crouch, a former Buena Vista college student, visited in town last week. He has been in the service and stationed at the Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland, and has just recently been discharged. 1-16-19

Crouch, Emmons

J. E. Crouch, a Buena Vista college graduate and for the past year a law student in Chicago, visited Storm Lake friends this week, being on his way to Fort Snelling where he will enter the officer's training camp. Mr. Crouch has the past winter been a member of the Post Office force in Chicago having successfully passed the Civil Service Examination and working his way through the Law college in this manner. 5-11-17

Sergeant Emmons Crouch of Camp Dodge visited with college friends Tuesday. He has been attending the officers training school. 4-28-18

* *

Sergt. J. E. Crouch, of the 339th field artillery at Camp Dodge, who was visiting the middle of last week with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wiseman, and went thence to visit old-time friends in the vicinity of Auburn, received word while at Auburn that he had been promoted to the second lieutenancy. Sergt. Crouch had been in the third officers' training camp and the promotion was not unexpected.

5-2-18

J. Emmons Crouch, a graduate of Buena Vista college who has just been released from the service, spent Sunday with friends in this city.

2-14-19

Lieut. Emmons Crouch, '14, visited college Monday and Tuesday. He gave a very interesting talk in chapel Tuesday morning on France.

Crouch, Lloyd

Lieut. Lloyd G. Crouch, '12, is at the machine Gun school, Hancock, Ga. He received his commission at the 2nd training camp at Fort Schnelling. His address is M. G. T. C. Hancock, Georgia. 11-22-18

Crouch, Logan

Logan Crouch left Friday for Omaha, Nebraska, where he enlisted in the aviation branch of the service. Mr. Crouch has been attending Buena Vista college for some time.

R 1-17-19

Aviators Tell Experience.

Thursday, January 17, the student body heard some of the particulars connected with the examination of men for the aerial corps. Stewart Brown, John Parkhill and Logan Crouch, all of whom have taken the examination and have been sworn into service, were asked to tell of their experiences.

Mr. Brown told about the trials he endured while taking the mental examination. Mr. Parkhill, starting at the dispensary, told his experience in taking the physical examination. The whirling test was especially interesting.

Mr. Crouch began where Mr. Parkhill left off. He told what happened after the physical examination. Such experiences as the "Swearing in" process, taking the finger prints, were told.

The fact that the letters F. B. (foot ball) were stamped on their application blank aided each to get into this branch of the service.

Read "Going Up" by L. R. Crouch.

1-24-18

Logan Crouch, who has been attending Buena Vista college for some time, and who recently enlisted at Omaha, received his call to report for service at Columbus, Ohio, the first of the week.

1-31-18

Logan Crouch of the freshman class left Wednesday evening for Columbus, Ohio, where he enters the aviation corps in the U. S. service.

The freshman class entertained at dinner at the Bradford in honor of Logan Crouch Wednesday evening, January 30.

2-1-18

Logan Crouch transferred from Aviation to Tank Corp.

Crowley, J.

The young people of the Baptist church gave a farewell party for Justice Crowley at his home Monday evening before his departure with the seventh quota of national army men Wednesday. The evening was spent informally and the honoree was presented with a wrist watch, the presentation speech being made by Rev. John Erb and a most fitting response was made. Light refreshments were served at the close of the pleasant evening.

6-28-18

Ten Stars on Flag

A very pretty and impressive unveiling of a service flag took place at the Baptist church Sunday morning. A delightful program of readings and music was rendered. The address was given by Guy E. Mack, which was filled with patriotic fervor. The mother or nearest relative of the soldier unveiled the flag. The stars were for the following young men:

Lloyd Petty, Great Lakes Naval station.

Otis Tolliver, Camp Dix, New Jersey.

rank Bullard, France.

Frank Goodness, Camp Dodge.

Emil Walstrom.

Justice Crowley, Camp Dodge.

Clarence Combes.

Roy Morgan.

Lloyd Haburn.

7-12-18

CROWLEY WRITES ON BOARD A SHIP

Extract from Letter of Former
B. V. Student.

The Ocean, Aug. 18, 1918.

There has been little of interest outside the ever changing moods of the ocean. It has been fine cruising so far, but is a bit rougher today than usual. A heavy fog swept down on us last night and darkened everything but soon lifted. It rained the night before and some water got in the hatchway and flooded our floor. It washed about all night, and carried away a pair of shoes or two.

On Friday morning, we awoke to cold, chilly weather, and a little later on found the reason. An iceberg had drifted down our way. It looked beautifully white in the distance and gave a touch of reality to the trip.

A big drove of sharks, or some such animals, nearly run us down the other day. They lined up in a long broadside and come straight at us, but we hit 'em a bit.

It is hard for me to realize that I am on the ocean, the same ocean that has experienced so much, yet changed so little. One cannot see nearly as far as I supposed. I have been seasick, decidedly so, but am about normal again.

We sleep in hammocks swung from the ceiling, and closely resemble a cave full of bats, they are so thick, but are fairly comfortable.

I have had several chats with Harley Claus, since starting. We are planning on visiting some common points of interest when we get across, Shakespeare's home and the like. I may be able to catch a bit of inspiration from the great poet. There will be many things of interest along literary lines over there if one can get to see them.

Aug. 19, 1918.

Today was company bath day again. Every man physically well must take a bath every so often. There is a salt water shower in the bath room of the same temperature as the ocean, and when the men get under it you ought to hear the yells.

It is about supper time at home I suppose. Save me a ripe tomato, and some sugar and cream. Um, how good it would go. Hope they are not all gone when we get to merry old England. We vary in our rations, sometimes plenty, some-

times a bit scarce. However, we have the canteen to fall back on. Tonight we had a good supper. I got the best cup of coffee and a cake on top of it and I feel filled up.

England, Aug. 29.

We took a long hike today over the surrounding country, and enjoyed its antique beauty. England is beautiful indeed.

I hope to visit some of the old castles later on and get a real taste of old medievalism.

This war will give one a different attitude toward life. We will know what home really means. Home, Sweet Home.

Americans as Teachers

Among the most interesting descriptive letters which has come to our attention is one received by Rev. John Erb from Justice Crowley, who is with the Eighty-eighth division in France and extracts follows:

"My dear friend: Your welcome and very newsy letter of August 16 reached me just a week ago. The mail service is working under great handicaps here in France, owing to the lack of proper transportation facilities. The bulk of the army trucks are running night and day loaded to full capacity getting food and ammunition to the hungry boys at the front. Army life, as you know is ideal for the creation of voracious appetites and we are always on hand for the next meal. The food, at least is good, and is sufficient quality. A few trimmings like sweets, pickles and relishes would add much at times, but cannot be expected.

"As you may already know I am no longer in the regular line, but have been transferred to the intelligence section. It is made up of picked men, or so the officer tells us, whose mission it is to inhabit "No Man's Land," and make it "Our Land." Our methods of operation of course cannot be disclosed. I enjoy the new work immensely compared with the regular drill, also we have better living conditions. Our training will continue but a short time until we are promised active service. We are not far from the front within the sound of the big guns and two nights past a neighboring town was bombed by an air raid but no lives were lost.

"The people, in this vicinity are reported to be fifty-fifty in regard to their views of the war. The wounds of forty years past are not healed.

"Arriving in Great Britain I was pleased to find that the land of your birth was far more beautiful than I had been led to hope. Its native woods, still re-echoing with the tramp of armoured hosts of medieval days, its untrammelled hills, on which perch the handsome palace of the landlord; the humble cottage with their thatched roofs where dwell the tenants; its unequalled pastures of greenest forage; clear running water and splendid cattle, make it a land to be envied and I can at least understand why the English love it so.

"France on the other hand is a land of many contrasts. Within sight of Paris I saw my first pair of oxen plowing in a field. On the other side of the track a modern gas tractor ambled steadily over an adjoining field. Occident and Orient living side by side. On the other side of the Seine can be seen some of the most beautiful modern palaces that the brain of man can conceive. A few miles back

among the hills the old chateau of the middle ages still stands intact. Its sturdy walls of loose, rough stones; its higher turrets and towers with their little portholes and barred windows, its vast proportions all in variance with the needs of the humble peasant farmer who now resides therein, ruining the romance and making it ridiculous. On one hand may be seen

the wonderful vineyards of Champagne, on the other the wild blackberries, planted there by an all wise Creator, who anticipated the wants of our army in a foreign land. Springs of running water abound as does the public drinking fountain and wash house. The latter is a system of troughs and tanks made of cement. Yes, France you are a thousand years behind your young sister republic to the west but we have come to teach you. You ask does France take kindly to this proposed change and revolution. Of course not. She laughed when we began to clean up her dirty streets, where the oxen strolled and the razorback prowled. But she was looking on and some day France will get hold of the reins and things will change. When education goes hand in hand with religion, then will the great gulf which exists between the polished French nobleman and the peasant, whom we alternately admire and pity, be effaced. Then will France become a democracy in reality as in name."

11-8-18

Justice Crowley arrived home last week, having received his discharge from the service. He left here last summer and has been in France for about a year.

6-19-19

Word has been received that two more of our good boys, Charles Tyson and Justice Crowley, landed in this country from overseas. It is expected that they will reach home very shortly. Everybody will be glad to see them.

6-6-19

Mrs. Agnes Crowley of this city received word last week from her son Justice Crowley, announcing his safe arrival in New York from overseas. Justice left Storm Lake last summer and has been in France for more than a year. His many friends here will welcome him home again.

6-12-19

Cunningham, L.

Lloyd Cunningham, son of E.H. Cunningham, former representative from this county, has enlisted in the army and is now serving in the signal corps branch of the army. He is now in Hoboken, New York, which means that he is on the way to the front.

7-5-18

Dagger, R.

Ralph Dagger, Thaddeus Olsen and Floyd Jensen, of Alta, have given up college work to enlist in the field hospital corps. They will leave on Friday, November 30 for Camp Logan.

12-6-17

Ralph and Wilber Dagger, Thaddeus Olson and Lloyd Jensen expect to leave Friday for Fort Logan, Colorado, where they will enter the medical corps of the United States service. The boys have intimation that they will be sent to Hawaii and eventually to Russian service, if the revolution in that land again takes on the war.

11-30-17

Letters are arriving daily from the over seas soldier boys. Tom Kislingbury writes from Vichy, France, that all are well and that they are enjoying their winter quarters which are about 300 miles south of Paris, in the heart of France. With him are several of the Alta boys and others from Sioux Rapids and Storm Lake. Leslie Kislingbury is at Brest at the evacuation hospital where he is in charge of the records of wounded being sent home invalided. The Dagger boys are at hospitals nearer the former battle line, although they had the pleasure of serving in Paris for several weeks. Lloyd Jensen is also near Paris, in hospital service. Oliver Olson is in the clerical force and his work is in the Pershing headquarters. Before the war closed he was actively engaged in the air service as a gunner. His brother, Tad Olson, is in hospital service. Other boys are reported with the American army of occupation, seeing Germany and the Rhine.

1-3-18

Ralph and Wilbur Dagger arrived Sunday evening from Fort Riley, Kans., to spend a fifteen day furlough at home. They are in the medical officers' corps.

5-17-18

Danielson, E.

IOWAN IN SEA COMMAND.

Spencer Boy is Captain on Board
U. S. S. Napa.

Special to The Register.

SPENCER, Ia., May 25.—
Former Lieutenant Edward Danielson of Spencer has been appointed captain in the United States navy and has been placed in command of a newly launched naval vessel of the gunboat type, the U. S. S. Napa.

The ship recently left San Francisco for Guam, and word was received recently that it had reached Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

The vessel is an oil burner and consumes 6,000 gallons of oil per day under full steam. They passed through a two-day storm on the maiden voyage down the Pacific coast and it is said the ship behaved well.

Captain Danielson is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew G. Danielson, and his rise in the United States navy during and following the war has been very rapid.

Lael DeLand and Francis Stringer have been transferred from Municipal Pier Training camp to Cleveland, Ohio, according to a telegram received by Lael's parents. One hundred boys were transferred with them.

4-26-18

Lael DeLand, Francis Stringer and Wayne Meyers who recently enlisted in the navy at Chicago, received their call to service the latter part of the week and left Sunday evening for Chicago, after which they will go to the Great Lakes Training camps.

1-31-18

Lael DeLand, son of Judge and Mrs. James DeLand of this city, should be properly referred to as Ensign DeLand. He secured his commission after completing the officer's training camp in New York City. An ensign ranks in the navy the same as a second lieutenant in the army. He is the first Storm Lake young man to receive a commission in the navy. 9-12-18

Ensign Lael DeLand arrived home Sunday from New York, for a visit at the home of his parents, Judge and Mrs. James DeLand. Ensign DeLand was on the ship that recently burned at sea at which time he lost all of his belongings. He was given a ten days furlough and will be assigned to a ship on his return. His many friends here were very glad to see him again.

12-19-18

DeLand, L.

10-25-18



JAMES LAEL DELAND

First young man in Buena Vista county to receive the commission of ensign in the United States navy since war was declared. Ensign DeLand, only son of Judge and Mrs. DeLand, enlisted December 5, 1917, and received his commission September 9, 1918, at Pelham Bay, New York. He was assigned to duty October 18, 1918, on one of the German ships commandeered by the U. S. government and is now on his initial voyage.

Ensign Lael DeLand had a very enjoyable time in New York city before receiving orders to set sail on his initial cruise last Monday. He was entertained at the beautiful New Jersey home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Spencer, who are renowned as song composers. Mrs. Spencer spent her girlhood days in Storm Lake, and is known as Miss Fleeta Brown. The Brown home was directly across the street from the DeLand home on Lake avenue. Ensign DeLand was taken for a long motor trip through the interesting places about the Spencer home.

ENSIGN DELAND IN FIRE

His Boat, Ophir, Burns off Gibraltar
on November 11.

The war did not end until Ensign Lael DeLand of this city had a most exciting experience. The army cargo transport Ophir, of which he was an officer, was burned off Gibraltar on November 11 with the loss of two members of the crew, G. A. Comstock of Oakland, Cal., and Oscar Wilson of Bedford Mills, N. Y. The transport was enroute to Marsailles, France, laden with army supplies which were lost. The fire started when the ship was out at sea and a hard fight was put up to reach harbor before being compelled to take to the boats. Ensign DeLand is safe in harbor.

11-22-18

Judge and Mrs. James DeLand received a telegram the latter part of the week from Gibraltar, from their son, Ensign Lael DeLand, which was delightfully welcomed by them. Lael well. Lael escaped from the ship burned at sea a short time ago, and he sent word to his parents to let them know that he was safe and was on the transport ship that with his life, but lost all of his clothing and articles he had on the ship. It was surely a great experience for him and one he will always remember.

12-5-18

THRILLING SIX WEEKS SPENT ON HIGH SEAS

DeLand Lost All Personal Effects As Ophir Sank --Sent Sub to Bottom

Judge and Mrs. DeLand have received a letter from their son Ensign J. Lael DeLand, in which he tells of his thrilling and terrible experiences in connection with his maiden trip which included fights with submarines, storms and finally the burning of his ship, the Ophir. The letter, while long, is such a thrilling narrative that it is given herewith in its entirety.

Just six weeks ago since I left the States and let me say, it has been a six weeks never to be forgotten. I have seen some very interesting and picturesque sights. Have had some real thrills, sunk a submarine, rode through a North Atlantic storm, lasting for three days on the return trip, spent four days in British prison barracks and witnessed a most indescribable death, which will be mentioned later.

I left the States well equipped with personal belongings and returned practically a beggar, without even a clean change of clothing. Had it not been for the terrible disaster of the U. S. S. Ophir, such would not be my plight. But the fact remains, and I shall try in my poor way of telling things to give you a general idea of her last voyage.

The U. S. S. Ophir was a Dutch ship taken over in Honolulu by Uncle Sam, March 19, 1918. She was a beautiful ship, 405 feet long, 47 feet wide, with a 9,000 ton displacement. Previous to the first of October she had been used as a combination transport and cargo ship, but for the trip I shall relate she was used for cargo only. October 18 I received orders for duty on the U. S. S. Ophir, reported the same day and was given the deck October 19 (to "have the deck" is a watch every officer in turn stands while in port. He is in sole command of the entire ship for twelve hours and is known as the officer of the deck.)

Twelve sailors, the ship's doctor, and the executive officer, were taken to the hospital with Spanish influenza during my first watch. October 21 the ship, was loaded to her full capacity, mainly with oil, gasoline, and trench warfare gas compounds. We were taken nearly to the mouth of the Hudson river by two tugs. Hardly had they left us when the steering gear broke down. Thanks to fate we were still in the river. We were towed back to lay at anchor for three days in repair. That was only the beginning of our jinx trip. While waiting for repairs, another officer and many sailors were taken off to the base hospital with the "flu." Even though the training camps were full of sailors and officers were patiently awaiting assignments at headquarters, we put to sea for the second time, October 24, with a crew of 128 instead of 160, and 20 officers instead of 23. Just outside the harbor we joined a convey of 53 ships. Almost the entire day was spent by each ship maneuvering to gain her assigned convoy position, and that evening we got under way in column six deep and nine wide. Throughout the day submarine chasers and destroyers, aeroplanes, observation balloons, and large dirigible balloons played an important part guiding the millions of dollars this convoy represented. In the afternoon warnings were received of a submarine operating dead ahead of where we were to go. That night about ten o'clock, I was awakened by a most terrible crash and quivering of the ship. Everyone rushed to the boat deck, thoroughly expecting to return to New York in life boats, but it was soon found that the ship was taking no water and the ship was secure. We had rammed something, that was certain, but what it was will always remain one of the mysteries of the sea, although it is the general opinion we had rammed the submarine which had two oil tankers to its credit for that day.

The evening of the second day, the Santa Cecilia, Pedro Galvi, Edward Luckenbach and ourselves left the large convoy and struck out southward for the Mediterranean sea. The rest of the convoy was bound for the bay of Biscay. Now let me say, that after being in a convoy of fifty-three ships with destroyers on every side and a cruiser ready to meet any enemy raiders that might show up, we four little vessels looked pretty sick and helpless. You may imagine the peace of mind our crew had on the ship, with her holds filled with 130,000 gallons of high test gasoline, 60,000 gallons of oil, barrel upon barrel of trench gas compounds, aside from 200 rounds of ammunition in the fore part of the ship for the four inch gun, 200 rounds of ammunition

aft for the six inch gun, and 1200 pounds of T. N. T. (the highest of explosives) for depth mine charges, stowed over the bulk of the gasoline. In addition to this was fourteen auto trucks and 175 bales of army clothing stowed with the oil. Can you imagine a cargo of anything more likely to make an undertaker smile? But at this time it was surprising how light everybody made of our danger. A man with a life preserver was ridiculed because if a torpedo should hit this hellish cargo, what good would a life preserver be. (Ordinarily during these times general orders require every man to have his life belt with him at all times, but now the order was admittedly disregarded.) But we did sleep in our clothing except for shoes and coats. For sixteen days I was in my clothes day and night. Every ship steamed in total

darkness, throughout the nights not a light was permitted, unless there should be a match struck or some other light exposed, every port hole in the ship was closed and locked. So not only did we suffer the uncomfortableness of sleeping in our clothes but we had to endure a stuffy room with no ventilation whatsoever.

The Ophir was the flagship of the four vessels which gave her absolute command over the others. The fourth day out things began to look pretty serious. Four more of the officers and thirteen of the crew were all very sick with the "flu" and no doctor aboard. The Saint Cecilia was rolling very heavily because her cargo had shifted. This necessitated the other ships to slow down and remain with her. The rendezvous in our orders required certain danger zones to be passed on definite days at certain times of the day, but because of the Cecilia slowing us all down, to follow the rendezvous would be impossible. Everything was going wrong.

Setting on the promenade deck about three days later about four o'clock in the afternoon, the paymaster called my attention to a pe-

culiar large bird with a long spiked tail. No one seemed to have ever seen one like it before. Frenchy, an old time sailor, was working near by. When asked about this bird, he replied "That's a bosn-bird. I don't like that. He is a sign of bad luck." We passed his remark by as one of a sailor's many superstitions, but somehow I could not forget the whole thing. All during the evening, I could see that bird in my mind and Frenchy's remark would come back to me. The next morning at four o'clock, just twelve hours after the appearance of the bosn-bird, Ensign Williams, who had been so sick with the "flu" passed into the Great Beyond. The next day the funeral with

all the naval rites a splendid man officer deserves was held. This burial at sea is the most impressive and beautiful ceremony I could ever hope to see. It is based on the scripture "The trumpet shall sound, and he shall rise again." Then the body is let over the side while the bugler sounds that peaceful, restful call "Taps." Yes, it was sad. Even our captain broke down in his part of the ceremony. But what an honor, to be laid to rest where he had chosen to serve.

A few days later, we entered the greatest sub-infested zone of the seas. Again our thoughts turned back to the cargo we carried, wondering what we had done to Uncle Sam that he wished all the explosives on us. But that was no time to fret. There was just one thing to do. Get our cargo to the allies that they might be enabled to destroy the Hun that much faster. The rage of influenza had subsided. Men were getting back on deck even though they did look like ghosts, and were relieving those who had escaped the sickness, and been standing extra long watches.

Hardly a day passed that the alarm for submarines was not sounded two or three times. But each alarm had been false. Things began to look a little brighter until one morning, at 6:45, the alarm was turned in. We all went to our stations (I was in charge of the six inch gun on the poop deck, and my gun crew already had five subs to their credit when I came aboard.) It seemed a whale had been sighted, but its spouting did not appear entirely naturally and it continued to come in a general direction toward the four ships. Hardly was it abreast of us when a torpedo was seen whizzing through the water, but missed us completely. The other three ships struck out in as many directions, we hauled hard to starboard, bringing the sub directly over our stern. The four inch gun forward, by this time had put in a shot, but now everything depended upon our speed against the subs and the accuracy of the six inch gun crew. By this time the sub had entirely submerged, and it was fully five minutes before we got any trace of it. Suddenly it came to the surface a little to the right about one thousand yards away. The six inch belched out a ball of fire but it was a complete miss. Down went the sub, coming up dead on our stern again. Boom! And the boys had put in a hit. What a hit we do not know, but Mr. Sub hauled to starboard moving very slowly as if disabled, just what we wanted. Now we had the entire length of him for a target. The distance was gradually stretching out between us. The fourth shot from this position told the story. Boom. A tense second, then an in-

describable splash on the water. That was the end. At 7:12 one of Bill's pet machines and occupants went down to Davy Jones' locker. You should have heard the crew shout and yell. Signals were sent out and the four ships again formed their convoy.

That night about two o'clock I sighted a light on the water not far away. The nearest I could make out it looked like a life boat with a lantern in the bottom. I called the captain. He came on the bridge, looked it over and hauled clear of it saying, "Safety first, my lad, that may be a decoy full of hell." Then more to himself than me, "It may be some poor devils cast adrift, but we can't afford to take the chance."

About ten o'clock the next morning we passed within ninety miles of Maderia islands. These islands are owned by Portugal, but it is an admitted fact that the Germans have a supply base there thus enabling her to maintain the number of submarines she had in that vicinity. Later that day the captain of the Pedro Galvi, an Italian ship, signalled us, saying he had a load of horses and

was running short of water. Seventeen horses were dead, twenty-nine were down. With our permission he would go on ahead to save what he could, but he did not have the secret orders necessary to get him safely into the straits of Gibraltar, so was compelled to remain. That evening a squall came up, turning into a storm. When I went on watch at midnight, the wind was howling, rain coming down in torrents and the ship rolling till it was necessary to hold on to something to stand up. How that ship did roll and pitch! About seven o'clock in the morning things cleared up enough to see and only the Santa Cecelia could be found. We were still in a dangerous zone so did not dare send out a wireless to locate the other two ships. The Luckenbach came into Gibraltar ten hours after we did, but the Pedro Galvi we never heard from again. During the day, the storm abated. The next morning found us within a day and a half from Gibraltar. That noon a British mystery ship came out to escort us in. A mystery ship sometimes called a cue appears to be one of the most harmless, helpless little ships one can imagine. In reality she is the most sea worthy, non-sinkable and dangerous ship afloat, though not a gun can be seen on her. She is so built with water tight compartments it is very hard to sink her, and upon the least provocation she will drop the sides of her cabins almost instantly, exposing heavy guns pointing in every direction. Thus she will surrender to

a sub. Apparently all of the crew will disembark in life boats, the sub comes alongside to search the ship, and bang! the cue exposes her guns, opening fire without further warning.

The next day we arrived at the British base in Gibraltar where we might take on coal before entering the Mediterranean sea for Marseilles.

The town of Gibraltar is a peculiar place to say the least. It is built on the side of the rock with each street a terrace. From the harbor one can see the entire front of every house, because of the step-like streets running parallel and one above another. The buildings are all of brick or stone and stuccoed in all the bright colors Sherwin-Williams can offer. The streets are almost too narrow for vehicles to pass and everyone turns to the left. What few horses there are would hardly make full grown ponies in Iowa.

The rock itself stands up 1475 feet above the sea and is about five miles long. Due to some laws of the atmosphere which I do not understand there is a mammoth heavy cloud hanging over the crest of the rock continually. The natives call it the Levant.

Saturday afternoon we hove anchor, bound for Marseilles. It was a bright warm afternoon and a beautiful sight as we steamed along the Spanish coast with Sierra Nevada coming down to the coast. All so like a story book with the little fisherman's houses skirting the shores and glittering in the sunlight.

Farther up the mountains were scattering villages of the same white stone houses nestled in the deep green of surrounding olive orchards. Still farther up could be seen the Nevada snow-capped peaks. Coming out on deck Sunday morning, going to breakfast I found the coast to be on the opposite side from the day previous but thought very little of it until I had been in the dining room a few minutes. I then knew something was all wrong. There was not the usual joking about being blown into eternity from our cargo. Everyone was quiet and more or less glum. Then I was told the ship was on fire. Wow! with all that gasoline, oil, gas and T N T and powder.

In the forward hold was 500 tons of coal for reserve which had been there for two months. To this we laid the beginning of the fire which was discovered that morning at 7:45. Immediately the ship was headed about to make the run back to Gig. We were seventeen hours out when the fire was discovered and made the return in twelve hours. A wireless message stating our perilous condition had been sent out and the inspector

met us outside the harbor to see how dangerous we were before allowing us to enter. Coming through the straits that evening we passed directly over the spot where the Britannia was torpedoed and seventy-three men killed less than an hour later.

As soon as we came to anchor in the harbor steam was turned into the hold and every operation possible to extinguish the fire and thus save the cargo was put into use. Not an officer turned in for sleep Sunday night. There was something for everyone to do. Monday morning it seemed the fire was gaining a little so water was turned into the hold in hopes of flooding it. A few hours later water was discovered running out of the hold the entire length of the ship back to the engine room. The collision door had rusted giving way under the pressure so our hopes of flooding the hold was useless. Without flooding the entire ship which we did not want to do.

At twelve o'clock noon I left the fire to take my usual watch on the bridge. At 1:15 a wireless stating hostilities had ceased came in. We forgot there was such a thing as a fire. All hands were called to the quarter deck where the captain read the message. The fog whistles were blown, the siren whistles were blown, bells madly rung. In fact anything available to make a noise was put into action. Such was the case abroad every one of the 250 or more vessels laying in the harbor, until the noise was so great it was impossible to converse with a person at your elbow.

Here we were with a fire under our very heels, not knowing what minute an explosion might send us into eternity, but still we were at the very height of elation at 2 p. m. An hour later found a deep contrast. Every vessel in the harbor was at half mast paying tribute to the seventy-three brave sailors who lost their lives on the Britannia the evening before, and were at that hour being laid to rest.

By five o'clock in the afternoon everything around the deck near the fire was too hot to put one's hands on, but about six o'clock it seemed we were getting the best of the fire and a lull naturally followed. It then occurred to me I had had no sleep for thirty-five hours, so after eating I turned in. Hardly had my head touched the pillow when there came the most blood-curdling, unearthly, death-knelling explosion I ever hope to hear. Luckily I had not undressed. Throwing open my door and giving about two jumps I was at the foot of the companionway, bound for my life boat on the poop. Already nearly all the crew were there. Hardly had

I mustered them, when the fire alarm was sounded. Every man went to his station. This giving me a chance now to see what had really happened. The hatch had been closed perfectly tight to avoid draft. When I got up forward, the hatch and parts of the deck had been blown into a million pieces. Six by six timbers had been snapped in two as a mere toothpick or match. One of the ventilators caught in the railing about sixty feet up. Although men were working around there when the explosion came no one was seriously hurt, although several were badly bruised and cut.

The hatch now being gone, the fire had a good draft, and it was not long until the coal bunkers which we had just filled with 1,300 tons were ablaze. These coal bunkers led aft towards the bulk of the gasoline in hold No. 3, and the T N T. So the one aim now was to check the spread of the flames. The only two fire tugs in the harbor came along side, furnishing eight leagues of hose which were immediately played on the fire. By this time the smoke was terrible, more like choking fumes than smoke, pouring out from the hold in great black

clouds. The wind was just right to carry the smoke from one end of the ship to the other. There was not a cubic inch of the entire vessel that was not laden with smoke. At ten o'clock there was just one thing left to do. Beach the poor Ophir and flood her.

Every few minutes there would be an explosion with more or less violence and no one knew what minute she might go up in one big explosion. This was what the captain was trying to avoid. Ten twenty found her beached, but still a mile and a half from shore. Up to this time it had not been discovered that there were no sea cocks in the bottom of the ship to flood her, but such was the case, and the only other means was by hose. At midnight I took the bridge again. The firemen had stuck to their work that we might have light until a little after eleven o'clock. The water was over their knees by then, so they hauled the fires and came up. By two o'clock, the steam was exhausted, the lights were out, and the ship was in total darkness except for the little light from the flames sifting through the dense smoke. By tying handkerchiefs over our nose, my two quartermasters and myself were able to stay on the bridge where we could look right down into No. two hold, a demon, smoking hell.

At 2:15, one of my quartermasters went under with too much smoke on his lungs. Two officers had already succumbed. At 2:45 great roaring

flames, broke through the smoke and the men with gas masks fighting around the hole, had to drop their hose and get away.

At 2:55 came an explosion greater than the first one, blowing the remainder of the deck right and left. A great torrent of burning sparks and splinters rained down on the bridge. Volunteers had gone to the fo'ca'sle head, ready to put the ammunition over board if it came necessary. This explosion now practically cut them off from the rest of the ship. The captain came on the bridge and through the megaphone ordered all powder overboard and for these men to get off the ship as best they could. Next the order to abandon ship was given, and the crew with some of the officers took to the fire tugs which were still alongside.

At 3:30 the tugs shoved off, leaving eight officers still aboard, to see if possible that no one was left unwarned, or injured. Then while waiting for the tug to come back for us we put what ammunition there was on the poop deck overboard and made ready the after magazine containing 150 rounds of powder and shells, that it might be flooded by the tug's fire hose. The fire was raging by this time, burning in the cabins, but had not yet reached the vitals of the infernal gas, gasoline and T N T.

Finally a tug came, the hose was led out and the magazine flooded, but before this was done, small explosions began at regular intervals and four or five flaming barrels of oil shot back over the tug. The master of the tug, who was a "bally Englishman" got cold feet as each explosion shot a ball of fire in the air. He pleaded with tears in his eyes for us to cut his tug loose from the ship. "To 'ell with the bloody powder," he said. Just what possessed the captain at this time to do not know but he asked me to go below and see if all the dead lights were closed in the crews mess hall. This was no time to argue. At the foot of the companionway I stepped into water up to my knees. Everything was pitch dark and down in here each explosion sounded equal to a volcanic eruption. By the aid of matches I made my way forward in was strewn all over the room. Making to the mess hall. Furniture I imagine my way along the port side inspecting each deadlight I was crossing the room at the extreme forward end, nearly waist deep in flood water when an unusual explosion came. I would not have given two hoops in Halifax for my chances to see land again just at that time. It was not until that afternoon that I had a chance to get dry clothes on which resulted in a few days sickness in the barracks.

The magazine now flooded, the captain made sure that all his officers were accounted for, saw us all safely aboard the tug, then came on himself. It was a sad parting when we pulled off leaving the poor old Ophir and left her to her destruction that Tuesday morning. She had been a home and a happy ship.

Never will I forget the beautiful, yet pitiful sight she made as we viewed her from the shore twenty-five minutes later. The large drums of oil were now going up in rapid succession. Each barrel sent up an almost perfect ball of fire, set in a background of black, dense, curling smoke. Each explosion followed by a dull sort of roaring boom.

The flag station was at once notified that the ship had been abandoned and now liable to go up any instant. All ships were ordered to get up anchor and clear the harbor. By this time it was breaking day. Many were collapsing on the beach and nearly everybody was talking himself black in the face. We were a sorry lot to look at. Dirty, smoky, some clad in blankets for warmth, some had their clothes torn to shreds or were barefooted, and bareheaded, yet others were well dressed and comfortable.

Breakfast and some much needed sleep were next on the program, but fate was still against us. After trying five hotels each one unable to accommodate any of us, we found an officers' Y. M. C. A. Not a room did they have either, but offered to let us clean up and feed us. This we gladly accepted, and my praises for their hospitality can not be exaggerated. They turned everything they had over to us and fed us a tasty breakfast. Upon our departure they would not accept a penny, saying they were only sorry there was not more they could do for us.

The crew had taken refuge abroad the U. S. S. Buffalo. A muster was taken, showing seven men unaccounted for. The officers reported to the admiral at ten o'clock for orders, and after the usual navy red tape 2 p. m. found us located in British prison barracks, about 1,000 feet up the rock. This was the only place that could be found for us. Here we were

to remain until a vessel homeward bound came into port. O, Boy! Fifty-five hours without a wink of sleep! I never enjoyed the finest feather bed in all my life as I did that old cot with no springs, but iron slats and excelsior cushions instead.

Tuesday noon five of the seven missing men were accounted for. They had been struck in the fo'ca'sle head where the big explosion came at 2:55

that morning. Others were with them but made a run for it successfully through the flames. Some took a life boat they found alongside. Others were taken off by a small launch. Two of the survivors told of themselves who with another had been entrapped in a room. He had become crazed with the smoke and could not be induced to come from the room. This poor boy's fate was later learned but the tragedy is too horrible to relate.

Two other lads found their only means of escape was through a blazing hot chain pipe. Thus they saved their lives, for the price of severe burns. The last seen of the second missing man is related by one of the lads who ran through the flames. He said the missing man was following close on his heels when they left their room and an explosion separated them. His charred bones were found three days later.

Through out the entire day after the ship was left to her fate, explosions of more or less violence continued at irregular intervals. The harbor was kept clear of all sea-going vessels during this time for the inevitable big explosion of T N T and gasoline in the after hold had not yet occurred. But the wait was not long. About eleven o'clock Tuesday night, the farthest dwelling up the rock was nearly lifed from its foundation and morning found the shores strewn with dead fish from the concussion of the explosion. Poor old Ophir! This explosion ripped her stern wide open, and there she lay, never to float again. a court of inquiry convened the following day.

Friday we were dismissed and received orders to report aboard the Japanese ship Awa Maru to take us back to the States. This we did, and the crew as well as the officers, sailed the following day. A sickly bunch of ship-wrecked sailors. Four days later we arrived at Ponta del Gada, the island of St. Michales, in the Azores. This is an American naval base and while here we saw ten submarines, a fleet of fast cruisers and several destroyers, leaving the port, gallantly flying the homeward bound pennant.

Here provisions and coal were taken on, coal costing only \$32 a ton instead of \$46 at Gibraltar. Two days later we left the base, heading directly toward little old U. S. A.

The Awa Maru is a good vessel, and capable of crossing in nine days ordinarily. This trip she made in eighteen days, and I don't know but what she was lucky to make it at all.

We put to sea with a high wind to buck. Every day from that time on the wind would drop for eight or ten

hours and then come up again. Finally we ran into a storm that tossed us about for three days, during which time we did not sit down to a meal. It was all we could do to hold to the table with one hand and eat with the other. The second day of the storm we only covered twenty-four knots in as many hours, but guess maybe we were fortunate not to be going back-

ward.

Tuesday we came to anchor in the States and to say everyone was glad to get back to God's country is putting it very mild. I never realized how good looking the ordinary American girl was before. Such was my first experience crossing the briny deep and if I had the gift of gab perhaps it could have been written in a more interesting way.

I thought you might be a little curious to know just what I have been doing so I have attempted to give this little sketch in my poor way.

But I must wind up with three cheers for the Navy and its life. I love it!—J. Lael DeLand, Ensign U. S. N. R. F.

12-12-18

Lail DeLand Home

Judge and Mrs. James DeLand were delighted Sunday morning when their son, Ensign Lael DeLand, arrived home from New York, having been released from the service subject to call. Lael enlisted in the navy over a year ago and went from here to the Municipal Pier at Chicago where he was stationed for some time. He later went to New York and last September he received his commission as an Ensign. He sailed for France in November and it was on November 11th the day the armistice was signed that the ship he was on was burned at Gibraltar. Lael lost most of his belongings at that time but luckily escaped without injury. He returned to New York to await a ship and was given a furlough and visited at his home here. He again returned to New York and was in hopes of being assigned to a ship and a short time ago they again left for sea but returned in a few days, and Lael decided he either wanted to get on a ship or come home and get down to business and so arrived here Sunday morning. Lael looks mighty

fine in his officer's uniform and he is also feeling fine. His friends here welcome him home.

3-6-19

Clinton Diehl, son of Mr. and Mrs. Z. Diehl of this city, who has been employed in a store at LeMars for several years, left Tuesday morning for Sioux City to enlist in the quartermaster branch of the service.

12-13-17

The Presbyterian church in LeMars, of which Rev. Comin is pastor, dedicated a service flag last week which contained nineteen stars. Among the soldiers who represented a star in the silken fabric was Clinton Diehl.

3-1-18

Clinton Diehl, '13, has been transferred from Camp Fremont, Calif., to the officers' training school at Camp McArthur, Texas.

Clinton Diehl is attending an officer's training camp in Camp McArthur, Texas. He was recently transferred there from Camp Fremont, Cal. Clint is the type of young man who will win out, and his hosts of friends will be glad that he has gone after a commission.

10-25-18

When Clinton Diehl, an enlisted soldier in the quartermaster's department of the army landed in Fort Fremont, Cal., officers gave him more than a "once over," for it's an actual fact that Clint is one of the very best looking Storm Lake boys to don a soldier's uniform. He was asked what occupation, trade or profession he followed in civil life, and Clint told them that he had been trying slippers on the dainty feet of Iowa's Cinderellas of something like that. Maybe you don't think Clint had an awful shock when he found out that he could fit shoes for Uncle Sam. But the feet which he was assigned to look after were lady mules.

2-22-18

Another Storm Lake boy is home from the army camp. Clinton Diehl arrived home early in the week from Waco, Texas, where he was in an officers' training camp. Clint says that some 500 men per day are being mustered out and that the boys seems to be glad of it as now that the war is over they have lost their pep. Clint went to LeMars on Tuesday afternoon to visit friends.

12-6-18

Clinton Diehl, son of Mr. and Mrs. Z. Diehl, arrived home Monday afternoon from Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas, where he has been stationed for some time, having been mustered out of the service. Clint has been in the service several months. He expects to visit his relatives and friends here for a time before taking up a position.

12-5-18

Another Joins Colors

Another Storm Lake boy has answered the call to the colors and has enlisted in the United States army. George Diehl went to Omaha Saturday and enlisted in the reserve signal corps, which branch of the service he has been endeavoring to get into for some time. He will no doubt report for duty within a month.

7-13-17

George Diehl received his call on Wednesday to report at once at Fort Riley, Kansas. Some time ago he enlisted in the signal service corps. He left Thursday morning with the best wishes of his many friends.

11-9-17

George Diehl, who has been stationed at Camp Funston, Kansas, is now at Camp Merritt, New Jersey. George is in the signal corps.

2-1-18

When the members of the Z. Diehl family learned of the sinking of the American transport, Tuscania, last Thursday they were greatly disturbed for fear their son George was on board the ill fated boat. He sailed from New York January 29, but it is hardly probably that he would have reached the Irish coast by that time.

3-1-18

"Red" and "Junk"

Meet In France

Two Buena Vista boys were right happy for a few minutes on March 6 when they chanced to meet in one of the French training camps. "Red" Aitken was on his way to headquarters for instructions, and "Junk" Diehl was pushing a two-wheeled cart loaded with telephone poles, when their paths crossed. For a short time conversation flowed freely; then it was necessary for each to move on his way. "Red" was moved that afternoon; so the talk could not be resumed, but the memory of those few minutes will linger long in the memories of these men.

R 4-11-18

Members of the Z. Diehl family were mighty happy when they received the other day a photograph of George Diehl taken somewhere in France. George is looking fine.

5-10-18

George Diehl, stationed at Tours, France, wrote home October 21 that he had been granted an eleven day furlough and would spend the time in the mountains having a complete rest. He says he has been working like a trooper and will welcome the relaxation.

10-25-18

Mr. and Mrs. Z. Diehl received a letter Tuesday morning from their son, George Diehl, who is in France. He stated that he had a very pleasant time while on his rest vacation and was feeling fine. George has been in France for sometime.

R 11-28-18

And George Diehl is home after several months of service in France with the signal corps. George spent most of his time in the vicinity of Tours and comes home in the best of health and strength. He expects to farm. Of course all were glad to see him again.

5-20-19

GEORGE DIEHL WRITES TO BUENA VISTA FRIENDS

Tours, France, Dec. 17, 1918.—
Dear Buena Vista Friends: Over a year has passed since a little bunch was down at the station in good old Storm Lake to bid me farewell. It has been an eventful year, a quick year, and a year that I have enjoyed. Yet I have one big grievance. I pulled all the strings I could to get them to let me go to the front but I had positively no luck. I kept on hoping until the armistice was signed and then of course I knew I was thoroughly defeated. Now, all I can wish for is a chance to go to Germany and help out there, or to the peace conference, or at last, but by no means least, to come home. I have not been really homesick since I left the U. S. A., but I have often thought of you folks at Buena Vista and yes, often wished I might be there too, if conditions were different with this old world of ours. I hear that the S. A. T. C. has been disbanded and I am wondering how you are getting along, if the boys are much outnumbered by the girls. Oh yes, memory tells me that my class is the senior class which means that they will graduate in June without my honored (?) presence, unless I can get back in time to watch, but that is too far in the future to know much of anything definite about. I could go on and on with my thoughts of Buena Vista but "enuf said."

Most of my time in France has been spent here in Tours. I suppose you want to know what I've been

doing. It isn't any thing to brag of, for I have no deeds of valor on the working nights making out reports field of battle to relate. I've been for all the telegraph and telephone business of the A. E. F. must go through Tours. You perhaps know how I love indoor work so you can imagine somewhat how delighted I am with a job which keeps me shut in, but such is life.

I have heard that some of the boys are coming back on furloughs "look as if a spot dirt had never touched their uniforms." Then they have not had to sleep in a bed suspended half way between the floor and ceiling of an old barn. Their uniforms probably are tailor made for I can testify that issued clothing does not always fit so well, and that is what the A. E. F. man must wear.

Our food here has been fairly good if you can consider corned willie and onions, fixed every possible way, know how much I weigh now as a good. Perhaps some of you know about how much I love onions. Wow! But I seem to be getting fat. I don't know how much I weigh now as after I began to get just about so fat, I quit being weighed as I feared the scales would not be able to stand the strain. Anyway you folks may be prepared to see a regular Fatty

Arbuckle when (?) I get home. We had a big feed Thanksgiving day. I ate and ate until I could hold no more. The K. C.'s also gave a rabbit dinner and some of the boys went over and took that in too. I don't know how they did it, I couldn't risk it. I want to say right here that the K. C. and Salvation Army are doing a wonderful lot for the boys and there isn't one of the fellows here who wouldn't do most anything for these organizations.

Tours is a wonderful old city with some wonderful old buildings in it. The St. Gatien Cathedral perhaps is the most wonderful of these buildings. It is one of the great cathedrals for which France is so noted and was for three centuries in the process of construction. The carvings on it are wonderful and they are found even at the very top in its mighty towers. I can't describe it but I have sent home some pictures which describe some of the things

far better than I can. If any one of you care to see them, I'm sure the folks would be glad to show them to you.

Perhaps the next most wonderful building is the town hall. Here we find all the different rooms found in a court house only larger and far more magnificent. The room the people here are the most proud of is the marriage room, and they have a right to be for it is beautiful, lined as it is with paintings. The French girls delight in it and usually make it a point after knowing us for a while, and not very long either, to take us around and show us this room. Well to be frank, the greater share of the men of France are either in the army or have been the target for some Hun bullet and so the French girls are hunting husbands and naturally we Americans look like pretty good specimens. Of course some of us are not any too unwilling, however, speaking for myself, the French girl looks far better here in France than she would in America.

I have been through the tower of Charlemagne, the oldest tower in the city. It is not at all a beautiful tower and the ascent is made by means of a narrow winding stairway which is not lighted except for tiny peek holes now and then. From the top the view of the surrounding country is wonderful. I believe if I were an artist I could not find a more wonderful spot from which to draw. A mass of houses stretch on all sides and one may well call it a mass, because they sit right out against one another with some having only a 2x4 back yard. The many brownish chimneys that rise from every house are a sight in themselves. The two rivers with their grassy islands form a band edging the town in, while away off in the distance one may see smaller villages or a chateau. Then it is that one travels back over the history and thinks how beautiful it must have been and one is thrilled to think of the opportunity he has of seeing these old historic places.

The streets here are narrow and on each side the women stand and sell their flowers. The people here dress very much like you do at home.

The wine shop is the most important shop in town and there is not only one, but there are many.

In October I was given an eleven day vacation which I enjoyed exceedingly. We went first to St. Malo in Brittany, about one days journey from Tours. From here we were transferred across the bay to Dinard. There was a fine hotel here and although my room was on the ground floor, it was about fifty feet above the water. You may know from this that there were some rocks there. I am not kidding when I say its the prettiest place I have seen. Of course the ocean was rather new to me and I enjoyed myself hugely on the beach, climbing over the rocks and so on. I nearly fell once, but I would have fallen only about ten feet and the water was not deep, but wet just the same.

While I was at Dinard some rich woman from the U. S. A. invited us to her chateau promising to give us American food, milk and all that. Well it sounded rather fishy to me for I have come to believe there is no such a thing in the world as milk, so I didn't spend time nor money to go. When the crowd got back, they were sure some sore bunch for all they had had was cocoa and a cracker or two. I had a lot of fun with them for I had had a big feed at the hotel. While at St. Malo, I had the privilege of seeing a bridal party in their quaint costumes for the Britons do dress peculiarly.

I thought I wasn't going to get to see Paris, as I had planned, for the fellow I was with was taken sick, but we stopped off one day and got a little boy to show us around. Of course the time was highly inadequate but we managed to see Eiffel Tower and many other buildings of note.

There was a big celebration here at Tours celebrating the signing of the armistice but I was sick with a slight attack of the "flu" so didn't indulge much.

I wish all of you a happy and prosperous New Year in your college work. Sincerely, George P. Diehl, A. P. O. 717, American E. F., Tours, France.

GEORGE DIEHL WRITES FROM NEW JERSEY

Many Interesting Experiences Befall Our Old Friend

"Junk."

Funston's Casual Detachment,
Camp Merritt, New Jersey.

Dear Editor: I have just discovered this "Y"; so I decided it was the place in which to write. I haven't seen very much of this camp as yet, for we are not allowed out of the barracks very often. But from what I can see, it is rather pretty. It is built in a young forest with trees all through it. There are quite a number of civilian houses mixed through the camp, and a town is just a half mile away; so it seems almost like a city.

The climate as yet seems very mild. Of course there is quite a lot of snow but it is melting all the time. The air is just filled with a heavy pine odor, and on clear days it is just brilliant, that's all. At first it was hard to become accustomed to the odor. It made me sick last night—you should have seen me heave my socks—but I feel much better now. The camp itself is only seventeen miles from New York City, and not much farther from the ocean. Of course I'm excited about seeing it.

I'll tell you about the trip, for it was very interesting to me. We started from Funston at four p. m. Friday. As the Kansas and Missouri part is much like the country around Funston, I will not say much about it. Of course the Mississippi and Missouri rivers were interesting, but they all looked alike to me. They were frozen over; so weren't very pretty.

We had a young hike at Bluffs, Mo. The captain came from one of these training schools or camps, and forgot everything he knew. He got so excited that he made us all line up the wrong way, and as a result everyone got "balled up." There were medics, quartermasters and clerks who never knew what "Squads right about" meant, and as a result part of the squad was going one way and part the other.

The people were very good. They brought out apples, pie and other junk for us, and there were enough girls for everyone to talk to. An old lady with a little boy got interested in me. She talked a long time, and then the little boy sang a song and spoke a German piece. The little shaver was sure cute.

We started on our way and it was soon night; so we began to look for beds. As we were in plain day coaches with about forty men to a coach, it was pretty crowded and uncomfortable. Double seats were all taken and I found myself with another boy in a single seat. We tried to sleep, but couldn't. Finally I spread my rubber poncho on the floor in the aisle, wrapped myself in my blanket and went to sleep. Some bed!

We were at Hannibal, Mo., when I woke up, and here we took on coffee. We dined on horse, coffee and bread (some diet all the way.) We arrived in Decatur, Ill., in the afternoon and changed over to sleepers with porters. No water on either train so we haven't had a wash or a shave. We made up our own berths and climbed in immediately after supper. I was on guard that night from two to four a. m. At seven a. m. we were just a few miles from Detroit, Mich. Coming in, everything was smoke from the factories. The river was filled with steamers—it was the Detroit river.

We remained at the depot for awhile, and were then loaded onto a big ferry train, and all bound for the Canadian shore. We were allowed on deck and it was great sport watching the old side-wheeler break thru the ice. Got a fair view of part of the Ford factory, but not enough to say much about it. After about a mile on the river we landed at Windsor, Canada.

At Windsor we stopped for awhile and here as elsewhere the girls came out and talked a blue streak. The country through Canada seems rather flat, and we passed many wheat fields. At one town two little girls, about eight and nine came up and gave me a package of gum, and asked for my address. I gave it to them, and then they asked if I would like theirs. I said I would. I told her to be sure to write; she said she would and she would tell her big sister to write also.

We crossed back into the U. S. at Buffalo, N. Y. Niagara Falls was only twenty miles away and we then could see the lights. Went to bed and woke up in Syracuse, N. Y. We passed through the center of the city. The great white stone buildings were all lighted up and it sure was very pretty. It was only four a. m.; so I went back to sleep and woke up in Utica, N. Y. Here we did not see much as we were sidetracked between two box cars.

The next stop was at Fonda, N. Y. I was left on guard while the rest went on a hike. Before the men started some women and men came out with stuff to eat and cigarettes. One woman gave me a big flag. As yet I hadn't got anything to eat, but finally a man with a cake came right to me. It was a big juicy angelfood, and you know how I like that. I also bought a berry pie and a ham sandwich for future use. A little further on we touched a point across from Albany on the Hudson. The rest of the journey will be along the Hudson, at times we are within a few yards of it.

The river itself is no great sight. But as we were in the foothills of the Catskills, the scenery to the west of us was beautiful. We passed thru six tunnels ranging from a quarter of a mile to a mile in length. Often on both sides of the track the great rocky cliffs rose to a height of two or three hundred feet; another time we would emerge from such a place and look off into a wooded valley with snow-covered slopes so well proportioned that they seemed to be the work of an artist. A long way off one could see the high peaks of the Catskills. They seemed like a big cloud, and not far away; but in fact they were many miles away.

Well, I must quit. I'll write more some other time. As to what I'm going to do—I'll still be in the signal corps I believe, but we are going across. The captain said we should have sailed the day we arrived, but we didn't get here in time.

George Diehl.

Drury, M.

Merrill Drury Enlists.

Merrill Drury spent the first of this week in Des Moines trying to break into the army, and thinks he has succeeded. He found when he got to Camp Dodge that the officers have orders not to enlist any more men in the Eighty-eighth division, but a military squad of twenty members is being formed to be attached to this division, and he hopes to enlist in that. As he is not in the draft age the form on which he enlists provides his request that he be drafted for this service. He was given the commendation of Camp Dodge officials and the application forwarded to the adjutant general at Washington, with the prospect that he will be called within ten days or two weeks. The work in which he will be engaged will be the inspection of sanitary conditions, the correction of bad conditions, and will require a good knowledge of chemistry. Mr. Drury is a member of the graduating class of Buena Vista college, but will be granted his degree even though called away.

4-4-18

MERRILL DRURY TELLS ABOUT LIFE OF ROOKIE

First Job Done for Uncle Sam Is to Pile Bricks in the Rain.

Jefferson Barracks, Mo.,
April 21, 1918.

Dear Friends at B.V.C.

Although I have not yet reached New Haven, Conn., I believe enough has happened already to fill many pages. Some of the things I have learned from experience can best be appreciated only by being present. Knowing this, I feel that to tell about some of them would be to bring but a faint idea of their reality.

Arrived in St. Louis at ten o'clock Friday morning in company with fifty others bound for my destination. We were met by a soldier who marched us past several brick buildings used as barracks, to the receiving barracks. On our way we were greeted with woeful tales of the coming examination and vaccination.

We were "rookies," and our initiation had commenced. Some soldiers saluted; a few of the "rookies" tried to salute in return. They were then greeted with loud laughter. Cries of "Hats Off" were common.

The day was rainy, cold, and every thing but pleasant. We were ushered into a basement room, 50 by 30, filled with smoke. It was not long before I could see that there were men present also. Men from all over, going into every branch of service. The man from a lumber camp in Minnesota was there; a cowboy from Texas; farmer lads from Ohio; ranchers from the west; business men of Chicago; "bums" from the streets of St. Louis; Indians, Italians, Negroes, Swedes—all Americans and all volunteers. About 200 come in every day. The next day they get their examinations and are measured for their uniforms. The day following they get their uniforms and are assigned, so that there are always 400 to 600 rookies here.

Some of the things I did not know then, I know now. I had no more than landed and parted with my baggage than a call came for 30 men. Well, thinks I, here's my chance to get my examination; and I pushed my way to the front. We were then marched out into the rain, past the barracks, and up a hill to a group of tents. And there in the rain we piled bricks and helped put up tents; I enlisted as a private, and Uncle Sam sets me to piling bricks in the rain! I was so amused at the expressions some of the others were making that I overlooked my own disgust and enjoyed myself. I had received my first lesson. The smoke-filled basement looked good to me. However, I had a rain coat and was not as bad off as some of the others.

Dinner was served in a big dining room capable of seating 1320 men. The grub is good. No sugar, butter and milk sometimes. Sunday we had chicken, ice cream and apple pie among other things for dinner. Not half bad.

Well, I found that the rookie was made to do all the dirty work or odd jobs that could be done. One got no credit for it; and I soon learned from the constant stream they could always get some unsuspecting guy like myself to go.

The Y.M.C.A. was a welcome place Friday afternoon. I was fortunate in securing top of a double berth with two blankets for the night.

Saturday morning 242 of us were marched to take that physical examination and the dreadful vaccination. If we believed a tiny fraction of all the remarks that were made by the soldiers, we would have been all fear. We were numbered, mine was fifteen. For three hours we were told to hop, skip and wiggle every joint, etc. It took some nerve to stand in line and watch the doctor jab the victim with the needle for the inoculation against typhoid. And when your turn comes! Wow!

After dinner we were measured for our uniforms. We were ordered to take off our right shoe, stocking, coat vest, hat and line up. While in line, two soldiers measured us for coat and hat, and woe be to him who forgot the sizes that were told him. Then as each man's turn came he mounted a small platform. The bare foot was put into a form, and the other raised from the floor. Twice I saw two guys "go to sleep" there. Evidently they had not understood orders.

"Raise it, ding bust you, raise it!"

Up went the right arm. Bang, went a billy club across the left foot.

"Raise the left——"

Up went the left arm. Bang, bang. Up went both arms. Bang. Bang. Bang!! Finally the battered foot was raised as the rookie, who was doing his best to remember, either by chance or by recollection remembered the order that raised the desired appendage from the floor. Of course those looking on were free to cheer or laugh, which they did. While this was going on, another hard boiled sergeant was interviewing the preceding rookie, "Tell me, ----, tell me, what size sunbonnet do you wear?"

After this we took out our insurance, and then ordered to another barracks to clean up, scrub, sweep, polish cuspidors, etc. I was one of the unfortunate ones again, but much to my joy here came Lester Yerington who is a clerk in the receiving barracks. He knew what was coming. He told me that Eric Perkins had arrived a few weeks previous and that he had succeeded in getting

him out. It did not take me long to decide that I would just as soon get out too; so I engaged a visit with him.

After supper, in company with several newly-made friends, I went to the Y.M.C.A. You ought to hear the boys sing "Over There" and other songs. There were several good boxing matches, and then the movies. The thing that struck me was the freedom with which the men expressed their ideas of the pictures, their comments, and their application of military terms whenever possible.

When the picture started, the operator had it a little to one side of the screen. He was immediately informed of his mistake. A sign appeared, "British Statistics Prove that 93 out of 100 Return." "That's seven chances," remarks one soldier lad with a smile, "and it takes only one to get me." If there was a love scene, you would hear, "Aw, cut out the soft stuff!" "Shoulder Arms!" If some one should happen to read aloud the explanation of the picture, as some do, some one would yell, "Shut up, don't you think we can read?"

From my experience, I can pity the rookies here. When I am settled more permanently at New Haven, I shall look for some letters from my friends back home. They will be more than welcome, Good luck to all.
Merrill Drury.

ENGAGED IN GAS RESEARCH.

Writing to the Sun from the Physiological Bldg., Gas Experiment Station, 150 York street, New Haven, Conn., on May 31, Merrill Drury of Early says:

"Although not a Sac City boy, I am a Sac county boy. Several issues of your paper have reached me here and were much enjoyed.

"I was a senior at Buena Vista College at Storm Lake this year and there took special work in chemistry and biology. I offered my services to the government and was shipped through in a hurry. Although commencement was only seven weeks away I left college. I was sworn into service at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo. on April 20 and after an eight-day stay there I was shipped here.

"I am one of twenty men who work here as chemists in the poisonous gas service—a branch of the medical department. We work in the laboratories of Yale University. Our work in general consists mainly of research

work, endeavoring to find the best method to cure gassed men. Already discoveries made here have saved the lives of thousands of soldiers and relieved the sufferings of countless others. It is truly a vital and important work, and although I fear after the war I shall not be able to tell of wonderful experiences in the trenches. I can have the satisfaction that I am where Uncle Sam can use me to the best advantage.

"I was in New Haven but for twenty hours before I was taken sick with scarlet-fever and complications in the form of ear trouble. They operated on my right ear and but for the fact that my hearing is a little impaired in that ear I am O. K. I am still in the hospital. My six weeks' sojourn here will be up June 14. I have had the very best of care.

"I am indeed anxious to be at my work and I look forward to the day when I can again put on the rubber apron and see what I can learn about poisonous gases."

6-6-18

MERRILL DRURY WRITES LETTER TO REGISTER

333 York Street,
New Haven, Conn.,
June 27, 1918.

Dear Mr. Bell:—

At last I shall try to write you the letter that I promised. The Register has been coming regularly and I can assure you that I appreciate it.

My 45 day sojourn in the hospital ended June 12, after which I was the happy recipient of a four day pass. During this period I visited New York City. Although I was sworn in on April 20, I have only been on duty in the Gas Defense Service for two weeks.

I suppose you will be interested in the character and nature of my work. I am getting more interested myself in it each day, but unfortunately German spies have such a bad habit of "snooping around" and of sending back vital information that Uncle Sam has quietly but firmly requested us to be silent. While talking about it, without saying anything of it, I can assure you that results are gratifying and that I am most proud to be a member of the detachment in this place although, with barely an

exception, the men, privates and officers alike hail from large universities and passed degrees. I do not feel myself handicapped by any lack of education, in comparison to the time spent by taking my training in a small college.

As, I suppose, with many other branches of service, it will not be until after the war that the people will learn of the real facts, and when that time comes, there is going to be a bright chapter written on the work of the Gas Defense Service.

New Haven is a city of 170,000 but does not possess the business section of an Iowa city of 75,000. It is very old, being founded 1738 and there are many places of historic interest in this city and vicinity. Large guns and ammunitions are made in the Winchester Works. The city also boasts of having an aeroplane factory I often see planes over the city. On one day, six circled and dived above us.

Yale university certainly possesses many beautiful buildings, and such wonderful equipment and such extensive libraries. Hon. William Taft is a member of the faculty. I saw his home, but as yet have not had the honor of seeing him.

My trip to New York was interesting. My first impression as I walked down 42nd street toward 5th avenue and Broadway, was that everybody was out walking. I was also aware that I was giving my right arm a fine work out due to saluting so many officers, French sailors, Canadian soldiers and a few Anzacs were seen.

I visited the Woolworth building and went to the top, 789 feet above the street level. It was one of the most wonderful sights I have ever seen. I secured a fine idea of the lay of the city. Manhattan, Brooklyn, Jersey City lay out before me as if looking at a map, and I was looking at a map. A great giant living thing, way below tiny dots represented people, elevated trains in a snake like fashion crawled along.

To give you an idea of the traffic. I counted twenty cars going across, on one side only, of Brooklyn bridge at the same time.

The statue of Liberty was still waving her torch, looking toward France, as if she too is wishing the boys "over there" the best of luck. The harbor was full of smaller craft of all kinds.

On the Jersey side, the camouflaged funnels of the great transport, formerly the Vaterland, was pointed out to me. While going across the Hudson on the ferry, her sides were seen crowded with figures in khaki.

I visited the Museum of Natural History. I could easily spend a week there. Also the Metropolitan Museum of Art where many original and priceless master pieces are kept. I was particularly interested in the works of the great sculptor Rodin, especially his work "The Thinker."

Central Park certainly surprised me. I thought it was a tiny affair of a few square blocks. I was both surprised and disgusted to find in attempting to walk across it with only a few minutes to spare, that it consisted of 800 or 900 square acres.

The east is very cordial to men in uniform. Canteens are opened for the convenience and use of sailors and soldiers. Mrs. Hearst opened the first one in front of the Public Library on 5th avenue. Men can buy things at cost and from experience I can appreciate these kind of places where one can rest, write or eat, and at the same time feel at home.

Some shows are free every day to those who desire to go. Among the men there is a certain feeling of brotherhood not known to civilian life. You need no other introduction beyond the fact that you wear a uniform.

Unless something unexpectedly happens, I plan to run down to Washington, D. C., and I hope to see Mary Chapman, Dorothy Gregg and Manson Redenbaugh. Quite a Buena Vista gathering. If I see the things I hope to, I shall again try to write, and tell of my impression of Washington.

Rumors have been common lately that we will soon go across but I believe it is too good to be true. For myself I am pretty firmly convinced that I'll be in New Haven for a while.

I often think of my friends back in Storm Lake. The war has certainly separated relatives and friends in a manner that is hard to conceive of. Fate has been especially kind to me to send me here, and although for a while I was a little out of luck, I am feeling fine again, quite my old self.

God speed the day when peace is declared, when again we can pursue our own way without the awful menace of a German Kultur and a German Kaiser hanging over our Christian civilization.

Wishing you success, I am

Sincerely,

Merrill Drury.

MERRILL DRURY NOW IN NEW YORK CITY

On Way to Europe--Sees and Reviews Sights of City, State and River

333 York St.
New Haven, Conn.
Aug. 6, 1918.

Dear Mr. Bell:

A few weeks ago, the rare privilege was mine, to take a trip sixty miles up the Hudson river from New York to Newburg. Thinking that some of the details and incidents of this trip together with another sight seeing tour of New York, might be of interest to those readers of the Register, who have not had the opportunity to see the same things, I shall endeavor to tell of them.

My roommate, William Schonewetter of Buffalo, and I secured leave for over Saturday and Sunday. We left New Haven about midnight by boat. Going out on the deck at six o'clock in the morning, I found most interesting surroundings. We were going down East river. The river was rather crowded with crafts of all kinds. I had the greatest admiration to the sturdy little tug boat. One of these tug boats was completely surrounded with great barges with 60 freight cars. The boat could barely be seen, yet it was pluckily making its way up the river with its load. We passed under the great bridges which joined lower Manhattan with Brooklyn, and swung into Pier 28 at seven o'clock.

From the pier my friend led me through Chinatown, passing through Mott street, and through other portions of the slums of the Lower East side. The narrow side walks were made all the more narrow by the habit of the merchants to put a large portion of their wares out into the street. Judging from the number of flags hung out, this section must be very patriotic. Being in the early morning, the streets were comparatively empty. Later in the day it acts as a playground for the children besides fulfilling its other required functions.

The complexity of the transit system will bring words of wonder and admiration from any stranger. In one place I counted five lines of transit. Two elevated railroads, one

above the other, a surface line, and two subways, one above the other.

I had planned on my trip up the Hudson and the boat left at 1 o'clock. My pal was to meet friends in the afternoon so the morning was spent in seeing the sights. While resting and lunching in the canteen on 5th avenue in front of the library, a lady approached us and said that her husband was outside with his limousine and wished to take two soldiers out for a ride. As he wouldn't be back in two hours, which was all the time I had before the boat left, I was obliged to decline the offer but my friend accepted. He was given a delightful four hour ride, a fine dinner in a fashionable restaurant, and was invited to their home. They offered the best they had. I mention this incident to show how the East treats the boy in uniform.

At one o'clock the steamer, quite crowded with pleasure seekers, drifted out into the stream and began its journey northward. I counted scores of camouflaged steamers tied to the docks. The weird fantastic, almost ridiculous colors remind one of what one might expect of a crazy man who had a desire to dab in paint. Several war vessels were anchored in mid-stream as were also great freight vessels of Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

We passed Grant's tomb, which I visited on my return trip. It was not long before the world famed Palisades appeared, and after seeing them, I no longer wonder why the Hudson river is so noted for its beauty. Great, majestic and even stately they silently guard the Hudson.

We passed sleepy Tarrytown, made famous by Washington Irving in his "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," also Stony Point of Revolutionary fame. Each turn of the river brought forth some new scene. In places the great hills would seem to crowd together and their deception was so real that it appeared at times as if the river had suddenly ended. But the pilot knew, the great hills could not fool him, and as he guided the boat further along, they seemed to silently fall

away allowing us to pass through. It was after passing through one of these great gateways, that the buildings of West Point were pointed out to me. This place had an added interest because of its national importance. Fifteen miles above West Point is Newburg, a quaint city of 30,000 built on the side of a hill. This was my destination. It is a very historic place, being the headquarters of George Washington. Here Washington refused the offer of king

ship. Here he gave his farewell address and disbanded his army. The old stone house, which he used as his headquarters is still standing and is now being used as a museum.

Across the river is Mt. Beason 1250 feet high. The top is reached by an incline railroad. It has wonderful ability for climbing steep places. You go up backward and looking down when one is nearly to the top will make thrills run races up and down one's backbone. After one has readjusted his nerves, he finds that from the top of this mountain, one commands a view not soon forgotten. Looking down on the village, on the blue ribbon of water called the Hudson, on the little patches of farm land, looking down on it all, gave to me the impression that I imagined I would receive if I were up in an aeroplane. Across the river, to my right and to my left, were great huge masses of hills clothed in a beautiful dress of green.

The night was spent in the Y. M. at Newburg and in the morning breakfast was served by the Women's Canteen Committee of Newburg to a score of we boys in uniform. It was a queer bunch, soldiers, sailors and marines, from all over the U. S. One boy had been across and wore three stripes for wounds. We had been picked up by the fate of war, juggled together and we twelve were picked out to eat real home-made jelly and to drink real home-made coffee in that Y. M. at Newburg.

The return trip was quite uneventful. I saw the hills, and the Palisades from another angle, and they lost none of their beauty in the change. The sixty mile trip took in the cream of the scenery of the Hudson, and the round trip charge for soldiers is but sixty cents.

In closing, my wish is that all who may be interested in this account may have the same privilege as I had. Good luck and good wishes to all. Merrill Drury.

MERRILL DRURY HAS BEEN STUDYING GAS

New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 18, 1918.

Dear Register:

I am writing to you to see if you couldn't manage to coax the Register to stop at 415 George street instead of 333 York street. I like the Register and look forward to its coming, but since it has a habit of going to my old rooming place, I sometimes miss it.

I am getting along fine and like my work. I was a little disappointed in that I didn't get across to

take part in the big parade "over there," but as long as it was my lot to say in this country I certainly couldn't ask more interesting work than that I have been enjoying here. My life has been entirely different than that usually ascribed to a soldier. I have never drilled a day and K. P. has little significance to me. But now if you want to talk about gas, its effect on the body, I might stop and talk with you.

Yesterday I happened to meet Lieut. Burns. He was a former biology prof. of mine at B. V. We met by the merest chance. He is stationed here in the medical school and may even yet be sent across. He expects his wife, a former Storm Lake girl, to join him here. We did not get to talk very long then, but I hope to see him again soon. He is the first and only one I have met whom I had known before I enlisted and an old familiar face looked good indeed.

If nothing happens to the contrary, I expect to get a furlough within the next six weeks. It is hard to tell exactly when but I hope for it around the holidays. For all that I know I may be mustered out by that time. I am thinking a little of taking my medical course here at Yale.

Well, if you can manage to convince my copy of the Register that 415 George street is a better place to stop than at 333 York street I would be very much obliged. Hoping to see you soon, I remain,

Very truly yours,

C. M. Drury.

11-23-18

Merrill Drury arrived at his home in Early several days ago from New Haven, Conn., where he has been stationed, having been mustered out of the service. Merrill was in the chemical department of the service and was taking a course at Yale university. He spent a few days last week in Storm Lake. Merrill is a graduate of Buena Vista college and has many friends here. He has gained considerable since entering the service and is feeling fine. He has not yet decided what he will do, but has been offered several positions.

1-3-19

MERRILL DRURY'S EXPERIENCE

Merrill Drury, who has lately been discharged from the army, spoke a short time in chapel, Thursday morning, (January 9. Since leaving college last spring he has been in 14 different states and has been stationed for eight months at New Haven, Conn. While there he was engaged in studying the effects of gas poisoning for the government. There were about fifty other men engaged in the same occupation and these men came from colleges all over the United States, many of them from the large universities. Mr. Drury said that he never felt handicapped by coming from a small school but many times felt it rather to be an advantage.

Their experiments were made with dogs and about 3,000 were sacrificed for this purpose. These dogs had to be shaved and we can truly believe Drury, when he says, he had quite a time with them.

As time went on, however, the experiments were so successful that a large per cent of the dogs out of every hundred could be revived. The English method had been to use oxygen but the Americans in their experimental stations had found that more effective results could be obtained in other ways.

TAKES UP NEW WORK

Merrill Drury Becomes Red Cross Worker.

An alumnus of Buena Vista college is going to bring added credit to himself and all the good influences that have come into his life by going into a work which has a great post-war duty. C. Merrill Drury has joined the Red Cross forces. He resigns the position which he has been filling in the House of the Iowa legislature for two months and began the work Wednesday. In the new line of duty he will be engaged in service among the casualties of Fort Des Moines, both in relief work and in recreation work. It is a wonderful opportunity to assist in advancing the Red Cross work and Mr. Drury is undertaking it with a real pleasure in the thought of the sympathetic service which he is given an opportunity to render. It is seldom that a man so young as he

Eshbaugh, P.

is taken for this service, but his training and qualifications were investigated and he was accepted after conferences held the first of this week with a high official from Chicago who was here to see that this work is properly taken care of.

Inasmuch as the Red Cross work is officially recognized by the government the men employed in it are given recognition in an official standing. Mr. Drury will wear a uniform fashioned after the army uniform, with the exception that instead of the straight, high collar it will have the regular English collar. The uniform will include leather puttees, the gold and black hat band, but instead of army insignia at the shoulders the wearer is distinguished by the red cross which is emblematic of the greatest humanitarian agency in the world.

3-13-19

Paul Eshbaugh, who formerly attended Buena Vista college, is now stationed at Camp Dodge.

2-7-18

It is believed that Paul L. Eshbaugh of the Mounted Police, U. S. A. is on his way across the Atlantic, as the last word received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Eshbaugh, said he expected soon to leave New York, and the customary silence has followed.

5/46/18

As was mentioned last week, Paul Eshbaugh, of the 307th Reg. Military Police in France, suffered a slight injury to one of his ankles. A letter written when the ankle was nearly well, has the following paragraph in it:

"Had little or nothing to do since I hurt my foot except a little night patrol work around the town which last only until 11:00 or 12:00. All I have to do is to see that the lights are all out or shaded so they don't show, and keep the boys off the streets when a German plane comes over. And they sometimes come over half a dozen times in an evening. It's like Fourth of July fireworks when they do come with the big search lights searching the sky for the plane and the bursting of the shells from the anti-air craft guns and machine guns.

8-3-18

PRIVATE ESHBAUGH WRITES

A letter received from Paul E. Eshbaugh during the week, apparently written while still on the sea, gave assurance that he was still feeling fine and enjoying his new experiences. The weather on the voyage had been fine up until the time he was writing, and he had been troubled with seasickness for only a very brief time. He was not permitted to say where they were at the time or where they would be apt to land. His address will be, Paul E. Eshbaugh, Co. B. Hdq. Train, M.P.. A. E. F. Via New York.

6-27-18

PAUL ESHBAUGH WRITES FROM FRANCE.

(Extracts from July letters of a former academy student of Buena Vista.)

I am several hundred miles from the place I wrote you last. Was at the chauffeur job just a month. Was relieved Saturday and started to join our company Sunday but here we are, still a good way from our company, with Co. A. where we may stay a few days and do mounted police duty. So I haven't had any mail nor any pay because of being away from the company. I wanted to send cards from Paris but hadn't the "where-with-all" to get them.

I had the good fortune to be in Paris on the forenoon of the 4th and saw the big parade and the dedication of Wilson St. but had to leave for a trip at noon so did not get to take in the fun in the afternoon. However, at the place I stayed that night, they had a small celebration in the form of a dinner given by the officers to about 26 American boys who are stationed in or near that place. I'll send the menu card with this, and I do hope the censor doesn't disturb it.

I met a boy yesterday in an English Company whom I had known at Camp Dodge. He went to Camp Gordon at the same time I did. There are so many things I should like to tell but suppose I must wait until I see you after it is all over. Always remember that "no news is good news" but I will try to write often. I am in the best health and hope you all are too.

Co. B. 307th Hdq. Train, M. P.

On Wednesday, further word came from Paul. His mail had got to him tho he was still away from his company. "As to where I am," he said "I'm rather close to the business end of the war, doing M. P. work on a bicycle,—up where a man's helmet, gas mask and pistol are his best friends and where he has all the dugouts located so he can get into one quickly." He sent a pressed poppy which he says grows wild over there. He had dreamed a few nights previous of reaching home on the 4:35 a. m. Illinois central and trying to enter his home quietly when the door he was closing banged shut in spite of his efforts. He awakened to find that the bang was the crash of a gun.

Some one asked as to what we live in over here—tents or barracks. At present there are about eight of us in a small town a couple of miles from the lines, doing Military Police work and we have an old house to live in. It is a little the worse for wear and old age and also for German shells, but the roof over the part where we stay is sound and doesn't leak. Since we don't need much shelter but a roof this time of year, we get along very well. The cots we have are a good deal better than the floor to sleep on. They are ramework with woven-wire stretched across for a spring.(?) On this there is a tick filled with hay or dry grass. Then with our two blankets we have a first-class bed. We also have some nice little pets in our bed rooms. They are so tame that they even come to us while we are asleep, and bite our toes or run across our faces. Some tame!—what? In the United States you would call them rats and mice but here they are called——!!! rats and souris. We also have a few little "lit-punaise" but they are not as numerous as the former pets.

Had a little excitement on my post the other day. Fritz was shooting and one of the shells failed to go off in the air as it was expected to do, but came down within ten feet of my post. When I heard it coming I thought it had my name on it, but when I heard the whiz I made about 75 miles per for the dugout. Oh! the old boy will go some if he ever gets my correct address. I am always on the move when I hear that whiz.

Evans, E.

Everett Evans of the Great Lakes training station was a Storm Lake visitor Friday evening en rout from Chicago to Linn Grove to spend a few days' furlough with his home folks. 4-5-18

Everett Evans of Linn Grove, who was for some time a student in Buena Vista college and who has been in the service for several months, has written friends in this city that he is having the very interesting experience of seeing Berlin. He has gone to the German capital together with five officers and four other men to be connected with the food administration branch of the service and expects to spend five or six months in that city. He was recently given a leave of absence and took advantage of the opportunity to visit the old home of his parents in Wales and to see a great deal of England. 2-2-19

7-4-19

Local Sailor Sees Flight

Everett Evans of this city, who is stationed at Brest, saw the N. C. 4 as it flew over Brest on the last leg of the historic trip across the Atlantic. Evans is at the naval base in Brest, and works in the office of the admiral. He not only saw the big plane on its flight, but received a message from it for the admiral, and keeps a duplicate of it as a souvenir.

Ferguson, E.

Mrs. Earl Ferguson, who has been making her home in Waco, Texas, for several months, while her husband was stationed at Camp McArthur, arrived home Tuesday morning. Mr. Ferguson expects to be mustered out in just a few days and will arrive home the latter part of the week. 12-19-18

Earl Ferguson arrived home on Monday evening from his Texas camp, having been mustered out of service. 12-27-18

Foster, C.

Clarence Foster arrived the first of the week from Camp Hancock, Ga., where he has been stationed for some time, to spend a few days with his mother, Mrs. William Foster and with other relatives and friends in this city, and with his wife and baby at the D. Greir home in Cherokee. He left again on Tuesday. Clarence is looking fine and has gained considerable since entering the service. 12-12-18

A few days ago the friends of Buena Vista were delighted to know that Big John Fulton had come back to enter college this fall as a member of the senior class. In college athletics John has few equals in the state of Iowa. In baseball, football and track, he has been equally successful.

At Buena Vista he became interested in Y. M. C. A. and went with our delegation to Lake Geneva. There he was the acknowledged leader of the Iowa group that captured about every athletic event on the program.

At the outbreak of the war he at once enlisted for Y work and was assigned to Camp Gordon, Ga., where he had charge of much of the athletic activities of over 40,000 men. His work was so good that Mr. Jones at the head of the work in that camp said: "Everyone in Camp Gordon knew John Fulton. He was the best man we have ever had."

In a short time John decided that he wanted to get into active service where he would be sure to get into the hottest part of the fighting. He enlisted in the marines and was stationed at Paris Island, where he was soon commissioned as lieutenant.

He was just recently discharged, and his return to Buena Vista means a successful football team, and a big boost to the new gymnasium building as well. 8-22-19

Lieutenant John Fulton of the Marine corps arrived in Storm Lake on Wednesday to spend a few days visiting with friends. He has been stationed at Paris Island, one of the

great training camps of the "soldiers of the sea." Lt. Fulton was formerly a student at Buena Vista college, and has many friends in this city. He looks as though his work in the marine corps had agreed with him. 8-8-19

Fulton, J.

7-13-17

Major General Pershing has been quoted as saying that five hundred Y. M. C. A. secretaries would be worth more to the French than ten thousand soldiers. John Fulton received his call Saturday afternoon and left Sunday for New York City where he will report immediately at the Y. M. C.

Fulton to New York City

John Fulton, student at Buena Vista college, received notice last week to go to New York City to enter Y. M. C. A. work, and departed on Sunday morning. Fulton took training in Y. M. C. A. work at Lake Geneva this summer and was subject to call to serve as secretary at a training camp. It is more than likely he will see the battle fields of France at an early date. The departure of Big John will cripple Buena Vista's football team. 9-21-17

Gabriel, W.

Walter P. Gabriel

Walter P. Gabriel entered the U.S. army as a volunteer April, 1917, at Beatrice, Nebr. He joined the infantry and was a sergeant until he was transferred to the Radio Field Signal Battalion at Camp Cody. He was thirteen months in Camp Cody and then was sent to Camp Dix. The last of September 1918 he sailed for England, from there to France, being close to the firing line as a dispatch rider, and telegraph operator. During the signing of the armistice he was transferred to Headquarters at Paris on special duty.

MARRIED AT LYTTON

Son of Rev. C. H. Gabriel Takes Bride.

Mr. Walter P. Gabriel, son of the Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Gabriel of Storm Lake and Miss Annabelle Darling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Darling of Lytton, were married at the bride's home, Friday 22nd at noon. The ceremony was performed by Dr. J. W. Parkhill assisted by the father of the groom.

The little daughters of the local pastor were ring bearers and flower girl. Miss Florence Gabriel sang, "I Love You Truly" and Miss Ruth Gabriel played the Wedding March by Mendelssohn. The bride wore a beautiful white duchess satin dress and carried a bouquet of roses mingled with ferns. The groom appeared in navy blue with his insignia of A. E. F. having been two years in the army, six months in France, two in Paris.

About twenty five guests were present. Many elegant and costly gifts were brought. An excellent wedding dinner was served after the ceremony. The young couple are spending a few days visiting friends and relatives. They will reside in Ida Grove, where Mr. Gabriel has a fine position.

8-28-19

Gilliland-Hoover

Word was received by Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Gilliland on last Saturday of the marriage of their son, Floyd, to Miss Edith Hoover of Iowa City, the marriage taking place in Minneapolis on the same day. Floyd is in training at the officer's training camp at Fort Snelling, Minn., and will be there until the close of the period of training about the middle of August. While the bride is a stranger in this city, the groom is well known having been reared to manhood here. He is a graduate of the Storm Lake high school and since his graduation has been a student at the university of Iowa where he received his bachelor of arts degree this spring. He is an all round athlete, an excellent musician and is a prime favorite with all of his acquaintances. This newspaper joins in extending best wishes for a happy married life.

7-6-17

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Gilliland, who have been visiting at the home of Mr. Gilliland's parents in this city, left last week for Des Moines where Floyd has recently assigned to Camp Dodge. He recently received his commission as first lieutenant.

9-7-17

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Gilliland received the interesting news on July 3 that a son had been born to Lieutenant and Mrs. Floyd Gilliland at the Mercy hospital in Des Moines. The young son has been named Floyd Robert. The proud father expects to sail for France in a short time.

7-12-18

Gilliland, F.

B. V. Man Honored.

The Camp Dodger takes pleasure in announcing a new sports editor—Lieutenant Floyd H. Gilliland, of the Division Athletic Council.

Starting with the next issue, Lieutenant Gilliland will have complete charge of the Camp Dodger sports page and of all the undertakings to be launched subsequently by this the publication along the athletic lines.

Lieutenant Gilliland holds the reputation of being one of the best all-around athletes put out by the central west in recent years. He was an all-western football man when playing with the University of Iowa. In addition his prowess as a weight man in track, as a guard in basketball, and as a heavy weight wrestler has won him a wide fame in mid-west sporting circles—Camp Dodger.

(Lieutenant Gilliland will be remembered by Buena Vista students as captain of the football team for the year 1914-15.)

11-8-17

Lieut. Floyd Gilliland is a member of the Camp Dodge basketball team and is now making a tour with the team.

1-4-18

Lieutenant and Mrs. Floyd Gilliland, of Des Moines, Iowa, spent a few days last week at the home of Mr. Gilliland's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Gilliland and with their many friends. Floyd is stationed at Camp Dodge.

4-11-18

The Storm Lake soldiers who have put in many months of training at Camp Dodge are soon to be graduated from that camp, according to reports. It is understood that the entire Eighty-eighth division will be sent to Italy in a very short time. Examinations for overseas duty is now the regular program at Camp Dodge. Among those who will receive sailing orders, and thereby exult over the shifting of scenes are Captain George K. McCollough, Sergeants Don Hill, William Hopkins and Rudolph Youngstorm, Corporal James Poland, Chester Sheeley, Ernest Bumann, and Lt. Floyd Gilliland.

7-12-18

Lieut. Floyd H. Gilliland has arrived in this country from overseas, and will reach home very shortly.

6-6-19

Lieut. Floyd Gilliland Tells Experience

Writing on "Dad's Letter Day," November 24, Lieut. Floyd H. Gilliland says that he is at Clamecy, France, and tells of his experiences as follows:

"This is 'Dad's letter day' over here for all the A. E. F. forces, so I am penning you a little news today, and celebrate the day right. This letter is supposed to be your Christmas letter and reach you by that time, so let us hope it gets there on time, as it is about the best thing I can offer in the way of a present to you or the family this year.

"The censorship has lifted to a certain extent and we can tell you more news than we have before, tell where we have been, battles in, and are at the present time, so that will include about everything there is to tell.

"I am now at the Flind Army Corps school at Clamecy. I left my company in the Toul sector just after the armistice was signed. I stopped in Paris two days on my way here, and will be here for a month, if the school lasts that long. It is rumored that it will close before them.

"Will to begin with, Dad, we made the trip over seas in a large steamer and was with a large convey. We had warships with us all the way across and had a fine trip. I was not the least bit sick, at any time. We landed in the harbor at the mouth of the Thames. Here we entrained, passed through London and detrained at Ramsey, Eng. We staid there a few days, and then marched to South Hampton and embarked there for France. The next morning we arrived in harbor at Cherbourg, France. We staid there a few days and then detrained for about three days, detraining at Semur. We marched a few hours from there stopping at Courcelles. We stayed there and drilled for two weeks and then entrained again. Our next stop was at Bravelliers, near Switzerland. We trained there for two weeks and then marched up to the front in Alsace, near Mulhouse, and immediately went into the front line trenches. It was some experience. Had several fights with Boche patrols. After a week in, we were relieved but were ordered back the next night to dig trenches in no man's land. We just nicely started when the Boche opened up with a terrific barrage which lasted an hour, then came over for a night raid. There was sure "hell popping" all around. A barrage is beyond explanation. After the fracas was over, I was left in command of the company. We went back, I reorganized the company, as I was the only assigned officer left on

duty at that time. In a few days we went back in and staid for a week. We got along fine that trip and staid in for a week when we were relieved. We went back still further then, and after several hard long marches, and a few train trips we finally landed in the Saint Mihiel sector. We were ready to go over the top the morning the armistice was signed, when it was countermanded. We then staid there several days and I left my company there, when sent to this school. That is very briefly my experiences since being over here. Will tell you many of the details later. The censorship still keeps some of the lids on.

"I hope this finds you all very well, I am still feeling fine, hope to get back home soon. Wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

9-27-16

W. C. Edson will entertain a number of young people at his home on Friday evening of this week in honor of Dent Gregg and Robert Smoot both members of his Sunday School class who answered the call of the government to guard the Mexican border. These young men are both members of Company M of Cherokee. 3-24-17

SOLDIER BOYS BACK FROM THE FRONT

FIVE STORM LAKE BOYS IN CROWD

Every One Eager to Greet Members of Company As They Arrive Friday Evening—Many Attend Celebration at Cherokee.

In spite of the fact that nothing definite could be ascertained as to the arrival of the train Friday evening bringing the Soldier Boys back from the front, a crowd of many hundred gathered at the depot and waited for a couple of hours for the train to arrive. The train pulled in shortly before nine o'clock. The platform was jammed from Lake Front to Geneseo street and overflowing to the other side of the tracks. The Storm Lake boys who belonged to Company M are Dent Gregg, Robert Smoot and Romaine Mortensen. Bert Webb also belonged to this Company but was discharged on sick leave and at present is with his father in California. We understand that his health is improving. Ed Clifton and Eugene

Grege, D.

Walrod are both members of the Company at Fort Dodge and Warren Lodge belongs to the Company at LeMars. All the boys have been here during the week.

The boys are looking fine. They say that the "eats" were good and plenty of them. Of course they did not taste like mothers cooking but that was not to be expected. Most of the boys agree that the experiment was worth a whole lot to them and could not be figured in dollars and cents. However none of them seem anxious to repeat the trip, though all declare their willingness to go again if necessity demands. The boys were on the border ten months.

The following from the Cherokee Democrat expresses the sentiment felt everywhere:

The boys are coming home! The boys are coming home! The boys are coming home! If they come today that will be tomorrow: Say, did you know that the boys are home? Do you realize what it means! There's something in it besides the love of mothers, the love of sweethearts—the tender twinings that link hearts together,—there's the love of true patriotism. Isn't it just a little queer that our boys will give up home, mother, sweetheart—all the tender twinings that bind us together—all the good things there may be in life—all the hopes and prospects we may have looked forward to the fruition of dreams when dreams were the best thing we had to look into the future for—God, isn't it awful? To give up everything? For when you go to war you give up everything—start for hell! And hell isn't far away! You get it when your boys start out and it's hell to think of it all the time they are out. Why don't we stop it? Isn't there some way—some gleam of hope—some way that we will not get mixed up in the great cataclysm? We dream and hope. We hope that in God's way He will make it right".

3-30-17

Dent Gregg, corporal in M company cond Iowa National Guards, returned from Canon City, Colo., Monday evening and reported at camp at Cherokee on Tuesday in response to order issued for the mustering of all recruits and officers.

7-6-17

Dent Gregg, writing from Camp Mills, Hempstead, Long Island, says that he has the fun of handing out the letters from home to the boys in camp. It is a big job to look after the mail which floods the camps. **10-12-17**

Relatives of the Storm Lake boys with the Rainbow division in France received a number of letters the latter part of the week. Mrs. A. W. Unger received a letter from her son, Dent Gregg, who stated that he had just completed the task of wiring the Y. M. C. A. building for electric lights which was made difficult for the fact the workmen had few tools. This will be good news to the parents who feared that the boys had not the privileges and conveniences of a Y. M. hut. Walter Hull wrote home to his parents to spend five dollars of his next "pay" for candy, which proves that sweets are much desired by the boys over there. **2-8-18**

Mrs. A. W. Unger received a letter from her son, Dent Gregg with the Rainbow division in France last Saturday which was written January 27, in which he acknowledged the receipt of several Christmas packages and numerous letters which were written in November. He says that only one regiment is billeted in the French village where he is and that the weather is snappy. He stated that all the boys were well. **2-22-18**

Boys of Company M.

Buena Vista county's part in the war in France as reflected by the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth regiment of the Rainbow Division, is a notable one. Several of the boys have been killed, wounded and gassed. They have done their part to win fame for the regiment and when the war is over the unit will have established itself in the memory of every Iowan who is old enough to appreciate what is going on. Among those from Storm Lake who are in this division are Corporal Harold S. Schaffer, who was killed in action a short time ago, George D. Crissey, who was wounded some time ago, Raymond A. Martz, who was wounded a short time ago; Ralph R. Rutherford, who was also wounded; Walter E. Crissey, who was gassed some time ago; Sergeant Dent B. Gregg; Clarence Bosley; Jerry D. Carey; William J. Condon; Howard R. Crissey; Lep P. McFadden; and Fred J. Robinson, who was reported wounded a short time ago.

SAW OUR BOYS

You will have to admit it, too, that you would get a trifle excited if you were at a movie and there flashed before your own eyes as big as life and twice as natural three lads in khaki from your home town who are now fighting the kaiser over the seas.

Well, anyway, Miss Mildred Gilmore is willing to admit it. She was attending a movie show in Sioux City recently and all at once she saw on the screen the pictures of Dent Gregg and the Crissey boys, who are now with the Rainbow division in France. "I really was awfully excited," she confessed and the lady sitting next to her said, very calmly and very quietly, "Were any of your friends in the picture?" She replied in the affirmative, that there were three boys from her home town. The lady, who had not shown a sign of emotion, for it was too deep to show by outward expression, calmly told Miss Gilmore that her boy had just passed in the review. The film was likely taken at Camp Mills before the departure of the troops for abroad. **3-1-18**

Checks received in French banks by three Storm Lake boys have attracted considerable attention in the Citizens' National bank window the past few days. The checks were filled out by George Hull, Dent Gregg and George D. Crissey and were written on the Citizens' National. **5-10-18**

Away One Year

Just a year ago on August 20, 1917, the members of the National Guard left the company camps for service. The troop train came through Storm Lake on the morning of August 20, and the biggest demonstration ever known here marked the going of the boys who have since been attached to the Rainbow division. The boys who left at that time for Camp Dodge, then on to Camp Mills and then across to France were the three Crissey boys, the two Hull boys, Leo McFadden, Jay Carey, William Condon, L. Evans, J. Rutherford, Fred Robinson, Raymond Martz, Dent Gregg, Harold Shaffer, Warren Lodge, H. Bosley and the two Ellerich boys. Although the boys have been in the front line trenches numerous times only minor injuries have been received by any of them. **8-23-18**

LETTER FROM SON IN FRANCE.

Mrs. A. W. Unger received a letter Monday from her son, Dent Gregg, who is in France. Dent told of the big celebration there the day the armistice was signed. He had undergone an operation for appendicitis some time ago and was still in the hospital at the time he wrote, but was getting along very nicely. His letter was written November 15. He said he expected to get back to his old gang in a short time. Dent enlisted over a year ago at Cherokee and has been in France some time. His many friends here are glad to learn that he is getting along so well. **12-19-18**

A letter was received the first of the week by Mrs. A. W. Unger from her son, Dent Gregg, who was then at St. Aignam, France. He stated that he was getting along fine and expected to be home soon. Dent enlisted in the early beginning of the war and is in the Rainbow division. **12-13-19**

3-28-18
Sergt. Dent B. Gregg, who went to France with the Rainbow division, October 1917, landed at Newport News, Va., March 18. His sister, Miss Dorothy Gregg, who has a government position at Washington, D. C., went over to Camp Hill, near Newport News, to visit with him at the Y. W. C. A. hostess house there. A letter received from them states that Dent will soon be at home, coming to Camp Dodge this week for his discharge.

4-3-19
Dent Gregg, another of our real war heroes, arrived home on Sunday morning from Camp Dodge from where he was mustered out of the service. Dent was among the first to enter the service, enlisting at Cherokee in the early beginning of the war. Later he was stationed at the fair grounds in Des Moines for a time and went across shortly after that. Dent has taken part in several of the great battles of the war and was also wounded while in active service. He arrived in New York last week from overseas and sent to Camp Dodge to be mustered out.

Dewey Crissey, Walter Crissey, Raymond Martz, Dent Gregg and Warren Lodge arrived home the latter part of the week from Des Moines, where they were sent to meet their comrades of the 168th Infantry of the Rainbow division on their arrival at Des Moines last week. The Rainbow boys were given a great reception at Des Moines. **5-22-19**

Groskruger, P.

Paul Groskruger arrived in this city, Friday for a short visit with friends, having just received his discharge from service. He has been in France for some time and was a member of Co. E, 347th Infantry, and arrived from overseas several weeks ago. He attended Buena Vista college at one time and has many friends here who were glad to see him.

2-6-19

Gustafson, E.

Dr. J. Eric Gustafson arrived home Tuesday from Chicago where he has completed his work in the Hahnemann medical college, passed his examinations and received his doctor of medicine degree. Eric has worked hard to complete his course, making much of his own way all of the time and he is certainly entitled to the highest credit. He has enlisted in the medical reserve corps of the army and will not be surprised at any time to receive his call. If he does not go to the army he will accept an internship in the Hahnemann hospital in Chicago about July 1.

6-14-18

Hage, P.

Mrs. Carl Wellmerling received a telegram the latter part of the week announcing the serious illness of her brother, Peter Hage, who is in the service and stationed at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky. She received word again the first of the week that he was somewhat better. The young man is known by many in this city, having attended B. V. college at one time, and all hope he will recover soon.

10-10-18

Peter Hage, a former commercial student has been reported seriously ill with pneumonia at the officers training camp at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky. A second telegram to his sister, Mrs. Carl Wellmerling of the city, states an improved condition.

11-22-18

Heald, W.

Willis G. Heald, a student in 1914-15, is stationed with the U. S. Marines in the Virgin Islands of the West Indies. He has been in the service since last June.

1-24-18

SUN BOYS IN THE SERVICE—

Robert S. Heald, for a short time a few years ago an employee of the editorial department of The Sac Sun, has been commissioned a second lieutenant in the air service. Mr. Heald afterward was publisher of the Morning-side Leader. His brother Willis, who succeeded him in the Sun office and was employed for a much longer time, is also in the service, having enlisted in the marine corps. Roy Myers, an employee of the mechanical department for a considerable time, is also in the marine corps. Eugene M. Branaum gave up a good position as Linotype operator for the Sun to enlist in the national guard when it was used on the Mexican border and then took the oath for overseas service. With at least four recent employees in the service, the Sun feels that it is reasonably well represented in the fighting forces.

7-25-18

PRIVATE HOOD WRITES FROM CAMP DODGE

The following excerpts were taken from letters from Private H. A. Hood who is attached to headquarters company, 350th infantry, Camp Dodge. These letters were written after about a week of camp life, and must be regarded as first impressions.

"Talk about homesickness! I had to whistle all afternoon to keep up courage. A vision of the high stool back of the counter, with fives, tens, and large sized checks coming across, of preliminary interviews with the faculty members, smiling greetings from the newly returned co-eds, and shy glances of fair freshmen, keep fitting across the field of thought.

"Well, I wouldn't trade right now at that. The experiences we are going through here are indescribable and invaluable. You perhaps have read about the bashfulness and timidity of the new men in their attitude toward their officers. The reports of this are not exaggerated in the least, although many of the newspaper writeups are overdrawn. Actually, we

Hood, H.

would have shined their shoes and done their washing if asked. That feeling is leaving fast, and your little dream of my arguing with the general may come true any day now!

"Just came back from the prayer meeting at the Y. M. C. A. tent. You cannot imagine how much the fellows here need spiritual uplift. The degenerating effect of camp is beyond comprehension. Army life and the name "soldier" seem to fill men with the idea that they must be beasts. The Y. M. C. A. is going to be a powerful influence for good when it gets under way, but its permanent quarters are not yet ready, nor is its organization completed.

"The Sunday evening service was to begin at seven thirty. A few of us went up at six thirty. The front seats were then full. At a quarter to seven all seats were full; so the meeting was commenced. Some fellows sit with their hats on and smoke throughout the entire meeting. Let me suggest that in each of our meetings this year you have a season of prayer for the army boys.

"Last Friday night, under the auspices of the Y. M., two ladies from New York gave an entertainment—it was great.

"At two o'clock yesterday our company was given inoculation for the typhoid and small pox, the first on the back of the right shoulder and the second in the usual place on the left arm. About two o'clock this morning I woke up and found practically the whole company awake. Every fellow was tossing on his bunk, with here and there a series of groans. Arm and shoulder ached till it seemed as if they were about to decay. This morning we are all "Grumps."

"We haven't got all our clothes yet, just shoes, sox, shirt, and hat. You would be amused to see the way we get them. Everything is done just like we were so many wagons or checkermen. Lined up in a row, we pass along, one man here piling on shirts and moving you on to the next man who loads on socks, etc. They give you everything a size large to allow for shrinkage. Have six and one half shoes which are large enough to take a bath in, and fifteen and one half shirts. (He wears fourteen.—Editor.)

"Camp Dodge is quite a place, about two thousand buildings on the grounds extending for about four miles. Everything lacks the finishing touch as yet. The streets are not graded, only one street in shape for travel. Thousands of men are working every day on the barracks.

"The barracks are two story buildings in rows, with smaller buildings containing baths between the rows. Each barrack contains three large rooms for sleeping and one for eats. The cots in the sleeping quarters are of steel with wire springs, and are placed in four rows the length of the room. We have to make our own bunks, and keep our bunk spaces swept and clean. The mattress is a straw tick, and the covers two heavy blankets—no such luxury as pillows. a pile of accumulated newspapers is now serving as such.

"The 'eats' room makes you think of an up to date barn with long rows of feed troughs. The tables are made of bare rough boards, the seats long rough boards nailed down, so that tall and short men have to reach the same distance to their plates. One really has two dishes, one for dessert, and the other for a mixture of the rest you get to eat. In it goes beans, potatoes, pickles, gravy and all. Then we have a huge cup for drinking purposes. The dishes are made of a mixture of tin and aluminum, a nice combination for the board tables. Sounds unbearable, doesn't it? Well, it isn't so bad, and there is probably worse to come."

7-27-17

Private Harvey A. Hood returned to Camp Dodge Sunday after a five day furlough. Mr. Hood has recently been promoted to the position of corporal.

10-12-18

On Saturday, Miss Beatrice Riedesel and Mr. Harvey Hood who is Battalion Sergeant Major of the Headquarters Co. 350th Inft., Camp Dodge, came here from Glidden, for a short visit with a former school mate John T. Mattison. Together they went to Sac City, near which place, in company with Miss Catherine Lyman they had a picnic supper in the woods. 5/16/18

Sergeant-Major Hood Recovers

Word comes from our old friend Harvey Hood that he is feeling tip-top again after an operation for tonsillitis, which was the occasion for a two weeks leave of absence.

E. L. Marousek was a visitor in Sac City Saturday, May 11, between trains to visit with his former pal, Harvey A. Hood who is at present stationed at Camp Dodge. Sergeant Hood had been at his home in Minneapolis, Minn., for five weeks recuperating from illness.

SOLDIER WEDS

Former Local Students United In Marriage

Sergeant-Major H. A. Hood, Headquarters Company, 350th Infantry, Camp Dodge, and Miss Clara Beatrice Riedesel of Glidden, Iowa, were quietly married at the parsonage of the Lutheran church at Pocahontas, Iowa, on Tuesday, July 16.

The bride and groom were students at Buena Vista college, the bride being graduated with the class of 1916, and the groom leaving college in 1917 to answer the country's call to service.

It had been planned to have Dr. Echlin, former president of the college and now pastor of the Presbyterian church at Rolfe, Iowa, perform the ceremony.

The bride and groom to be, accompanied by Miss Lucy Hamilton of Glidden, Miss Catherine Lyman of Rockwell City, and Mr. E. L. Marousek, of Storm Lake, motored to Rolfe early Tuesday morning, but word had failed to reach Dr. Echlin and he was not present. The party then drove back to Pocahontas and secured the Reverend Tiede to perform the ceremony.

The bride is well known to many Storm Lake residents on account of her four years' stay here while attending college and those in Storm Lake and in her home town who are privileged to know her, know her as the possessor of a most charming personality, and other qualities which will make her an ideal soldier's wife.

The groom is a young man of sterling character. Leaving a lucrative position with the Cudahy Packing Co. of Sioux City, he entered Buena Vista college in 1914 with the intention of fitting himself for the ministerial profession. But the war came. He went to Camp Dodge in the first draft, and has been promoted repeatedly until he now holds the highest non-commissioned office, Battalion Sergeant-Major.

The future plans of the young couple rest largely upon the outcome of the war, but a host of friends wish them all the happiness that life holds.

Mr. Hood expects soon to be sent to France, while Mrs. Hood will continue her chosen profession of teaching.

7-18-18

Hovey, S.

Private Seth Hovey of Camp Funston, Kas., is expected in this city on Saturday to enjoy a furlough with Mrs. Hovey who is making her home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Whealen.

11-8-18

Seth Hovey, who has recently been released from the army, arrived in Storm Lake last week to join Mrs. Hovey and baby. They left on Sunday for Gentry, Ark., where they will once again make their home.

2-7-19

Hughes, Wilbur

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Dlugosch, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Mittelstadt, Mrs. Bert Hughes, Miss Bessie Hughes and Leonard Hughes motored to Des Moines on Saturday to spend Sunday with Wilbur Hughes, who left Camp Dodge Monday with the ammunition train for Deming, New Mexico. The Storm Lake party were much surprised to find how much construction work had been accomplished at the training camp in so short a time. That Uncle Sam means business is the verdict of the recent visitors.

9-28-17

Corporal Wilbur Hughes came home Wednesday morning from Peoria, Ill., where he has been taking special work at a college, and will remain at home for five days. Corporal Hughes is enjoying his first visit home since being called to Camp Cody last fall.

6-27-18

Corporal Wilbur Hughes is en route from Camp Cody to some point in New Jersey with a train or motor trucks. Several trips will be made before the company embarks for France.

8/23/18

Another family in Storm Lake was made glad last Saturday when Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hughes got word from their son Wilbur, saying that he had landed in Philadelphia. They are expecting him to reach Camp Dodge soon and be mustered out of the service.

6-27-19

Wilbur Hughes returned with the rest of the boys of the 109th ammunition train on Sunday morning. He saw eight months service overseas. He, like the rest of the boys of the 34th, feels very disappointed in having had to stay at Camp Cody for so long. The 34th has another cause for grievance in that the division after its long months of training was made a replacement outfit in France, and was all broken up. Wilbur is looking mighty fit, and thoroughly enjoying his mother's cooking after the long months of "chow."

7-4-19

Hughes, William

OFF TO MADISON

Eleven Volunteers Depart Tuesday Evening—Big Crowd at Station.

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In honor of Arthur P. Hughes, a member of the Storm Lake fire company, the fire trucks were gaily decorated and the members of the fire company in uniform marched to the sound of a drum corps to the station. Arthur was presented with a combination fountain pen and pencil by the firemen. T. H. Chapman, in behalf of the citizens of the county, spoke a few words of farewell to the boys and admonished them "to write to mother."

The personnel of the eleven volunteers follow:

William A. Hughes, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hughes of Storm Lake, was the youngest of the number. He celebrated his twenty-second birthday anniversary in fine style in Madison, April 10. He has been working in the Carney & Miller garage. William has a brother, David in the service.

Elmer B. Anderson of Marathon, is a printer. He has been employed in the office of the Cedar Falls Record, which is published by Lars Bladine.

Talvor T. Haight, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Haight of Brooke township, has been engaged in Y. M. C. A. work at Camp Dodge, but gave up that work to enter active service.

Gottfried Anderson of Marathon, is the only foreign born among the eleven volunteers. He has been in this country but four years and his parents are still on the other side. He is a mason by trade, and is a naturalized citizen. Emil E. H. Johnson, also of Marathon, is a steam engineer.

John Henry Willeford of Marathon is a son of D. E. Willeford. He is an auto mechanic and his work in the service will be right in his line.

Ray H. Samuels, who has been connected with the Gilbert & Dlugosch clothing store for several years, is among the number. Without Ray, there can be no more home talent plays, for he was the chosen hero of all the local productions. Arthur Hughes is a plumber having been connected with L. S. Dlugosch firm in Storm Lake. He is the second in his family to enlist.

Harry Lovesee, son of C. C. Lovesee, is a farmer. He recently sold out and was very anxious to get into the service even though he could receive deferred classification on account of his occupation of raising food.

Anton Sorensen of Newell has been engaged in the hardware business. He was made captain of the squad.

David Crissey of Storm Lake is the eleventh. He is a son of A. T. Crissey of Storm Lake and has been employed for several years in a drug store in Newell. The Crissey service flag now has four stars.

None of the eleven volunteers were benedicts.

4-12-18

Word was received on Wednesday that Arthur P. Hughes, who has completed his training course in the state university of Wisconsin at Madison, has been transferred to Columbia, S. C. It is believed that the three other boys, who went from this city at the same time, William Hughes, Ray Samuels and Harry Lovesee, have also been transferred to the same place.

Harry 6-14-18

William Hughes is another Storm Lake soldier boy who is at home. He arrived the latter part of last week having received his discharge. 2-7-19

Inman, C.

Clifford Inman writes home from the Great Lakes Training station that they have moved him around so often that he has not had a particle of mail from home yet and he is getting mighty anxious. He is getting along nicely.

11-8-18

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Inman left on Friday evening for Chicago where Mr. Inman enlisted in a branch of the navy. They returned the first of the week and Mr. Inman will await his call to service. 7-18-18

Clifford Inman returned home Thursday morning from the Great Lakes training station at Chicago, where he has been stationed, having been mustered out of the service.

12-19-18

Jensen, L.

Lloyd Jensen and Thaddeus Olson are at home from Camp Funston and Fort Leavenworth, where the boys are stationed in the medical department of the army. They are much pleased with the service, and while they admit it was hard at first, and they were mighty sick of it, now that they have become accustomed to their duties they like their work and want to see active service as soon as possible. And from their information it will not be long before they will be called over seas.

Three Soldier Visitors

Buena Vista was favored with visits by three soldiers during the week of May 26. On May 21, Lieut. and Mrs. Joseph Sohm who were visiting in Storm Lake, called on old friends in the college.

On May 23, Lloyd Jensen was a visitor. Mr. Jensen began work at Buena Vista the first of the year, but enlisted shortly after. At present he is stationed with the medical corps of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. His visit was possible because of a five day furlough.

Private and Mrs. Harry Bateman visited college on May 23 also. Mrs. Bateman was formerly Miss Margaret Ross.

5/30/18

Lloyd Jensen and Helmer Sorensen are at home on furlough from the service. Lloyd is at Ft. Leavenworth in the sanitary corps and Helmer is a marksman, wearing a medal for proficiency in shooting. He has been at various camps and is invalided on account of illness, but he expects soon to return to the service. 5-31-18

Johnson, son of Bishop E. S. arrived in Sioux City yesterday from Africa. According to the City Journal Arthur returned to enlist in the aviation branch service. He has served in the guard for four years and six months on the border.

2-22-18

City Journal: Arthur Johnson recently returned with his father and Mrs. Eben S. Johnson after spending a year in the army. He has been ordered to report to the Tank Corps Training Center, Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa., to enter the motorcycle department of the tank service for which he has been in the army several weeks ago. Mr. Johnson was a senior this semester at the University of Iowa. Before going to the army he was a member of the Iowa national guard. He is now with his company on the Mexican border.

5-3-18

Arthur H. Johnson, son of Bishop E. S. Johnson, did not come all the way back to the United States from Africa without deciding in his own mind that he would get some place in the service of his country. Arthur had been on the border and his military experience helped him to land a commission in the tank service recently at Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa. He is likely now to be as it is understood that the motorcycle corps went across a few weeks ago. Lieutenant Johnson's friends in the city will be pleased to know that he has received a commission.

9-1-18

Arthur Johnson, son of Bishop E. S. Johnson of Africa, formerly pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, arrived in Storm Lake Friday evening, and has been staying at the H. L. Hughes home with other friends. He has just returned from London, and is waiting for discharge from the tank corps where he served as a lieutenant. As he is out of the service he is going to California to take a medical course at Leland Stanford university.

2-22-19

In a letter which appeared in the last issue of the Sac Sun it was stated that Arthur H. Johnson, son of Bishop E. S. Johnson, was going to the tank service in

After spending a very short time in two English rest camps, we again embarked, in an old coast excursion steamer from the Atlantic coast, for France. We spent two days at our landing port and then went inland in the little French trains, ten enlisted men and six officers to a compartment, starting at midnight and doing most of our traveling at night. The journey lasted three days and nights, and you may be sure we were very glad when we reached our destination, the Tank Corps Training Center, and marched about two miles to a small, rural French village, where we are now billeted—a most interestingly unique and antique place.

"In company with Lieutenants Stith, a reporter and assistant editor of the New York Herald; Jones, a broadly traveled son of an American surgeon, and a connoisseur of women; Harris, a very nice chap from South Dakota; and a Michigan U. student named Wilkins, I inhabit a room of an old, crumbling chateau up the mountainside from the town, which is nestled at the foot of surrounding hills in a very scenic and romantic fashion. We have a dandy old fire place which we keep going most of the day and night. From one window at the rear, we look up into the beautiful autumnal foliage of the overhanging mountain, and, across the way from our front door, is an old church, built some time in the eighteenth century, with surrounding gravestones, which add very much to the antique aspect of the place. We wash at an old shrine built in 1714, through which a clear spring of water has been bubbling ever since. You cannot imagine how romantic things are, and how peaceful and restful, when one finds time to enjoy it. You see, we are entirely out of the world—not even do we get newspapers. When the armistice was signed, although the church bells rang, and every Frenchman one met greeted him with "Le guerre est fini" we could not bring ourselves to any exhilaration about it. In fact, I'm afraid that the loss of any chance for action made me feel rather depressed for a time.

"It is great, though, to know that the long-looked-forward to finish has come at last—although I have seen nothing of the war except Red Cross trains bringing the wounded from the front line trenches; stacks of broken aeroplanes and shot up tanks; camouflaged cars on their way to the front, and graves of French soldiers, along the railway, who died in the 1914 campaign.

"Briefly, this is all that I can say to you, not being permitted to give any names, numbers, etc. However, this will give you an idea. As for drilling it is the same old routine thus far, no difference having been made at the signing of the armistice. We will get home sometime, I hope, but that is all we know—maybe within a year."

9-27-18

TRAINING IN TANK CORPS.

Arthur H. Johnson, who is motorcycle orderly in the tank corps, now training at Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa., writes an interesting letter to friends in Sac City. It will be recalled that Arthur, who is the son of Bishop E. S. Johnson and lived at Sac City when a child, made a visit in Sac City last March, after his return from South Africa. He says:

"Army life has been very acceptable so far as I am concerned. After reaching this camp, Camp Colt, until a couple of weeks ago, all sorts of jobs came my way, such as digging ditches, hauling dirt, scrubbing floors, breaking rock, driving army trucks, etc., but now I have a permanent detail as motorcycle orderly at supply headquarters. The chief fault I find with it is that there is too much chance to grow even lazier than I naturally am. If it were not for the fact that it will be about the most exciting branch in the army over there I would try to transfer somewhere else. As it is I am putting forth every effort to go into aviation, which, as I think I told you, was my first choice.

"Mother and Dorothea are here with me. They have rooms in Gettysburg, where they expect to stay until the boat leaves for Africa, where they will accompany father, or until I am ordered across. I hope I am ordered across soon, for it does not seem that

we are doing anything here. Father runs down from New York, or wherever he happens to be, every couple of weeks or so, so I am very well fixed.

"This is a very beautiful situation for a camp. The Blue Ridge mountains near at hand, with their woods coming within a mile of the camp site, make things very scenic, and the battle-field of the Civil war gives a wonderful historic setting.

"On June 11 father was in town and took us all for a trip about the battle-field of Gettysburg. Our guide certainly did know his speech and reeled off statistics by the yard. The trip took about two hours, beginning with the part of the field where the battle opened the first day, following the Confederate advance to the scene of Pickett's charge on the third day. His defeat was brought about in great measure by the Union cannon on Round Top. The government has spent over eleven million dollars on tablets, roads, etc., besides the money expended on beautiful marble and bronze statues and monuments by the different states that participated in that great struggle.

"As to the time of our departure overseas, no one knows anything. We had thought it would be soon, but now it begins to look as if they were getting tanks here, which means that we shall get our training here instead or in England as we had expected. We shall probably not leave until fall in that event.

6-27-18

Hughes, William

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William Hughes is another Storm Lake soldier boy who is at home. He arrived the latter part of last week having received his discharge. 2-7-19

Inman, C.

Clifford Inman writes home from the Great Lakes Training station that they have moved him around so often that he has not had a particle of mail from home yet and he is getting mighty anxious. He is getting along nicely.

11-8-18

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Inman left on Friday evening for Chicago where Mr. Inman enlisted in a branch of the navy. They returned the first of the week and Mr. Inman will await his call to service. 7-18-18

Clifford Inman returned home Thursday morning from the Great Lakes training station at Chicago, where he has been stationed, having been mustered out of the service.

12-19-18

Jensen, L.

Lloyd Jensen and Thaddeus are at home from Camp Funst Fort Leavenworth, where they are stationed in the medical department of the army. They are pleased with the service, and they admit it was hard at first they were mighty sick of it, but they have become accustomed to duties they like their work and to see active service as soon as possible. And from their information will not be long before they called over seas.

Three Soldier Visitors

Buena Vista was favored with its by three soldiers during the week of May 26. On May 21, Lieut. Mrs. Joseph Sohm who were in Storm Lake, called on old friends in the college.

On May 23, Lloyd Jensen visitor. Mr. Jensen began with Buena Vista the first of the but enlisted shortly after. A friend he is stationed with the 1st corps of Fort Leavenworth, I. His visit was possible because of five day furlough.

Private and Mrs. Harry B. visited college on May 23 also. Bateman was formerly Miss M. et Ross.

5/30/18

Lloyd Jensen and Helmer S. are at home on furlough from service. Lloyd is at Ft. Leavenworth in the sanitary corps and Helmer is a marksman, wearing a medal for proficiency in shooting. He has been through various camps and is invalided out of the service because of illness, but he expects to return to the service. 5-8

Johnson, A.

Arthur Johnson, son of Bishop E. S. Johnson, arrived in Sioux City yesterday from Africa. According to the Sioux City Journal Arthur returned home to enlist in the aviation branch of the service. He has served in the national guard for four years and six months on the border.

2-22-18

Sioux City Journal: Arthur Johnson, who recently returned with his parents, Bishop and Mrs. Eben S. Johnson, after spending a year in Africa, has been ordered to report May 7 at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo., to enter the motorcycle department of the tank service for which he applied several weeks ago. Mr. Johnson enrolled as a senior this semester in Morningside college. Before going to Africa he was a member of Company H, Iowa national guard. He served with his company on the Mexican border.

5-3-18

Arthur H Johnson, son of Bishop E. S. Johnson, did not come all the way back to the United States from Africa without deciding in his own mind that he would get some place in the service of his country. Arthur had served on the border and his military experience helped him to land a commission in the tank service recently at Gettysburg, Pa. He is likely now in France as it is understood that the tank corps went across a few weeks ago. Lieutenant Johnson's friends in this city will be pleased to know that he has received a commission.

9-1-18

Lt. Arthur Johnson, son of Bishop Johnson of Africa, formerly pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church of this city, arrived in Storm Lake on Friday evening, and has been visiting at the H. L. Hughes home and with other friends. He has just arrived from London, and is waiting for his discharge from the tank corps where he served as a lieutenant. As soon as he is out of the service he will go to California to take a medical course in Leland Stanford university.

8-22-19

Following is a letter which appeared in the last issue of the Sac Sun from Lieut. Arthur H. Johnson, son of Bishop and Mrs. E. S. Johnson, who is with the tank service in France:

After spending a very short time in two English rest camps, we again embarked, in an old coast excursion steamer from the Atlantic coast, for France. We spent two days at our landing port and then went inland in the little French trains, ten enlisted men and six officers to a compartment, starting at midnight and doing most of our traveling at night. The journey lasted three days and nights, and you may be sure we were very glad when we reached our destination, the Tank Corps Training Center, and marched about two miles to a small, rural French village, where we are now billeted—a most interestingly unique and antique place.

"In company with Lieutenants Stith, a reporter and assistant editor of the New York Herald; Jones, a broadly traveled son of an American surgeon, and a connoisseur of women; Harris, a very nice chap from South Dakota; and a Michigan U. student named Wilkins, I inhabit a room of an old, crumbling chateau up the mountainside from the town, which is nestled at the foot of surrounding hills in a very scenic and romantic fashion. We have a dandy old fire place which we keep going most of the day and night. From one window at the rear, we look up into the beautiful autumnal foliage of the overhanging mountain, and, across the way from our front door, is an old church, built some time in the eighteenth century, with surrounding gravestones, which add very much to the antique aspect of the place. We wash at an old shrine built in 1714, through which a clear spring of water has been bubbling ever since. You cannot imagine how romantic things are, and how peaceful and restful, when one finds time to enjoy it. You see, we are entirely out of the world—not even do we get newspapers. When the armistice was signed, although the church bells rang, and every Frenchman one met greeted him with "Le guerre est fini" we could not bring ourselves to any exhilaration about it. In fact, I'm afraid that the loss of any chance for action made me feel rather depressed for a time.

"It is great, though, to know that the long-looked-forward to finish has come at last—although I have seen nothing of the war except Red Cross trains bringing the wounded from the front line trenches; stacks of broken aeroplanes and shot up tanks; camouflaged cars on their way to the front, and graves of French soldiers, along the railway, who died in the 1914 campaign.

"Briefly, this is all that I can say to you, not being permitted to give any names, numbers, etc. However, this will give you an idea. As for drilling it is the same old routine thus far, no difference having been made at the signing of the armistice. We will get home sometime, I hope, but that is all we know—maybe within a year."

9-27-18

TRAINING IN TANK CORPS.

Arthur H. Johnson, who is motorcycle orderly in the tank corps, now training at Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa., writes an interesting letter to friends in Sac City. It will be recalled that Arthur, who is the son of Bishop E. S. Johnson and lived at Sac City when a child, made a visit in Sac City last March, after his return from South Africa. He says:

"Army life has been very acceptable so far as I am concerned. After reaching this camp, Camp Colt, until a couple of weeks ago, all sorts of jobs came my way, such as digging ditches, hauling dirt, scrubbing floors, breaking rock, driving army trucks, etc., but now I have a permanent detail as motorcycle orderly at supply headquarters. The chief fault I find with it is that there is too much chance to grow even lazier than I naturally am. If it were not for the fact that it will be about the most exciting branch in the army over there I would try to transfer somewhere else. As it is I am putting forth every effort to go into aviation, which, as I think I told you, was my first choice.

"Mother and Dorothea are here with me. They have rooms in Gettysburg, where they expect to stay until the boat leaves for Africa, where they will accompany father, or until I am ordered across. I hope I am ordered across soon, for it does not seem that

we are doing anything here. Father runs down from New York, or wherever he happens to be, every couple of weeks or so, so I am very well fixed.

"This is a very beautiful situation for a camp. The Blue Ridge mountains near at hand, with their woods coming within a mile of the camp site, make things very scenic, and the battle-field of the Civil war gives a wonderful historic setting.

"On June 11 father was in town and took us all for a trip about the battle-field of Gettysburg. Our guide certainly did know his speech and reeled off statistics by the yard. The trip took about two hours, beginning with the part of the field where the battle opened the first day, following the Confederate advance to the scene of Pickett's charge on the third day. His defeat was brought about in great measure by the Union cannon on Round Top. The government has spent over eleven million dollars on tablets, roads, etc., besides the money expended on beautiful marble and bronze statues and monuments by the different states that participated in that great struggle.

"As to the time of our departure overseas, no one knows anything. We had thought it would be soon, but now it begins to look as if they were getting tanks here, which means that we shall get our training here instead or in England as we had expected. We shall probably not leave until fall in that event.

6-27-18

Johnson, Leon
Leon Johnson, football star of Linn Grove, is attending an officers' training school at Municipal pier, Chicago.

Republican-Press: Leon J. Johnson of Linn Grove, who at one time played baseball with the Sioux Rapids team, is making a great name for himself in football. "Jerry" as he was known here is now playing with the Municipal Pier football team of the naval reserves, located near Chicago. In the recent game played against the Minnesota Gophers, Jerry practically won the game for his team. The Sporting News of St. Louis says that Jerry is one of the greatest plunging halfbacks the writer on that paper has ever seen. He also says he is one of the boys who has made the famed Pier team unbeatable. They have not lost a game during the football season.

9-27-18

ECKERSALL PICKS JOHNSON.

"Jerry" Johnson, crack backfielder of the Chicago naval reserve football eleven and former star half back of the 1917 Morningside team, has been placed on the all-service team picked by Walter Eckersall.

Johnson was one of the best backfield men in Iowa in 1917. He created a sensation in the Minnesota game when he put over two touchdowns for the reserves and scored a victory.

Johnson was a Buena Vista football player in 1913-14.

Malin Johnson Honored.

Miss Marion Johnson invited a number of persons to her home on Friday evening, February 22, in honor of her brother Malin Johnson of the Commercial department, who left the following day for Camp Dodge.

The evening was spent in playing progressive Somerset, and some astonishing facts were brought to light. Miss Annie Robertson succeeded in making everyone jealous of her, for she carried away the prize—the "booby." She responded to insistent calls for a speech in her usual successful way, and the principal fact derived therefrom was that Annie likes red.

Dainty refreshments were served, and after wishing our banker of the Commercial department all kinds of good luck and success, we said, "good morning," and went home to dream of the good time we had. 3-11-18

Johnson, M.
Mahlon Johnson, son of Mrs. A. P. Johnson of this city has been made a corporal and chosen reporter for Company D, 351st infantry at Camp Dodge. Mahlon left with the last increment of conscripted men and is the first from this locality to be promoted, as far as this newspaper is informed.

3-29-18

Mrs. A. P. Johnson has received word of the arrival of her son, Mahlon, over there. Stanly Espe who also left in April has reached the other side in safety.

7-5-18

Mrs. A. P. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Espe have returned from a visit at Des Moines and Camp Dodge where they spent some time with their boys. Mahlon Johnson was not transferred as he expected to be. He has been chosen one of the few to attend the "gas" school.

4-5-18

Mahlon H. Johnson has been transferred from Camp Dodge to Camp Sevier, South Carolina.

4-12-18

Mahlon Johnson is attending an officers' training school in France. He has written an interesting letter to his mother concerning the three days trip he took through France and of his visit to Paris. His letters home came thick and fast at first, but the boys are now limited to three letters per week.

1918

After having spent thirteen months in overseas service, Mahlon H. Johnson arrived at his home in this city on Saturday. For eight months he was attached to the general headquarters and greatly enjoyed his work. For the past few years, Mahlon has been engaged in teaching, but he is seriously

in the notion of taking up some other line of work. He will not make a hasty decision. Family and friends are certainly pleased to have him home again.

7-18-19

—R—
Mahlon Johnson spent several days last week visiting at Fort Dodge, Davenport and Des Moines, looking into matters pertaining to the life insurance business. Mr. Johnson was connected with the insurance department of the army in France for several months and now that he has returned home plans to enter this line of work and is at present making a study of the best companies and looking for a suitable opening in which to take up the work.

7-31-19

Kelly, James
James D. Kelley, an academy student during 1914-15, is now a 2nd Lieut. in Co. C, 214th Engineers, Camp Custer, Mich.

James Kelly, with the engineers corps at Corpus Christi, Texas, was in Storm Lake Friday while en route south from enjoying a furlough with relatives in Fonda. He thinks he has a fine chance of crossing the pond in the very near future.

1-18-18

Knutson, T.
Mrs. C. T. Knutson and daughter of Sioux Rapids were guests last Friday of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Buland. Mrs. Knutson's son, Tilford, was sent from Camp Dodge with fifty other soldiers, to assist in the harvesting of crops in the Dakotas.

10-11-18

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Buland entertained Mr. Buland's sister, Mrs. Knutson of Sioux Rapids and son Private Tilfred Knudson of Camp Dodge on Tuesday.

10-18-18

C. T. Knudston and daughter, Mrs. Earl Stevens left last week for Camp Dodge, where they were called by the serious illness of their son and brother, Tilford Knudston, who is now reported to be improving.

Lancaster, H.
Harold Lancaster, formerly a student at Buena Vista college, and a senior in Morningside college this year, has gone to Camp Pike, Ark., where he will serve as assistant Y. M. C. A. secretary. Enroute he visited at the McCreary home in this city, leaving on Wednesday.

11-23-17

Harold Lancaster arrived last evening from Camp Pike where he has been engaged in Y M war work and is a guest at the L. W. McCreary home. Mr. Lancaster will enlist in some branch of the service and will not return to Camp Pike.

3-1-18

Mrs. Harold Lancaster went to Sioux City to spend Sunday with Mr. Lancaster, who has resumed his studies at Morningside college with the expectation of getting his degree in June. He did not return to Camp Pike as he was unable to get into the hospital corps.

3-29-18

Lindsey, H.

Lancaster-McCreery

A pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. McCreery at 410 Cayuga street Monday afternoon, when their eldest daughter, Miss Lydia McCreery, and Harold Lancaster were united in marriage. Promptly at five o'clock they took their places in front of the large window in the parlor, which was prettily decorated in pink and white, where the ceremony was performed by Rev. J. B. Trimble of Sioux City, assisted by Rev. W. T. Macdonald, the ring ceremony being used. Only the immediate relatives and friends were present. After the ceremony and congratulations the guests were seated at prettily arranged tables where a delicious wedding dinner was served by Misses Lillian Sherman and Mary Chapman, friends of the bride.

The bride wore a suit of Pekin blue and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. The groom wore his service suit.

The bride is one of Storm Lake's finest young women. She attended Buena Vista college for a time, and for some time has been bookkeeper at the Plainview creamery, where she has made hosts of friends by her pleasing manner.

The groom is known by many in Storm Lake, having attended Buena Vista college, where he met the bride. He was pastor of the Trimble Methodist church at Sioux City for a year and a half, after which he took up Y. M. C. A. work and has been at Camp Pike, Arkansas, for some time, and will leave in a few days to enlist in active service.

The Register will join the many friends in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster much happiness.

Joins Tank Corps

Rev. Harold Lancaster, pastor of the Trimble Methodist Episcopal church in Sioux City, and son-in-law of L. W. McCreery of this city, waived exemption as a minister of the gospel last week and departed for Camp Colt, Penn., where he will be attached to a tank corps. Rev. Mr. Lancaster was engaged in Y. M. C. A. work for a considerable time at Camp Pike.

Serg't. Harold Lancaster, student during 1915-'16, received his discharge from the service at Camp Dix, N. J. He is now pastor of the Methodist church at Paullina, Ia.

Harold Lindsey and Merrill Drury enlisted at Fort Dodge Tuesday. Mr. Lindsey enlisted in the navy as a stenographer. Mr. Drury enlisted in the sanitation corps of the army, gas defense section, and left for Yale University Wednesday evening, where he will take preparatory instruction for the work.

4-18-18

Harold Lindsey, who has been attending Buena Vista college for some time and who recently enlisted in the navy, received his call the last of the week and left Monday morning for Des Moines.

6/6/18

Harold Lindsey, a former commercial student, spent his first six weeks in Great Lakes training camp in drilling and on guard duty. Next he signed up for foreign draft and on July 12th was set to Ellis Island. He was stationed there a few days before being sent aboard. He had an exciting trip across and landed on August 2 in Eastleigh, England. He is stationed in the Supply department as a typist and ledgerer. He expects to be there a few months and perhaps then be sent to Italy.

11-22-18

CELEBRATED IN ENGLAND

12-13-18

Harold Lindsay of Marcus Tells Way Peace News Was Received There.

Marcus News: When the people of this sane America, went wild, simply wild, over the signing of the armistice by Germany, everyone must have wondered what the boys "over there" were doing.

C. C. Lindsay, manager of the Co-operative store, is among the first dads in Marcus to hear that his soldier son was doing at that moment. Harold was in Eastleigh, England, on the memorable November 11, and he tells of the triumphant moment of joy and pathos—joy at the end of bloodshed and its attending sorrow, and pathos—at the sight of the countenances of mothers who had sacrificed sons to the cause of humanity.

Harold describes the scenes in a graphic manner in the following lines:

"November 11, Dear Folks: I have just come to camp after a wild trip to Eastleigh and Southampton, in which the entire camp took part in, and paraded the streets with the band playing and flags waving. We

were celebrating the signing of the armistice, and I think we surely did celebrate in fine shape. The entire population was out and the streets were fairly jammed with people. I was never in such a mob in my life. During chow it was announced that the armistice was signed, and we could have until two o'clock to do as we pleased.

Sham Battle Ensues

"Well there was a sham battle with potatoes and bread for about five minutes, and then everybody piled out, lined up, and with the band in the lead, started up the road to Eastleigh. After parading the streets of that town we went back to camp, and when we got there they told us we could have the rest of the day to do as we pleased, and until midnight to get back into camp. We lined up again and marched to Southampton and gave them a real example of Yankee enthusiasm.

"The streets of Southampton were packed so thick with people that it took Larson and I nearly half an hour to get two blocks, and when we got to the American Y. M. C. A., we planted ourselves there and stayed until we could take a back alley and catch a street car back to camp. I believe I walked ten miles today, and I surely am tired.

Day Never to be Forgotten

"I will never forget this day as long as I live, for as we went along the streets and looked into the faces of the English women, we could pick

out those who had lost sons, husbands and fathers in the fighting. Although the people were rejoicing, it was a different spirit than what we have.

"Right now there are opinions about how soon we will get home, but I am almost positive, that it won't be for some time to come. So don't get anxious as our work begins after the others are gone. Some of the boys will go back right away but our division will stay and take care of supplies that have to be sent back and to check up on them, so you can see we will have to be here for some time.

"I haven't received a letter for over two weeks but I thought I would write a few lines anyway."

R

Harold Lindsay was down from Marcus Friday evening for a visit with friends in this city. Mr. Lindsay formerly attended college here. He has been in the navy and was in England for some time arriving home just recently.

R

7-3-19

Lockwood, I.

Dr. Ira Lockwood, who is serving in a hospital in France, wonders sometimes if any of the soldiers who come into his dark room for an X-Ray picture are Storm Lake boys. The room is of necessity dark and therefore he only knows that his patient is some suffering lad from the battle-fied. He writes home that he is well housed and that food is all that is needed.

11-8-18

Dr. Ira Lockwood is now a captain, having been advanced to that rank while in the medical service in France. His many old friends in this city are in no wise surprised at his advancement.

12-13-18

Mrs. Lockwood has received word that her son, Dr. Ira Lockwood, a captain in the medical corps, landed in Camp Hill, Va., on Sunday from overseas. His many friends hope that he may visit in this city before resuming his practice.

5-2-19

—R—

Dr. and Mrs. Ira H. Lockwood arrived Tuesday afternoon from Webster City where they had been spending a short time with friends, for a visit at the home of Dr. Lockwood's mother, Mrs. R. A. Lockwood and with his aunt, Mrs. C. D. Bemis. Dr. Lockwood enlisted in the medical branch of the service about a year and a half ago, and spent sixteen months in France, having recently returned from overseas. Mrs. Lockwood has been living with her parents at Lincoln, Nebraska during his absence. Dr. Lockwood has many friends in this city who were glad to see him again.

5-15-19

Captain Ira Lockwood, M. D., mention of whose arrival in this country has previously been made, arrived in this city the first of the week for a visit with his mother before re-entering the civilian practice. Mrs. Lockwood is also here.

5-15-19

Lovesee, Harry

VOLUNTEERS FILL QUOTA

Eleven Young Men Elist as
Mechanicians.

GET SPECIAL TRAINING

Three Others Join Coast Artillery
Branch—Leave Monday,
April 1.

ROLL OF HONOR

Arthur P. Hughes, Storm
Lake.

William A. Hughes, Storm
Lake.

Ray B. Samuels, Storm Lake.

Talvor T. Haight, Peterson.

Anton Sorensen, Newell.

Emil E. H. Johnson, Mara-
thon.

Gottfried G. Anderson, Mara-
thon.

David B. Crissey, Storm
Lake.

Elmer Busmark Anderson,
Cedar Falls.

Harry Lovesee, Storm La.e

John Henry Willeford, Mara-
thon.

Lovesee, R.

—R—

Dr. Ralph Lovesee, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Lovesee of this city, arrived home last week, having been mustered out of the service at Camp Dodge. Mr. Lovesee enlisted as a veterinary in the service nearly two years ago, and spent some time in France and also in Germany. He will spend some time with his parents and friends in this city before taking up a location. His many friends here welcome him home again.

7-24-19

Ralph Lovesee returned on Wednesday from service in France and Germany. He was with the 12th veterinary hospital unit, and saw a great deal of service. Just before he returned he was stationed at Trier, Germany. He was mustered out at Camp Dodge, and was mighty glad to get back, as he has been in the service across the pond for almost a year.

7-25-19

McPherson, C.

Clarence McPherson, who has been employed in Des Moines for the past year, arrived home Saturday to spend a few days with his home folks before departing with the contingent this week for Georgia.

7-25-18

Mack, B.

Burt Mack, '05, has received his commission of 1st lieutenant in the chemical warfare department. He expects to be sent east soon.

Burt Mack, who recently received his commission as a first lieutenant has received his call to service and will leave the latter part of the week, for the Arsenal at Edgewood, Maryland. Mr. Mack was to go about two weeks' ago but was taken ill with the influenza and unable to go at that time.

11-18-18

Burt Mack Gets Business in Scenic City.

Lieut. and Mrs. Burt M. Mack will leave the first of next week for Iowa Falls, where they expect to make their future home, Mr. Mack having decided to enter the electrical contracting and supply business at that place. Mr. Mack was in the business in this city for a number of years and was very successful in the work. He sold his business here in order to enter the service several months ago. Shortly after selling out the armistice was signed. Mr. Mack received a commission as first lieutenant and was stationed at the Edgewood Arsenal at Edgewood, Maryland, for some time and returned several weeks ago. His hosts of friends here were in hopes that they might remain here but as they go to Iowa Falls the best wishes for success is extended to them.

4-3-19

Mack, F.

ENLIST FOR SPECIAL WORK

Within the past week the following have gone from Storm Lake to Sioux City to fill the required blanks for enlistment in various parts of army work. Floyd Davis went Monday and was accepted in the hospital corps; Ray Jones has applied for Cavalry work; John Reynolds, George McCullough and Sam Hoffman for positions in the officers training camp as Civil Engineers; Frank Mack as electrical engineer, G. B. Sutherland as architect, all of these in the training camp for officers at Fort Snelling. At this writing it was not known how many were accepted or where they would have to report to Fort Snelling. 5-11-17

Mack Going Up

When Frank W. Mack of this city went to the officers' training camp at Fort Snelling, there was a lot of folks who nodded their heads in a meaningful way and said in so many words that he would get some place. And already he is getting or rather has arrived. While Lieut. Mack has not won a higher military title, he has been elevated to the position of chief of construction of a five million dollar concern for the government. When he was notified a few days ago of his new position, he was surprised beyond words. Lieut. Mack now has reason to believe that he will be stationed near Magnolia, Maryland, for several months and his family will join him on March 10. 3-8-18

BUSY LIFE AT FORT MONROE

Frank W. Mack Says Army Life is no Snap.

DAYS ARE CROWDED FULL

Submarines and Flying Machines
Common Sight—Sees Thing
Quaint and Historic.

Life and events at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, one of the oldest forts in the country, is interestingly told in letters which come now and then to members of the Mack family from Frank W. Mack. Through the courtesy of the Macks, the Pilot-Tribune is privileged to publish excerpts. Mr. Mack says that if he thought he was busy at Fort Snelling it is nothing to

compare with the daily program carried out at Fortress Monroe. In half a day they crowd more theories, figures and diagrams than he had in a month at college, so one letter states. He is finding that the life of a soldier is a hard road to travel, and particularly so for the man who must leave his family behind. Food and housing conditions have been very poor and quite different from Fort Snelling. He tells of flying machines flitting about and an occasional sighting of a submarine and of ships from foreign lands which come and go. The soldiers are learning to shoot upon the beach but it is mostly theory and little practice as each shot costs Uncle Sam \$1050.

Mr. Mack is quoted as follows:

Met Faville's Relative

"Last night I attended the Blue lodge. It is really located in a very historic spot. The rooms of the lodge are located under the parapet which surround the fort. One of the lodge rooms was the prison in which Jefferson Davis was kept for two years after the war. This and the odd construction of the rooms and relics made it well worth attending. After lodge an elderly gentleman came up and inquired if I knew any one at Storm Lake, Iowa. He informed me that he is an older brother of Fred Faville. I sure was surprised. He invited me over for dinner whenever it was convenient. Think I shall accept for next Sunday.

"The stone wall parapet surrounding this fort is certainly interesting. It was built years ago. The foundations or emplacements of old canon are still on top. The moat is very interesting. This entirely surrounds the wall and is about twenty feet wide. Under the parapet are a lot of quaint rooms. Some are used now for officer's rooms, lodge and club rooms and many of the non-commissioned officers and their families live there. Tonight I walked over on the parapet and saw an old Spanish submarine that was captured. Its a queer looking apparatus. Its date was 1896.

Dreadnaughts Ready Soon

At Newport we saw one of the largest ship building yards in the U. S. There are 8,000 workmen there. We were allowed inside the yards because we wore soldier's clothes. We walked down to where the new Mississippi super-dreadnaught is being built. You ought to see it. It is 600 feet long with two turrets, front and stern of three 14 inch cannon on each turret or twelve of these large guns also with 20 inch cannon placed all over taking in every angle around the boat. Will be finished November 20. It takes 1200 men to man it.

"One thing we have to do here is to learn to swim. I am going to take my first dip tomorrow in the ocean.

Saw Oldest Cemetery

"I am going to tell you about a little sightseeing trip I took one afternoon off. We went over to Hampton, a town of 6,000. It was sure different from anything I ever saw. The little and dirty huts, kids running loose with half enough clothes, although cute picaninies. We came upon an odd looking Catholic church surrounded by a cemetery. The markers looked very ancient so we went in. It was St. John's church. On the front of the building was a marker giving the history telling about Lord De Awares trip and the relocation of Jamestown back in 1608. We found graves where people back in 1701 were buried. This happened to be a lawyer, sort of a judge of the vicinity during this period. There were a lot in the latter part of 1700 and early 1800 centuries. Believe that this is the oldest graveyard in the United States. The walls and immense tree trunks were all covered with climbing vine. It was certainly a quaint spot in the heart of a town. We came upon a fig tree with green and ripe figs. I tried them and did my best to try to think that I liked them but believe I prefer the dried figs. The trees being of different type than those at home attract me. Also the better kept houses have the boxwood trimmed in different shapes all around the homes. They are pretty places. This is one thing I have noticed in Virginia. Where you see one well kept home you see fifty ill kept. This condition isn't true in Iowa you bet. Another thing I can't solve here there is so much fertile land going to waste."

Storm Lake friends of Frank Mack who had a commission as first lieutenant in the ordnance department, and who left about two weeks ago for Washington D. C., will be interested in learning that he is now stationed at Magnolia, Maryland, where he expects to be until the first of February. This is an experimental station and there are around thirty thousand soldiers in camp there. Mr. Mack is well pleased with his location. 12-13-17

MACK MADE A MAJOR

Frank W. Mack of this City Receives Two Promotions in Thirty Days.

The war department gave Frank W. Mack of this city only thirty days in which to acquaint himself of the duties of a captain, when he received his appointment as major of the chemical warfare service at Magnolia, Maryland. The people of his old home town—Storm Lake—are kept busy keeping up with his latest rank. He was commissioned first lieutenant a year ago at Fort Snelling, thirty days ago a captain and now it is Major Mack. He is bound to climb still higher and his friends are now prepared for any surprises in that line. His promotion is an indication that he may be sent over seas.

Ex-Senator Mack and party, who are now guests of Major and Mrs. Mack at Magnolia, Maryland, reached Baltimore in eight days by the motor route. They were less fatigued than when they took a motor trip to visit Fort Snelling a year ago, according to reports of their journey sent back home. The news of the honor conferred upon Major Mack, was certainly a happy surprise to them upon their arrival.

Major Frank W. Mack left on Sunday evening for Magnolia, Md., where he will attend to various matters in connection with the government chemical plant with which he has been connected since he entered the service. He expects that he will complete his work and be mustered out in a couple of months. Now that the war is over, he has little desire to remain in the service.

The ink was not dry on the last issue of the Pilot-Tribune saying that Major Frank W. Mack had not been released from service until he was home to disprove the statement. He and Guy arrived home on Friday and Frank is once more a civilian after more than eighteen months of service. If ever a man looks fit, he does. He has made his mark in the work in which he has been engaged and the only trouble with it is that it is to take him and his family away from this city. While he has made no announcement of his plans, he is considering several propositions which are entirely worth while. Guy drove the Mack car as far as Chicago where he left it. He says that he struck some terrible roads through Ohio and Indiana.

MANY APPLY

More than Quota Desire to Enter Service.

A special call was sent out by the government a short time ago for volunteers as auto mechanics, and fifteen young of Buena Vista county volunteered. However, as there were so many volunteers throughout the state only three of these were accepted. They were, Royal E. Greengo of Sioux Rapids; Archie F. Reding of Newell and E. L. Marousek of Storm Lake. The young men are to enter the training school at Austin, Texas, July 25, and will leave here July 22.

E. L. Marousek will leave next Monday for Austin, Texas, where he will enter the training school, having recently enlisted as an auto mechanic in the service.

E. L. Marousek dropped a card to the Register this week to advise friends that he is still on earth. He writes from Balloon Camp, Kelly Field No. 1, San Antonio, Texas, to say that there is no news around there. They are quarantined and haven't been out of the yard for two weeks. He send regards to all inquiring friends.

Private Marousek Writes From Austin, Texas.

(Extract of a letter from former Editor of The Tack, E. L. Marousek.)

My thoughts have often run back to the good old days at B. V. and as much as I appreciated them at the time, I find now that they did not get near the appreciation that they deserved.

In general, this life is not so much different. We go to school here and we study one subject, automobiles. We go to lectures and listen to some teacher expound about clutches, carburetors, combustion and cord ties. Then we go to the laboratory for from two to six hours and with the hammer, screwdriver, and wrenches tear to pieces and reassemble the different parts.

We have been in school for two weeks now and have one more week of general instruction. Then the results of our work will be checked up and specialiation on some particu-

lar part of the car will begin. The course is sufficient to be finished in eight weeks.

A word about the eats. Oh, yes, we certainly eat. There is a dining room which seats 3000. It is filled with plain tables and benches. On the tables are metal dishes filled with various kinds of grub. We march in military fashion, stand at our places till commanded, "Seats," Then we sit down and fold our arms. After a year of waiting, the lieutenant sings out, "Rest" and we begin to eat. Imagine the clatter of 3000 dishes, knives, forks, spoons, and cups. This and the rumble of conversation sounds like a chemical compound composed of two parts of saw mill, and five parts boiler factory!

We drill three hours a day, and we are usually put through some stiff work. Sometimes the heat is too much for a man and he keels over. He is dragged away to his bunk, and the parade goes grimly on for we are getting ready to lick the kaiser. I had a job the other day correcting examination papers. They were written by a company of Texas men. Some of the papers were the limit. Out of 100 papers not one answered the questions correctly. I never felt more thankful for a college education. It was not that some of the men did not know the answers, but they couldn't understand the questions. There is where an education comes in handy.

When we first came here, we slept on the ground as there was no room in the barracks. We slept out of doors for two weeks, but now we are in the barracks. This camp is a part of the University of Texas, and has had its existence since the first of May. Now twenty five buildings have been erected.

STRAW IS HAY WHERE MAROUSEK IS NOW

Auto Mechanics Required to Move Large Pile of It-- Officers Democratic

Austin, Texas,
Sept. 2, 1918.

Dear Editor:

Our commanding officer decreed a holiday on Labor day so I find myself with some time which I will use in sending a letter in your direction, picking out a few of the things in and around camp which may be interesting to the folks back in Iowa—or "God's Country," as the Iowa boys call it.

A few days ago the Iowa class in Auto Mechanics arrived at that point in the course of instruction where they were to be given some practical experience in truck driving. An inquiry on the part of the instructor in charge revealed the fact that only two or three in the whole Iowa bunch had never driven a car. Then we were lined up in front of a long row of army trucks and told that our work for the afternoon would consist of moving a "pile of hay." Immediately we began looking around for the hay pile. We soon found it. The "hay pile" was a huge pile of straw bales. (they call straw hay down here.) This pile was about a block long and varying in height.

The instructor told us that the southern companies which had worked at moving the pile had grumbled mightily at the labor thus imposed upon them, and had moved little "hay" in consequence. The Iowa boys said nothing, but each in his heart resolved to show up the southerners.

And we did. We attacked that hay pile after noon mess with such vigor that in an hour and a half the whole pile was moved to a new location.

You can read the account of this hay moving exploit in the S-A-M-S-U-N, a copy of which I am sending you. The S-A-M-S-U-N is a weekly paper issued by the men in camp. It is just two weeks old.

When the first number came out two weeks ago, it was without a name, and the manager of the paper offered a prize of ten dollars to the man who would name the paper. Well, who named it? An Iowa boy, of course, and a member of my squad. His name is J. Fred Danielson, and he is a brother of our old friend, "Danny" Danielson, who played football for B. V. back in 1913-14, and who left school to join the navy.

It may seem as if this was blowing our own horn too much, but if we don't blow it, Iowa won't hear what her sons are doing in the south. And when I tell you that the Iowa boys are conceded to be the best mechanics and soldiers in camp, it is because persons higher up have said so.

There is another thing which may be interesting to persons outside the army. And that is concerning the army officers. The army officer of today in America is typical of the new democracy in his attitude toward the men. He does not antagonize the men by his harshness, nor does he even cause them to fear him by being unduly critical. But don't get the idea that the discipline of the army has suffered thereby. It has improved, and so has the morale of the men, and it is upon morale that America is depending to win the war.

The officer of today wins the respect and then the regard of his men because he treats them as men at the same time he treats them as soldiers. And this system is breeding the kind of morale into the American soldier which caused one private to say, "We'd follow that lieutenant of ours if he led us to h—!" And that is the spirit that is going to get Fritzie's goat.

Drought conditions still obtain in Texas. A large fund is being raised to be used in aiding those who have lost their all in the three year's drought that has afflicted the state. Due to the decreased pasturage and the necessity of slaughtering milk cows, the price of milk has advanced to 22 1-2c a quart.

Saturday I visited the city of Austin. The first impression one gets is that it is an old city patched up. A date on one building reads 1876, and near it is a moving picture theater of modern frontal design. The capitol building is an imposing structure which is said to rank with the world's large buildings.

If all goes well, the Iowa bunch will be transferred in the near fu-

ture, and the next time you hear from me I may be somewhere in the world.

Regards to all Storm Lake friends.
E. L. Marousek.

R

WILL FLY OVER VICTORY FIELD

MECHANICAL BIRDS TRY WINGS IN TEXAS.

In October in Texas morning breaks quietly. There is not the slow lingering rise of the sun as in the north. Ten minutes before dawn it is dark, and it seems that day breaks all at once, as if the sun was eager to begin his long hot journey across the sky.

During those ten minutes before the break of dawn, a keen ear may detect a faint humming in the west. It is like the hum of thousands of bees. The hum quickly grows into a roar, and the roar is multiplied many times.

A glance to the dark western sky reveals a swarm of dark shadows—they are the airplanes starting out for the mornings flight just before the sun breaks over the eastern horizon. In wider and ever wider circles they sweep majestically around and around the field, each pilot making sure that the roar of his motor has reached the proper pitch before leaving the vicinity. Higher and higher the planes fly, until suddenly the leader darts off at a tangent and he is followed in single file by the rest.

Off to the east they swing in one grand flight, higher and higher. And while dusk still shadows the earth below the leading plane finds a place in the sun, and its wings glitter, and shimmer in the early golden light like the everlasting snows which catch the first gleam of day while the valley below is still shrouded in darkness.

The long line follows, each in turn reaching the light, and each in turn reflecting it back to the watchers below. Soon the whole line has arrived and at a signal from the leader they begin to form into a vast V-shaped formation like geese when flying toward a new home.

And off to the north they go in brilliant glittering battle array growing smaller and smaller till in a moment or two the shining spots fuse with the morning light. And the planes are off for the day.

In the evening they return. Their coming is presaged by no sound. But suddenly the ear is smote with the roar of their engines and out of the sky they come in a long line, each one with a thunderous sound swoops down from the sky flies low over the ground for a moment and then settles gracefully to the flying field and the birds are home again.

Every day it is the same. It is hard to imagine these peaceful flyers bringing death in their wake, yet one can understand the terror they would bring were they enemy planes.

These fledglings are just trying their wings, and a day will come when they will fly in triumph over a victorious army on the road to Berlin.

E. L. MAROUESIK.
Balloon Camp, Kelly Field No. 1
San Antonio, Texas.

11-8-18

Edmund L. Marousek, who has been in the service and stationed in Texas, for several months, arrived Monday afternoon, for a visit with his many friends in this city, having been mustered out of the service. Mr. Marousek attended college here for several years and his many friends were glad to see him back again. Mr. Marousek enlisted as a mechanic some time ago.

1-30-19

Later: Co 97,

Camp John Wise
San Antonio, Texas.

Marten, E.

Elmer W. Marten, collegiate student '06-'07, has received the commission of second lieutenant at Camp Humphreys, Va. He went to Camp Gordon, Georgia in the July draft, and was later transferred to the officer's training school.

11-26-18

Lieut. Elmer W. Marten has been transferred to Camp Shelby, Miss., but he is rather figuring that he will shortly be mustered out of the service after which he will come home to take up his work where he left off in answer to the call of the country.

12-6-18

Elmer Marten, son of Mr. and Herman Marten, who has been in the service and stationed at Camp Gordon, Ga., arrived home Thursday morning, having been mustered out of the service. Elmer left here with the Buena Vista county boys on July 25, and has since been at Camp Gordon. He is feeling and looking fine.

R

12-19-18

Marten, Ralph

Ralph Marten, '18, from Fort Riley, writes: "About fifty of us were detailed for K. P. (kitchen police) yesterday. That is the second time for me and the darndest job I know. Go up to the mess hall at about 5:30 and manage to get off about 7:30. Wash pans, tables, floors, etc., About ten men could do the actual amount of work done, but the time must be spent so just stalking around is the usual occupation and keeping out of sight of the sergeant and when he appears to be doing something. I ran around all day with a broom in my hand and whenever I saw him coming I was sweeping water around. The floor is brick and sort of uneven so little patches of water appear. About ten or twelve of us hid for an hour under the steps and got away with it, too.

11-22-18

Ralph Marten, '18, is doing office work in the Headquarters office of the Recuperated Hospital in Denver, Colo. His address is Recuperated Hospital, U. S. A., General Hospital 21, Denver, Colo.

12-11-18

Ralph Marten, who is attached to the medical corps of the army at Denver, was home the latter part of last week on a short furlough. He came through to Fort Des Moines with a patient and was permitted to visit at home until Tuesday.

5-30-19

Marten, Roland

Sidney Slagle and Roland Marten two young men of the city who registered on June 5, have secured their releases from the local board and expect to enlist this week as enlistments close on Saturday for all young men who recently registered. Sidney hopes to get into the aviation section of the navy and Roland will try for a place in the band of the navy.

7-11-18

Roland Marten departed Tuesday evening for the Great Lakes training camp at Chicago, having received his call to service. Roland enlisted in the band branch of the service last week. He is one of Storm Lake's fine young men and all will wish him good luck.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Marten received a card from their son Roland Marten, on Tuesday, and he was in Cleveland, Ohio, enroute to New York. Roland enlisted in the band branch of the navy some time ago and has been stationed at the Great Lakes Training camp at Chicago.

R

10-3-18

Roland Marten, as a member of the Great Lakes naval band, has a fair chance to "see America first." He has been on a concert tour the past week and the trip included Minneapolis.

Roland Marten, son of T. A. Marten of this city arrived home Thursday morning from the Great Lakes training station at Chicago, having been released from the service. Roland enlisted in the band branch of the navy and left here on July 15 for the Great Lakes where he has since been stationed. His many friends here welcome him home again.

R

3-27-19

Mattison, J.

John Mattison has tried to get in to the officers training school but was rejected on account of his eyes. He is now corporal at Camp Gordon, Ga., in Co. L, 4th Replacement Regiment.

ENDS "DUAL LIFE"

To at once relieve the anxiety of any who fear (or hope) after reading this title, that they are about to read the details of some scandal or some tragedy, we hasten to assure our readers that it is neither. Rather, the writer, who with the departure of the large group of selected men, will discontinue the duties connected with two distinct occupations to take up a third, wishes in as few words as possible to give expression to a few of the thoughts that come to him in making this change. Many of these thoughts will in great measure be common to many if not all of the young men who go and have gone.

The work of a city carrier and a newspaper man are similar in many ways, though some might not think so. In both there is, or may be, the strongest elements of human interest and sympathy. Uninteresting as it may seem to some, the duties of one of Uncle Sam's letter carriers bring many joys and pleasures which far more than make up for any unpleasant features of the work. He is made a confidant by both old and young. His advice is asked on every subject from love affairs to how to separate Towser from his fleas, and from the best name for the baby to a suitable present for grandfather. He rejoices with the young lady who learns that "he" has a furlough and is coming for a visit, but he also must comfort the mother whose son thoughtlessly neglects to write with the assurance that "it may come to-morrow." And, like the daisy, he "never tells."

It used to seem at times, to the writer, that he had been given the finest bunch of people that could anywhere be found, as his portion of the local city delivery service. But as the time has past and changes have come, patrons have moved away and new patrons have moved in on the "beat" it has been more and more strongly impressed upon him that people are very much the same—human, kindly, sympathetic; appreciative and thoughtful far more frequently than fault finding and garrulous; and cheer-

fully optimistic to an extent that an owl-eyed professor of psychology might hate to admit.

Among the sweetest and pleasant memories which City Carrier No. 1 will take with him to Camp Gordon will be of the friends and acquaintances gained in his "official capacity"—the business men, the laboring men, the store clerks, the housewives, the school children, the sweet little toddling boys and girls who always want the "nail man" to give them "some nail for mama" and—well, if he must confess it, even the dogs that got the habit of running to meet him and trotting along for a few blocks. He will miss them, but with it all comes the thought, refreshing and strengthening, that it is for these homes represented, for the present safety of these wives, mothers and sisters, and the future safety of these dear little lisping miniature men and women, that our boys and those of other Christian nations are now going out to fight and to conquer. And in this light there seems to be little of sacrifice and much of privileges in the act of "going to war."

In the work of helping edit the Republican in the absence of the brother already in the service there has also been much of pleasure, and satisfaction—even if at times it seemed a rather strenuous "recreation."

In leaving for camp there is room for only one regret, common doubtless to many who have gone and who will go, that it is not within the power of him who goes to make the real sacrifice. In every case those who stay behind bear the burden to a greater or a less degree. In this case, at least until competent help can be secured, the extra weight of work and responsibility will fall upon the loyal newspaper staff and especially upon the grand little trump of a sister who is already entitled to an ocean of credit for the newsy interest of the Republican for the several months past.

Under the efficient management of Mr. Webb, the paper has been accorded fine support and there is much of comfort in the kindly assurances on every hand of continued and even increased support and patronage. One can only briefly express heartfelt thanks for the reassuring words which make it easier to "go in faith" that all will be well here, then with renewed courage determine to "put in his best licks" for a cause into which every red-blooded man should conscientiously throw his whole heart.

The Calhoun county bunch go willingly, cheerfully, eagerly—hating the Kiaser and his crew, to join in smashing the little hell that has sprung up in Europe under the black flag of Prussia.

Keep the coffee hot and some eggs handy—we'll all be back for supper sometime with an appetite. Get that! John T. Mattison

FLU AT CAMP GORDON

John T. Mattison's Regiment is Quarantined With the Recent Epidemic—He "Had Some"

8-3-18

Dear Home Folks: I really don't know where to start in because there is so little time I can be sure of to finish a long letter. I have not written a letter since I wrote you last, altho there are several I should have written. The abominable gas school has been to blame. I call it "abominable" only because it did make so much writing and then—after completing the course and being already to take the final examinations. Monday afternoon and attend the grand gas attack that night, we were suddenly put in quarantine and forbidden to go to any Camp Schools. So the final exam was pulled off without any of the men from this whole regiment, with the result, we are told, that we will have to go to the school again, and then through the whole thing again. Great business! Eh?

Before I go further, I'm going to tell you a good Jew story which really happened, and which you must tell Mr. Block. Just last Sunday one of the little Jew boys—his first name is Isadore—asked one of the old men here, "Say, if ven I gets over in France I gets shot and killt at nine o'clock in the morning, will dey send my folks my pay for the whole day?" I nearly "croaked" laughing at the joke, for altho I had heard such stories told on Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, that was the first real live one I ever heard gotten off.

But I notice I didn't say what we are quarantined for. Well it's for Spanish Influenza or "Spanish Flu" as it is "familiarily" called. One of the New Yorkers called it "Spanish Influence." This broke out the middle of last week, becoming so bad while our regiment was at the rifle range at

Norcross that it was deemed best to bring them back two days early. It was raining the day they marched back, and had rained continuously for twenty-four hours, so you should have seen the men when they reached the barracks. They were splashed with red and yellow Georgia mud all over, especially up to their knees. Some of them were just barely able to stand on their feet, altho their packs had been brought in for them in a truck.

Thursday night in a pouring rain the supply sergeant, and another sergeant and I carried a third sergeant to the infirmary on a stretcher. I had been putting cold towels on his head for about two hours, before we finally decided to take him over, as he did not want to go. He had the "Flu" which is something like the grippe only a little worse I guess. The symptoms are: a splitting headache, high fever, sore throat and a backache which goes clear thru to the front, also chills.

Friday morning I had 'em all, and could hardly "navigate", but I got busy and knocked it out entirely by Sunday and now I don't believe I'm going to have to go to the hospital. —Thus I'm loosing out on an experience!! But since a number in the camp have already died of the flu, I'd rather go over on some other "charge" if I must go some time.

This past Sunday was the worst I ever spent anywhere. I should explain that the weather for a week past, until today, has been decidedly cold. Rain always makes a big drop in temperature down here. It has warmed up now and is nice. But Sunday it was cool enuf so that most of the fellows stayed in doors. The windows were open, but there was a fire in the stove, and besides they wanted to play cards or shoot craps, which they do every spare minute. Well I had to work nearly all day copying gas notes and hence got the full benefit of their choice conversation. They talked almost incessantly, a perfect deluge of rankest profanity and vulgarities. We were not allowed to go to church, or out of our company area and by night I was sick and disgusted with the bunch. About 900 dollars changed hands in gambling games Sunday, that I know of.

Now we are having especially stiff drilling to get ready for a big review of the whole camp on Saturday in honor of the Liberty Loan drive just commencing. It will be the biggest thing we have

been in yet, as instead of going down the field in platoon front (about twenty five abreast) we will go down the field in company front or about 110 men abreast. There will be about 25,000 men on the field at once. Great!!

We learn today that the quarantine has been—lifted? —No, no—that it has been extended five days longer! During the quarantine we have to pass around every morning after breakfast and each evening after supper and get a carbolic acid disinfectant solution to gargle, so this means that the glug-spluttering scenes out behind the barracks will continue until a week from today.

Yesterday we signed the pay roll again and about next Tuesday we will be going in a long line to head quarters for our immense salaries. Oh boy!!

Today it is raining and altho this would not stop drill under ordinary conditions it will today because those in command are afraid to have the fellows get wet for fear of more "flu."

Right now we are having good eats again, but for about a week—one had to be especially partial to bread and lots of water to get full. You see the mess sergeant has to come out even on his money at the end of the month and if he overspends his daily allowances early in the month he has to "under-spend" it later to catch up, and we get the benefit. I tried to defend the meals as well as I could but I know for a few meals a lot of the men were not getting "full," partly because they are

We have them occasionally.

This camp is going to have a change of policy soon, we hear, and as soon as this bunch leaves, if I don't leave with them, I will be sure of three months more at this camp. That doesn't sound especially good to me, but I don't care much—we're in the army now

You ought to see us stand reveille these mornings. For about a week past it has been by bright moonlight—is it any wonder the fellows sing songs like this one, which one hears nearly every morning. I wish I could give you the tune, too:

Oh how I hate to get up in the morning,

Oh how I'd rather remain in bed.

But the hardest blow of all

Is to hear the bugle call

"You've gotta get up, you've gotta get up this morning.

These last two lines are to the

tune of the morning bugle call.

The next verse goes like this and is repeated with a slight change, to make a third:

Some day I'm going to murder the bugler—

Some day they're going to find him dead.

And then I'll get the other nut—
The guy that wakes the bugler up
And spend the rest of my life in bed

Some day I'm going to murder the bugler—

Some day they're going to find him dead

I'll amputate his reveille

And tramp upon him heavily
And spend the rest of my life in bed

And spend the rest of my life in bed

There is a song for almost every occasion—some of them however, I don't care to learn, let alone repeat. These New Yorkers have a

parody on about every decent song, but they know lots of the popular music and there are some good singers in the bunch.

Two of our best sergeants are to made lieutenants soon and there are apt to be other changes. I like to see changes, no matter what they are but we will miss these two fellows greatly. Yesterday the order came out for everyone except the non-coms to take off their hat cords and not wear them any more and today the men were all issued strips of cloth about three inches long with their names on them, which they must sew on their shirt pocket and wear in plain sight all the time. You see this makes it possible for an officer to take the man's name for something he does without the fellow knowing it. Hence they will have to "walk chalk" or find themselves marked for extra duties.

This is an awfully rambling letter. I just jotted down things as they occurred to me. Remember to all my friends and tell them "the water's fine. Enough for this time. Blessed be a rainy day

More later— JOHN

A QUIET(?) SUNDAY ON THE RIFLE RANGE

SEND AWAY SOUTHERNERS

Some Observations in Regard to Tennessee and Georgia Men— Next Group New Yorkers

Those of our readers who have been following the experiences of John T. Mattison at Camp Gordon, very closely will remember that while we reported the departure of some Tennessee and Georgia troops that he had helped to train, and the expected arrival of new increments from New York, in our mention of him last week, we have not published a letter from him since the issue of September 5th. We now have a letter, however, that gives some of the details in regard to the training of the Tennessee and Georgia men, and regarding the Sunday spent at the rifle range which was also touched upon in the brief item of last week. His letters have brought forth so much favorable comment that we know this letter and the other given below will be read by almost everyone:

Started September 2, 1918

Dear Home Folks: The new men came Monday, Well the next morning. They were lined up, divided off into groups of seven, and one of the corporals or acting corporals put with each squad and then drill commenced. It was not difficult to see, in a short time, why men from the old bunch, the Iowa bunch shipped the previous Sunday—were kept to help train the new ones. I never have seen any people like these southerners. "I never did do that" is one of their expressions. Of course there is "caint"—which they use very frequently, "you-alls" and "this ev'nin'" (evening) which means any time after dinner and especially during the afternoon, for they say "to-night" if they mean after supper. Another characteristic remark is to speak of what you would call a "date" as a "point". They speak of having had a "point" with their "honey," just as soberly as an Iowa boy would mention a "date" with this or that "Jane."

There are absolutely no fat ones in the bunch. Any one who seems the least bit stout—even full-faced, can be spotted as an Iowan. The Tennessee and Georgia boys are all tall and thin—"bony"—would be a better word, even "lantern jawed". So many of them seem loose jointed like those wire jointed dolls. There is not the least bit of color in their cheeks—most of them have a color which is about half way between the color of chalk and pale cheese.

Another of their expressions that seems funny to me is their use of the word "trash". They speak of things as "trash" which we would call "dust" or "dirt." For instance, the first time I heard them use it was when one of my squad told me that he wanted me to get him a ramrod to clean the trash out of his gun. I was alarmed and asked him how he got trash in it. He said it just "got" there and went for his gun (or his "piece", as we are supposed to call them.) I was quite relieved when instead of a rag or something of the kind as I expected, it was only a little dust in the barrel. Later one of the fellows told another that he had some trash on his forehead—(it was a little piece of soot), and still later I heard one speak of dust on his shirt sleeve as trash.

They do not like tomatoes in any form except green fried. Neither do they like tea. There are lots fewer of them who use tobacco than of the northern bunch, and this is still more noticeable because of those who do use tobacco probably less than half smoke—more of them chew. The ones who do smoke use far more cigars and pipes than cigarettes, too. Another thing to their credit is that they are not nearly so strong on the cussing. Lots of them cuss under provocation, but there are almost never any such streams of cuss words just for amusement as there were among the northerners. But slow and helpless they certainly are—although quite a number of them are so painfully willing that it is hard to lose patience with them.

Now don't understand that there are no exceptions. In my squad I have a young Tennessean, who, with a college education or even a high school course absolutely could not be kept down I know. He is very quiet and friendly, and interested when spoken to but not inclined to open conversation. He is so quick to learn things and in

a number of ways showed such keenness that I thought first he was an Iowan (I have two other Iowans in my squad and am considered lucky—one of them is in quarantine for measles now). I asked him and he said he was from Tennessee. Then I thought he must have had a High School Course—but no, merely a seventh grade. But he certainly is a bright, clean fellow and I wish he were going to stay here and get a chance to advance. But I'm using too much time on this—next!

Tuesday morning we went out to the drill grounds, drilled about two hours or three, and then sud-

denly got caught in an awful shower!! Of course we were all soaked, but that was the least of our troubles—our rifles were wet through and when we finally got to the barracks the corporals were given the job of overseeing every member of their squad take his piece apart to carefully dry and grease the parts and put them back together. It was fierce enough with my bunch but some of the non-coms had a much worse time. The job was finished before dinner, however. That afternoon and Wednesday were occupied with drill and rifle instruction—teaching the parts and care of the rifle. Wednesday night I learned that the men we were working with were to be shipped within a week instead of staying a couple weeks longer as we had expected. Thursday they gave us rifle sighting all day and another hike of a couple miles (there was one Wednesday) and Friday morning we taught our squads how to roll their blankets and clothing, toilet articles, etc., (the southerners don't have many of the last named, and many of them can't even shave unless they can "horror" a razor) into a pack. Thursday night non-com school was an explanation of the plan of a rifle range and what our duties would be there, as the plan was to take the men out to the rifle range over Sunday.

Dinner Friday was at 11:00 and at 12:30 we were all lined up in front, as were the other companies of the regiment and about 12:40 we all moved out.

The rifle range is at Narcross, Georgia, about eight miles from here, east and north. It was fun to see the whole regiment in a long column, four abreast, stretching as far ahead as one could see and as far back as one could see (hills you know.) Quite a number "fell out"—either from laziness

ness or exhaustion. It was noticeable that the ones who collapsed did so where there was nice cool shade or some pretty girls.

We finally arrived at the rifle range. There was a regiment there just making a fierce racket, but we were mainly concerned with getting settled first. We were assigned to tents, one squad to a tent. There were eight canvass cots in each tent and the tents lined up along the two sides of the street, one street to a company. There was a cook shack at the end of each street. We got our packs opened and bunks made up and led up to the range. The thrills commenced right away for me, for the noise was simply immense. "Splendiferous!"

We were simply divided off in sections, each man given the number of his section and the number of the target to which he would always come to shoot and then we went back and had supper, lining up in a long line and passing by the cook shack to get the chow in our mess kits. They fed us splendidly all the time we were there—the style was not much but good food and plenty of it. We had to be in bed and our candles extinguished by 8:30 and up next morning by 5:00. Saturday morning the fun commenced.

Saturday we shot until nearly noon, and again after dinner until a shower came up and drove us to camp.

Sunday was the big day. Up at 5:00 a. m. and out on the range by 6:00, it was still so foggy that we could not see the targets. Everything was gotten ready though and when the fog finally lifted, our Sunday worship began. The bugler on a hill nearby played the voluntaries, (prelude, interludes, and postlude) which told us when to commence firing, cease firing, etc., and our commander announced the text for the service at each range, as for instance "Slow fire", or "Rapid Fire", "Bayonets fixed" etc. As I said, the non comes, who were instructors merely kept the ammunition and were responsible for the men doing things right, keeping everything safe, etc., but occasionally when our men finished ahead of the other ranges we got a chance to join in the congregational singing—"bing! bang! pop! crash! bing!" Oh it was great! At hitting "bulls" I did far better than I had ever expected. On the rapid fire at 200 yds. I made my best record, getting 8 of my 10 shots (which must be fired within 60 seconds—the whole 10, including the time to load the second five) within the bulls eye.

The whole experience out there is completely beyond description. These men were absolutely new to it all, and I was really afraid there would be an accident of some kind until I had seen the care that was taken with things, and the system in everything. Our company was as orderly as, if not more orderly than, any other company out of the whole regiment, due I believe, not to any more drill but to the confidence our whole bunch have in the officers. We surely do have a prince of a commanding officer and the same brand of lieutenants.

Well there must be an end to all things and so at four o'clock Sunday afternoon, after keeping things on a lively jump all day, we found ourselves lined up four abreast, with our heavy packs, plugging for "home." We only stopped twice, for about 10 or 15 minutes each time. Once when we stopped, some of the privates stepped into a garden near the road and picked some apples. Lieut. Crim promptly made the waltz up to the house and put them on the porch at the feet of the people who were sitting there. All the rest of the company of course, gave them the merry Ha! ha!

There was a nice supper waiting for us when we go home at 7:00 and then everyone rolled into bed quite promptly.

Next day was Labor Day (the day I started this letter) and we observed Sunday hours, i. e. not getting up until 6:30 a. m. We did nothing much all day.

Yesterday morning (Tuesday) we went out to the drill field, and started drilling by squads. When it began to look like rain, Lieut. Crim told me to take my squad back to the barracks and get all the ponchoes (rain capes) and bring them back. Well, we did it, but it was an awful job—we all had 'most a ton to carry. The men put on the capes as soon as we got there and we stood about 30 minutes in the rain before it quit and drill could go on.

Monday afternoon (Labor Day) about half of the company had passes to Atlanta and neighboring towns (some of the Georgians live within 30 miles) and they were to be back by 5:00 a. m. Tuesday. All got back but two brothers who did not turn up until late in the day—they are now in the guard house facing not less than ten years in prison at hard labor. They had been threatening to go without leave if they could not get a pass, and they will probably pay dearly for their extra hours.

Last night, about five of the non coms, of which I was unfortunately one, had the job of checking in all the cotton clothes of the men who are soon to go overseas. My job was easy—merely to make each one sign his name on a long sheet. At least I thought it was easy until I found out how rankly ignorant some of them were. Out of the bunch about one out of every ten could not read nor write. In this case it was necessary to have them hold the pen and then move their hand along to form the letters. Too bad, for the ones who are bright, are quite keen. Another thing I have failed to mention in regard to this bunch, will be a thing you will probably think strange. It is a marvel to us. That is, the size of their feet. Large? No indeed! They turned in all their tan dress shoes, and as there were some nice ones among them, a lot of our Iowa boys wanted to trade for them, but behold! They were nearly all too small. In looking over the pile for a pair of 8's, I found that there were very few that large, comparatively. But there were lots of 7's, 6's, 5½'s and even one pair of 5's. The Iowa boys when they came had to have 7's, 8's 9's and even 10's. I had always heard about the southerners' big feet—but it must be only the negros.

It's almost dinner time and I'll have to quit. We eat at the non com table now and altho the ordinary eats are fine, we get even better there. One or two little extras you know. It certainly is fine.

Chow call—

JOHN

Camp Gordon, Georgia

Guardhouse, Saturday, 7th

Well, Folks: I'm having another experience. Our company is down to the limit for size now so that to get enuf men for guard, three corporals had to be sent (out of a total of seven men) and I happened to be one of the three. All day yesterday we rather took things easy—the second half of our bunch of Tennessee and Georgia boys left during the morning. All of the non coms, acting "nons" and all the "old" men who were left were put to work on details, building rock walls, oiling floors, white washing etc. My detail was whitewashing. By working fast we made the whitewash run out pretty soon, and then got orders to police up around the buildings. We did this until 10:30 and had nothing much to do the rest of the day.

Lieut. Roy Morton had left word for me to call him so I did before dinner and got an invitation to dinner or lunch (whichever was the more convenient for me) on Sunday. I have spoken for a pass and will probably get it, so unless something happens I will get to go to a real church service, in addition to seeing Atlanta and the Mortons.

We now have about five new lieutenants, every company around us has a bunch, and they are all just fresh out of training school. Some of them are still pretty green. We were expecting our new men all day yesterday but they did not come. All afternoon a number of us had to stay around headquarters to be ready for orders in case they did come. At 6:00 the seven of us chosen for guard duty reported to Co. E where we stood retreat. There are 6 guard posts and the three reliefs call for 18 men. There had to be four corporals of the guard taken out of the twenty-eight men (seven from each of four companies) or six more than necessary for the posts. So the warranted corporals were told to step two paces to the rear. There were just six so we were made the supernumeraries. We just sit in the guard house to guard prisoners, run errands for the officers, act as orderly when wanted, take prisoners out on the road to guard them with a loaded rifle while they act as street cleaners, etc. Also we may be temporarily called on to walk guard to relieve some other man for a short time. Chas. Torrance (Corporal) is also a "super" and has been detailed to act as orderly for Colonel Dillingham for the day.

This morning about fifteen men from our company go to non-com school. Torrance, Perryman, Eckrick and Mattison will be needed to train new men. We may be sent to the school after the bunch going today get back. Irwin Thomas is among the bunch who go today and as he is a corporal he is apt to get a sergeant's warrant when the thirty days of school are up.

It is getting decidedly cool at night down here. Last night I

slept outdoors under the guardhouse and was some chilly by morning. It is blowing a fine mist from the east this morning. I can't taste salt, but I suppose it's from the ocean which is only about two hundred fifty miles away.

Our new men are to be Brooklyn and New York men, said to be composed largely of Jews, Greeks, Italians and "tough nuts." But we will see. About ten companies of men from this part of the camp went by on their way to the train last night, while about as many new men came past to take their places. And since this is only one small section of the camp, you can see that men are being whipped through for France at a lively rate.

There will probably be lots to tell after Sunday if I go to Atlanta. So far, today has been a snap. I was hoping to have a chance to walk post for once, but may have a chance yet. I don't want to miss any of the experiences—even the disagreeable ones. There's nothing like "going thru the mill." This is all for this time.

John T. Mattison,
Co. L 4th Replacement Reg.
Camp Gordon, Georgia

John Mattison, a former student at Buena Vista college, who has been stationed at Camp Gordon, Ga., for some time, arrived at his home in Rockwell City, the latter part of the week, having been mustered out of the service.

A Buena Vista college graduate is soon to give up the management of a very successful business to join the national army. Ray H. Mattison, of the class of 1910, who for five years has been in control of the destinies of the Rockwell City Republican, is drafted. He has no grounds for exemption and is not seeking in any way to avoid his responsibilities. The going involves a big sacrifice to him and he has not felt that he could volunteer for service, but when selected by the method which determines the responsibility of every young man he has gone about arranging his business so that he could be at liberty when the call comes. The Republican of last week announced that Hubert M. Webb, who has been in the office for several years and is thoroughly familiar with the Rockwell City field, would take charge of the business. Concerning his attitude toward war duties, Mr. Mattison says: "He is not among those who regard participation in the war as a romantic thing, but having favored the declaration of war against Germany in the belief that it was absolutely necessary to the safety of this country and of free institutions in the world, he expects to make whatever sacrifices he is

Ray H. Mattison, editor of the Rockwell City Republican and graduate of Buena Vista college, is among the seventy young men of Calhoun county who will respond to the summons of the new national army, and at the next call go to Camp Dodge.

Private Ray H. Mattison arrived home from Camp Dodge Wednesday evening on a ten days' furlough granted him by the colonel of his regiment, the 313th Engrs. He was released from the base hospital at Camp Dodge last Sunday after a mild case of pneumonia. He will rest and recuperate while here in order to be in first class shape for duty when he returns to camp.

EDITOR DRAWING MAPS

Pvt. Ray H. Mattison is now at work in the topographical department of the Engineering work at Camp Dodge. This line presents interesting possibilities and Mr. Mattison is eager to become proficient in the drawing of maps. Since his return to camp more than a week ago he has been compelled to use nearly all of his strength every day but believes he is gaining in health.

SOLDIER EDITOR VISITS HOME

Ray H. Mattison "escaped" from Camp Dodge Saturday evening on a twenty-four hour pass, and by coming via Tara managed to spend a delightful day at home. He reported that last week his regiment had gone on a hike to a point a number of miles from camp, and had carried on a small campaign of their own just like the real war article, the trip proving a valuable lesson to nearly all of the boys in many ways. The general belief is that the days at Camp Dodge are "numbered" and that they will spend part of their "summer vacation" on salt water. However "y'u never can tell in the army."

Rockwell City Republican: A happy conclusion of a courtship commenced in college days at Storm Lake, came last Sunday afternoon, when Miss Carrie June Perkins, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Perkins of Churdan, and Private Ray H. Mattison of Co. E. 313th Engineers, and the editor of the Calhoun County Republican, joined hearts and lives in the presence of about fifty relatives and friends at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. A. J. Gregg of the Presbyterian church officiating.

SOLDIER-EDITOR OF REPUBLICAN WEDS

BRIDE IS A CHURDAN GIRL

Ray H. Mattison, of Camp Dodge,
Marries Miss Carrie J. Perkins,
a College Classmate, Sunday

A happy conclusion of a courtship commenced in college days at Storm Lake, came last Sunday afternoon, when Miss Carrie June Perkins, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Perkins, of Churdan Iowa, and Private Ray H. Mattison of Co. E. 313th Engineers, and the editor of the Calhoun County Republican, joined hearts and lives in the presence of about fifty relatives and friends at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. A. J. Gregg of the Presbyterian church officiating.

A previous date had been set for the wedding, but the stern, unyielding decrees of military discipline made it impossible to adhere to these earlier arrangements. When Sunday finally became the day named for the event a few other changes were made, and every effort put forth to have the Sabbath lend much to the sacredness of the occasion.

After the guests had arrived the first hint of the approach of the hour was given when Miss Lucile Cross, of Perry, cousin of the bride, and her friend Miss Helen Petticord of Brookings S. D. commenced humming "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms", then at 2:30 to the strains of the Lohengrin Wedding March played on the piano by Miss Helen Mattison, sister of the groom, the bridal party entered, the groom attended by his brother, John T. Mattison, as best man, and the bride by her sister, Miss Mary Blythe Perkins. As the bride entered, a very dear little couple, young Miss Vivian Barr, and Master Cecil Perkins, the youngest brother of the bride, met her scattering bright blossoms in her pathway. Just preceeding the ceremony "Home, Sweet Home" was sung as a solo by Miss Petticord. The ceremony itself was unique and impressive, and immediately following it Miss Mil-

dred Mattison, sang "The Song of a Heart" by Louise Tunison. Then when three young ladies had sung a benedicto, using an arrangement of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," congratulations were offered and a pleasant social hour followed. Dainty refreshments were served.

Both before the hour for the ceremony and again during the happy social time which followed, the guests were delighted by vocal and instrumental numbers by the Misses Cross and Petticord, both young ladies being very sweet singers and Miss Cross being an especially talented artist on the piano.

The bride was very charmingly gowned in crepe de chine and wore a bridal veil. A military touch was given to the affair by the large American flag suggestively present in a standard near the altar, and numerous tiny silk flags in the bride's shower bouquet. The groom was dressed in his uniform of olive drab serge. The rooms were very tastefully decorated with flowers in general carrying out the color scheme of pink and white.

The bride has been raised in Churdan and since her graduation from Buena Vista College has been a very successful high school teacher in the schools of this and other states, in addition to spending one year as Professor of Latin in her alma mater. She is a young woman of exceptionally keen intellect and of wide capabilities. At all times of a cheery, wholesomely optimistic turn of mind, quiet and modest yet friendly and helpful. she is a young lady of such sterling Christian character and characteristics that she wins the good will and respect of everyone who comes to know her, so that it is hardly surprising that the fortunate young man whose wife she has now become should have lost his heart to her in the early days of friendly acquaintance in the halls and on the Campus of Buena Vista College. Mrs. Mattison has both the will and the ability to be a splendid home-maker for the

young man of her choice and will loyally do her part in that direction whenever the end of the present great war makes such a home possible.

In approaching the subject of the groom, the writer feels that he is approaching especially familiar territory, as well as having an opportunity to get even with that individual for having thrust upon him the duty of undertaking to do justice to this occasion and to the

bride of the day. Naturally, in view of the fact that he is our brother those of the public who care to do so may feel at liberty to make all due allowances for our statements in regard to him. A young man of truly exceptional cleanliness of life and habits, Ray is known in this community where he has spent his life, as a Christian and a gentleman. We will not say that he has no faults, but we will say that any that he has are not of the heart. An earnest and enthusiastic worker at everything he undertakes, yet he has never shown a disposition to make progress by over-riding the rights and interests of others at the sacrifice of his self respect. Kindly, sympathetic and generous to a fault, he has always been to us a brother whom we could trust and count on in any emergency, ready with sound advice and counsel when asked for them but without the characteristics of some "big brothers" of forcing them upon one when they were not wanted. A lover of peace at all times, but not of "Peace at any price" he is

thoroughly in sympathy with the aims and purposes of our government and our allies in the great conflict in which he is now engaged as an integral part. One thing that we are perfectly safe in saying is that whether drawn to him by these qualities or by others we have not mentioned, Ray has many friends and well wishers everywhere he is known and among all classes, who join most heartily in wishing him many years of happy wedded life and a speedy return to the more complete enjoyment of the same in his new home, and his new role.

The only guests from here aside from the groom's family, were Mrs. C. H. L. Souder and son Geo. S. Souder, both of Garfield township. The other guests were relatives and special friends of the bride.

The young couple were taken to meet the interurban at Rinard Sunday evening, going to Des Moines. The groom is expecting to leave for the east and possibly for France, with the 88th Division in the near future, and the bride will return this fall to her work as instructor in the schools of McCammon, Idaho.

7-11-18

EDITOR WRITES ENROUTE

We believe it is not supposed to be any secret that the 88th Division is on Long Island, ready for embarkation to France, hence we feel free to publish the following notes jotted down by editor R. H. Mattison on his trip east:

Enroute, east of Chicago

We left Camp Dodge 11 a. m. Tuesday. Paraded at Oelwein that evening, were given ice cream cones by the Red Cross. It is a nice paved town with many fine residences.

The boys are reveling in this trip—Standard Pullman sleepers, make it comfortable. There are forty-four men to a car. We have to police the cars and guard the exits.

People all along are crazy over us. A veritable ovation at Dubuque at 10:30 p. m. Parents lifted their children up to touch our hands, etc. At Chicago Red Cross girls gave us cigarettes and chocolate bars. All thru Iowa people seemed to know we were coming and even in the country, waved flags and hands as we passed. It is a great experience.

We are to drill about two hours a day, may do so at Detroit this evening. I go on guard at 2:00 P.

* * * Had a fast ride thru Michigan. That state is dry and parched just now. Just tore thru Battle Creek and Ann Arbor. I saw the Toasted Corn Flakes factory as we tore. Kalamazoo Red Cross gave the boys cigarettes and postcards. At Detroit we drilled and were given good lunch by Red Cross. Returning to the train we plunged under the Detroit river and during the night crossed Ontario and returned to the United States by crossing the Niagara River at Niagara Falls. I heard the roar of the falls, saw the semi-circles of lights around Canadian and American Falls and from the car steps gazed down into the vast gorge over which we passed at a great height. It was a wierd experience staying awake nearly all night (on guard) thru the province of Ontario and then crossing this deep gorge in the semi-darkness. Had there been moonlight, could have seen the gleam of the falls themselves. Some of the boys were wakened to see the gorge and others were disappointed not to have been. It was a fascinating night's experience, long to be remembered. We woke in Rochester, were taken to the Red Cross shower baths before breakfast, and also given cigarettes, candy and gum.

Before going to bed I had enjoyed crossing the Erie Canal over high bridge at Lockport and all this fornoon we criss-crossed with it. It is 20 to 40 ft. wide. Did not see any locks. The canal is a most interesting monument to our country's development in transportation. At Syracuse the boys were given sandwiches, ice cream, cigarettes and gum, at Utica, peaches—all from the Red Cross. Syracuse is a town of 160,000, Utica of 90,000, and makes Lewis machine guns and Enfield rifles.

* * * We hit the Hudson right at the Catskills and saw the "whole works"! We are now on Long Island. It is all tents and sand, and we will probably be pleased to leave. Aeroplanes by the score fly overhead. New York is an interesting place and we have had a great trip. Saw the sky-scraper district from the train. Am feeling fine and being well looked after. Lovingly, R. H. M.

9-15-18

RAY MATTISON TELLS OF BUSY LIFE OF ENGINEERS "OVER THERE" SINCE ARMISTICE

Dear Home Folks: We have moved so much recently that I have not had a chance to write. We have hiked with heavy packs a good many miles, besides over 100 miles on the train so we are in a very different place now—also of course, since the glad event of November 11—we are under very different circumstances. If the armistice had not been signed that morning we would have been rushed up to the front and put under the real test of taking part in a big "over the top" drive—we might have been used as infantrymen, a sit was intended to make a big push if the Huns did not yield. We were not far from Toul at that time. The 11th was a joyous day here though the day was not very bright—a little sunshine about the middle of the afternoon. The church bells rang and everyone wore a smile. We had been anticipating a stern time if it had turned out otherwise.

Manpower and food were what Germany seems to have run short of—she had abundance of military supplies, etc.

We are now a part of the army of occupation—we are located in a village vacated just a week ago by the Germans. We are very comfortably billeted too, as they seem to

have been. We helped this week, in a lightning-like reconstruction of one of the main lines of railway connecting France and Germany. The rails were kept up behind the men with the shovels.

I was a member of a group of 30 men from our company who were sent Saturday night 50 miles to a rail head to load 12x12, 18 ft. "caps" for a big railroad bridge supposed to have been blown up by the Germans, but later found to be all right, though partially mined. Our company removed the explosives and has also "policed up" all sorts of mines, traps, etc., the location of which was revealed by the Germans. All units of engineers have been "put right through" since the war was concluded by the armistice, as of course there was lots of work to do on railroads and highways, removing debris from streets of cities, removing mines, etc. Life has been most strenuous I assure you.

In the course of our expedition on the railroad head where we worked all night and loaded 20 big trucks with the 900 pound bridge caps—we passed through a section which 10 days ago was under the heaviest shell fire—a region in which the villages are all ractically demolished and where the ground for miles is full of great shell holes and thick with barbed wire. This region is one vast lonely scene of desolation, and certainly shows what heavy shell fire does. Of course there is no civilian population through this region, so recently the scene of terrific fighting. In some towns now the people are returning to their homes. Some find their homes—many find them only piles of stone.

A wonderful sight it has been, this week, to see the prisoners streaming homeward along the roads leading into France—Germany having released them near the border and many having to walk in order to get back to France. The prisoners we have seen are from all the allies except the United States. We heard that the Americans were to be released today. Yesterday I was with a group of men, "hiking" on a man highway along which the prisoners were returning.

We were also privileged to see the gaily be-flagged train on which the president of France made the first trip over the big main line which I have said we helped to reconstruct.

All the allied flags were on the engine—the American up ahead of the smoke stack. We're not a thousand miles from Metz, and I think President Poincaire may have been on his way to that place.

Thousands of American troops are pouring into Lorraine and other territory as the Germans get out. Of course, all sorts of junk is left behind in the villages—loads of ammunition—all sorts of personal equipment, helmets, belts, iron crosses, swords, uniform, rifles, machine gun bandoliers full of shells—all sorts of signal rockets, etc.

Our men are crazy after "souvenirs" now, but I think they will get over it when they have to add a few pounds to a pack load already from 60 to 90 pounds to carry on their back. I have seen several of the elaborate Prussian Guard helmets, also one of the famous "Gott Mitt Uns" belts worn by the German private soldier. One of our men found a real Iron Cross today and it is a real souvenir.

We are likely to move further into former German territory soon, though we never can tell. We might be home by February—we may be here till spring. We rather dread the winter here but if we are reasonably well taken care of I presume we will survive it.

I talked yesterday with two Britishers, one from Canada, returning from German prison camps—who said they were more or less starved, kicked and beaten. I saw many faces which were pale and haggard—and none of the returning soldiers seemed to have much strength for such a hike on foot. Big trucks went over and got lots of them, but couldn't get all, of course.

The French people especially are grateful for the great part America played in smashing Germany this summer. On the truck Sunday I talked with a regular army volunteer who was in the Chateau Thiery and Belleau Woods fighting—and it was very evident to me that our boys were at times under a hell of artillery fire. This soldier said the allies had been pretty well "buffaloed"—but that things took a turn after

the Americans threw consternation into the Huns at Chateau Thiery.

If it had not been for the American marines, the Germans might have reached Paris, probably would have. The marines killed 18,000 Huns in a day's fighting, and the American artillery concentration was the greatest the Germans had ever experienced. Too much honor can not be shown the memory of the American boys who have given their lives for the world's freedom.

I still have quite a cold on my lungs but my general health is good. Most of the boys have colds. They are hard to get rid of. I think they will billet us better from now on which will help some, but the hikes, the moving, the exposure and the exhaustion sometimes tax the powers of the body to throw off the colds. "It's a great life if you can stand the gaff" — to vary the army expression a little.

I will hope to see you all next spring or summer at least. The United States must do this job up completely and thoroughly while we are at it. It will be an everlasting credit to America to have played the part she has in the great struggle now over, as we believe. The whole world is at the threshold of a new era of brotherhood and co-operation. Let us hope that in the future wars shall be made impossible.

Will close for tonight. Write as often as you can—we need the letters you folks write.

With loving regards, Ray H. Matison, Co. E, 313th Engineers, A. P. O. 795.

Mernin, E.

Eddie Mernin, who is in the service and stationed at Camp Gordon, Ga., arrived Tuesday afternoon to spend a ten days furlough with his wife, and his mother, Mrs. Ed. Mernin at Sulphur Springs and with many other relatives and friends. Eddie went with the boys from Buena Vista county in the draft on July 25. He has recently been promoted to work in the postoffice at Camp Gordon and expects to be there for some time. He is feeling fine and has gained twelve pounds since entering the service. His many friends here were very glad to see him again.

11-7-18

Myers, W.

Wayne Meyers, Louis Foster and Robert Beatty, three Storm Lake young men will leave Sunday evening for Chicago where they will enlist in the navy. All three have spent the greater part of their life in Storm Lake and received their education in the local schools, and have held positions here for several years. Wayne Meyers has been employed in the Citizens National bank, Louis Foster in the Commercial National Bank and Robert Beatty has been employed as clerk in the Jackson clothing store for some time, and have hosts of friends in this city. 11-29-17

Lael DeLand, Wayne Meyers, Robert Beatty and Louis Foster left on Sunday evening for Chicago, where they will enlist in the navy. Several other Storm Lake young men expect to leave in a short time to enlist. Among them are Francis Stringer and Charles Nattress. 12-6-17

Myers-Holmes.

The many friends of Miss Ada Holmes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Holmes, and of Wayne A. Myers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Myers, received a pleasant surprise in the announcement made by them Saturday evening that they had been married at 6:30 o'clock by the Rev. Ambler, pastor of the Presbyterian church. While news of the consummation of the wedding came as a surprise it was not unexpected by their friends. The new Mrs. Myers was born in Buena Vista county, is a graduate of the Alta high school of the class of 1910 and of Buena Vista college in the class of 1917 when she received the degree of Bachelor of Science. She has always been very popular and much loved by every one who knew her. Wayne Myers is one of Storm Lake's well respected young business men. He is now enlisted in the naval reserve and is awaiting his call. The Register joins their friends in extending congratulations. 1-10-18

Mrs. Wayne Myers, a war bride, was the honoree at a surprise shower on Tuesday evening when the members of the F. H. F. club gathered at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Holmes. A jolly evening was spent and Mrs. Myers was presented with a cut glass dish. 2-8-18

Moore, E.

Wayne Meyers, who recently enlisted in the navy and is stationed at the Municipal Pier at Chicago, is expected on Friday morning for a few days visit with his wife, and with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Meyers.

R 2-21-18

"You belong in a cage," was the way officers at the Municipal Pier training camp, took to tell Wayne Myers where he could be of most service to Uncle Sam. Wayne's training in the Citizens National bank makes him very useful in clerical lines for the government. He was the only Storm Lake boy at Municipal Pier who was not transferred to Cleveland. The boys who were transferred were Lael DeLand, Francis Stringer, Louis Foster and Robert Beatty. The boys fully expect to take a lake trip and they were ordered to purchase warm clothing.

5-3-18

Wayne Myers, at Municipal Pier, in a letter to the Pilot-Tribune, says that he is fifteen pounds heavier than when he entered the navy and feels fifty per cent better. He says that he had just met Louis Foster who was just returned from a lake trip. Walking down State and LaSalle street he accidentally met Earl Recknor, who was en route to Ayre, Mass., from a furlough spent at his home in Creston, also Leo Lewis who is at the Great Lakes naval station. Wayne sends his regards to his friends at home.

6-21-18

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Meyers arrived the latter part of the week from Chicago, where Mr. Meyers has been at the Great Lakes training station, he having been mustered out of the service. Mr. Meyers will again take up his work at the Citizens National bank, where he was employed for some time. Wayne enlisted in the navy some time ago and has since been at the Great Lakes. His many friends here are glad to see him back.

1-3-19

CO. M TRANSFERRED

Second Iowa Regiment Split up in Reorganization Plans of the Army.

Reorganization of the entire military forces on the new war basis has affected Company M, Cherokee, and Company L, Sioux City, and the two companies have been transferred from the Second Iowa regiment to the Sixty-eighth brigade formed from Minnesota troops and will become a part of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh machine gun battalion. The two companies which have been merged will become Company C of the new organization.

While the entire Second Iowa, now the Sixty-seventh U. S. infantry brigade, will be transferred from the infantry to the machine gun service, Companies L and M are the only two companies which are to be separated to another regiment.

The late shift will be very much regretted by all Iowa people, and particularly the home folks who had hoped that the regiments would remain intact and pass through the service as Iowa troops.

The Storm Lake members of Company M in camp at Deming, New Mexico, who were included in the shift are Robert M. E. Smoot, William Preston, David White, Ira Wedge, Jacob White, Warren Scofield, Emile Witt, Earl Moore, Everett Breig, Harry Gordon and W. J. Clifton.

10-12-17

Private Earl Moore, of the Machine Gun company of the 127th Infantry, and son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moore of this city, has been confined to the hospital at Camp Cody for two weeks. Relatives were greatly relieved when late mail from him brought the word that he was greatly improved.

R 12-13-17

Home From Camp Cody.

Earl Moore arrived home Tuesday evening from Camp Cody, Deming, New Mexico, where he has been at camp for some time, and will spend a month at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Moore and with his many friends. Earl had been seriously ill with pneumonia, and was in the hospital for seven weeks, and though he is getting along very nicely, he is still very weak and was given a furlough that he might regain his strength. His many friends are glad to see him about.

R 3-7-18

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Moore entertained at a military party on Wednesday evening in honor of their son Private Earl Moore of Camp Cody, New Mexico. Twenty-five young people responded to the invitation issued and spent a delightful evening at the Moore home which was decorated with red, white and blue. Games and music were furnished and dainty refreshments served. Miss Edna Moore of Sac City was present. Earl's furlough terminates next week and he expects to leave on Wednesday.

3-22-18

W. E. Moore received word this week that his son Earl had been transferred from Camp Cody, New Mexico, to Camp Merritt, New Jersey, which is the point of embarkation for France.

6-27-18

Word has been received that Earl Moore is ill in a hospital in England, having been confined to a hospital cot ever since his arrival there. Word from him this week is to the effect that he is now out of danger.

8-23-18

A Red Cross nurse who is caring for Earl Moore "somewhere in France" has written Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Moore that Earl is improving from a fever which he contracted on the way across. Eighteen of his company are down with the malady and as soon as they are able to stand a voyage across the channel they will be taken to England to remain four months to completely recuperate.

10-18

From Earl Moore

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Moore received a letter from their son Earl the latter part of last week written in France on the day the armistice was signed. Earl was in a hospital in France for two months suffering from typhoid fever and influenza after which he went to England where he was attached to a hospital for a short time, going to France the middle of October, from where he wrote the following letter:

"Dear Folks at Home: Will try to write a few lines. I'll bet you people over there are having a big time over the great war news. It sure sounds good to me and everybody over here. I'm fine and dandy and can eat like a pig. Never do get enough. I lost my pal the other day. I will surely miss him as he was a fine fellow. How are you all getting along? I got twenty francs paid me the other day so feel rich. Don't know where I will sleep tonight so will cut this short. Have had no mail yet but hope to soon as a fellow sure does like to find out how things are at home."

12-6-18

Newton, B.

Dr. Burt Newton, who has been practicing dentistry at Holstein, spent a few days last week with home folks, before leaving to join Uncle Sam's forces.

11-18-18

Olson, T.

Ralph Dagger, Thaddens Olsen and Floyd Jensen have given up college work to enlist in the field hospital corps. They will leave Friday for Camp Logan.

12-30-17

T. C. Olson is with a hospital unit at Camp Funston which is about ready to go to France. He has shipped his effects home and writes that he will soon be on the way. The report that Ross Ankerson had reached France was erroneous. He has written that he would soon be there, but has not yet reached the front or overseas so far as his mother has learned. Berger Klein is at Camp Logan at Houston, Texas. Signey Lanham has enlisted in the navy, adding another Alta boy to the service.

4-26-18

Thaddeus Olson and Frank Wilfong, two Alta soldiers crossed the ocean to France on the same boat, but did not know of each other's presence until reaching their destination. When they reached France they met Ralph and Wilbur Dagger, also of Alta.

10-11-18

Thaddeus Olson sends his people at this place a genuine German helmet, one of the patent leather kind used on parades, with the small German trench caps and other relics of the war. He is at Treves, in Germany. The Dagger boys sent their father an officer's revolver, a wicked looking weapon, of German manufacture and design. Lloyd Jensen sent his people various souvenirs from Italy where he has been for some time in various ports along the Mediterranean.

O'Donoghue, A.

Sheriff Skeels received a telegram yesterday stating that Archie O'Donoghue has been accepted in the medical reserve corps and will not have to serve under the selective conscription system.

9-28-17

Archie O'Donoghue departed Friday morning for Iowa City after a few days visit at the home of his mother, Mrs. J. H. O'Donoghue and with his many friends in this city. He is in the medical reserve and will finish his course in a short time.

Parkhill, J.

John Parkhill and Stewart Brown, who went to Omaha last week to enlist in the aero branch of the service, underwent slight surgical operations in an Omaha hospital to fit them for service.

1-18-18

John Parkhill and Stewart Brown, college students, departed Wednesday morning for Austin, Texas, where they will enter the aviation branch of the service. They enlisted several months ago but just received their call. John has been assisting as city mail carrier for the past few weeks, and is the sixth from the post-office force to receive a call to service.

5/31 '18

John Parkhill is at Dallas, Texas, patiently awaiting his appointment to a flying field. He has finished his preliminary training in the ground work and now confidently looks forward to a ride among the clouds.

9-12-18

John Parkhill arrived home last Friday from Ebert Field, Ark., for a furlough which will include the Christmas holidays. He does not know when he will be mustered out.

9-27-18

Lieut. John Parkhill arrived home last Friday afternoon from Dallas, Texas, where he has been stationed for some time having been mustered out of the service. John enlisted in the aviation branch of the service some time ago and recently received his commission as second lieutenant. His many friends here welcome him home again.

3-27-19

R

Lieut. John Parkhill, lately discharged from the air service at Ellington Field, Texas, has returned and is resuming his studies at college.

4-11-19

Pendleton, J.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Pendleton of this city received a message the first of the week from their son, John Pendleton, who is in the service and stationed at Camp Lee, Virginia. He stated that he had been mustered out of the service and expected to arrive in Storm Lake this week. John was stationed in Virginia for sometime and was made a Sergeant sometime ago.

11-28-18

John Pendleton arrived home the latter part of the week from Camp Lee, Virginia, where he has been stationed for some time, for a visit at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Pendleton. John has been mustered out of the service.

12-5-18

Perkins, E.

11-26-18

Extracts from letters of Eric Perkins, a former Buena Vista student, who is now in France:

To let you know a little of our trip. When we left Camp Merrit, we had an all night hike. It was the first hike of any length that we had had, with our packs, so you can imagine how tired we were.

Our transport left U. S. in the afternoon and was out of sight of land before dusk. It was hard to realize the fact that we were leaving the U. S. It seemed more like we were starting on some excursion trip.

Pleasant Trip Across

We had a very pleasant trip across. Had only one day of rough weather. Nearly all on board had a touch of sea-sickness. In fact, if the boat was not camouflaged very good before this it sure was that evening. I made the trip to the side of the boat twice myself, however, it was not entirely on account of being very sick, but merely for the fact that I saw others doing it.

I saw my first iceberg. It was one that had floated down into the warmer waters and was not a very large one. As far as I know our ship did not sight a sub, although we had to wear our life belts and canteen belts all the while.

It sure was a happy crowd the morning we saw land. We had been on the water so long that we were sick of it. We would have arrived in England sooner but some of the other transports were slower and we had to all stay together. I suppose by this time you have received my card I sent from England. When we landed we were taken to the Red Cross station and got coffee and sandwiches.

We did not stay at the rest camp very long, as I guess they wanted to rush us right through. We sure made a flying trip across the channel. The boat made about 25 knots an hour.

A Ride on an English Train

In the afternoon we got on a train and just a word about those trains. Instead of doors at the end of the car, there were doors on the side. The car is divided up in about five apartments, room for eight people in each apartment. Then the locomotives are like playthings. We were all kidding each other about

the ride we were going to have. But when we had arrived at our destination the next morning, our opinion of the English trains was somewhat changed. The roadbed is a stone roadbed, thus making it possible for the train to travel at a high rate of speed.

Enjoys Scenery in England

The scenery in England is as grand as any I have ever seen. The hillsides, with the green grass, trees and farm houses should make a picture that is beyond description. Then the pastures are cut up with stone fences and hedges. It may have seemed more beautiful, for the reason that it was so different from what I have been accustomed to seeing, and the highways of England can't be beat. Either a stone wall or a hedge on both sides with trees all along, the highway being wide enough for two teams to pass without any trouble.

In the cities, the streets are about half as wide as the ones back home. The houses are right next to the walk and no yards back of them, and chimneys, it looks like each house had about six chimneys. The chimneys are wide and then on top are things which look similar to flower pots. All the houses are built of brick and stone. Everything, of course, looks old fashioned.

France Shows Effects of War

There is a marked difference between the U. S. and France, when it comes to showing the effects of the war. Of course, England shows the effects of the war, but not nearly as much as France. Here in France you see women doing all kinds of work. Such as firing locomotives, running street cars, smashing baggage. In fact one will see them doing anything, and they all seem to be willing to do their share without a murmur. I rather like it in France. Haven't learned to talk much French yet, but am picking up a little each day.

A Word About the Decks

All the clerks wore a white handkerchief around their left arm. Anybody wearing these were permitted to go any place on the ship. The decks were lettered from A to H. "A" deck was the top deck. On this deck no one but officers and Red Cross nurses were quartered. "B" deck for sergeants, and from "C" to "F" the privates were quartered.

On "G" the "Chinks" were quartered. I guess I did not tell you that the crew consisted of over 400 "Chinks." The first two decks were open, the next two had port holes, and the decks from there on down were below the water line. At night all the port holes had to be closed and it got pretty stuffy. I slept up on deck until it got so cold that it was uncomfortable to sleep with my blouse and overcoat on. A great many of us did this and when we all began sleeping below, it was so crowded that the first one in got the best place. One night I slept on a six-inch board, that was used as a seat, at the tables we ate at. Sometimes you slept sitting up and in all kinds of positions. It sure was some life, eating, sleeping and living in the same room. But at that we had it better than the ones who were in the decks below us. We were in "D" deck which was on the water line. But at that we did not have any too much fresh air, most of it was forced ventilation, and this combined with odors coming up from the "Chinks" cooking and the fishy smell that a boat has was enough to sicken anyone. I think that had as much to do with the men taking sick as anything.

The "Chinks" Prepared Grub

The "Chinks" did the cooking of all the grub. Every morning they gave us porridge, that—well, it was "great stuff" is all I can say for it. One taste was enough for me. The rice they made was eatable and the biscuits fair. The night before we got off the boat the biscuits were fine, in other words, digestible. We bought stuff to eat from the canteen so we managed to make out allright.

Planalp, P.

Phillip Planalp who has been here spending a few days at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Planalp, received his call to report at Columbus, Ohio, last week and left immediately for that place, having recently enlisted in the Ordnance department.

Friends of Phillip Planalp will be interested in knowing that he is now in camp at Camp Hancock, Georgia. Philip was graduated from a four year's course in commerce and business administration at the Chicago university, March 1. Following his graduation he spent six weeks taking training for the ordnance department of the army.

Philip Planalp has favored the Pilot-Tribune with the following interesting letter: "Just to let you know that the Pilot-Tribune was instrumental in furnishing me some mighty good times during my stay down here. Mrs. Cora Thomas-Nay noticed in the paper that I was at Camp Hancock and dropped me a line asking me to call. I was certainly surprised to find anyone I knew down here and have spent two very pleasant Sundays with them. It surely make me feel good to meet somebody from the "old home town," especially when he least expects it. We are on the last two weeks' lapse of our training and there is a great deal of speculation about where and when we are going to leave. The most likely plan is that we will be sent to different depots over the United States to relieve the men who have had the military training. Uncle Sam is not going to send General Pershing any men who are not soldiers in every sense of the word, regardless of the branch of the service they are in. We have been kept very busy and it has been terribly hot and dusty down here. But we enjoy it, getting good sleep and eats. Am rather hoping I will be sent to some depot near home as I would like to get in to Storm Lake once in a while before we go across. The idea of community sings is fine and dandy and Storm Lake is an ideal place to hold them. Of course we have lots of music in the way of banjos, saxaphones, etc., among the boys in the evenings. Friday night we had "enforced recreation" when the 1,000 men in the supply school are "compelled" to march up on the side of a hill, sit in the sand and listen to talent picked from their own ranks. It is lots of fun and we have plenty of talent, over eighty per cent of the men having college degrees."

6-21-18

Perhaps by the time this newspaper is published Phillip Planalp may be on his way across. He has written the following concerning his transfer: "Was suddenly transferred here for immediate shipment over seas—immediate means any time from a few days to a month. Eighty enlisted men and thirty-six officers are being sent to France to establish a branch of the engineering division ordnance department, somewhere in France. Was lucky enough to be one out of 2,000 chosen to go, and maybe you think I am not elated. My address is Engineering Division Detachment, Camp Rautan, Mentucker, N. J., all mail being forwarded from here. We expect to enter Camp Merritt next week which is a "silent" camp, being the place of embarkation. I don't want to miss a single issue of the paper."

5-10-18

Recknor, E.

Men Get Commissions

Geo. McCullough, John Reynolds, S. L. Hoffman and Harold Barber arrived home the first of the week from Fort Leavenworth, where they had been at the officers training camp. They recently received their assignments and will soon get in active service. Floyd Gilliland and Will Aitken have received their commissions as second lieutenants at Ft. Snelling. Earl Recknor, formerly of the Security Bank, and Hugh Rosson, who attended college here, have also received commissions at the latter place. 8-11-17

Everyone From This City in Training at Fort Snelling and Fort Leavenworth Win Shoulder Straps.

This week finished the course of the first officer's training camps and the official list of the commissions awarded have been made public. Storm Lake has just reason to feel proud of the men from this city who were in training at Fort Snelling and at the engineering training camp at Fort Leavenworth for everyone has won his shoulder straps. Especial credit is due to the men so honored for the commissions were won only through hard work and application to their duties.

The men from Fort Leavenworth returned Wednesday morning and will remain here until called for service. Those who won commissions in the engineering officers reserve were: George K. McCollough, captain; John Reynolds, first lieutenant; S. L. Hoffman, first lieutenant; Harold Barber, first lieutenant.

The following were awarded commissions as second lieutenants in the infantry officers' reserve at the close of the Fort Snelling camp: Floyd G. Gilliland, William G. Aitken and H. W. Fearing, former superintendent of the Hayes consolidated school. Earl Recknor of Creston who was a former employee of the Security bank and is well known in this city also received a second lieutenantancy in the infantry reserve.

Captain George K. McCollough has been assigned to duty at the cantonment at Camp Dodge and the others will no doubt receive their assignments in the near future. 8-17-17

Redenbaugh, M.

ASK FOR VOLUNTEERS

Long List of Special Trades and Occupations is Offered—Two Register.

Here is another chance to volunteer, or at least to register in special trades. The government wants trained and experienced men in over thirty occupations including mechanics of all kinds, telephone operators, brick layers, photographers, stenographers and cooks.

Notices have been mailed to every postmaster in the county. Class one men must register before April 29. The names will be sent to Adjutant Logan and then to Provost Marshal General Crowder. Registering does not insure men that they will be called as too many in one line may register.

Manson S. Redenbaugh is the first Buena Vista county man to register. He wants to go as a gas plant worker. His order number is 1057. Anton S. Swenson of Albert City is the second and he wants to go as a chauffeur. His order number is 502 and he may be included in the May 10 draft.

Redenbaugh Called

Manson Redenbaugh, who volunteered in the gas plant section when Uncle Sam called for specially trained men, received a call to report on May 17. He will be sent to Washington Barracks, Washington, D. C., for training. Manson was the only Buena Vista county young man to answer the "help want ad," of the government. 5-10-18

The state of Iowa was called upon to furnish one man of the draft age as a gas plant worker. Some time ago Manson S. Redenbaugh, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Redenbaugh of this city, volunteered to go as a gas plant worker and has the honor of being the one from the state who was chosen. He will leave on Friday, May 17, for the Washington Barracks at Washington, D. C., for training. He has been attending Buena Vista college, and has also been employed at the post office the past year. 5-10-18

Manson Redenbaugh departed last Friday evening for Washington, D. C. where he will enter the service, having recently enlisted as a gas plant worker. 5-23-18

Manson Redenbaugh Honored

The Y.M. and Y.W. cabinets gave a picnic May 14 in honor of Manson Redenbaugh, the president of the Y. M. C. A., who left Friday, May 17, for Washington, D. C. where he will be in the Gas Service.

The picnic was held on the lake shore near the ball grounds, and was marked by much merriment and many edibles. After the supper had been disposed of, Russell Ensign presented Mr. Redenbaugh with a comfort kit in behalf of the two cabinets. The rest of the evening was spent enjoyably in playing games, and after the twilight stole gently across the restless waters of the lake, the group reluctantly broke up. 5/30/18

Describes New York 1918

Manson Redenbaugh, the chap who handed out letters at the city postoffice, until his call to colors came, is seein' things, according to a letter received by his sister, which was written August 28 at Camp Merritt, New Jersey. It is believed he sailed last week for overseas. The missive from his pen reads thusly:

"In the last twenty-four hours I have had some real experience. Our top sergeant has been giving fifty boys daily a pass to New York city or to any place where they can get back in twenty-four hours. Yesterday noon four other fellows and I got passes to go to the largest city in the world. We went a mile or so in a buss then took a street car to the ferry boat and crossed over to the heart of the city and was soon on Broadway—the Broadway we hear about in song and story. Then we took a subway car to Coney Island which was about eighteen miles further. We stayed there until midnight then went to Brooklyn where we got rooms in a ten story Y. M. C. A. building. Slept until seven a. m., then took an elevated car to the Woolworth building in New York, which is the tallest building in the world and we climbed by elevator the fifty-eight stories. Then we went back to camp again. Of course you must know that New York is some city, but it is different than I thought it was. It is a grand place, clean and neat, much more so than I expected. In the subways there is nothing to see, but they surely do sail some. And one thing that struck me was the fact that the cars had women conductors. Coney Island is just an amusement place. We saw the ocean beach. There were many ships on the water. Going back

to New York from Brooklyn on the elevated we got to see much of the city. We went over the Brooklyn bridge but it did not look as great as I expected. The pictures are far more beautiful than the real thing. But anyway I wouldn't take a good price for my trip. From the Woolworth building we got a great view of the city, and the harbor. Ships and boats of all kinds were to be seen and three elephant balloons were floating by. I caught a glimpse of the Statue of Liberty and it stands there as if it is guarding all the ships that sail the foam. The people of New York treat the soldiers the best of any place I have been. There are not so many men in uniform here as there were in Washington. The girls of the city are good to the boys. One lady stopped three of us and asked if she couldn't treat us to something. A fellow who was over to Hobokon says the harbor is full of transports. He says the Vaterland is there, the largest ship afloat. It can accommodate 15,000 and was taken from Germany by the United States, and is used to carry soldiers across. I have been in the largest city in the world; in the largest building and now I would enjoy having a ride across in the largest boat in the world."

Embarkation cards announcing the safe arrival of the boys overseas have been pouring into the Storm Lake postoffice this week. The cards indicate that at least half of the 249 boys who left Buena Vista county July 25 have reached either England or France. Among those who sent cards were Otis Toliver, Fred Bruhn, Vear Nichols, James Whalen, Manson Redenbaugh, Dan Redenbaugh. Many of the others who were left behind at Camp Gordon have since been transferred to Camp Merritt and will likely go over in a short time. 9-12-18

Studying French

The following letter was received by Miss Myrtle Redenbaugh from her brother, Manson S. Redenbaugh, who is in France, and will be of interest to the many friends here.

September 28, 1918

Dear Sister:-

How's life at home? I am feeling just fine. Isn't that just grand. Just think of it—a big ocean and a lot of land between home and myself and feeling good. But I surely will feel better when I get those letters from the U. S. that are on their way. I am just getting acquainted with this country and people. The land over which the great historical emperors such as Charlemagne and Napoleon

reigned over. It has been but a short time as you know since I was studying the history of these European countries. When I think of it, it seems impossible that I am here. I have been up town a few times and find it isn't interesting. This is Saturday and we are allowed Saturday afternoon and Sunday off. This afternoon some other fellows and I went up town to look around. While up there I bought a French grammar, a French and English dictionary and a map of Europe so now I have something interesting to do. I am going to try to learn the French language while I have the greatest chance in the world. Maybe some day I will be able to entertain some "pretty Mademoiselle." Tomorrow is Sunday and I think I will take advantage of the opportunity and wander through the city again. There are some real old and very interesting buildings around here and I would like to learn a little about them if possible. I was looking on my map tonight and I find that I have been over much of England, but yet I have not been over much of France. We are figuring on leaving these barracks this week and going to another camp nearby, but may be here some what longer, as one cannot tell from one day to another where he may be. At present there is good news floating in the air regarding our future, as to what we may do, etc.

I am in the "Y" now and the piano has been going all evening. There has also been considerable singing. We all sang a few songs, then a negro quartet sang and now some other fellows are singing. Oh, we have a good time quite often. All happy-go-lucky bums and nothing to worry about except getting in the mess line first. Believe me, we have some mess line too—about 3,000 men, but we eat on the ground. We have service meetings here every Sunday and usually once or twice a week. Nearly every place we go there is a Y. M. and they are surely a great help. According to the newspapers the war proposition looks rather encouraging at present.

Well, sis, tell all my friends hello for me. I owe several letters and will try to answer them soon. I am anxious for some B. V. C. news and when you write don't forget to say something about it. If you have any small pictures of the whole family I

would like to have one, or any other pictures you have. Must close, but will write again. Your brother,
Manson Redenbaugh,
Co. R., 116th Engrs.
A. P. O. 733, A. E. F., France.

Manson Redenbaugh wrote from France that while the rest of his company were sent to the front he was sent to a camouflage school to study the art of camouflage. 11-22-18

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Redenbaugh received a letter Thursday morning from their son, Manson Redenbaugh, who is in France, which was written November 13. His letter was interesting, as he told of the celebration the day the armistice was signed. He said his company had been moved up right behind the artillery and when the news that the armistice was signed reached there they were moved back and at the time he wrote they were in a building which had been occupied by the Germans. His relatives and friends are glad to learn that he is safe. 12-12-18

MANSON REDENBAUGH WRITES PARENTS OF EXPERIENCE IN FRANCE

Storm Lake Boy Is Lucky and Gets Through Without a Scratch

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Redenbaugh received a letter the first of the week from their son, Manson Redenbaugh, who is in France. The letter is as follows:

Nov. 7, 1918, Co. I, 40th Engrs., Somewhere in France, No Man's Land.—Dear Mother: How's everybody. I am just fine. Well now I am in a land by far different than what I have been in. We have crossed what has been No Man's Land, and are now in dug outs that the German's have recently occupied. A chum of mine, another fellow and myself are in a dandy little dugout about ten feet square. It has three bunks and a little stove that can make real heat. The last lap of our journey we made yesterday afternoon in a truck and believe me we saw some real sights. We saw two small villages or hamlets that were completely ruined. The ground for miles is nothing but shell holes. One can easily step from one shell hole to the other. Some holes are twenty-five feet wide and ten feet deep.

Along the road and the ground are scattered most everything such as ammunition, guns, clothing and equipment of all kinds. All of the stuff doesn't belong to the allies either. A good part, especially around here belonged to the Germans. Trees have all been shot to pieces and everything as a whole is

nothing but ruins. We are now stationed a few miles behind the big guns, but we sure can hear them belching forth their shells of destruction, almost a continual roar. We are just waiting to be assigned to different details. As soon as we are assigned we will be taken away to do our work, which will be with the artillery some few miles further up. The weather here is damp and foggy most of the time, so you can imagine what kind of mud one has to work in. As yet I haven't taken sick and have gone through some trials. It is wonderful what one can stand when he gets used to hardships. The experience I have gone through so far are valueless. So far I have enjoyed much. Since I have been in the camouflage section I have been chumming around with a young fellow by the name of J. H. Lewis. He is the only fellow with me that came across in the same company as I did. He is a mighty good scout but I am afraid we will be separated soon, but am hoping not. This afternoon he and I were out exploring some of the dugouts. Some are concrete and fixed up as though they were expecting to stay here the rest of their life. They had electric lights, big clocks, etc. Gee! don't you think the dirty D—'s were surprised when the Yanks came along and told them it was time to beat it. Up here we don't see a newspaper and writing paper is scarce also. I am now trusting to luck to find an envelope. As yet we haven't met Mr. Cootie but are looking for him most any night. They say a person up here is lost without them, but for my part I would rather they would abide some place else. I might tell you a lot more, about our trip, etc., but will let this be sufficient for this time. Good bye From Your Loving Son, Manson Redenbaugh, Co. I, 40th Engineers, Am. E. F., France.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Redenbaugh were delighted last Friday afternoon when they received a telegram from their son, Manson Redenbaugh, which was as follows: "New York 2:12. Just arrived. Happy. Going to Camp Merritt. Write." Manson enlisted in the service in May, 1918, and was sent to Washington, D. C., where he was stationed for some time. He was sent to France about four months ago. A letter received from him some time ago stated that he was then stationed on No-Man's Land. Manson has had a wonderful experience and came out without a scratch. He was a member of Co. B, 40th engineers. His many friends are glad to know he will soon be home again. 1-30-19

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Redenbaugh received a card on Monday from their son, Manson, who returned from overseas two weeks ago and he stated that he would be in Camp Dodge last Sunday morning and would probably arrive home in a few days. Manson landed in the U. S. two weeks ago last Friday, and was first sent to Camp Merritt, then to Washington, D. C., and then to Camp Dodge to be mustered out. His brother Arthur Redenbaugh, and cousin, Leslie Redenbaugh went to Des Moines Tuesday evening to spend a few days and will accompany him home. 2-19-19

Manson Redenbaugh, another overseas man, arrived home on Sunday, having received his honorable discharge. No better boy went out from Clorn Lake and his hosts of friends are glad that he is back home unscathed. 2-21-19

Manson S. Redenbaugh, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Redenbaugh of this city, arrived home Saturday evening from Camp Dodge, from where he had received his discharge from the service. Manson volunteered as a gas plant worker early in April last year, and he received his call to report on May 17. He left here for Washington, D. C., where he spent eight days, after which he was sent to Fort Foote, Md., a short distance from his former camp, where he took an engineering course, for a short time, after which he was again sent back to the Washington Barracks, where he went to a photographer's school for a month. He left there the latter part of August for Camp Merritt, N. J., where he spent 10 days and left New York harbor September 1, for overseas, landing at Liverpool, September 13. From there he went to Winchester, Eng., where he spent three days, when he left for France, crossing the channel south and landing at Cherbourg, where he spent one night. From Cherbourg Manson had the pleasure of riding in a box car for three days and two nights. These cars have

written across them "8 Chevoaux or 40 Hommes" meaning 8 horses or 40 men. The cars have no chairs so the boys have to make themselves as comfortable as possible, by standing up or sitting or laying down. They went from Cherbourg to Angers, where he spent five weeks at three different camps around this place. Two weeks he spent in infantry drilling and three weeks in attending a camouflage school. From Angers he went to Dijon where he worked in a camouflage factory for about a week. There were over 300 French girls employed in this factory, but Manson was not interested in the girls there. From there he started for the front and spent six days in a German dugout at Mt. Focum, where the boys lived the best way they could. They were only about 15 miles from the battle front and could hear the explosion of the shells and feel the earth shake. Manson says one would be sitting reading a paper and the jar would be so great that you could hardly hold the paper.

On November 11, Manson with about a dozen other boys were loaded on a truck and started toward the front to join the 9th division where he was to work in the camouflage branch of the artillery and when they had arrived at Don Sur Meuse, they were stopped with the report that the war was finished and they started back, stopping at a German Barracks at Romagne, where they spent 10 days. The time was spent here with collecting souvenirs mostly and cooking and eating. From there they went to Souseme where they spent a week and then returned to the Camouflage headquarters at Dijon. Here they got rid of their cooties and prepared to go home. They left there Friday, December 13, for Brest, France, where they spent three weeks waiting their turn for transportation. They went on the ship Goentoer on January 5 and spent four days in the harbor, leaving there on January 9. They came home by the way of the Azores Islands off the coast of Burmuda and landed at New York January 24. From there they went to Camp Merritt, spending a week after which he was sent to the Washington Barracks where he spent a week and then came to Camp Dodge, where he spent another week and from where he was mustered out.

Manson has had a wonderful experience during his stay in France. He visited many places of interest and saw some of the places that were completely destroyed. He speaks of France as being a most beautiful country in places. The dwellings and castles are wonderful. In England where he was the coun-

try was beautiful. Manson's many friends are glad to see him back and he certainly looks fine, having gained considerable during his time in the service. He will again take up his work in the post office.

MANSON REDEN- BAUGH WRITES OF HIS EXPERIENCES

Returned Soldier Gives Interesting Data of Trip to France

2-20-19

My experience in the army is worth much to me, but never the less I am glad to get back to the good old U. S. A.

Most of my training was done in the eastern camps, in Ind. and Washington, D. C.

I left here for Washington Barracks as a gas worker and not having the least idea of what I was going to do. My first gas instrument was a big Springfield, which may give off some gas when fired. My first duty was K. P. and being a distinguished gas worker I fired the stove, peeled the spuds and dished out the chow.

At the end of 8 days I was suddenly ordered to pack up and be ready to leave. Within an hour 250 of us were on a raft and ready to set forth for Fort Foot, Ind., which is 7 or 8 miles down the Potomac river.

Here we did infantry drilling and engineer work while digging trenches, which was included in our training. I usually did the most necessary part of carrying the water.

In the latter part of July our battalion moved back to Washington Barracks. Here we were sent to different schools. We were given the choice of about a dozen different trades. I chose photography and enjoyed the course very much. We all expected to follow our line of work when we got across, but of those that I have been able to keep track of none have followed the trade they went to school for.

Aug. 20, we left Washington Barracks for Camp Merritt, N. J., where we stayed for 10 days, leaving there August 31 and setting sail from New York the next morning.

Our trip overseas was without much excitement. We landed in Liverpool, England, on the 13th. Here we got on a troop train, which looked much like a toy train, and

went to Winchester, passing through the city of Oxford. We remained at Winchester for three days and while here our outfit visited an old noted cathedral in Wichester, that was built before William the Conqueror's time. In this cathedral was King Arthur's round table hanging on the wall. At the time the company left the camp to go to the Cathedral I was in the Y. M. C. O. writing a letter home, so I was unfortunate.

From Winchester we went to Southampton, where we loaded on a small ship and crossed the channel at night. Just before putting out of the harbor I ate a good supper, but it served me much the same as Jonah did the whale, I couldn't keep it down.

We landed in Cherbourg, France, where we stayed one night in a British camp. We slept in small round tents, no more than 12 feet in diameter at the base. In each tent were 14 men and when we slept we layed our packs around the outer edge using them for pillows and stacking our feet around the center pole. If one was unfortunate enough to get his feet on the bottom he had to wake all the rest before he could get them lose to turn over.

While in France we traveled most of the time, usually in small box cars labeled "8 chevoux, 40 homes."

My first camp to stay in for any length of time was in Angers. Here we were again trained in infantry drilling and engineering work. Five of my original outfit and myself were transferred to the camouflage section. We took a short course in this work which consisted of putting up positions to cover large guns, ammunition dumps and trenches, building observation posts in trenches, trees and in no man's land; of map reading, compass work and a few secrets of photography.

From Angers we were sent to Dijon where the headquarters of the camouflage is located. Here we worked in the camouflage factory. At this factory the government had employed about 300 French girls. At this time the soldiers weren't allowed to talk to the girls, that is when they were being watched by the officers.

At the end of a week about 18 of us started for the front going via Toul. Our first stop was Montfaucon. Here we slept in German dugouts and had all the privileges in the world to roam over what used to be no man's land and which may be no man's land for years to come for everything is destroyed.

The ground is all torn up with shell holes. The little hamlets are all shot to the ground. The trees are broken up. Army equipment of all kinds is strewn over the fields

At this time Montfaucon was not far behind the heavy artillery. When the big guns were firing, usually the hardest at night, we could hear them very plainly and see the flashes.

About this time we began to wonder if we really were better fighters than Jerry.

On the morning of November 11 about a dozen of us started on our way to join the 90th division of heavy artillery. At noon we reached Dono which is on the Meuse river north of Verdun. Here we received the news "Finie Legere." and were ordered back. On our way back we camped 10 days at Romagne and one week at Soushme.

From Soushme we went back to our headquarters at Dijon, which is about a 200 mile ride and it took us three nights and two days.

As soon as we got to Dijon we began preparing for our trip home, getting decootieized, new clothes, etc.

On Friday, December 13, we again boarded our old friend 40 and 8. All we in high hopes of getting home by Christmas, in fact one of our captains cabled home that he would be there for Christmas. But when we landed in Brest we were marched 4 kilometers out to the camp, through rain and mud.

Our first night was spent in tents with no flooring but the damp ground. We had only two blankets each, so had to lay in one position in order to get the ground warm before we could go to sleep. The next day we were given three more blankets apiece, which made sleeping a little more comfortable. We were here three weeks, the last of which we slept in barracks with chicken wire bunks, but no flooring. It rained every day and mud was everywhere. We had over a half of a kilometer to go for our meals. There usually were from 5,000 to 7,000 feeding at one kitchen and we have waited in line two hours or more for a meal, usually consisting of beans, a peace of bread, a cup of so-called coffe and spud with it's jacket still on.

We went aboard ship January 5, and lay in harbor four days coaling and watering the ship.

On the ninth we set sail, taking the southern route via of the Azores and Bermuda islands. We landed in New York harbor, January 24.

When off the coast of Bermuda one night we met an oil ship that was on fire. It caused much excitement for we circled around it for two or three hours looking for the crew. We finally received wireless from Bermuda that the ship had been burning for a couple of days and that the crew had been picked up.

From New York I came to Washington, then to Camp Dodge, my last camp, but not my final destination, for there was still one little city I wanted to see.

Rice, B.

Private Lloyd Wall of Alta writes from Camp Gordon, Ga., that he and Private Basil Rice, Hugh Miller, Tony Teerink, and E. Clark, of this county have been detailed to a bayonet school, and upon finishing will be made either corporals or sergeants. 1918

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Camp Merritt on Saturday to see Parley. He had already made a previous attempt but on account of the camp quarantine for "flu" did not succeed. 10-25-18

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Word has been received of the safe arrival of Arthur Reidesel in France. Art left Storm Lake in February. 2-6-18

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(Extracts from a letter of a former Buena Vista student who is in Co. F. 318 Engineers, A. E. F., France.)

I shall now sieze you by natures hand and seek to carry you in imagination at least over some thousands of miles. Yes—it faded gradually—faded into the mists of a golden evening—that statue of Miss Liberty! You wonder at our emotions—well—but ha, ha; A familiar air comes to my ear "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France"—and the spirit of the "state fair" was even there dominant in some thousands on board that transport, sought to switch their thoughts over leagues of briny deep to the land of "over there."

You would almost think that they were glad to leave the U. S.—and I think they were—not, of course, to leave—"les Etats Unes"—but to reach the "parlez-vous" country for which they had been earning a passport by months of training.

Transport life is quite interesting and although many conveniences are lacking, just chalk up a credit work to Uncle Sammy for being mighty careful of all details.

The weather was pleasant during our entire day trip and only once did we encounter an angry solution of sodium chloride. That day alone, I felt a literary inclination, all contributions were gladly received and with pale faced grins, the line at the rail watched the sharks wag their tails with fiendish glee! Outside of one sub scare we landed without mishap on the soil which reveres the name Joan d' Arc!

We spent about a week in a rest camp and then over the modern "scenic railway" came to the "somewhere in France" where we are now located.

I have fallen quite in love with dreamy picturesque old France. You pause and reflect—you wonder—you again reflect and rapidly skim thru the sum of your previous experiences and come to a certain conclusion, "Surely tis the land of yesterday," with the happy solution you dwell with castle in his "Three Musketeers" or "Twenty years later" and feel at home. I finished the latter book yesterday.

The stone houses, the narrow crooked streets, the small walled forms, the odd customs, the two wheeled carts—carry you far into another land—and after feeble resistance you accept the mysteries that surround you and begin to solve the whyfore and wherefore of the existence of such a state of affairs that dwelt but dimly in the memory of your grandfathers.

I have actually walked in a French "ville" for fifteen minutes and found myself back at my starting point without having ever turned a corner.

I have gone through a most forbidding doorway of hewn stone and often passing through a dirty dark alley way found myself in a delightful restaurant where I had no hesitation in demolishing "deux omelottes ou deux oeufs" with coffee and rye bread and fresh strawberries—all for the sum of qua tre francs cinquante or four and one half francs, some ninety cents.

The highways are wonderful—some of the best roads in the world. By their side house boats drift lazily down the unending canal at the end of a dangerously thin rope which is held taut by the careless efforts of a team of burrows. They follow the path at the side and take a stray nibble here and there amid wild poppies the bluebells, and daises. Flowers are numerous in Fife. Even grain fields are dotted with the combination mentioned above.

The French language is musical as it is smoothly tossed from the nimble French tongue with startling rapidity. I find no trouble in following the events set forth in French newspapers but I am at a loss to understand spoken French.

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Lieutenant Rosson continued his college work at Knox college, Galesburg, Ill., completing a liberal arts course in 1916. He was a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity and also the Delta Sigma Rho, the latter an oratorical fraternity. He took an active part in dramatics and played on the varsity football team. In 1914 he won the state intercollegiate oratorical contest and was chosen commencement speaker. After leaving Knox, he had one year of law at the State university of Iowa and was there affiliated with an honorary law fraternity, the Phi Delta Phi. From Iowa City he went to Fort Snelling, and after receiving his commission was located at Camp Dodge for a time, and later transferred to Fort Logan. For the present Lieutenant and Mrs. Rosson will be at home in Houston, Texas."

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I am picking it up though and manage to get along pretty well. I expect to be a confirmed Frenchman in a few months.

The trains here are quite a joke to the newly arrived "annex." They have such small engines and cars. One large American box car is equal to two French cars. The passenger cars are divided into compartments with several doors along each side. The car wheels instead of being solid as in the U. S. have spokes which gives the whole affair the appearance of primitive attempts in the U. S. The road beds are of the best possible construction and seem to stand the enormous "war freight traffic" without need of repair. Tickets are first punched at the station where they are purchased and turned into the station again at your destination. Conductors are unknown. The brakemen carry bugles with which they give signals to the engineer.

I am in the regimental band, and have played clear across the U. S. across the Atlantic and many places in France. Music is much appreciated here and we are well received by both the boys in blue and the boys in khaki.

MARCH 18.

Mus. Arthur L. Riedesel, 318th engineers, American E. F. has remembered the library with a copy of "The Sapper", a publication gotten out by the 318th engineers at Dijon, France. This is an interesting magazine, giving as it does the history of the regiment in its play as well as in its work. There is a cartoon of the regimental band containing a picture of friend Arthur, a remarkable likeness. Almost anyone would know he was.

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George Scott, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Scott of Elk township, recently went to Omaha, where he has enlisted in the aviation corps. He is now stationed at the training school at Fort Logan, Col.

11-23-17

Shaul, H.

Adjutant General Lincoln received word last week that Iowa would be granted an ammunition train providing the required 708 men could be enlisted within 48 hours. All the recruiting offices of the state were busy enlisting men for the new unit. The time was extended by request until, Monday evening which saw the unit filled. Three of Storm Lake's boys went to Des Moines to join the unit. Wilbur Hughes and Hilbert Barrick left Saturday while Aubrey Shaul left Sunday morning for Des Moines, all three were successful in getting into the new unit. They have returned home to await further orders. 7-19-17

Aubrey Shaul of Company C ammunition training camp at Des Moines, returned to camp on Monday, after a short visit at the home of his mother, Mrs. A. J. Shaul and with Storm Lake friends. He was given forty-eight hours leave of absence. 9-7-17

Hilbert Barrick, Aubrey Shaul and Wilbur Hughes of the ammunition corps, are now somewhere between Des Moines and Deming, New Mexico. The boys left Camp Dodge on Tuesday morning. 9-28-17

Aubrey Shaul, who enlisted in the U. S. ammunition corps, writes his friends here that he is now in training at Fort Deming. 10-5-17

Word has been received that Aubrey Shaul, student during 1914-'16, has arrived safely overseas. "Dub" enlisted in the ammunition train July 1917, and was sent to Camp Cody after a few weeks in Des Moines. 11-26-17

Several more of our soldier boys have arrived in the United States during the past week and there is much rejoicing in the homes of the young men. On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hughes received a telegram from their son, Wilbur, announcing his arrival in Philadelphia on Monday; Mrs. A. J. Shaul received a message from her son, Aubrey that he had also arrived there, and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Barrick received a telegram from their son, Hilbert, announcing his arrival in Philadelphia. All three of the boys were members of the 109th Ammunition train, and have been in France since last July or nearly a year. The boys will be welcomed home by their hosts of friends here. 6-26-19

Letter From Cpl. Aubrey Shaul

March 12, 1919

Dear Mother:

Well here I am again. I am still a casual and haven't been paid. Very likely I will get it this month as my service records got here last week. Five months pay are due me now.

The weather is much more pleasant as the rains are much less frequent and not so heavy. The peach and plum trees are in full bloom and the French are at work in their vineyards pruning and trimming the vines? I would like this country a great deal better if I were in civilian life and not held down by army restrictions. Several weeks ago we had a review and inspection by General Pershing. Troops from all the billets around were brought in by trucks and as Company B was so busy we didn't have to stand inspection. I got within about thirty yards of the General. He looks just like the pictures of him, but he is a larger man than I expected to see, very broad and just a suspicion of a "bay window." I was over to Bean Desert last week and saw Tom Kinney, Mrs. Will Goodman's brother. He is looking first rate and like all of us wishing he was homeward bound. It is very uncertain when we will go. Perhaps some time in July although it is possible we may make it a month or two earlier. But don't build up any false hopes. I attended my first military funeral Tuesday. He was from Texas and was killed in a motorcycle accident. He and another member of Company B "borrowed" a motorcycle and side-car and went without permission for a joy ride. The one who was killed was a reckless driver and while making one of those sharp turns which are so plentiful on French highways, skidded, lost control of the machine and crashed into a stone wall. The man in the side-car had a leg broken in two places and the driver had a compound fracture of the skull. We gave him a pretty classy funeral with a lot of flowers, a good firing squad and the classiest bugler I ever heard. That guy could darn near blow tears in your eyes. The firing squad were well trained and gave him three volleys that were perfect. We have a separate cemetery for American soldiers and the French have adopted the graves and are caring for them as their own. Practically every family in France has lost some close relative who is buried in an unknown grave at the front. So these families adopt an American grave and care for it as if it were their son that was buried there. The responsibility of the care will be passed from father to son so that it will never be desecrated. The land is owned by the

U. S. Government and will always be taken care of. The French people seem to feel the responsibility of it more than the American people would. This grave was adopted before we got it dug, an old lady with two granddaughters are the adopters. There were two applicants, but we gave it to the first one. This is the first death Company B has had overseas and the second one since we have been in service. They are called Hem tLea neaveryll?ikhiswdeaoing us in for mess so I will quit. I am alright don't worry. I haven't heard from you for two months.

With love,

CORP. AUBREY SHAULL.
Co. B, 109th Amm. Train.
Camp H, Sudpice, France, A. E. F.

Aubrey Shaul, son of Mrs. A. J. Shaul of this city, arrived home on Wednesday from Camp Dodge from where he was mustered out of the service. Aubrey enlisted in the service more than a year and a half ago, and has been in France for nearly a year. He was a member of the 109th ammunition train. He is welcomed home by his hosts of friends in this city. 7-3-19

Shaul, K.

Kenneth Shaul arrived home the latter part of the week from Camp Gordon, Ga., where he has been stationed, having been mustered out of service. He left for Camp Gordon on July 25 and has since been at that place. 1-16-19

Kenneth Shaul is another Storm Lake soldier boy who arrived home from camp last Friday. He has been stationed at Camp Gordon and was mustered out of the service at Camp Dodge. John Mattison, one of the publishers of the Rockwell City Republican, was mustered out at the same time. 1-17-19

Sheley, C.

Chester A. Sheeley of Lake View was in Storm Lake Friday bidding his friends farewell before entering the service of Uncle Sam. Chester along with Sam Couch, formerly of Newell, but recently employed in Sac City, will enlist this week in the undertakers' corps. They depart for Fort Logan, Colo., Tuesday.

12-14-17

The Storm Lake soldiers who have put in many months of training at Camp Dodge are soon to be graduated from that camp, according to reports. It is understood that the entire Eighty-eighth division will be sent to Italy in a very short time. Examinations for overseas duty is now the regular program at Camp Dodge. Among those who will receive sailing orders, and thereby exult over the shifting of scenes are Captain George K. McCollough, Sergeants Don Hill, William Hopkins and Rudolph Youngstorm, Corporal James Poland, Chester Sheeley, Ernest Bumann, and Lt. Lloyd Gililand.

7-11-18

Chester Sheley, who is with the medical corps at Fort Des Moines, was up the latter part of last week to spend a few days visiting with friends.

2-7-19

According to the Early News, Chester A. Sheley of that town, and who is well known in this city, has been mustered out of the medical department of the army after two years of service and has arrived at his home in Early.

8-1-19

Sisson, H.

Hayden Sisson, academic '07-'08, is seeing active service in France. He is with Co. J. 139th Infantry.

11-26-18

Mr. and Mrs. Hadyn Sisson who were visiting in this city, left for the lakes for a few days' outing before returning to their home in Minneapolis. Hadyn has recently returned from France where he was in active service for some time.

7-17-19

Slagle, S.

Sidney Slagle returned home the latter part of the week from Des Moines, where he enlisted in the aviation department of the service, and will await his call. He will be sent to the Great Lakes training station.

7-17-18

Sidney Slagle received his call to service this week. He went to Des Moines but was **shortly** transferred to the Great Lakes training camp. Mrs. Slagle accompanied him.

7-25-18

Sidney Slagle, who recently enlisted in the aviation department of the service, received his call to service Friday and left Saturday for the Great Lakes training camp at Chicago. Mrs. Slagle accompanied him to Chicago.

10-3-18

In a letter received recently from Sidney Slagle at the Great Lakes training school, he states that he likes the school work, that it seems strange to march to school eight abreast, behind a military band. Sidney also stated that Roland Martin, who is in the Great Lakes station band, will undoubtedly be one of the lucky boys who will have the delightful experience of accompanying President Wilson and the peace envoys to France.

12-5-18

Sidney Slagle, who has been in the navy and stationed at the Great Lakes training camp at Chicago, arrived home last week, having been mustered out of the service. Sidney will again take up work at his father's store.

9-27-18

Smith, E.

Elden W. Smith, '15, is attending a Field Artillery Officers school. His address is 5th Observation Battery, F. A. Co. J. S., Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky.

Elden Smith, '16, was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, in the artillery at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky.

12-11-18

Smith, K.

Kenneth Smith departed Sunday evening for Fort Snelling, Minn., to report for duty at the second officers' training camp.

9-7-17

Kennith Smith, at the officers training camp in Fort Snelling, has been honored by being chosen one of a committee of three to redraft reservations. He is one of our boys whom we expect to tack on a title of lieutenant at the close of the training camp next week.

12-30-17

THREE ARE COMMISSIONED

Kenneth Smith, Joseph Sohm and Charles Unger Lieutenants.

Storm Lake certainly shows up well in the list of awards at the second officers' training camp at Fort Snelling which were given out Saturday, and the people of this city are mighty proud of the boys.

Kenneth Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Smith secured a commission as first lieutenant in the artillery. This will be welcome news to Kenny's many friends. Joseph Sohm and Charles Unger secured commissions as second lieutenants.

Two Cherokeeans captured two of the fourteen captiancy commissions. Guy M. Gilette and George E. Wilson received commissions as captains in the infantry.

The Storm Lake men will be assigned to duty in a short time. They are expected home within a few days.

11-30-17

Kenneth Smith, who came home last week from the officers training camp at Fort Snelling and who received his commission as second lieutenant, will be stationed at Camp Dodge. He will be home until December 15.

R

12-6-17

Lieut. Kenneth Smith and Lieut. Joseph Sohm have been assigned to military duties at Camp Dodge. Lieut. Charles Unger is assigned to Fort Riley.

12-7-17

First Lieutenant Kenneth J. Smith, infantry reserve corps, has been relieved of special duty as assistant to the division exchange officer and will report to the Three Hundred Thirteenth supply train for duty, according to the Des Moines Register.

4-26-18

Sohm, J.

Lieut. Kenneth Smith left the first of the week for Camp Dodge, where he is stationed, after spending a ten days furlough at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Smith and with Storm Lake friends. 5-2-18

Lieut. Kenneth Smith, is home on a fifteen day furlough from Camp Humphreys, Va. Lieutenant Smith was a freshman during 1912-'13. 12-11-18

Lieut. Kenneth J. Smith returned the latter part of the week from his army camp in the east, having been released from the service. Kenneth was in the engineering corps and he would have been almost sure to go up had the war lasted. He was offered a promotion if he was willing to leave the engineering corps and go into another branch of the service, but he did not elect to do so. In any event, his friends are mighty glad to have him home again. 1-17-19

Lieut. Kenneth J. Smith arrived last week from a camp in the east having been mustered out of the service. He enlisted in the engineering branch of the service some time ago. Lieutenant Smith is a son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Smith of this city. 1-23-19

FIVE STORM LAKE MEN TO FT. SNELLING

Storm Lake is securing more than the usual number of successful applicants for the second officers' training camp to be held at Ft. Snelling. Friday five young men of the city received notice from the government to the effect that they were to appear at Ft. Snelling August 27th for final examination before entering the training camp for the second army. The young men are Ray Jones, Joseph Sohm, Charles Sutherland, Frank Mack and Charles Unger. These men made application some time ago and had already passed a local examination and were at Sioux City where they again passed. They expect to go to Ft. Snelling the latter part of next week. 8-16-17

JOE SOHM WRITES OF EXPERIENCES AT FT. SNELLING

Storm Lake Boys Enjoying Life at Officers Train- ing Camp--First Ride in Sleeper.

Upon the request of Mr. Bell I will endeavor to from time to time, keep the readers of The Register posted on the work, organization and other details of general interest of the officers training camp of which it has been my fortune to become a part. I will use as my starting point the time of leaving Storm Lake on the evening of the twenty-sixth of August. Our journey was not marked by anything out of the ordinary except that among our number were such including myself, who for the first time had the opportunity to ride in a sleeper. At Fort Dodge we had some trouble getting our births, in spite of the fact that they had been reserved a week previous. But as stated above there was no excitement outside of bumping one's head on the upper birth in the endeavor to retire.

We arrived in Minneapolis at eight o'clock and after attending to such important matters as eating breakfast and getting shaved, we took the street car for Fort Snelling.

The almost perfect organization began to manifest itself at once on arriving. It seemed there was no possible chance to get off the right track. Each man was compelled to make his decision as to the class of work that he wished to take up. After this he was assigned to one of the companies or batteries and was escorted to the barracks where he was measured up. This took almost no time as there were about 15 doing this work and each had his particular measurment to make. Coats, blankets, mattresses and other paraphernalia were then issued, but it was not

until the following day that any clothing was issued. Much to my surprise I was able to get a good fit from stock goods.

The first two days it seemed as if twenty-four hours in a day was not enough. It was almost impossible to do all the things expected of you.

The candidate is routed out of bed at 5:45 but if he expects to be on the line for the first roll call he had better leave his bed at 5:20. Immediately after reveille we are given 15 minutes physical drill and at 6:30 we are ready for a hearty breakfast. From 7:00 to 8:30 we have school of the soldier and squad which is merely squad drill. Another 15 minutes of physical drill and we are ready for the march to the gun park. Here the time is divided into several periods and the sections of the battery are instructed in the care of the equipment and drilled in preliminary tactics. At 12:30 we eat again and let me say here that we are fed exceptionally well. At 1:30 we "fall in" again and the rest of the afternoon to 4:15 is given over to conferences which are really classes. The instructors of these classes are taken from the men of the battery and sooner or later everyone gets a chance at it. At the present they are only taking such men who have had previous military experience for these places. Supper at 6:30 and the hours of 7:00 to 9:00 are given over to study. Lights are turned out in the sleeping rooms at 9:15 and at 11:00 everyone must be in bed.

On Saturday noon we are left off unit Sunday evening at 8:00 but are not permitted to leave the reservation without a pass. Saturday afternoon some kind of an inoculation is usually scheduled. Last Saturday we were given a "shot in the arm" for paratyphoid which left most of us with mighty sore arms.

All the fellows from Storm Lake have been assigned to separate barracks, however Saturday some of us got together. There is not much opportunity to see the other fellows except on Saturday afternoon and Sunday.

Perhaps I have endeavored to cover too much territory in the above but with so many new things coming up all at once it is hard to pick the points that would be of most interest to the outsider. In my next letter I will endeavor to give more of the personal side of the work and what the fellows do when they are not in a formation.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank the Red Cross for the comfort kit and while as yet I have not found use for the needle and thread several of my bunk mates have.—Joseph Sohm. 6-8-17

"Joe" Sohm to Fort Snelling

Joseph Sohm, who has been connected with this paper for several years past, both as a reporter and later as manager, has severed his connections and will leave within a short time for Ft. Snelling to enter the officers training camp. The Register is sorry to lose "Joe" as he is a young man of splendid ability, likable and willing. His services to the office have been of immeasurable help, especially to the new editor, and he has the best wishes of the entire office force as he takes up Uncle Sam's work. His friends are confident that he will make a splendid showing at Ft. Snelling and hope to see him awarded the shoulder straps within a few months.

8-16-17

Mrs. J. E. Morcombe returned on Tuesday evening from a visit with her brother, Joseph Sohm at Fort Snelling, Minn. Mrs. Morcombe says this is the fatal week when one out of every three men in the second officers' training camp will be sent home and that there is much fear and trembling among the boys. Joe thinks army life is great but with all the intensive training he is receiving it doesn't affect his avoirdupois.

10-12-17

BUENA VISTA MEN OBTAIN COMMISSIONS

**Lloyd Crouch, Charles Unger
and Joe Sohm Win in
Honors at Snelling**

Lloyd Crouch '12, Charles Unger '12, and Joseph Sohm, '16, are alumni of Buena Vista who have recently received their commissions from Ft. Snelling.

Mr. Crouch, first lieutenant of the Infantry, was an energetic booster of athletics, a member of the Student Council, business manager of the Tack, and a leader in Y. M. C. A. work while here in college. After receiving his A. B. degree he was principal for two years of the school at Ireton. The next two years he spent at Ames, where he graduated from the Dairy department and held the position of county agent at Hermon, Minn., until he went to Fort Snelling last September.

Mr. Unger, second lieutenant of the Artillery, was very active in debate, being on the winning team in the Intersociety debate in 1911, and a football player that the school could well be proud of during the years he was in college. After he graduated he worked for the Park Brothers as contractor, and later was a partner with Tom Park until he left for Fort Snelling last September.

Mr. Sohm, second lieutenant of the Artillery, was while in college, editor in chief of the Tack, president of the Student Council, and always a booster. When he graduated he accepted the management of the Buena Vista Vidette which he held until shortly before leaving for Fort Snelling.

The latest news about Mr. Sohm concerns his marriage with Miss Irene Lindsey at Adaza, Iowa, on Thanksgiving day 1917.

12-6-17

LIEUT. SOHM A BENEDICT

**Irene Lindsey the Bride—Wed
on Thanksgiving Day. 1917**

A marriage which is of much interest to Storm Lake people took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lindsey at Adaza, Iowa, on the afternoon of Thanksgiving day at three o'clock when their daughter Miss Irene Lindsey and Lieutenant Joseph Sohm were united in marriage by Rev. Jefferson Davis, of the Methodist Episcopal church of Churdan. The wedding was a quiet affair and only the immediate relatives of the bride were present. The bride wore a handsome wedding gown of white satin with gold trimmings, while the groom wore a serge service suit.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lindsey. She has made her home in Storm Lake for several years. She graduated from Buena Vista college in 1916, after which she accepted a position in the postoffice, where she has since been employed. She is of a happy disposition and has hosts of friends in this city.

The groom is the youngest son of Mrs. Joseph Sohm of Calumet, Iowa. When a young boy he came to Storm Lake to make his home with his sister, Miss Elizabeth Sohm, now Mrs. Jos. E. Morcombe. He attended the schools here and graduated from the high school, after

which he attended Buena Vista college, graduating in 1916. It was at Buena Vista college where the groom met his bride, and where the romance of this marriage began. After his sister took up her work as postmaster, Mr. Sohm assumed the duties of manager of the Vidette office, which position he held until it was sold. In September he entered the officers training camp at Fort Snelling, Minn., where he has been the past three months. He received his commission as second lieutenant in the field artillery and will be stationed at Camp Dodge. Joe is a young man of clean character and has hosts of friends in Storm Lake.

The Register joins with the many friends in wishing Lieutenant and Mrs. Sohm much happiness.

Mrs. Joseph Sohm severed her connection with the Storm Lake postoffice on Saturday and departed Monday for Des Moines where she will remain while Lieutenant Sohm is stationed at Camp Dodge.

1-18-18

Nothing Sohm-ber About This

It will interest Register readers to know that a Storm Lake man has won an important position. Some time ago an order was published that all men in the cantonment at Camp Dodge shall receive fifteen minutes daily instruction in singing. Experience has taught that there is absolutely nothing that upholds the moral and sustains the spirits of an army, especially on a hard march, like a good swinging song, hence the order above noted.

Immediately upon publication of this order, a hunt was instituted for men able to lead the singing drill and instruct the men in the sharps, flats, naturals and other musical mysteries. It was then that the natural ability of Lieut. Joseph P. Sohm was discovered and he is now installed as Music Master of Battery F., 337th Field Artillery.

While Joe may not be a Sousa or Pryor, still his handling of the baton is such that already Battery F claims the distinction of being the "singiest outfit" in camp, and Lieut. Sohm is receiving the congratulations of his brother officers on his good work.

Go to it Joe, "music hath charms"!

R

2-28-18

Lieutenant Joseph Sohm has been transferred from Camp Jackson to Fort Sill, Okla., according to word received by his sister, Mrs. J. E. Morcombe. Lieutenant Sohm is attending the school of fire, and was chosen among many for this special training.

6-21-18

Stock, Ralph.

Some folks are modest. Lieutenant Joseph P. Sohm wrote a personal letter to the Pilot-Tribune and having some idea what an editor usually does when he sees a story, placed these words in a post script: "Do not publish either in whole or in part." And his confidence shall not be betrayed. But he somehow forgot to tell of the most interesting event which has happened to him lately, and that is he has been promoted to a first lieutenant. This news from Fort Sill, Okla., was secured in another way, and we will save that for Joe to find out. His many friends will congratulate him upon his promotion. 7-1-18

Lieut. and Mrs. Joseph Sohm spent a portion of last week visiting at the J. E. Morcombe home and with other friends in this city. Lieut. Sohm has been instructor in the school of fire at Fort Sill and expects to be mustered out very shortly. 1-3-19

R 2-20-19
Lieut. and Mrs. Joe Sohm arrived in this city Tuesday morning for a visit with Lieutenant's Sohm's sister, Mrs. J. E. Morcombe and with friends. From here they went to Adaza, for a short visit with Mrs. Sohm's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lindsey. Lieutenant Sohm has just been mustered out of the service. He has been stationed at Fort Sill, Okla., for several months. His many friends were glad to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Sohm expect to go farming near Adaza, and their hosts of friends will wish them success.

Now a Captain

The hosts of friends of Joseph Sohm in this city will be pleased to know that he can now write it Captain Joseph Sohm. He has been commissioned a captain in the reserve army, as he passed all of the examinations before he was released from the service. 3-14-19

Spar, H.

Herbert Spar, of the navy training camp at the Great Lakes, spent a few days last week visiting with old friends in this city. Mr. Spar formerly attended Buena Vista college and is well known by many Storm Lake people. 11-29-17

Harold Sparr, a former student of Buena Vista college, looks fine in a sailor's uniform, at least that is the opinion of his friends who had the pleasure of greeting him while in the city last Friday. Harold is in training at the Great Lakes station and was granted a short furlough.

Private Ralph Stock came home from Ames Sunday for a visit with his home folks and friends. He will complete his training there in ten days and does not know to what place he will be transferred. 8-2-18

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stock received a letter this week from their son Ralph who is in the service and stationed at Valparaiso, Indiana, that he is now getting along very nicely, but has been very ill with Spanish influenza. He states that there are many cases in the camp at that place. 10-3-18

Ralph Stock has been transferred from Valparaiso, Ind., to Fort Sheridan, Ill. He is a mechanic in the motor truck company. 11-8-18

Corporal Ralph Stock writes from New York City that he has his overseas equipment and is waiting orders to go over. He says that the orders will be either to go over seas or to demobilize and return home. Corporal Stock is the head driver in his company in the Motor Transport corps. 11-22-18

RALPH STOCK WRITES FROM CAMP.

Notes Taken From His Letter.
While at Ames, Iowa.

We have our barracks under the cement football bleachers. There are two companies, 250 in each. We do not have to wash our own dishes or do our own laundry. We eat at the Y. M. The meals are served cafeteria style but no selection. This place has Camp Dodge beat so far there isn't much comparison.

There are all kinds of men here. Coming yesterday, one fellow had on a silk shirt, panama hat, etc. He was told by the other fellows to put on a pair of overalls, that he would look better, as he was apt to work in the coal bin. This afternoon he was cleaning spit-toons.

A man asked four of us to go down to the Colonial frat house. The frat is made up of persons of the highest grades in school.

Last Sunday a fellow jiggered for us. He came from the stage where he did nothing but that.

Everett Evans twin brother is here in Co. A.

For work we are divided into three sections. One goes to the lec-

ture room, one to the motor room, where they tear down and fix up motors and cars, and the other sections goes on trucks. They had us driving around sand bags in a field for four days. The cars are supposed to move all at once, as in a train.

Went to church last Sunday night and seven preachers spoke to us on the qualities of a good soldier.

I stood in line for two and one-half hours the other night for a pair of shoe strings.

While at Valparaiso, Indiana.

They say this is the biggest assembly camp in the United States. Three thousand auto men came in today; 1,600 regulars come tomorrow. They don't assemble cars, but men. We didn't know where we were going until we got here. The Red Cross gave us a cup of coffee, cookie and a peach at midnight. The Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. gave us a social before we left Ames.

This is a university town and the government has taken over all the buildings.

An inventor took four of us out to his place and gave us all the apples and plums we could eat. Then he showed us five machines he had patented. One of his inventions was a machine that told the percentage certain colors held in an object. He showed us a plate of glass that had 14,000 lines to the square inch. He held it in front of a moving picture machine, turned it at different angles, giving different colors on screen.

They had movies, boxing or singing for us almost every night. We are 45 miles from Chicago.

Will try to go to Gary and take in the steel mills. Do you know Charles M. Schwab about made that place what it is? Have you read what he said in the September "American?"

We drive at night, also with no lights now and must keep a certain distance apart. We are running with three companies together, twenty-seven trucks to a company, and six companies to a train. Some line-up! Last Tuesday night we got along fairly well—only broke one radiator and guard all up. They are trying to teach us convoy work, all about French road signs, etc. We work on note books at night and take examinations on automobiles Saturday.

They came out with a new order the other day. No soldier is allowed to speak, walk or have anything to do with the dormitory girls.

We have all the sugar we want to eat. Do you?

We heard a lecture on "Struggle for the French Republic." Wednesday night a Canadian soldier lectured to us. You don't read anything about the cavalry, but he spoke as though the allies have a good one.

The S. A. T. C. are on K. P. today for the first time.

Received a telegram by letter about Buena Vista company going over the top in the fourth liberty loan.

Went to church this morning. A captain spoke to us. He said there were two and one-half times as many commissioined officers now as the whole army was at the beginning of the war. The barracks of the United States soldiers could accomodate the population of six states.

Got a letter from Mrs. Clemons. She and Athlene are staying here. She told me to come up and see them. Dale is at Montgomery, Ala.

Went to a football game Saturday between the second detachment and high school.

Two of the boys who came from Ames with us died with pneumonia. We are shut in. Can't even go up town. As soon as the "flu" lets up a little, there will be some moving done. Took my exams the other day. Was told I got 94 per cent and 96 per cent.

While at Fort Sheridan, Illinois.

I am right on the banks of Lake Michigan, eight miles south of the Great Lakes station. Fixing this place up for a base hospital for soldiers who come back.

Iowa, the spotted dog we had at Ames is still with us.

Went to the hospital to see a boy. They surely have fine places for sick people.

November 16. Well, I am still in this place. Last Sunday everything as on the rush. We were to leave Monday. Had all our overseas equipment. Hope they soon get word from Washington to do something with us.

We all got shot for the "flu" Wednesday. Yesterday, I went to Milwaukee. It sure is some place. Went through Great Lakes station, also Racine.

CORPORAL STOCK WELCOMED

A right royal welcome was given Ralph Stock, who arrived home from Camp Sheridan, Ill., the morning before Christmas. His discharge came as a surprise to home folks, perhaps even to himself, as he expected to be retained in the service for some time.

On Thursday evening, December 26, his parents invited twenty young people in for the evening, among them, other returned nephews of Uncle Sam. The khaki of the army and the blue of the navy always add zest to the spirit of any gathering. The boys being from different camps, many and varied were the stories told. After games and music the time for "good-night" had come.

Strawn, M.

Marian Strawn of Des Moines is now in camp at Camp Hancock, Georgia.

Marion Strawn arrived in Storm Lake from Des Moines on Saturday for a short visit with friends. Marion recently returned from fourteen months of overseas duties. He was in the ammunition train service and was up front where there was plenty of activity. His outfit is still across but he was invalided home.

Stringer, F.

Francis Stringer is in a Chicago hospital where he is recovering from an operation which he underwent so he can pass the physicial examination to get into the naval reserve. It is certainly a most patriotic action.

Boys off for Navy

Storm Lake's interests will no longer be centered in the khaki clad soldier but the boy who wears the blue will come into his own. Four representative Storm Lake young men, Lael DeLand, Louis Foster, Robert Beatty and Wayne Meyers, left on Sunday evening for Chicago where they will take their examinations to enter the navy. The quartet will be joined later in the week by Francis Stringer and Charles Nattress, who left the hospital last Saturday, where he underwent an operation to make him physically fit for service. A large crowd was at the station Sunday evening to say goodbye and good luck to the boys.

Francis Stringer returned unexpectedly from Chicago Wednesday afternoon and will remain at home until he receives his call to the navy. Wayne Myers also expects to come home later to await his call to service.

Francis Stringer, who is in the navy and stationed at the Muncipal Pier at Chicago, arrived home Saturday morning for a week's visit at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Stringer, having been given a leave of absence on account of illness.

The five Storm Lake boys who left Storm Lake about the same time to enlist in the navy are now widely separated. Robert Beatty is on the high seas bound for an unknown port; Lael DeLand and Louis Foster are in training in New York City; Charles Nattress is in training in Philadelphia, and Francis Stringer is in Boston.

Friends in this city have received word that Francis Stringer has arrived in New York from overseas. He enlisted in the navy some time ago and has been in France some time. The many friends are hoping he may come here for a visit.

Ensign Francis Stringer arrived in this city Thursday morning from New York, for a visit with his many friends, enroute to his home in Centerville. Francis enlisted in the navy some time ago, and has been at Pellam Bay, New York, for some time. He received his commission as an Ensign a short time ago, and has also been released from the service. Francis is feeling fine and certainly looks fine in his officers uniform. After a visit with his many friends here he will go to Centerville where the family moved some time ago.

Taylor, I.

Ilo I. Taylor, formerly of this city, but now first lieutenant in the United States army, writes from Camp Lee, Virginia, to the Pilot-Tribune as follows: You will notice my change of address and my paper should be changed accordingly. After leaving the training camp at Fort Leavenworth, I was detailed on temporary duty in New York City and was there about a month. I have been here since September 1 as officer in charge Engineer Sub Depot. We have had delightful weather here but last night an inch of snow fell. The men are well advanced in their training and are certainly being prepared for the real thing. Mrs. Taylor and baby are located in Petersburg about three miles from the camp. I extend my best regards and greetings of the season.

GIVEN MILITARY FUNERAL

Lieut. Ilo I. Taylor Laid to Rest Near Camp Lee.

Through the courtesy of T. C. Blue of Marshalltown, a brother-in-law of Lieutenant Ilo I. Taylor, the Pilot-Tribune is permitted to publish particulars concerning the death and burial of the young soldier, whose death has caused much regret in this city, which was his former home.

Lieutenant Taylor's death was very unexpected, having followed a minor operation for the removal of an obstruction of the nose, which had shown inclination of becoming serious. Five days after the operation he died from cerebral meningitis. As Mrs. Taylor was unable to travel the funeral services were held in St. Petersburg, Virginia, on Sunday, January 27, conducted by the regimental chaplain and the Methodist minister. His bearers were the officers he knew best from the 305th regiment and his escort to the last resting place were the officers and soldiers of his regiment. Military honors were given him and his young wife was accorded all the care and consolation possible by the men of the army, who had grown to respect and love her soldier husband. Near Camp Lee rests all that is mortal of Storm Lake's first soldier to die while serving his country.

LIEUT. TAYLOR DIES IN CAMP

**First Storm Lake Soldier to Die
for Country.**

SPENT HIS YOUTH HERE

**News of Lieut. Ilo Taylor's Death
Causes Deep Regret in
Storm Lake.**

Storm Lake people were grieved to learn on Monday of the death of a former Storm Lake boy, First Lieutenant Ilo I. Taylor, who passed away on Saturday at Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va., where he has been stationed since receiving his commission in the engineering corps at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

Mrs. T. C. Blue, a sister of Lieut. Taylor, received a telegram at her home in Marshalltown Saturday. The message did not state the cause of death. As no word has been received in Storm Lake it is generally believed that interment will take place in Colorado, the former home of Mrs. Taylor.

Ilo Taylor spent his youth in this city and was a member of the graduating class of 1903 of the high school. He was a self made young man and worked his way through Iowa State college. After completing his education he taught in the Colorado State school of Mines at Golden, Colo., and in the Kansas State Agricultural college at Manhattan, Kansas. While in Colorado he was married. At the time he enlisted he was an instructor in Purdue university, at Lafayette, Ind. At the time of his death he was thirty-three years old.

Before going into camp Lieut. Taylor came back to his old home for a family reunion and a visit with his boyhood friends. He was very proud to do his part in defending his country and was anxious and willing to get into the thickest of the fight. He was a manly young fellow and there is deepest regret felt in this community over his death.

He is survived by a wife and young daughter, his mother, Mrs. Sarah J. Taylor, three sisters, Mrs. E. C. Thompson of Hurley, S. D., Mrs. T. C. Blue of Marshalltown, Mrs. Ginn of Montana, and one brother Bert Taylor of Oklahoma.

Mrs. Taylor, mother of Lieut. Taylor, is spending the winter with her daughter in Hurley, S. D., and Storm

Lake people extend their sincere sympathy to her over the loss of her son in whom she was justly proud. Lieut. Taylor's wife went to Camp Lee last fall to be with him as long as he was stationed in this country.

2-1-18

STORM LAKE SOLDIER VICTIM OF DISEASE IN CAMP

STUDIED CIVIL ENGINEER

ING—MOTHER HAS

LIVED IN THIS

CITY

The first soldier boy who was connected with Storm Lake who has lost his life in army service was Ilo L. Taylor, word of whose death came to this city Monday morning. His demise was caused by an attack of pneumonia, at Camp Lee in Virginia.

Mr. Taylor earned a commission as lieutenant by study in one of the training camps.

He was a young man of unusual ability. He completed high school course in Storm Lake, was employed for about two years after that as manayer of the city water station, then went to Ames and took a course in civil engineering. Following his graduation there he spent about a year in engineerig work here, but was attracted to other fields, and it is recalled by friends here that when he enlisted he was connected with Purdue University. He was about thirty-three years of age and had been married for two or three years.

His mother, Mrs. Sarah Taylor, generally makes her home here but early in the winter she went to Oklahoma City to stay with another son. A sister of the deceased soldier lives at Marshalltown.

No relatives of the family are in the city now and no word has yet reached here as to when or where the funeral will be held.

Lieut. Taylor made his last visit to Storm Lake last fall and happened to be here on the occasion when the Masons banqueted the departing soldier boys.

1-31-18

TO DEDICATE FLAG

Class of 1903 will Present High School Service Flag April 15.

As a memorial to the late Lieut. Ilo I. Taylor, the class of 1903 of the Storm Lake high school will present the high school an alumni service flag with appropriate ceremony on Monday evening, April 15.

The exercises will take place in the high school assembly at eight o'clock. The entire program will be given by members of the alumni association.

The public is most cordially invited to attend the ceremony.

1918

Mrs. S. J. Taylor recently received word of the birth of a son to Mrs. Ilo Taylor, wife of the late Ilo Taylor, on March 15. The child has received the name of Ilo.

R

1918

Torkelson, E.

Enlists in Signal Corps

Eilet Torkelson of Sioux Rapids, a three year student of Buena Vista college returned from Chicago Tuesday where he went to enlist in the signal corps reserve of the army. He went to Chicago from Dubuque where he was a participant in the field meet held there Saturday. The applicants to this branch of the service are required to pass a mental as well as physical examination and Mr. Torkelson's college training came in handy and he passed both examinations in good shape. Thus far only eight hundred have been enlisted in this unit which is to contain two thousand four hundred men and he was informed that they would not be called for service until the middle of the summer.

7-1-17

Eilet Torkelson was in Storm Lake a few minutes Wednesday, October 10. He left Sioux Rapids that evening for service in our army in the signal corps located at Freeport, Ill.

10-19-17

Cadet Eilet Torkelson of Sioux Rapids visited college Tuesday, October 8. He was on his way back to Austin, Texas, after spending his two weeks furlough at his home in Sioux Rapids. He expects to be transferred to Camp Dix, and from there to a flying school.

1918

Lieut. Eilet Torkelson, another one of the Sioux Rapids boys, who got into the game against the kaiser shortly after war was declared, arrived home Monday with his discharge from the army. Eilet enlisted in May 1917, first being a member of the signal corps and later being transferred to the aviation service, where he received his commission. He has been spending most of the time for the past few months at Langley Field, Hampton, Va.

2-6-19

Lieut. Eilert Torkelson, has returned home from service. He has been stationed at Langley Field, Hampton, Va., for some time.

2-19-19

Enlists in Engineer Corps

Cecil P. Troeger went to Des Moines Thursday where he enlisted in C. company of the Iowa National guard engineering corps which is being organized in Des Moines, passing a perfect physical examination. Cecil has been engaged in electrical construction work during the past two years and his knowledge and experience in this line of work will no doubt be very useful. He will continue his work with the Iowa Light, Heat and Power company until called into service which he thinks will be about the middle of July.

6-29-17

Cecil P. Troeger went to Des Moines last Thursday evening to report for duty with company C, Iowa engineers, which was inspected by the federal authorities the latter part of the week. Owing to the fact that their equipment had not arrived and their camping place was not entirely prepared, they were allowed to return home Saturday to remain until next Monday when, if they are not immediately drafted into the federal service with the other units of the guard, they will go into camp at the state fair grounds.

7-19-17

Private Cecil Troeger of Camp Dodge was granted a three day furlough Saturday, but his visit with home folks was cut short Monday by a call to entrain for Deming, N. M. Cecil lost out on a farewell party which was planned in his honor at the Country club Monday evening.

8-29-17

Sergeant Cecil Troeger writes from Camp Stanley, Texas, as follows: "This was a real sight for sore eyes after our long stay in the land of sand and dust. This is a regular place here, back to where one can see green trees again." His address is Sixth Infantry, Leon Springs Training Camp, Camp Stanley, Texas.

1-25-18

Cecil P. Troeger's friends will be pleased to know that he received his candidate officer's certificate at the military graduating exercises held at Leon Springs, Texas, for the third officers training camp and is now in line for a commission. He has returned to Camp Cody after thirteen strenuous weeks training to become an officer.

4-26-18

The name of Cecil Palmer Troeger was among those recommended for a second lieutenancy from the officers' training camp recently held at Camp Stanley, Leon Springs, Texas, announced by the war department at Washington.

5-10-18

Word has been received of the departure of Lieutenant Cecil Troeger overseas. His regiment will attend a school of instruction after reaching the other side.

9-12-18

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Troeger received a cablegram Monday announcing the safe arrival of Lieutenant Cecil Troeger overseas.

10-4-18

Lieutenant Cecil Troeger had a long chat with Dewey Crissey, who is in a convalescent hospital at a seaport place in France. He says he hopes to have as much real experience as Dewey has had, and look so well when he comes out.

11-8-18

Cecil Reports His Experiences to the Home Folks

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Troeger of this city received letter Thursday morning from their sons, Edward Troeger and Cecil Troeger, who are both in France and they are of much interest. The following letter was written by Cecil Troeger:

LeMans, France, Nov. 15, 1918—
Dear Mother: While waiting for my meal to be served, which by the way takes some time, thought that I would write you a short letter. Am

leaving tonight at 12 o'clock for Paris and will spend a day or two there and then on to join my division at the front. As I wrote you before our division is all broken up so we are sent out to replace casualties in combat divisions. I am going into a strange outfit and have bid my outfit goodby and it rather has a depressing effect on one at that but they are as scattered as can be. The old war is over but I will consider myself lucky if I am back to celebrate Christmas 1919. I do hate to leave the captain as he is a real nice fellow and I only hope I am as lucky this time. I will get in Paris just in time to see the big celebration so am fortunate in that. Lieutenant Morgan is to stay here and we have been together since his arrival and it will seem kind of odd not to see him around. Regards to Mr. and Mrs. Chapman and friends. I thought that I might run on to Lyle but so far have not. Will write about my Paris visit as I have to go through there to go to my organization. Love to you all. Your son, Cecil. 35th Division.

American Girls Ace High

Lieutenant Cecil P. Troeger, with the American Expeditionary forces in France, has written three interesting letters to his parents in this city, all of which were received on October 21. They were written while he was on his way from the landing port to their permanent camp. A few interesting paragraphs follow:

"Another day of waiting, then on again to our final stop for some time at least. We are stopping at a little better place than our last. Staying at a Y. M. C. A. which is equipped with a few luxuries, such as baths and warm water, writing desks, billiard tables, magazines, etc. They also serve meals and have a very fine dining room for the officers. It costs us two francs a meal about forty cents in our money and although the bread is wheatless, and our meals are almost meatless, and the chocolate candy has no sweetness, but they all taste good to one who is hungry.

"This camp is the only one so far where they won't let you look around

a bit. We have to stay in or around the Y. M. C. A. hut. We sleep in tents just to the right of our hut where we eat and loaf around. I think this will be our last day here then on to our permanent base. Wish our regiment would get here as they probably have quite a bit of mail for me. But it will be quite some time before I see them again.

"The people—and everything—are so different here. They seem so far behind the times, especially the parts of England we passed through. The women are a very brave body, but American girls are good enough for me, and they will pass much higher if I am the judge."

10-25-18

A. T. Troeger received word the first of the week that his son, Lieut. Cecil Troeger had arrived in New York from overseas and there is very much rejoicing in the Troeger home. Lieut. Troeger enlisted in the service two years ago this June and has been in France about a year and a half. He was a member of the 135th Infantry of the Thirty-fifth division. He arrived at Camp Mills, New York several days ago. In a letter to his father this week he stated that they had fine weather during his voyage home and had a fine trip. He also stated that he was feeling fine. Lieut. Troeger went from there to Chicago, and it will certainly be a delightful meeting between mother and son, as Mrs. Troeger is visiting her daughter in Chicago. He will no doubt arrive here within a short time. Mr. and Mrs. Troeger have three boys in the service, their son Edward is still in France, and Phillip has been stationed at the Great Lakes. They are three of the best young men to be found and Mr. and Mrs. Troeger have every reason to be proud of them.

R

5-15-18

Lieut. Troeger Home

Lieut. Cecil P. Troeger arrived in this city on Sunday, after several months of overseas service and while he is not carrying quite so much flesh as when he entered the army, he is in the fittest physical trim. Of course there was rejoicing in the Troeger home and among "Trig's" many friends upon his safe arrival after his strenuous experiences.

5-30-19

Typper, C.
Mrs. M. P. Typper and Mrs. C. H. Typper spent Sunday at Camp Dodge visiting Claude who was to be moved from Camp Dodge the first of the week.

4-4-18

Claude Typper and Elmer Fairchild were two Sioux Rapids boys who were moved from Camp Dodge last week. Claude was sent to a camp in Georgia while Elmer went to Camp Logan, Texas.

4-19-18

Claude Typper arrived home this morning from Camp Upton, N. Y., for a month's furlough. He was only recently released from the hospital after undergoing a very serious operation and his friends will be pleased to learn that he is well on the road to complete recovery.

9-12-18

Claude Typper left Saturday for Stockton, Ill., where he will visit relatives before returning to Camp Upton.

10-10-18

Claude Typper arrived yesterday from Camp Dodge, having received his honorable discharge from the military service.

2-13-19

Three Secure Commissions.

The many friends in Storm Lake of Joe Sohm, Charles Unger, and Kenneth Smith, who have been at the officers training camp at Fort Snelling, Minn., the past three months, will be very pleased to learn that they have received their commissions. Joe Sohm and Charles Unger received commissions as second lieutenants, and Kenneth Smith as first lieutenant. The three young men are all graduates of the Storm Lake high school and have grown to manhood in this city, and all here are interested in learning of their advancement. They arrived on Tuesday for a visit with relatives and friends in Storm Lake.

R

11-24-17

Unger, C.

GO TO FORT SNELLING

Number of Prominent Men to Train For Officers.

While the enlistments in the other branches of the service from this city are rather slow, Storm Lake is not being outdone in the matter of furnishing men for the training camp at Fort Snelling. Frank W. Mack, John Reynolds, S. L. Hoffman, George K. McCollough and Charles V. Sutherland went to Sioux City Friday to take the examinations preparatory to entering the training camp and all received appointments. Ray A. Jones and Charles Unger went to the city this week and also received appointments. They will be called to report sometime before the fourteenth of this month.

The work at the training camp will extend over a period of three months during which time they will receive a thorough course in military training. At the end of the course those who have qualified will receive their commissions and will be assigned to the branch of the service for which they are best fitted.

Floyd Davis has also entered the service of the United States army, having enlisted in the new hospital unit at Sioux City on Monday. On account of his experience as a pharmacist, Floyd will no doubt receive a commission as sergeant.

5-11-17

Charles Unger, who recently received his commission as second lieutenant at Fort Snelling, Minn., will be stationed at Camp Funston, Fort Riley, Kansas. He will report on December 15.

R 12-6-17

Lieutenant Charles Unger arrived Sunday evening from Camp Funston, Kansas, where he has been stationed for some time, for a short visit at the home of his father, A. W. Unger and other relatives, leaving Monday morning for Camp Jackson, S. C., where he will attend a school of artillery.

R 5/30/18

Lieut. Charles Unger is now located at Fort Sill, Okla., where he is attending the school of fire. He was stationed at Camp Gordon but a brief time.

7-5-18

Charles Unger Promoted

Charles Unger is another Storm Lake soldier boy who is going up. He has been advanced from second to first lieutenant in the artillery branch of the service. He is still stationed at Fort Sill, Okla.

9-1-18

Three former Storm Lake boys who knew each other in the good old high school days are stationed at Camp Sill, Okla. They are Lieutenant Joseph Sohm, Cadet Wilbur Walpole and Lieutenant Charles Unger. They get together occasionally to talk about the old home town.

10-18-18

Lieut. Charles Unger arrived home Sunday from Fort Sill, Okla., where he has been stationed for some time, having received his discharge from service. Charles has gained considerable since entering the service and looks fine. His many friends here were glad to see him home again.

R 12-24-18

Warren, H.

Writing from Columbus, Ohio, Mrs. Mary Warren says that she has in no wise lost her interest in "good old Storm Lake," as she describes it. She speaks highly of the part our boys have taken in the defense of the country thus far and says that Halford is a first lieutenant in the Medical Reserve corps and is at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.

2-1-18

White, B.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. White received a letter from their son, Ross E. White, who is stationed at Camp Devens, Mass., the first of the week, stating that he had been made a first class sergeant, and is also to attend officers' training school. Ross is one of Storm Lake's fine young men and his friends will be glad to learn of his promotion. He went in the draft contingent a short time ago. Ross is a graduate of B. V. college and also attended the university at Iowa City.

10-10-18

Ross White, who has been in the service and stationed at Camp Devens, Mass., for some time, arrived

the latter part of the week for a visit at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. White and with his many friends in this city, having been discharged. Ross has been in the service several months. He left on Monday morning for Iowa City where he will resume his work at the state University.

White, Z.

Zeno White, who enlisted in the field artillery last spring and has been stationed at Camp Dodge, had a delightful trip from Des Moines to Camp Mills, L. I., according to a letter home. He traveled in a private car with the officers. He has received all of his over seas equipment and is looking forward to a long ride soon.

8-23-18

Zeno White was somewhat disappointed when he crossed the Atlantic, for the voyage was without any thrills. He says that the old ocean was calm enough on the entire trip that he could have made the voyage safely in his canoe.

10-4-18

Zeno White was attending a training school at Clarmont, France, at the time of his last letter home, dated the last of October. He says that he is well and likes his work very much.

11-22-18

Zeno White in France

"Somewhere in France, September 11, Dear Mother: Again I write you from a different home. I am getting to be some globe trotter. Don't quite remember from where I wrote you last and I am quite sure that I did not tell you so we will let it go at that.

"You know that I am at last in France. Have traveled quite extensively in the land of the hilly already. Certainly enjoyed my trip, a beautiful country and as wealthy appearing as England, but a lot nicer looking folk.

Very friendly and kind hearted. This, however does not prevent them from raising the prices three times higher as soon as the Yanks come to town. But that is our fault chiefly as we do not know the language or value of their coin. What is left for us to do is to pull out a handful of money from our pocket and let them pick out what they want. Some way of doing business. By the way it is same language and some money. Can get a dollar in French money for a dollar in U. S. and a handful at that. This is a land of stone dwellings and red tiled roofs. Rather run down, that is to be expected. Well kept gardens and wooden shoes. This land is intensely cultivated. Saw two small patches of corn two feet high. The people here are not so happy as those in England. Would like to know these people when they were more natural before the war.

"The valleys of France are beautiful. There is usually one large city along a railroad and then innumerable villages scattered throughout the hills. We are in such a community

at present. Quartered in a village close to a large city. The village is a very old one. Some of the buildings dating as far back as 1100 or 1200 A. D. The village is situated in a beautiful valley at the foot of a range of mountains. We can look up and see some whose peaks are nearly always obscured by clouds. Believe me if I had a chance I mean to climb some of them some time before I leave.

"Nothing is raised around here except grapes and a few sugar beets. The people live on wine. Use water only for washing. The first day or two we do not work and I and another fellow took a walk along the valley and along a hill side. We got up about 300 feet and what I could see from there made me anxious to get higher. Walked through miles and miles of grapes and never took one. There were all kinds of blackberries along the road and made quite a meal from those. My next trip will be to a village up on the hill in which there is an old castle built about 1300.

"The wine here is not worth the time to drink, sour, so no need to worry about having an inebriate son returning from Europe, mother. I know that worried you. (?)

"Talk about medieval times, customs and manners. Here are some of the things that I formerly read about and now have seen—wooden shoes, two wheeled carts with cows attached, old women carrying large baskets on their heads, old fashioned ovens, hogs in the houses, etc. The girls are quite good looking, considering the condition under which they live, and quite friendly. Think I will hire someone to teach me the language. Not much chance without.

"I am billeted in a three story building in a room just off from the entrance and close to our parade grounds, mess hall and fountain. A Y. M. C. A. man arrived today, so we will get on beautifully. Expect to settle down to real work soon, although do not know exactly to what I will be assigned. Am not worrying though because I will give the best I have in whatever line.

"I haven't received any mail but expect that it will reach us soon. Don't let that stop you from writing as it will reach me eventually.—Zeno."

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. White received a telegram the latter part of the week from their son, Zeno White, stating that he had arrived at Camp Merritt, N. J., from overseas and expected to be home soon. Zeno has been in the service some time and has been in France several months.

Several of the Storm Lake boys who have been in France, have returned to their homes during the past several days, and Zeno White, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. White, is one of the latest to arrive, having come from Camp Dodge Friday morning, where he had received his honorable discharge from the service. Zeno left Storm Lake June 15, going from here to Camp Dodge where he was stationed until August 11, when he left for Camp Mills. On August 17 he left Camp Mills for overseas and landed in England, where he spent a week. From there he was sent to Clermont-Ferrand, France, to an artillery training school where he was stationed until his company was ordered home. They were ordered to go to the front on November 15, but was just four days too late to get into the fight, the armistice being signed on the 11th. However they had been drilled hard and were ready and waiting to go over the top. Zeno in speaking of France states that the French people are very kind and sympathetic, but that he does not like the country. The weather was very disagreeable and it rained almost all of the time. He has had a wonderful experience and states that when he thinks of it, it does not seem possible that he has been to France. In returning home his company came through Bordeaux, France, where he spent a short time. He expects to spend some time at home before taking up his work. Zeno had been engaged in school work before entering the service, and will no doubt take up work of this kind again. His hosts of friends welcome him home and wish him success in whatever he undertakes.

Mighty Sorry

If there is anyone on the face of the earth to which the Pilot-Tribune desires to give due credit it is the soldier boys. There is therefore nothing less than changrin that this newspaper last week said that Zeno Z. White got no farther than England in his pursuit of old Bill Kaiser. Zeno spent six months in France and was ready to spend as many more or any other length of time to put the Hun everlastingly out of business.

Willfong, F.

Frank Willfong and Albert Walton were home from Camp Dodge over Sunday. The boys look fit and seem to be enjoying their experience in the training camp.

Letters received from Alta soldiers abroad are being received constantly by the relatives at this place. Leslie Swanson, who has been with the ordnance corps in France since last spring writes he may soon be home again, and hints that the soldiers over there feel that they have the Germans on the run. Thaddeus Olson and Frank Willfong crossed on the same boat but did not know it until they landed, when they had a good reunion. Thaddeus saw Ralph and Wilbur Dagger soon after landing. Reuben Larson has been doing yeoman service in England but is now taking training as a gunner in an English aviation camp "two miles from a large city" in Blighty. A cheerful tone pervades all of the letters and confidence is expressed that it will soon be over, and while the boys may not be home soon the fighting will soon be at a close.

Frank Willfong and Harry Cone came home from Camp Dodge last week, having been discharge. Frank saw active service in France. Lloyd Jensen has also been discharged and is at home, after serving more than a year in pathological work in the medical department of one of the French armies. Lloyd had the pleasure of taking a trip along the Mediterranean ports of France, the play ground of Europe, and as he passed through Brest twice he now says he, and all other enjoying that experience are immune against any and every thing.

Yerington, L.

L. E. Yerington received a fine picture of his son Lester who is at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis. Lester has recently been transferred to the medical corps. 7-27-17

L. E. Yerington received word last Saturday that his son Lester was recuperating from an illness of scarlet fever in a hospital at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. Lester has had a long seige as he suffered a relapse after the disease had run its course. 3-29-18

Soldier Wins Bride

Sergeant Lester H. Yerington, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Yerington of this city and Miss Pansy Luella Stephenson of St. Louis, Mo., were united in marriage on July 14, at St. Louis, according to recent information received by his parents. Sergeant Yerington enlisted in the service soon after America's entrance in the war and has been stationed at Jefferson Barracks, where he has served in the hospital corps ever since his enlistment. The groom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Yerington and friends of the family will be interested in the news of his marriage. The Pilot-Tribune extends good wishes. 1918

Sergt. and Mrs. Lester E. Yerington arrived Sunday from Missouri, for an extended visit at the home of Sergeant Yerington's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Yerington of this city. Sergeant Yerington has been in the service and stationed at Jefferson Barracks in Missouri for some time, but has received his discharge from the service. He enlisted in the early beginning of the war. His friends here were very glad to see him. 2-6-19

DEATH OF FORMER STUDENT

Lieut. Walter E. Price, ac. 1897-'98, met a tragic death on the United States army aviation field at Riverside, Calif., Wednesday, February 2, when the plane he was driving became unmanageable at the height of two thousand feet and crashed to the ground. He is survived by his wife, two children, parents, and one sister. The remains were brought to his old home, at Sutherland, Iowa, and on Tuesday, February 8, the military funeral service was held. Mrs. J. E. Morcombe, '97, nee, Elizabeth K. Sohm, postmaster at Storm Lake an old family friend, attended the funeral services at Sutherland. 1921

COMMUNITY SING FOR BOYS

Sunday Program Has Special Significance.

AT CHAUTAUQUA PARK

Rev. T. A. Ambler Will Deliver Address—Fine Musical Program Arranged.

A program, especially prepared for the Buena Vista county boys who depart July 25 for camp has been prepared and will be given in the auditorium at Chautauqua park on Sunday afternoon, instead of Sunset park where the band concerts and community sings have been held. The change was made in order that seats might be provided. A special invitation is extended to every one of the boys, who can possibly do so, to be present at this occasion which is held in honor of them.

Talented Singers Appear

Rev. John Erb will preside as master of ceremonies. The band concert will begin at 3:30 o'clock and the sing will follow at four o'clock. The following program will be given:

Star Spangled Banner.

Onward Christian Soldiers.

Solo, "When the Boys Come Home,"

Scott H. McClure,

Selection, Imperial Male Quartet.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Solo, "Keep the Homes Fires Burning," Claude Skeels. Audience joins in chorus.

Flag salute, led by Rev Erb.

Address, "A Cheerful Response to Our Country's Call," Rev. T. A. Ambler.

Address in behalf of the boys, Lawrence Geisinger.

The New America.

Benediction.

New Verse Added

In the singing of the new "America" another verse will hereafter be added. The first Buena Vista county girl to reach France is Miss Eva Delbridge, Red Cross nurse, and when the verse is sung next Sunday it will be for her, and the other noble women who are doing war work. Mrs. W. W. Brown of Sioux City considered it of sufficient importance to add a verse to "America" and at the recent farewell gathering in honor of Miss Margaret Gay Dolliver of Sioux City,

sister of the late Senator J. P. Dolliver, held on the eve of her departure for France, sang this verse, which applies to all women in the service::

"God bless our loyal girls,
Healing the hurt of the worlds,
But not alone
God give them skillful hands,
Hearts full of tender plans,
To help in other lands,
Bring them safe home."

Sing While Rain Falls

One had only to be at Sunset park last Sunday to realize the popularity of the band concerts and the community sings. Notwithstanding the threatening clouds many were present from a distance and a large crowd gathered to hear the excellent program. Drops of rain fell at intervals but the crowd remained until the benediction.

Miss Dewey Deal held the closest attention of the large audience while she delivered her oration, "The Policy that Failed." Although she has delivered the prize oration no less than twenty times, it was the first time that many in the audience had heard the patriotic speech.

Mrs. Morton Hughes charmed all by the singing of "America for Me."

Miss Eva Delbridge, daughter of H. B. Delbridge of this city, arrived at her home here last week, having just returned from service as an army nurse in France. Miss Delbridge went overseas a year ago this month to serve as nurse and she has had a great experience over there. She left there May 14, for the United States, landing on this side May 23. She is glad to be home again and her many friends here welcome her back again.

Miss Eva Delbridge returned home the latter part of the week from a several days' visit with relatives and friends in Sioux City. Miss Delbridge recently returned from overseas, where she spent more than a year as an army nurse.

NURSE DIES IN CHICAGO

Death of Miss Eva Delbridge Sudden and Unexpected.

HAD SEEN MUCH SERVICE

Spent Much Time as Army Nurse in France—Under Shell Fire for Month and Half.

Friends and relatives were shocked to receive word on Sunday of the sudden death of Miss Eva Delbridge in her rooming house in Chicago. She had written that she soon expected to be home, and her death came as a painful surprise to all who knew and loved her. C. W. Delbridge went to Chicago on Sunday evening, returning with the body on Tuesday morning. The funeral was held on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at the First Methodist Episcopal church, the Rev. W. T. Macdonald, D. D., having charge of the services.

Miss Delbridge only recently returned from service in France where she was a nurse in the regular army medical corps, and had gone to Chicago where she was working in the Post Graduate hospital administering anesthetics. She had been swimming with a nurse companion on Saturday, and on returning was invited to eat supper with Mrs. Bertha Schumacher on Indiana avenue where she was rooming. Shortly after supper she declared her intentions of going to bed early, but did not complain of not feeling well. She acted like she was feeling as well as usual. In the morning the landlady supposed that she had gone to her work, until she received a call asking for Miss Delbridge to come to the hospital. The landlady received no response when she knocked, and on investigation found the nurse dead in her bed. Her relatives at Storm Lake were immediately notified, and C. W. Delbridge started on Sunday evening for Chicago.

At the inquest it was determined that she had died early on Saturday night of myrcarditis, a form of heart failure, that might have been due to over-exertion. The body reached this city on Tuesday morning.

The funeral which was held at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon was made a military funeral as far as possible. There was an escort of two

quads of returned soldiers, six soldier pall bearers, and six nurses who were honorary pall bearers. The local chapter of the War Mothers of America attended the funeral in a body. The body was escorted from the house to the church by the soldier boys.

The church was packed for the funeral, many people wishing to pay homage to her who had served their cause so faithfully in France. The floral offerings were profuse and beautiful. Beautiful music was rendered by a quartette composed of Miss Francis Vitter, Miss Mary Crombie, Fred Vitter and Paul Zieke. Rev. W. T. Macdonald, D. D., pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church, had charge of the services. In his sermon he spoke of the life of service that Miss Delbridge had lived, and of how important a life of service is. After the service in the church the War Mothers, the nurses and the military escort formed a guard of honor as the body was taken to the hearse. The burial service was beautiful and impressive, as a military funeral always is. At the close of the service Floyd Davis blew taps on the bugle while the nurses and military escort stood at attention. And to those who had known Miss Delbridge, and to those who had learned in France the wonderful service that she and her companions had done for their country, it seemed that she indeed was only answering the last call that summons the tired soldier to a welcome rest.

OBITUARY

Miss Eva Delbridge was born near Schaller, Iowa, on January 16, 1887. When she was about two years of age the family moved to Storm Lake, Iowa, where she was educated in the Storm Lake schools. She studied in Buena Vista college for two years and attended Highland Park college in Des Moines for one year, after which she taught music for two years. She then entered the Methodist Hospital in Des Moines for her training in her chosen profession of nursing. She later went to St. Joseph's hospital in Sioux City, graduating in 1912.

When the war broke out Miss Delbridge was nursing in St. Joseph's hospital, and at the government's call for nurses she enlisted in the regular army for four years. She was then sent to Camp Cody at Deming, New Mexico, where she served for eight months, and in May, 1918, she sailed for France. She landed at St. Nazair where she gave her service for some time to Base hospital 101. Her next move was to Base hospital number six near Bordeaux, and later to Camille Souge.

Her most interesting experience were at Beau Desert, where the largest hospital in France was located. Near Chateau Thierry Miss Delbridge was located in a hospital entirely under canvas. She had charge of the surgical department of Base 114, where during the great drives of the latter part of the war they were taking care of 7000 patients. Before the armistice she was a month and one-half right at the front, and was subjected to shell fire and bombs continually. After the armistice was signed she was sent to Marseilles. After her hard work she was given a furlough,

and visited many of the larger cities of Italy, Rome, Naples, Vienna and others of interest.

Miss Delbridge came back from France a great admirer of our fighting men, and more than once paid them a high tribute. The positions that Miss Delbridge held in France showed that she was one of the very best nurses in the American army.

She was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal church at twelve years of age, and adorned the teachings of Christ her Savior with a life of loving and faithful service. Her life was spent in the service of others, and her kind manner and cheerful disposition lightened the pain of more than one suffering American soldier. She stood for all that symbolizes the American nurse in France. She did her duty well and was not afraid to answer the call of the Great Commander.

Miss Delbridge leaves to mourn her sad and seemingly untimely death her beloved father, H. B. Delbridge of Storm Lake, and four brothers and four sisters; William and Frank Delbridge of Sioux City, Wesley Delbridge of Chicago and Alvin Richard Delbridge of St. Paul; and Mrs. John Sanborn of Storm Lake, Mrs. Mamie Snyder of California, Mrs. Dora Preston of Sioux City and Miss Emma of Storm Lake.

8-22-19

The Delbridge family desires this newspaper to extend their especial thanks and appreciation to the soldier boys, nurses and pall bearers who participated in the funeral rites for Miss Eva Delbridge.

8-28-19

Hoffman, Josephine

CALL RED CROSS NURSES

Miss Josephine Hoffman and Miss Eva Delbridge Called to Service.

Miss Josephine Hoffman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hoffman of this city, will leave St. Paul on Monday for immediate service in France as a Red Cross nurse. Miss Hoffman is a native daughter of this city and many friends will be interested in knowing that she is doing her bit in the great war.

Miss Eva Delbridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Delbridge, was home from Sioux City over Sunday for a visit before leaving on Tuesday for Deming, N. M., where she will be a Red Cross nurse. She expects that she will be sent across in a short time.

11-9-17

Miss Josephine Hoffman, who has been stationed at the Marine hospital on Mare Island, for the last year, has been lately transferred to an improvised hospital for the "flu" victims in Los Angeles. Miss Hoffman is head of the diet kitchen.

12-11-18

Helen Eyres

B V C 1915-17

1918 - Army nurse,
Letterman Hospital
San Francisco, Cal.
Graduated in June,
1920, with the first
class of army nurses,
Washington, D.C.

Footo, C.

I. Claire Foote, '09, is engaged in Y. M. C. A. war work, and is stationed at Camp Wadsworth, S. C. He may be transferred to France in the spring. 1-24-18

Claire I. Foote, a former college student, who is now in the Y. M. C. A. war service, came down from Estherville Tuesday and stopped long enough to greet friends. He has been home on a furlough from a South Carolina camp. Claire is looking fine, having added on so much in advordupois that his old friends scarcely recognized him. 5/1 1918

Harrison, F.

Mrs. Frank W. Harrison arrived in this city on Saturday for a visit at the W. C. Edson home and to attend the events in connection with commencement week at Buena Vista college. The Harrisons have been living in Topeka, Kansas, and they have been visiting at the home of Mr. Harrison's people in Des Moines. Mr. Harrison will go to France practically at once with the Y. M. C. A. Mrs. Harrison's many friends are glad of the privilege of seeing her again.

Professor Harrison

Writes From France

(Extract of a letter from former Buena Vista professor.)

There are few detached buildings in France. French towns are to a large extent coral like in growth, new additions sprouting out from where the old buildings stop. Perhaps as a consequence, at any rate as a fact, it seems the rule rather than the exception that down on the ground floor are the family entrance and the stable entrance, side by side, with a wall, a hallway, and the other wall of the living rooms to separate the animals and the human compartments, or apartments, as the case may be, and to give the animals a little privacy.

I wish you might see the brilliant wild poppies, chicory, asters, and wild mignonette, among other flowers which grow here. There are some beautiful park like drives, too, and the quaint old villages, together with the bazarre camouflaged aviation outfits and other things of a mil-

itary nature which are scattered about the country make a very odd, dreamlike contrast. It is strange how little appearance of war ravage there is left, even though many buildings are partly wrecked or wholly so.

My work, of course, is primarily athletic work and promotion of various sports. Incidentally I do a lot of other things. I put in two weeks and a few days at a little town near the front on a different sector than the one in which I am now working, and while there, I waited on the counter selling crackers, candy, chocolate, soap, matches, corn, razor blades, condensed milk, tooth paste, smoking and chewing tobacco, salmon, and any other thing the Y might have for sale. You would be interested in seeing the boys lined up for some time before the canteen opens and that not once but every time. Of course, the various huts often run low on supplies and you would be surprised again and amused and interested to see how they act at such times. I have had them come up as serious as could be, and, after inquiring for an article or two which had sold out, say "Well, what have you got that I can spend this for!"

I have a bicycle which I use now. I am no longer assigned to any particular location but travel all over the division. I load the wheel up with stuff and then "beat it" over the hills to start a game here and there and to organize things so that that athletics will keep moving, when I am not there. I have lots of things on that old wheel. I carry my helmet, gas mask, a foot ball, base balls, indoor base balls, a bat, some times a volley ball, my mess kit, remittance books, some letter paper, first aid kit, a few Testaments, and various other articles, according to where I am going, but usually I carry my field glasses and a few toilet articles such as soap, comb, towel, tooth brush and so on.

I eat almost anywhere. I have never yet been out where the boys were if it was any where near mess without being invited in the mess, and they usually have very good meals. The government supplies very good stuff, and most of the cooks are good ones. Some times you can find fine ones,—and rarely a poor one. As a matter of fact, in the American army

it is easily possible to find artists in almost any line you might mention.

Our own town where my billet is catches it not infrequently. Night before last the planes dropped one of their big torpedoes in a field just outside, which made a hole in the ground about fourteen feet across and nine feet deep. Some hole, say we. It killed quite a lot of fish worms. Another fell in the railroad yards and blew fragments through the packs of some of the boys who were asleep, (they did not have the packs on) but hurt no one. 8-1-18

Linn, J.

Many friends of Rev. J. P. Linn, D. D., former president of Buena Vista college, will be interested in knowing that he has given up his pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Marshalltown to take up work for the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Dodge. He is well fitted for the work. 5-4-17

Dr. James P. Linn, president of Buena Vista college from 1911 to 1914, has secured a leave of absence from the First Presbyterian church at Marshalltown for six months to take up the work of religious secretary under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Dodge, Des Moines. He began this work about September 15. 7-27-17

Rev. J. P. Linn Goes Overseas

Rev. J. P. Linn, formerly the president of Buena Vista college, has been chosen for army Y. M. C. A. work overseas and has resigned as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Marshalltown, where he has been for four and a half years. His congregation will either accept the resignation, or reject it and grant the pastor a year's leave of absence.

Rev. Mr. Linn leaves Marshalltown this week for Chicago, where he has been ordered to report on Friday for training. He will spend two weeks in the training school and two weeks more at Columbia University, New York. As he already has had six months work in the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Dodge it is likely he will be sent overseas at the end of the month of training. He is fitting himself to become a physical director. 10-10-17

Faculty

Burns, W.

Burns Gets Commission

W. E. Burns, son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Harden of this city, has received a commission as second lieutenant in the sanitary corps, and will report to New Haven, Conn., next week, according to a letter received by the Hardens from their daughter in Iowa City. Mrs. Burns, who was Miss Rose Harden, will return to this city and make her home with her parents while Lieutenant Burns serves his country. 9-1-18

Mr. W. E. Burns, head of the Biology department during 1915-'16 and 1916-'17, has received the commission of 2nd lieutenant in the Sanitary corps. He will be sent to New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. W. E. Burns left this week for New Haven, Conn., to join her husband Lieut. W. E. Burns of the Yale Army laboratory. He is stationed in the chemical department of that laboratory. 11-22-18

Sherman, W.

W. R. Sherman, professor of history and Economics, 1915-'17, is at

Edgewood Arsenal, Md. His address is Pvt. W. R. Sherman, Co. H. 2nd Batt. Edgewood Arsenal, Md. 4-26-18

Where or Where are the Nightengales?

Miss Mabel Anderson of Alta vicinity has the distinction thus far of being the only patriotic young woman in the county to enroll as a nurse in the army training hospital. It is a distinction however that Miss Anderson should not hold, as the call for nurses, should be met promptly by many other young women. This county's quota is eleven and the young women are needed to relieve the graduate nurses who belong to the government. With the extension of the draft ages from eighteen to forty-five, the demand for graduate nurses in the army and navy will exceed all previous calculations. Young women with high school education or its equivalent will be accepted in army hospitals. In Cherokee county ten young women have enlisted. It is the duty of the Buena Vista county to answer to their country's call as have their brothers, husbands, and sweethearts. If you are interested telephone Miss Stella Russell for additional information. 9-6-18

Miss Gladys Burke came from Des Moines this week for a visit with her parents. She has resigned her position as stenographer in Des Moines and will leave shortly for Washington, D. C., to take a civil service appointment. Miss Burke is a graduate of the commercial department of Buena Vista college. 7-26-18

Miss Mary Chapman was at her home near Correctionville Saturday and Sunday to visit her brother, Oliver Wendell, who has been called to Washington, D. C., to receive orders for work in the chemical department of the war service. 3-22-18

Other Service

Miss Mary Chapman, who has been attending Buena Vista college the past several years, recently took the government examination and received a call to Washington, D. C., the first of the week. Miss Chapman will leave the last of the week for her home in Correctionville for a short visit and will leave Sunday, to take up her new work. 5-16-18

Miss Mary Chapman, a student of Buena Vista college for several years, left the latter part of the week for Correctionville for a few days' visit with her parents, leaving on Sunday evening for Washington, D. C., where she has accepted a government position. 5-23-18

Miss Mary E. Chapman, a college student during 1915-'18, is enjoying her clerical work in Washington. Her address is 1303 Maple View place, S. E., Washington, D. C. 11-22-18

Miss Dorothy Gregg, who has been teaching in the Canyon City, Colo., schools for the past two years, is paying a visit to her mother, Mrs. A. W. Unger while en route to Washington, D. C., where she will enter the service of the government to help out war time needs. Miss Gregg underwent an operation for tonsillitis at the Malbone hospital this week, and will depart for the east as soon as her condition will warrant taking the journey. 4-26-18

Miss Dorothy Gregg of Storm Lake, a former teacher in the Sioux Rapids schools, has been appointed to a clerical position by the government at Washington, D. C. 5-2-18

Miss Marjorie Oates and Miss Emma Unger will depart on Friday evening for Washington, D. C., where they will be assigned to civil service positions. Miss Oates has been the valued bookkeeper at the Oates Lumber company for the past three years and Miss Unger has assisted in the office of W. Herren, county agent, where she has been most useful. Both young ladies are well qualified to help Uncle Sam in his war time emergencies.

Miss Marjorie Oates arrived home on Thursday from Washington, D. C. She has been working in that city for some time in the offices of the Custodian of Alien Property. She left Washington a week ago last Wednesday and visited New York, Niagara Falls and other points of interest in the east on the way home. She is home on her vacation, but may remain. She has not yet made a definite decision. Miss Oates got out of Washington just in time to escape the race riots that have held that in terror. 8-1-19

Two to Washington

Misses Ethel Van Cleve and Lurene Swope leave the latter part of the week for Washington, D. C., to accept government clerkships for the period of the war. Both of these young ladies have passed excellent examinations and will be able to render high grade service. Miss Van Cleve has been deputy county auditor under W. W. Bennett for the past two years and she has been very competent. Miss Swope, since completing her business course, has been stenographer in the law offices of Bailie & Edson and she will be most useful. The Civil Service commission has repeatedly urged the newspapers to emphasize the fact that expert clerical work has a most important place in the government's war organization and it was in answer to these appeals that these young ladies have been willing to leave positions at home and go to Washington. 7-14-18

Miss Edna Unger will depart on Friday evening for Washington, D. C., where she has accepted a civil service position, as draftsman. Miss Unger has a sister, Miss Emma, who has a position as stenographer in the capital city. The total number of Storm Lake young women in Washington numbers ten.

Miss Unger Accepted

The friends of Miss Edna Unger will be delighted to know that she received notice yesterday from the civil service that she had been accepted as a draftsman at an annual salary of \$1400. Miss Unger will accept. She has been an assistant in the office of W. H. Park for the past year or more. 9-12-18

GOES TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

Charles Pendleton, Post Office Clerk is Transferred to War Department 4-13-17

Charles Pendleton, clerk in the Storm Lake Post Office, received a telegram Sunday, stating that he had been appointed to a position in the War department and asking him to report as soon as possible.

Mr. Pendleton is a graduate of the Storm Lake High School. After graduating he took the Civil Service Examination and was one of the first two carriers appointed in Storm Lake, later when there was a vacancy in the Post Office department he was transferred to the same which position he has now held for almost four years. While serving as clerk in the Post Office he took work in Buena Vista college and last year successfully passed the examination for Civil service work in that line.

He has been promoted steadily in the Postal service here until he reached the highest salary that could be obtained by clerks in the Storm Lake Post Office. He begins his work in Washington, D. C., with an increase of one hundred and a continued chance for advancement. We do not for a minute doubt but what he will make these advancements as regular as he has here as he has the ability and the training essential therefore. Mr. Pendleton expects also to take a course in the Columbia Law School which has night classes and become a full fledged L. L. D.

Here is hoping that his dream may be realized. But before going to Washington, Charles took unto himself a wife, but this is another story found elsewhere in this paper.

Mabel Conquist-Smith a student at B. V. from 1908 until 1912, and Oratory professor from 1914 until 1916 now a missionary in Ningpo, China. She was made president of the Red Cross branch in Ningpo which consists of twelve American ladies. They made thirty-five sweaters in the one month of November, with the aid of the Chinese school girls. 12-27-17

Ten young ladies met at the home of Miss Lurene Swope last Monday evening to organize a knitting club. They will meet weekly. "Maids of America" is the name they have chosen for their club. Election of officers resulted as follows: Captain, Frances Chapman; first lieutenant, Opal Toy; second lieutenant, Lurene Swope; sergeant, Mayme Soeth; privates, Helen Hurley, Margaret Skiff, Genevieve Benedict, Gladys Nusbaum, Mary Foote. 9-14-17

GIRLS BEGIN DRILL

Lt. Orrin W. Letson Will Teach Girls Military Tactics.

The Girls Service Corps, the newly organized military company, will hold the first drill in the high school gymnasium next Tuesday evening, October 8, at 7:30 o'clock. Lieutenant Orrin W. Letson military commander of S. A. T. C., has kindly consented to act as drill master.

The young women are requested to wear high topped shoes with Cuban heels. The wearing of tennis or gymnasium shoes when the wearer is used to high heels would result in injury to the foot, according to Lieutenant Letson. Gymnasium suits of white middie blouses and bloomers will be worn.

At a mass meeting of the young women last Thursday evening the name of the organization was chosen. A spirited voting resulted in the choosing of the name Girls Service Corps. The second choice was "The Girls Behind the Line." Miss Grace Mack was elected colonel and Mrs. S. L. Hoffman, lieutenant colonel. Company B. chose Mrs. Earl Cummins for company mother.

The Girls Service Corps will make its first public debut on the evening of October 12, when they will appear in the Liberty Day parade. Company C, of which Miss Gladys Fuller is captain, is making the brassards which will be worn that evening. 9-27-18

With The Colors.

From all corners comes this query, where is "Red" or Harvey or "Big John" now? And so in turn each one of the boys who has gone out from Buena Vista is asked about.

William Aitkens, the first B. V. boy in France, has recently been made First Lieutenant because of valorous work done during the five days of the Soissons battle. He says, "those were five awful days and it is a miracle that any one came out alive. There were 8000 in our division who lost their lives. A big price to pay but some of Germany's best troops met absolute defeat before us." Then he adds I see that Mr. Edson spoke on "Cooties" at the Alumni Banquet." Wish he had a few that are feeding on my ribs right now."

A letter from Mrs. Beatrice Riedesel-Hood states that Mr. Hood has been in France two weeks.

"Big John" Fulton has been graduated from the non commissioned officers school for marines at Paris Isle S. Carolina and is in the officers' training camps at Quantico, Va.

Word has been received that Manson Redenbaugh has arrived safely "overseas."

Stewart Brown, and John Parkhill have just been graduated from the ground school at Austin, Texas.

George Diehl is still doing night work in a telegraph office at Tours, France, the center of the American postal service there. He has received his stripe for six months of foreign service and has enjoyed every moment of his time "over there." He says the sculpturing and the carving of the French people are wonderful. He has sent many beautiful pictures home from France.

Last word from Arthur Riedesel tells of his touring with the band.

Ralph Stock has been transferred from Ames to Valparaiso with the auto mechanics.

Justice Crowley, George Brandt, and Harley Claus have arrived safely "overseas."

Lael Dehand has received the rank of Ensign and expects to soon sail for France.

Jay Boslaugh has been transferred from the Great Lakes naval training station to New York city, and expects to be sent across on a submarine destroyer.

STORM LAKE BOYS MEET

Sgt. Arthur Hughes Meets Soldiers From Home Town.

Soldiers in France do a real kindness to the people back home when they write of "the other fellow" and tell of his condition, whether it be good or bad news, as it relieves the anxiety of relatives and friends. Reports have been current concerning Dewey Crissey of Company M, who was reported to be on his way home blinded by gas. Arthur P. Hughes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hughes, saw Dewey soon after his arrival in France, and the news he writes was most welcome as it clears up the rumor. Extracts from Arthur's letter follows:

"Well we have finally arrived in France after traveling through England quite a bit. Haven't had much opportunity to see France yet but hope to see more of it in the near future. I presume you folks wonder why I do not write more often, but it is almost impossible to write when traveling around so much.

"The railroads here are surely much different than at home. Our coaches will hold almost three or four times as many people as the French coach. The box car looks like a big moving van. As you know they have shipped American locomotives over here and from what I am told the people were almost dumb founded at the size of them.

"The French civilians all seem to have a hand of welcome out for the Americans. Of course I haven't carried on many conversations with them but have wished already that I had dad's knowledge of the French language. There are so many Americans around that we don't notice it much though.

"Stopped at one camp here in France and the first person I saw was Dewey Crissey. He was just out of the hospital. Hurt his leg some way in action but nothing serious I guess. He was also gassed a little. If I gain as much as he has I will be some fat when I get home. I had to look at him twice. While in the camp Zeno White came in so it seemed like this isn't such a big world after all. Was surely glad to see someone from home.

"I understand that Gus Hill and Floyd Gilliland were just two or three days ahead of us at two different places but don't suppose I will hardly run into them because they are infantry and the artillery is in another camp. I understand there is to be a bunch in from Camp Jackson

tonight and I am hoping Helse Samuels and Bill Hughes will be in the bunch. I guess there will be some old reunion,

"From the dope we get here everything looks good at the front and I don't think it will be very long until we whip the Bochs."

About Our Sammies

A LIEUTENANT

BUT GUESS WHO?

This happened over in France. If you are real still and listen hard you may hear Dan Cupid on the wire. Even if they do say that everyone wears black "over there" and there is no fun or frolic, it is not the gospel truth, because— one night less than moons ago there was a dance. And at this particular dance "among those present" was one of our very own Sammies, and a Red Cross nurse, which poet and song writer is making famous.

The two were introduced.

"Where are you from, may I ask?" our Sammie said.

"Oh, from the United States" she replied.

"Yes, but from what part?" he insistently queried?

"From the middle west," she sweetly told him.

Then he became interested and wanted to know the exact location. Then she told him, Iowa.

A few more sentences with a question mark at the end, and he found out she was from Atlantic, Iowa, and they had mutual friends galore.

"And we didn't dance any more that evening," adds the young lieutenant at the end of the narration. But he didn't fess up whether he has the right to sing "That Red Cross Girl of Mine," just yet.

Listen, for its the age of romance.

MEN CALLED IN OCTOBER

Iowa to Send 3,900 Draftees October 21-26.

FIVE ORDERED TO AMES

Late Call Will Likely Take Place of Larger Call Deferred on Account of Epidemic.

Despite the fact that Spanish influenza is spreading rapidly over the army camps and civilian population of the United States, a call has been received by Adjutant General Lasher of Des Moines to send 3,900 Iowans to Camp McClellan, Ala., and Fort McArthur, Cal., the week of October 21 to 26. Of the number 2,500 go to the Alabama camp, and it is likely the Buena Vista county contingent will go to the southern camp.

The local board has not received the call, therefore the list is not ready for publication. It is expected, however, within a few days. It is likely that this draft call will take the place of the larger call which was to send over 8,000 to Camp Dodge the week of October 7.

A call has been received for five men to take special mechanical training at Iowa State college, Ames. Those who will go are Frank N. Murdoch, Sioux Rapids; Rijs J. Siefkin, Rembrandt; Arthur A. Dierwechter, Rembrandt; Harry Swanson, Albert City; John Oatman, Alta. These men will leave either October 14 or 15.

Rasmus Poulson, a special limited service man, will leave October 14, for Vancouver, Washington.

Wimberley Will Not Go Overseas.

F. W. Wimberley received a communication last week from the Y. M. C. A. headquarters in New York, notifying him that it would be impossible to send him overseas in the work as he had been led by the Association to believe would be the case. Mr. Wimberley had made every preparation to enter the service and had passed all tests and the government passports were issued some time ago. Now comes word telling him there is nothing doing. Mr. Wimberley's case in itself might be excusable, but it is only one of hundreds in which the Association headquarters encouraged men to prepare for service overseas and then at the last moment rejected them. In many cases it has proven expensive as well as disappointing to the men thus misled. We do not know where the blame should be placed, but we do know it will have its effect on the future work of the association.

Returns to America

Storm Lake friends of Claire Ward will be interested in knowing that he is now en route to New York from London, having been in France for some months serving as secretary to James Perkins, with the Red Cross contingent. Mr. Ward cabled Mrs. Ward at Fort Dodge and she has gone to New York to join him there. They will be located in New York permanently as he will resume his former position with the National City bank.

Meeting at Lincoln-Lee

W. C. Edson, accompanied by the male quartet composed of Harold Miller, A. G. Hoch, George B. Egington and Dr. W. M. Storey, went to Lincoln-Lee school last Friday evening where Mr. Edson talked on the Liberty Loan before a large audience and the male quartet delighted all who heard them with their music. They were caught in the rain coming home and had a hard trip of it.

Canteen One of the Storm Lake young womens' canteen and military organization, with Miss Cooke, as Captain, provided the refreshments for the Great Lakes Naval Band. Misses Wilcox, Searle, Swisher, Slagle, and O'Donoghue belong to this section.

YOUNG WOMEN IN MILITARY SERVICE

Six Companies Organized.— Temporary Captains Chosen.

The canteen and military companies, for the Young women of Storm Lake, were organized in the Commercial club rooms, Monday, Sept. 9, 1918.

The work of the Canteen service was presented by Mrs. J. H. O'Donoghue. The young women present, who were willing to do anything possible to help the recruits, signed their names. The purpose of this organization is to remember in some way all the men called into the service.

Mrs. W. C. Edson presented a plan for the military organization for women. After the plans were carefully read by Mrs. Edson, no time was lost before they were approved by the young women. It was decided to meet once a week for military training.

Six companies were organized with temporary captains. The "war" strength of the companies will be twenty. After the company is complete they will choose their captains and company mothers.

The six military companies organized among the young women of Storm Lake have been recruited to the full strength of twenty-five each and as soon as an instructor in military tactics can be secured, regular weekly drills will be conducted.

Permanent captains of each of the six companies have been elected. Company A, Miss Edith Cooke; Company B, Miss Dewey Deal; Company C, Miss Gladys Fuller; Company D, Miss Nellie Goodman; Company E, Miss Enola Squire; Company F, Miss Ella Toohey. Company mothers were chosen at the same time by five of the companies. Company A chose Mrs. Frank W. Mack; Company C, Mrs. Stanton Olinger; Company D, Mrs. I. M. Nusbaum; Company E, Mrs. George J. Schaller and Company F, Mrs. S. P. McKinnon. Company B has not yet announced a choice.

On Thursday evening a meeting will be held when the point system worked out by the captains will be presented, and other organizational matters will be determined.

- Victory Hall. -

1919

The laying of the corner stone of Victory Hall, the new gymnasium of Buena Vista College, was fittingly held on November 11, one year after the signing of the armistice. Dedicated as it is to the soldiers, sailors, marines and nurses, who served in the Great War, nothing could be more significant in the course of construction of the building than to have this first anniversary of the cessation of hostilities commemorated by this ceremony. The impressive ritualistic services of the Masonic Lodge were conducted by officers of the local lodge, who were deputized by the Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of Iowa to fill the several stations and perform the work.

At nine o'clock the members of the faculty and student body assembled at the college and marched in formation to the Masonic hall. From there, headed by the band, a detachment of uniformed Knights Templar escorted the members of the student body, the faculty, and the board of trustees of Buena Vista college, and the members of the Masonic lodge to the site of Victory Hall.

Following music by the band and the college glee club, Dr. Olinger, president of the college, was introduced, and spoke fittingly of the inception of the idea that made the memorial building possible. His message was a manifestation of faith and of a constancy of purpose, and was filled with abundant promise for the future of the institution.

The beautiful and meaning ceremony of the ancient fraternity was then briefly explained by the Master of Ceremonies, Jos. E. Morcombe, the performance of the symbolic service was completed, and the corner stone lowered into its place.

The sealed casket placed within the corner stone contains the following articles: Buena Vista College Catalogue 1918-1919; Art Bulletin of the college, published in the summer of 1919; Buena Vista Tack, September 1919; Buena Vista College Bulletin, September 30, 1919; Storm Lake Pilot-Tribune, November 7, 1919; Storm Lake Register, November 7, 1919; List of the City Officials at the present time; List of officers of Jewel Lodge No. 309 and list of Acting Grand Lodge officers officiating at the ceremony.

Owing to the cold weather, the address of the occasion was delivered in the college chapel. Dr. C. G. Butler of Sac City, the speaker was introduced and spoke in a most impressive manner upon the "Sacredness of American Ideals." He dwelt upon the virtues and values of an informed Americanism, and emphasized the fact that these ideals now more than ever before need to be enunciated clearly and vigorously emphasized. He pointed out that religion should not and cannot be left out of our national life, and that the smaller Christian colleges, are the best agencies for bringing about the realization of these ideals as the basis of national life.

Dedication of New Gymnasium

ARMISTICE DAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1920.

Exercises conducted by the American Legion.

Ex-Service men meet at the American Legion club room at 1:30 for the parade.

Program at the Empire Theatre at 2:00 o'clock.

Football game, Buena Vista vs. Western Union on college campus at 3:30.

Victory Hall will be open for inspection by the public.

DEDICATION OF VICTORY HALL

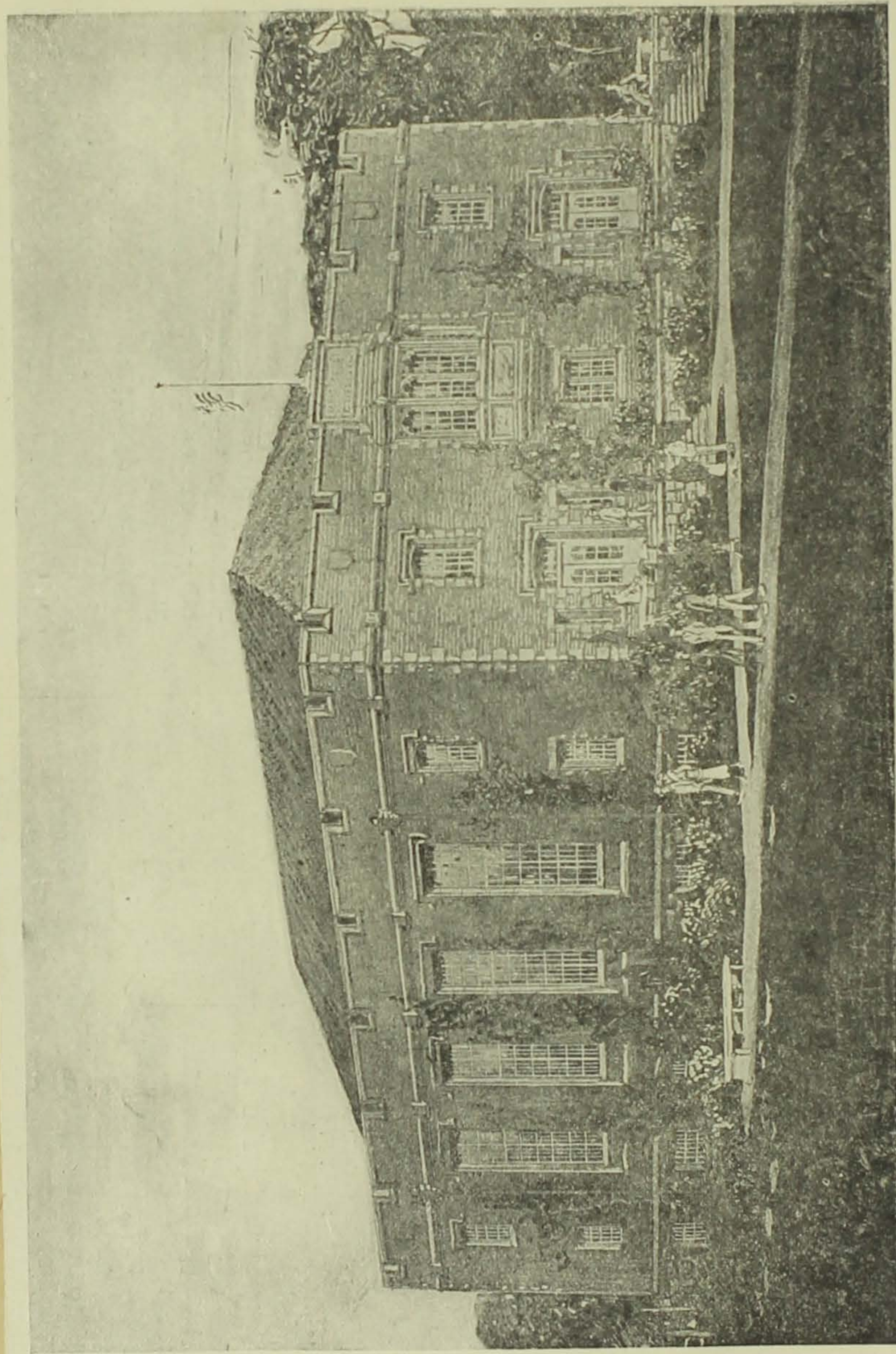
Sunday, November 14

The dedication exercises in connection with the opening of Victory Hall will take place at 3:00 p. m.

There will be an appropriate program with special music and the following speakers:

Dr. W. B. Sanford of Des Moines; Dr. Theodore Morning of Des Moines; and Dr. O. R. Harless of Fort Dodge, assisted by local pastors and the American Legion and National Guard.

The public is cordially invited to participate in the exercises of both days.



VICTORY HALL

Erected in Memory of the Soldiers, Sailors and Marines Who Served in the World War

Additional letters, etc.

LOGAN CROUCH WRITES

LETTER FROM FRANCE

Dec. 28, 1919.—Dear Friend: I have been out of the U. S. A. for two months now and am still alive. I never even took cold from the change of climate until about two weeks ago. Then I surely had one for I could hardly talk. Can you imagine me not talking?

The "flu" certainly caused much suffering and death at Camp Colt. I escaped it and surely was fortunate in so doing.

I received a letter from my kid brother the other day and he said Buena Vista had a close score in their football game with Yankton.

I suppose we will not be home for several months the way things look. Of course we hear rumors every day that we are going home in a few days, but they don't carry much weight with me.

I made most of the trip through England by night, but I saw quite a bit any way.

We saw Paris from a distance when we came here. That is the only way we are apt to see it either.

On the whole I don't see just what the kaiser wanted with this country anyway. Still it would be better in the summer when it is not raining every day.

The houses are all made of stone. I don't think much of them for they are so damp.

I went down to a little town near here and bought a bottle of ink about the size of a thimble for 15 cents. It was rotten ink.

I saw a French girl today, who could talk a little English. I tried to talk to her for half an hour or so but didn't seem to make much headway. Finally I gave it up.

The French are sharp. One has to watch out or they will sell you a little and have all one's money. A franc, about 20 cents, will not buy much more than a nickle's worth back home. U. S. would certainly look good to me.

By the way, I have had the cooties since I have been here. That is something to brag about, isn't it? Brother.

"HEMP" MARTEN ELUCIDATES

Denver, Colorado.

September 21, 1919.

Dear "Teacher":—

It has been one long time since I have written you but thought I might risk another epistle.

I do but very little writing outside of home, telling them I am well one week and requesting money the next. I hate to get started writing as I am afraid I will write as I think, and my thinking will run into channels that had better not be written when anybody asks me about when I expect to get out of the army. I can see no hopes so I just rave and swear plentifully until the air is smoky.

I met Drury last evening on his way to California. We were together until this morning when he left for Salt Lake. It seemed good to talk to some one that knew people I did.

It must be that Iowa has been having some very hot weather. Our nights are always cool here and poor Drury nearly froze to death. I put a heavy comforter over him and then threw my share over over him too as I did not want it and still he talked about it being so cold. He even made me get on the window side of the bed. He wouldn't even wash his face this morning because there was no hot water in the hotel.

From reports that Drury makes, things are looking and moving much differently than when I was there. I would like to see some of those returned heroes including Big John, Art Riedesel, Hood, and the others, but I am a member of the pill roller's association, (Medics).

It looks like I am a black goose among white swans. Here is Marousek, Hood, and Drury going to theological seminaries, Stewie in Y.M. work, and as for me, I don't see much ahead.

One thing is sure. If they hold me much longer, I will be hard boiled, a rough talker, and without any scruples at all—enough to make a good cow puncher or missionary to South America.

Every time I hear of some patients being transferred I race into the headquarters to see where they are going. I need some more tours since I have to stick around. Tomorrow one goes

to northern Montana and another to Detroit. I am looking for one to Connecticut or Florida. One gets just as much pay even if he doesn't work. I am not getting brain fever from overwork. Oh no! It is "worry".

Well, I see this sheet is about to quit, so I will. Regards to B. V. friends.

As ever,
Ralph Marten.

Letter from "Tork"

The following letter was received from our friend "Tork" by Professor Stahl.

Houston, Texas, Nov. 18, 1917

Dear Friend: I suppose that you thought I never would write, but I have come around to it at last. I was at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., from October 11 to November 11. While there I was with the 311th field signal battalion. Last Sunday thirty-one men from the the 311th were transferred to the 33rd division at Camp Logan.

We left Rockford at 2 p. m. Sunday and arrived in Houston at 9 p. m. Tuesday. Camp Logan is about four miles from Houston. It is scattered in the woods for several miles back. Everybody lives in tents here, nine men to a tent.

This battalion is a reorganized national guard unit. At the present time most of our work is signalling. We have got the semaphore down pretty well, and are now working on the wig-wag system. This is communicating with one flag, using the dot and dash of the international code. We also have classes in telephone and cipher work. The work is very interesting, and I like it here, so everything is all right.

Give Stewart Brown my address so he can send me the Tack, as have not heard a thing about B. since I left home.

Your friend, "Tork,"
Co. C. 108th Field Signal Battalion
33rd Division, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

P. S.—I might not be here in week or so, but that address will reach me anyhow. Please excuse the writing because I have no place to write except on a piece of board across my lap.

**JOHN PARKHILLS SAYS, "FLYING
IS A GOOD DEAL LIKE
LIVING"**

Flying is a good deal like living. "It's a great life if you don't weaken." If you don't get dizzy and lose your sense of balance, you will enjoy any stunt or series of stunts. But once begin to think that the earth is where the sky ought to be, and the "joy riding" is all off. Then is the time when you are likely to get into a tail spin and won't be able to get out of it until you make a "crank shaft" landing, and flatten out over about six feet of ground, which some friends will be kind enough to place you beneath. In flying as in living, you can "fly and learn." Though one may get sick every time he goes up at first, he can conquer his squeamish stomach if he only stays by it long enough. I knew one fellow who got sick and "shot his lunch" regularly when he was first learning to fly. This was annoying because he had to eat two dinners every day. But he soon got accustomed to the sensation one gets in flying and got to be one of the best flyers among us.

One must be feeling good to fly. Disappointment in love, or a bilious stomach does not agree with flying. Neither do the worries of married life. The best flyers are always the happiest men on the field. That does not mean that they are the most noisy but that they really have the spirit that gets the "joie de vivre" out things. However it is not safe to get to feeling too good because one is lured to climb out of the cockpit and venture out on a wing or back on the tail, in quest of sensations that can't be got by just flying. I have photographs of fellows lying out on a wing or straddling the fuselage back towards the tail. At Kelly Field one of the more crazy flyers climbed down under his plane while in flight, and hanging by his hands from the axle connecting the two wheels, dropped at about five thousand feet in the air into the cockpit of another plane passing below him. Of course there were good flyers navigating both of the ships. It is an everyday thing to Eddie Stinson, one of the best flyers in the country, to go up alone in the rear cockpit and come down in the front, or vice versa.

The more spectacular part of flying is not so much emphasized by the instructors as landings and gentle turns. One is left to his own devices more when it comes to doing loops and barrel rolls, etc. You hear the other fellows talking about the various stunts and you go up and get into them and then try to come out of them. The worst thing that can happen to you in doing stunts, though, is to fall into a tail spin, and it is easy enough to get out of one of those. The first loop I did was by myself without previous instruction. It took quite a bit of reasoning to get up nerve enough to try it first. I figured that all the other fellows had done them who had gone through the course; and as many loops as I had watched from the ground, not one of them resulted disastrously. But just the same I had to refuse to think, and nose it down into a dive when I wasn't looking, and then pull back on the stick and loop before I could think of some good reason for not doing so. When we got over on our back and hung there a while, with me saging down on the safety belt, I felt just as calm as a mummy. Then as we went down in a big swooping dive, I thawed out, and realized that there really wasn't anything to it after all, and tried several more and an Immelman turn. On trying the second Immelman, I went into the worst tail spin I had ever gotten into, and decided that I really needed some instruction on Immelman's before trying any more of them. Later I found out that my loops were not much good because I hung on the top of them too long. In a good loop when you take a long enough dive, and do not pull back on the stick too fast, you fly all the way around it and there is no need of a belt to hold you in on the top of the loop as the centrifugal force will hold you fast into the seat.

In different stunts gravity seems accentuated or reversed. In a tight power spiral one cannot lift his foot. An outside tail spin gives one the sensation of negative gravity. It seems as though your feet and hands want to float away and you have to lift your hand down to reach the throttle.

But I see that I have run over my three or four hundred words already and though I would like to tell a great deal more, must stop for fear of making The Tack look like a treatise on aviation. 3-26-19

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—FORMER INSTRUCTOR HERE**

Color Contrast.

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armed with harvesting rakes protected by their wooden shoes after each time when the was turned on, which was only ally. There is no water system and the pump and hose somewhat better than a hand spray pump, though not start-so. I wakened up and saw n our wall, called the rest, em where the pump was kept get it. After working at the perhaps 10 minutes, I found one had gone for the pump ent myself and banged away istled and finally shook the pen about at the time when the American boys stuck his ut of a window nearby. He out about the fire and roused arades to help and we hauled e pump. At about that time t of the Prauthoy F. D. to ap- ame in the person of the Most Purveyor of the Pump, a very very old lady with a candle. t the pump down to the fire, t with water by means of little llon clothes buckets and had it again when the second author- the P. F. D. appeared in blue ed gold-trimmed coat and a wonderful and inspiring resent brass helmet which might ave served as a monument for xtinct fire department. We ve many other buildings from ig, at any rate.

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CLEMONS RE-ENTERS WIRELESS SERVICE

WILL WORK ON CUNARD LINE

Thrilling Experiences Probable as Wireless Operator with the Trans-Atlantic Merchant Marine.

Buena Vista is to have a share in helping to meet the crisis which is now facing the United States. From this time on to the end of the year, men will be dropping out of their classes to enroll in the force for the conservation as well as for the protection of our country's resources. Three men have already enlisted in navy and army departments. Responding to the great need of experienced men in the trans-Atlantic wireless service, Dale Clemons has accepted a position with the Marconi company. He left Sunday, April 29, and is to sail from New York for France or Italy tomorrow, May 2. He will be employed as wireless operator on some vessel of the Cunard line. Owing to the fact that all vessels leave port with sealed orders, their port will not be definitely known until out at sea. Working for the Marconi company, he will have no direct connection with the navy—sailing with the merchant marine. This is the same company for which Dale worked two years before taking up his work at Buena Vista this year. He has kept in continual practice with his wireless station at home so he was

able to command a very substantial salary. His work will take him among the German subs in all likelihood, so his experience promises to be exciting in the extreme. As soon as Dale is located he promises to write some of his experiences for the Tack.

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pear, came in the person of the Most High Purveyor of the Pump, a very little, very old lady with a candle. We got the pump down to the fire, filled it with water by means of little two gallon clothes buckets and had it empty again when the second authority of the P. F. D. appeared in blue and red gold-trimmed coat and a most wonderful and inspiring resplendent brass helmet which might well have served as a monument for the extinct fire department. We did save many other buildings from burning, at any rate.

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WILL WORK ON CUNARD LINE

Thrilling Experiences Probable as Wireless Operator with the Trans-Atlantic Merchant Marine.

Buena Vista is to have a share in helping to meet the crisis which is now facing the United States. From this time on to the end of the year, men will be dropping out of their classes to enroll in the force for the conservation as well as for the protection of our country's resources. Three men have already enlisted in navy and army departments. Responding to the great need of experienced men in the trans-Atlantic wireless service, Dale Clemons has accepted a position with the Marconi company. He left Sunday, April 29, and is to sail from New York for France or Italy tomorrow, May 2. He will be employed as wireless operator on some vessel of the Cunard line. Owing to the fact that all vessels leave port with sealed orders, their port will not be definitely known until out at sea. Working for the Marconi company, he will have no direct connection with the navy—sailing with the merchant marine. This is the same company for which Dale worked two years before taking up his work at Buena Vista this year. He has kept in continual practice with his wireless station at home so he was

able to command a very substantial salary. His work will take him among the German subs in all likelihood, so his experience promises to be exciting in the extreme. As soon as Dale is located he promises to write some of his experiences for the Tack.

TELLS OF AERIAL BOMBS

LIEUT. J. STEWART BROWN WRITES
AT OUR REQUEST

TELLS INTERESTINGLY OF SCHOOLS

Only Enlisted Men Accepted As Airmen
—Must Pass Very Rigid Physical
and Mental Tests

3-6-19

The following is an article on "aerial bombing," written by Lieut. Stewart Brown at the request of the editor of the Times. We feel deeply indebted to Mr. Brown for this splendid article. The article follows:

It must be understood at the outset that it is impossible to write with any accuracy upon a subject of this nature for it is still only in its infancy. What may be true today may be entirely wrong tomorrow and what we may have in our training here in America may differ decidedly from operations at the front. At the beginning of this war airmen did not carry weapons. Finally someone got the bright idea of carrying a revolver along, which was of course practically useless. Later a form of shotgun was used and out of this has developed the use of the modern machine-gun devised for aerial use, firing at the rate of 500 to 900 shots per minute. Bombing is still another step so new that the writer cannot help but offer due apologies for what little may have come within observation.

All our flyers are enlisted men who were required not only to pass a rigid physical examination but a somewhat strenuous mental examination as well. Each flyer enters the service as a Cadet with the rank of a first class private and remains as such until he is finally commissioned as a second lieutenant after the completion of from 6 to 9 months training. His training is largely theoretical for the first three to five months. He spends his first three months at what is known as Ground School where he tussles with the mysteries of the theory of flight, types of aeroplane motors, machine guns, maps and map drawing, aerial navigation, aerial instruments, miniature range, observation, compass, and aeroplanes. He is informed that he is to become an officer and therefore must not be unfamiliar with various military sub-

jects such as army paper work, camp sanitation, first aid, personal hygiene, army organization, army regulation, court martial and gas defense. He is immediately informed that he is also a soldier so must spend from two to four hours at drill each day as well as an hour of Calisthenics. He must be a fighter with fully as savage instincts as the man in the trench therefore he soon learns the various manoeuvres connected with bayonet as well as the gas mask. He soon is informed that there are more men in the flying end of the air service than is needed and that they intend only to keep the best and as a result the so called "inefficient" leave at the rate of from twelve to thirty-five each week to return to their respective draft-boards. Examinations are given each week in the various subjects sometimes numbering as high as seven a week, failure in any two of which necessitates the taking the week over again and they never trouble themselves with setting a man back the second time.

After successfully completing the work at Ground School the Cadet is allowed one or two weeks in which to recuperate after which he is shipped to the Cadet Concentration Camp at Dallas, Texas where he awaits assignment to the flying branch of his choice for he is now given the opportunity to choose what branch of flying he prefers such as ballooning, observation, gunnery, piloting, or bombing. Here he is introduced to "real army life" by manicuring the streets, dusting the trees, shoveling coal and taking his round at "K. P." At the beginning of the war, that is as far as the United States was concerned, Pershing found it necessary to send about 900 flyers back to the States to make them military for he claimed they didn't know how to salute properly, hence the origin of the camp at Dallas. Therefore the cadet has regular drill each day, formal guard mount, retreat and learns how hard it is to keep his gun fit to pass inspection.

After spending perhaps six to eight weeks at the camp he receives his orders to report to a flying field. Practically all the bombers are sent to Ellington Field near Houston.

It must be born in mind that a bomber must be a gunner as well as a bomber to protect the ship. He began his instruction at Ground

School and continued it along with his bombing course. He uses both the ground and air gun on the range but does not use the gun in the air. He has also had a thorough training of his eye from using the Springfield army rifle on the 200 yard range and has had almost continual practice shooting clay pigeons at the traps both in Ground school and at the flying field. The importance of night bomb raiding cannot be overlooked. This is probably the effective work of bombing. This training is quite similar to that of the day raid bombing except that it is done at night. The continual purr of the motors on the night ships can be heard until about four in the morning.

After completing the bombing course the crew, namely, he and his pilot are sent to the Aerial Gunnery School at San Leon about 15 miles from Ellington Field where they use the machine gun every day in the air for about four weeks. They are then sent to Garden City, New York, for shipment overseas, where they get further practice. After crossing they are subjected to further training before they are given a chance at "Heinie" and it is little wonder they can't be stopped when they finally get there.

There are three types of bombs in use, namely, fragmentation, used against personnel, demolition, used against structures, and incendiary used to get fire to objects that might hinder allied plans.

If the readers will realize that bombing is yet only in an experimental state they will not be so surprised if they learn soon of things quite contrary to this article and will thus not be so likely to accuse the writer of misrepresentation.

Lieut. J. Stewart Brown.

LIEUTENANT AITKEN SPEAKS AT FRANKLIN

Lieut. Wm. G. Aitken, the first Buena Vista man in the overseas service, arrived in Storm Lake, Monday, January 27, after 17 months service overseas and all can imagine the happiness which reigns at the Aitken home.

Lieutenant Aitken enlisted in the first officers' training school at Fort Snelling, May 12, 1917, and received his commission as second lieutenant on August 15. After a two days furlough at home, he went to New York and on September 1, began his voyage overseas, attached to the first division, Twenty-sixth regiment, Co. F.

Following is Lieutenant Aitken's story which was given on Friday evening, February 7, at the meeting of the Franklin Literary society, of which he was a member.

"When we arrived in France, the first regular division America had sent across, we found France rather downhearted, for they were passing through the gloomiest days of the war. However, they never gave up. One of the most noticeable characteristics of the French people is their never failing courage. The British are noticeably different. We find that the English soldiers are divided into parts who do not have a particular liking for each other. The best of the British army and in fact of all the armies, are the Australian troops. The Australian is an almost perfect type of man and soldier.

"During the winter months our time was spent in schools in France but in the early spring we were ordered to the front and after that the division spent practically all of its time in the line. Our nights were really our days for it was then that we did our work, while under the cover of darkness. The trenches which we were in, were simply narrow ditches in the ground about three or four feet deep.

"Sometimes at night we were sent out on wire duty. We would work for about eight hours and then send one back for our chow which we would get all right providing Fritz didn't play particularly hard about that time with the shrapnel, which happened a number of

times. For six days and nights in May, I was in a detachment where we were unable to get any of our "chow" except our emergency rations which we carried with us. We kept the canned meat until the second day and then we were lucky enough to have a gas attack that night which spoiled the meat.

"The game of war as a whole might be very well compared to a football game in which General Pershing acted as captain and Marshal Foch acted as coach. The offensive was always changed to suit the circumstances. I might describe one of these attacks. I had now joined the machine gun company or what is known as the "Suicide Club." About midnight the notice of the attack arrives. First the maps are gotten out and studied, then the men are checked up. Soon the order comes as to the time to start or the zero hour. Now there is nothing to do but wait for that zero hour to come. As soon as the time arrives the artillery starts drum fire which sounds like the roll of a drum. The artillery goes out in waves until there are about eight waves. About three hundred fifty feet behind the last wave of artillery comes the machine gun company.

"I shall never forget the last show. We had been stationed for a very short time near Verdun and from there we were ordered to move to the forest. We reached the wood on October 1, and threw ourselves down and slept four or five hours. We were busy the two days that followed. On October 4, about 4 o'clock, I went around and called out the men, sending back those who were sick. The rest of us got the equipment out of the ice which had frozen around it and we began our attack. By eight o'clock only a few of us remained in our battalion and another was sent in. I was in the fight until four in the afternoon when the gas came and was knocked completely blind. But the thing I most remember is the efficiency of the Germans that day and that is the reason I was so surprised when word came to me in the hospital that the armistice had been signed. As I saw it then and as I see it now the Germans were not defeated. Their

spirit still lingers and in 75 or 100 years they will be at it again.

"We find that many of the men spoke about bringing home pets. One man whose letter I happened to censor, said he was going to bring home a nice soft furry pet about the size of a house cat and he went on to describe how he had trained it. At the end of a rather lengthy letter he said it was a rat. However, the closest and best friend of the soldier was the cootie. After three nights in the trenches there was no chance of a guard going to sleep for the ever present cootie would keep him awake."

Lieutenant Aitken closed his talk with this question? "What is the best boarder?" Can you answer it, A cootie because he always eats in the same place.

DEWEY DEAL WINS HONORS

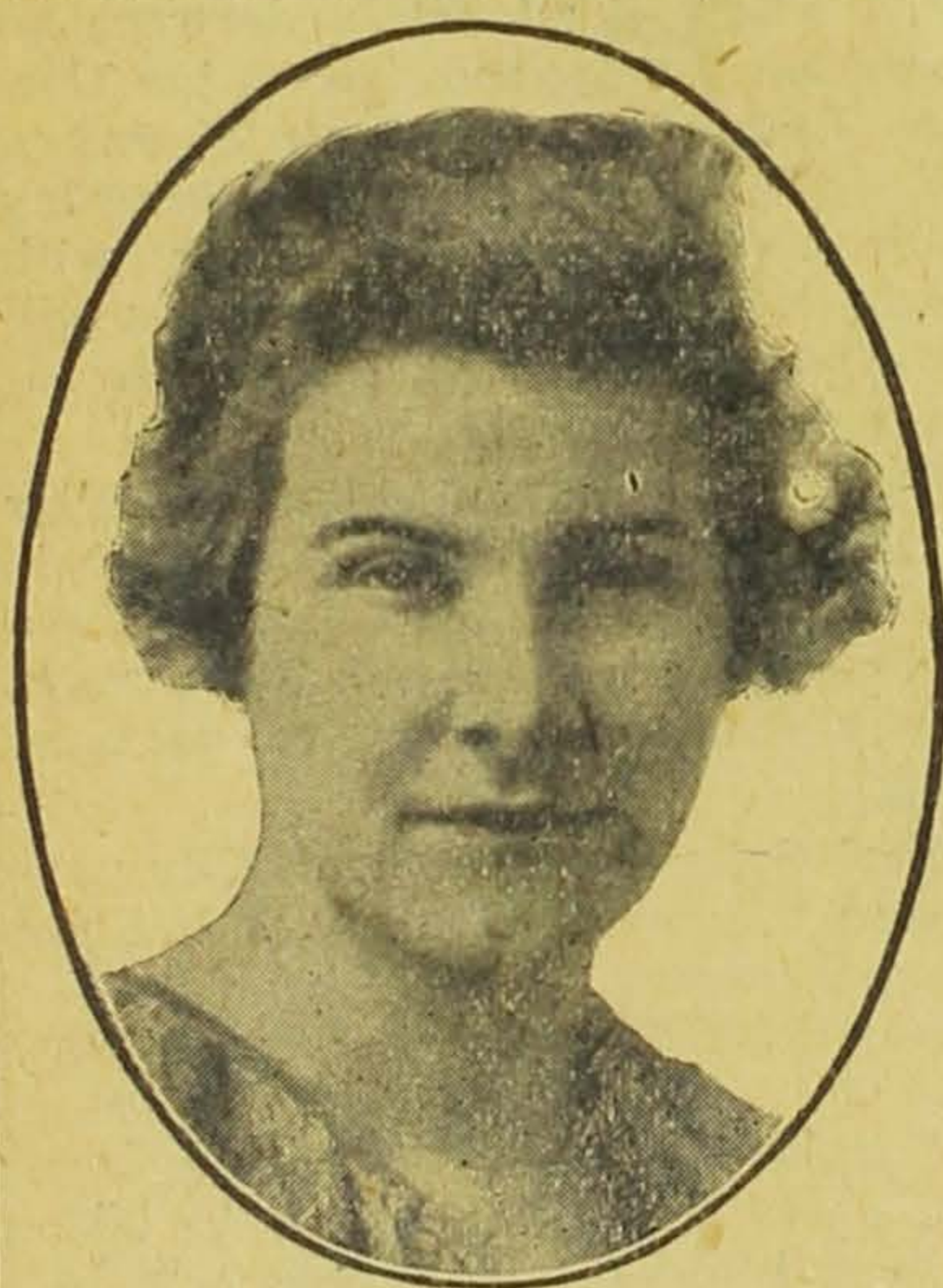
Buena Vista Girl Carries off
State Prize.

GIVES WAR TIME ORATION

Miss Deal Will Enter Contest at
Topeka, Kans.,—Good Chance
to Win Tri-State.

Buena Vista college won a distinct honor when Miss Dewey Deal was awarded first honors in the Iowa State Oratorical contest held at Morningside college, Sioux City, Friday evening, in which six orators of state colleges competed.

Lee Soltow of Morningside college was announced the winner after the



MISS DEWEY DEAL

contest and presented with a prize of \$100. The announcement was so unexpected to one of the judges, that he turned to another judge and stated that he gave Miss Deal first place and evinced surprise at the decision. Then it was discovered that Miss Deal had been ranked first by three judges, and according to the constitution is entitled to be placed first. The same controversy arose eight years ago, Sioux City newspapers called it a "technicality" but it was in no sense of the word.

The entire program consisted of orations dealing on some phase of the war. Miss Deal spoke on "The Policy that Failed," and those that have heard her feel confident that she will win a place in the inter-state contest to be held in Topeka, Kansas, April 18. A preliminary contest in which orators from Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, competes, will be held previous to the contest at Topeka.

First to Win State Honors

Miss Deal is the first orator from Buena Vista to win a state oratorical contest. Only once before in the ten years since the college has been a member of the association has an orator been admitted to a state contest. William F. Brinkman once competed but failed to receive any signal honors.

It is the first time, so far as anyone can recall, that a lady has won first honors in a state oratorical contest.

Accompanying the contestant to Sioux City were Prof. and Mrs. Earl Cummins, President Stanton Olinger, Mayor and Mrs. W. C. Edson, Miss Mary Chapman, Merrill Drury, Miss Agnew, Max Littlefield, Miss Lucile Slagle, Prof. Stahl, Elmer Nelson and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Geisinger.

President's Reception

President and Mrs. Stanton Olinger and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Edson tendered a reception to Miss Deal and the debaters, Messrs. Maurosek, Russell Ensign, Merrill Drury, John Parkhill, Donald White, Wendell Bailey and Elmer Nelson on Tuesday evening. Attending the affair were trustees, faculty and students.

Chocolate ice cream and cake was served by the president's daughters, Misses Devita and Barbara Olinger.

Speakers in Chapel

- 1918-19 Sept. 11. Faculty. Opening exercises.
- Oct. 2. Hon. W. C. Edson. Welcome to the S. A. T. C.
- Oct. 29. Rev. Louis E. Holden, D. D. General Education Board of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.
- Oct. 30. Capt. Robt. Shaw. The S. A. T. C.
- Nov. 4. Dean Nichol森, Uni. of Minnesota. Colleges on a War Basis.
- Nov. 6. E. M. Brown. Experiences as a "Y" Worker in France.
- Nov. 19. Jos. Morcombe. Freedom and Force.
- Nov. 20. Judge A. D. Bailie. Memorial service, S. A. Ensign.
- Nov. 25. Capt. Robt. Shaw. Benefits of Military Training.
- Jan. 6. Vice President J. W. Parkhill. New Beginnings.
- Jan. 10. Rev. D. M. Grant, D. D. The School and the Church.
- Jan. 13. President Olinger. War Lessons.
- Jan. 28. E. L. Marousek. Balloon Service.
- Jan. 28. Rev. Thos. Ambler, D. D. Greetings.
- Feb. 10. Lieut. Eilet Torkelson. Artillery Observers, Air Service.
- Feb. 10. Lieut. Emmons Crouch. Experiences in France.
- Feb. 16-20. Rev. E. A. Bleck, D. D. Week of Prayer.
- Feb. 20. Rev. D. M. Grant, D. D. Day of Prayer for Colleges.
- Feb. 21. Lieut. J. S. Brown. Bombing.
- Feb. 21. Rev. John Erb. Washington.
- Mar. 18. Rev. W. N. Baker. Rural Community Work.
- Mar. 21. Mr. S. R. Pier. Student Volunteer Movement.
- Mar. 25. President Olinger. Senior Swing-Out.
- Mar. 26. Prof. E. B. Spencer. Ancient Rome.
- Mar. 27. Ray F. Weirick. Campus Development.

OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

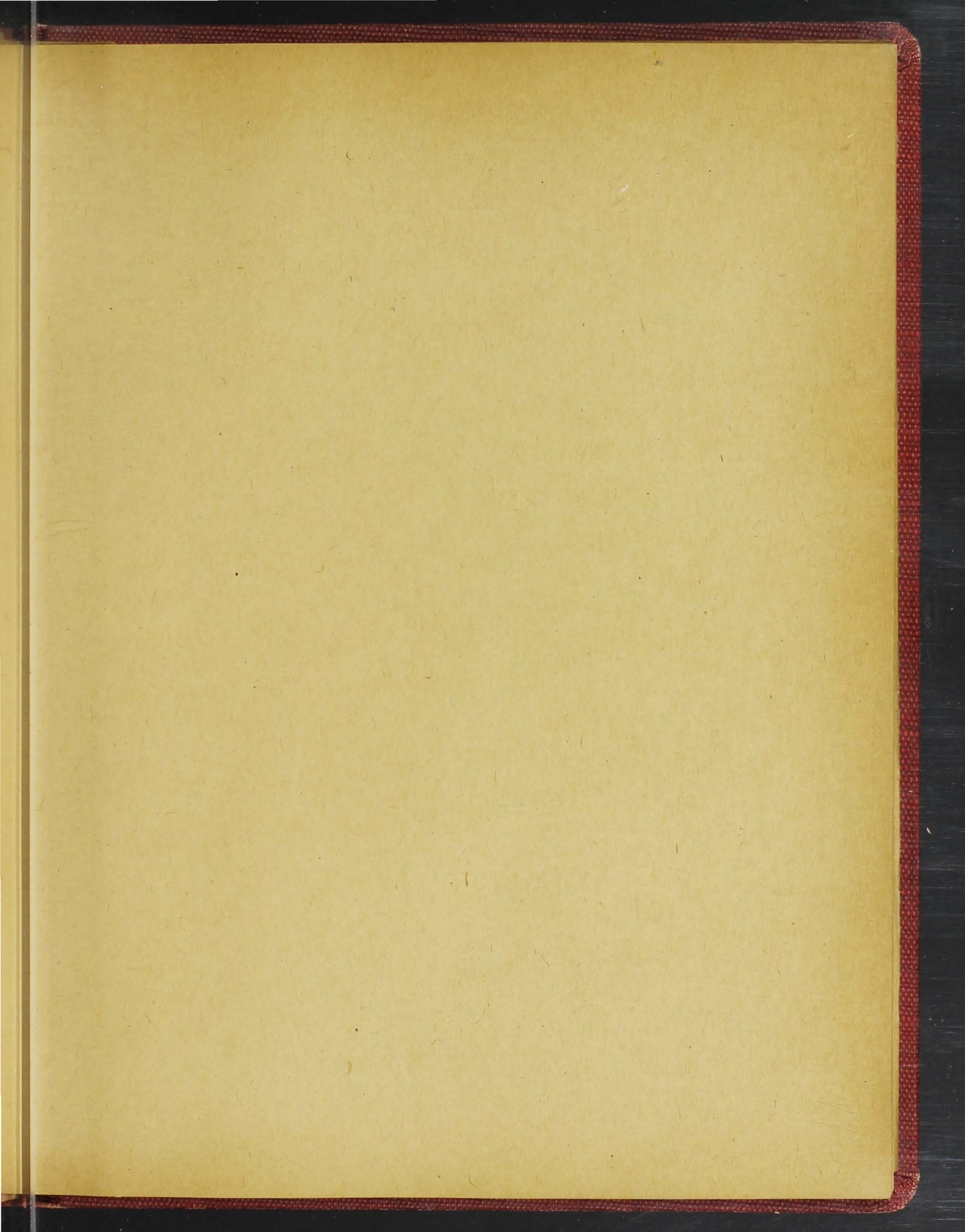
By L. Myrtle Sours.

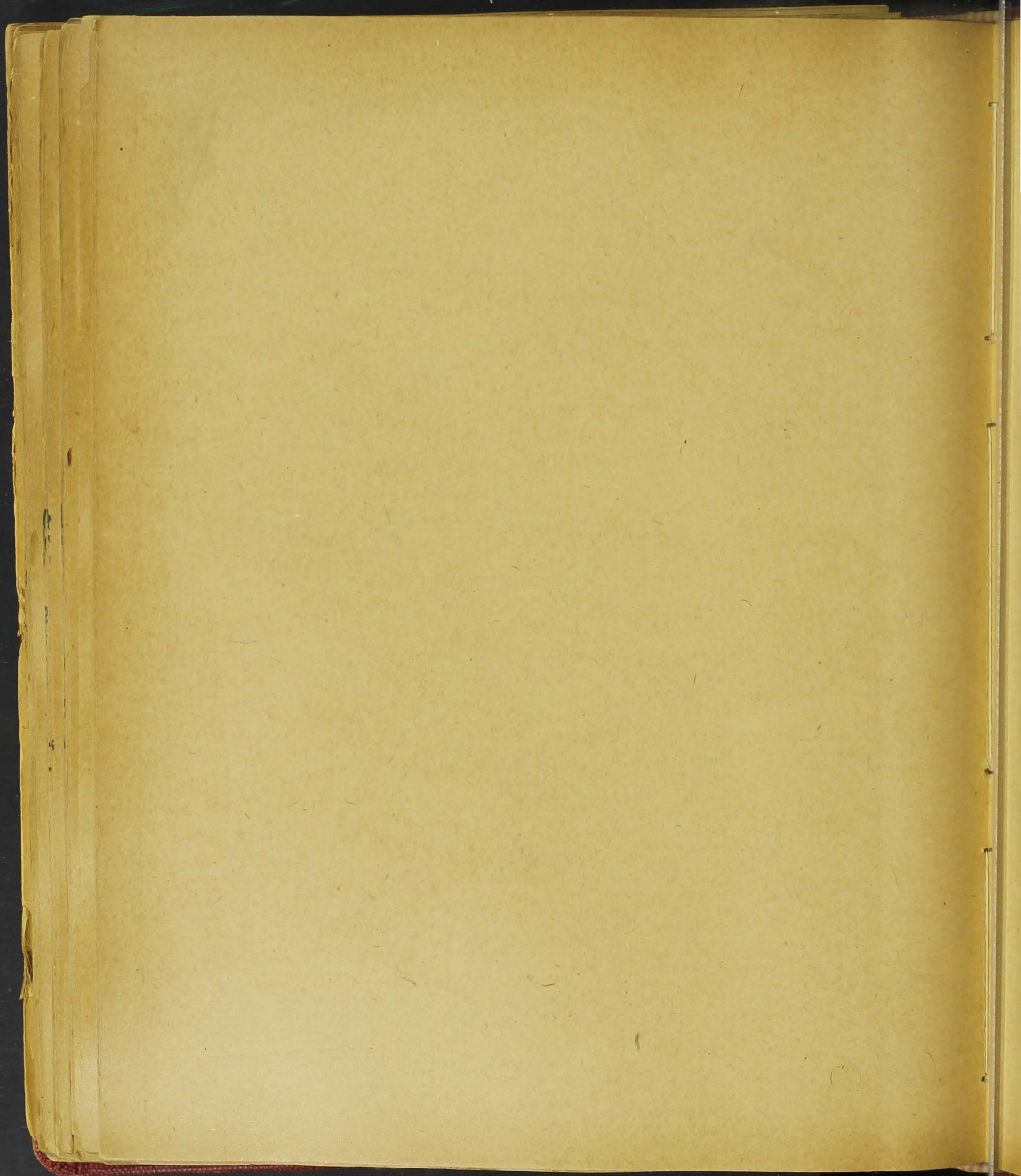
The waves of the ocean, sun-tipped with glory,
Rock ever, ever, in surge and flow;
Their rapturous beauty no tongue can tell it,
As over its surges the vessels go.
And ever out on the tossing waters
Our hearts with yearning reaches roam,
For over the ocean, the boundless ocean,
Our boys are coming home.

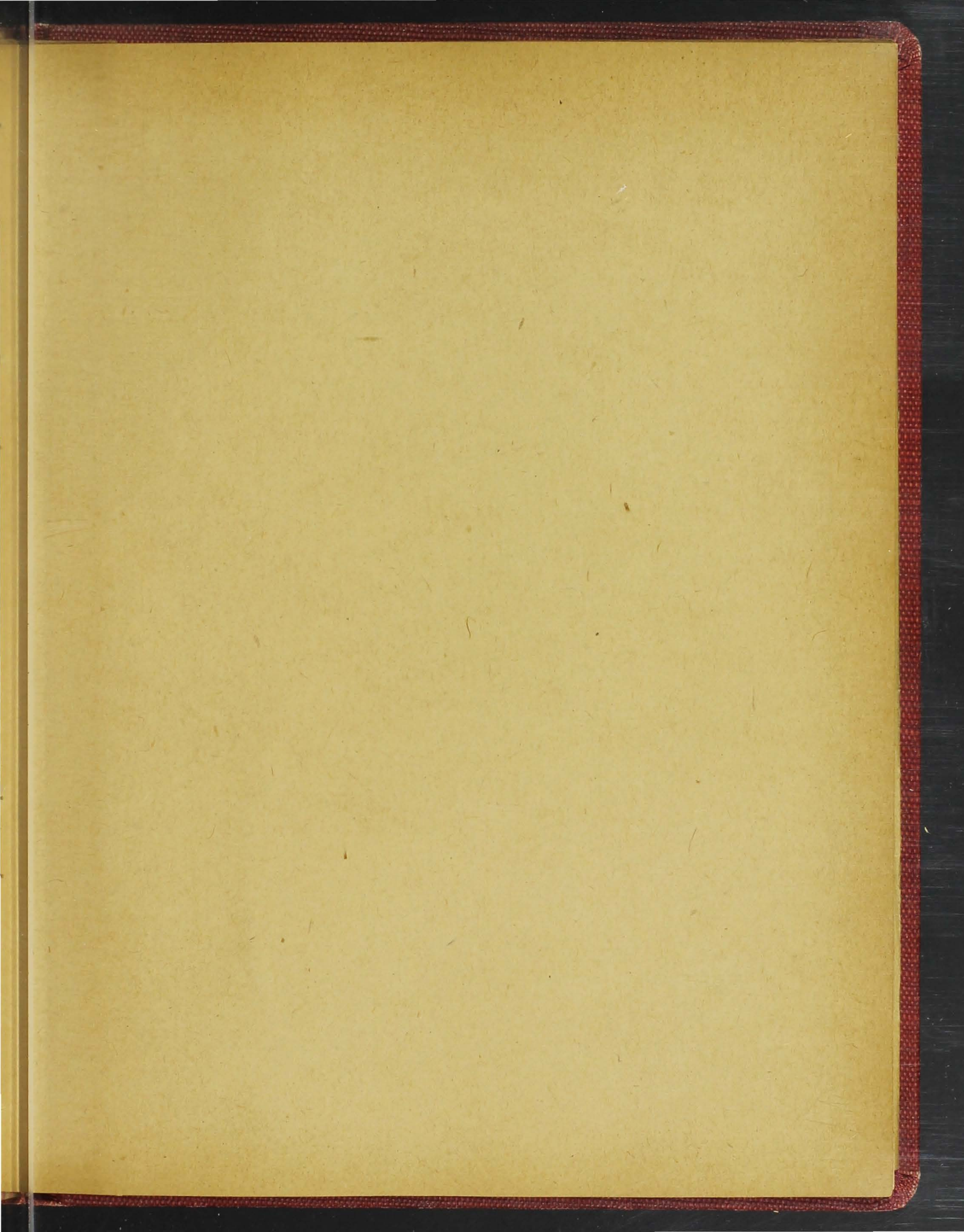
The billows may rise and toss in mountains,
The crests may whiten and storm-winds roar,
But ever our hearts will be reaching over
And crossing the waters from shore to shore.
The God of the storm is a loving Father,
He treads on the billows that toss and foam;
In the might of His hand we can trust our armies;
Our boys are coming home.

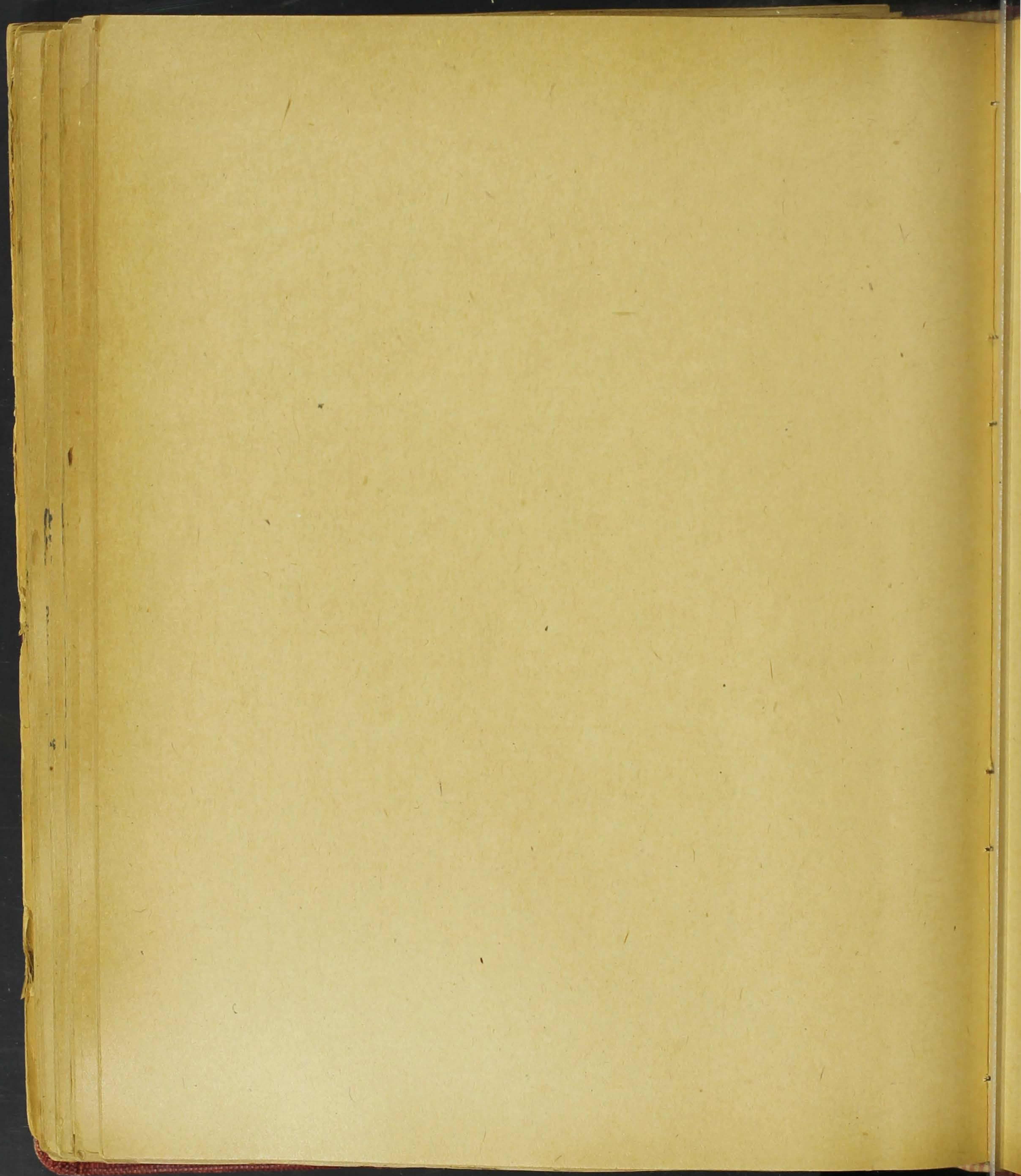
The trenches are empty, the guns are silent,
The barrage fire no more can burn;
And over the waves of the great blue ocean
Our vessels homeward turn.
Lie down and be still, O storm tossed waters,
Hush into slumber the waves that foam;
For know that over your heaving bosom
Our boys are coming home.

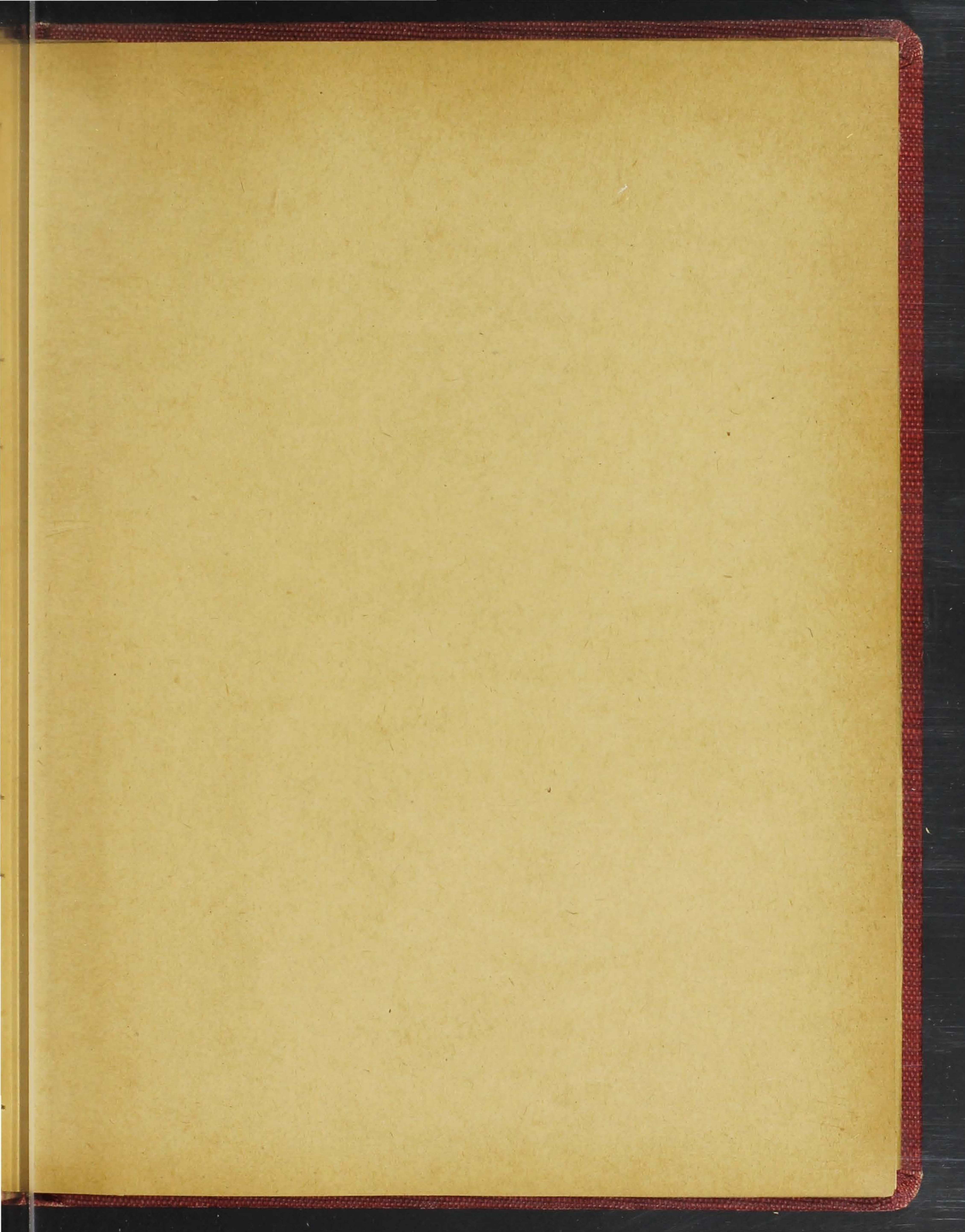
The lands afar are redeemed in triumph;
The foe is humbled in silence long;
And back from the mud and the fire and battle
The visitors come home 'mid our shout and song.
Be still, old ocean, the world is singing;
Breathe softly your music where warships roam;
Keep safe on your beautiful, snow-capped bosom,
The boys who are coming home.
Mechanicsbug, Pa.

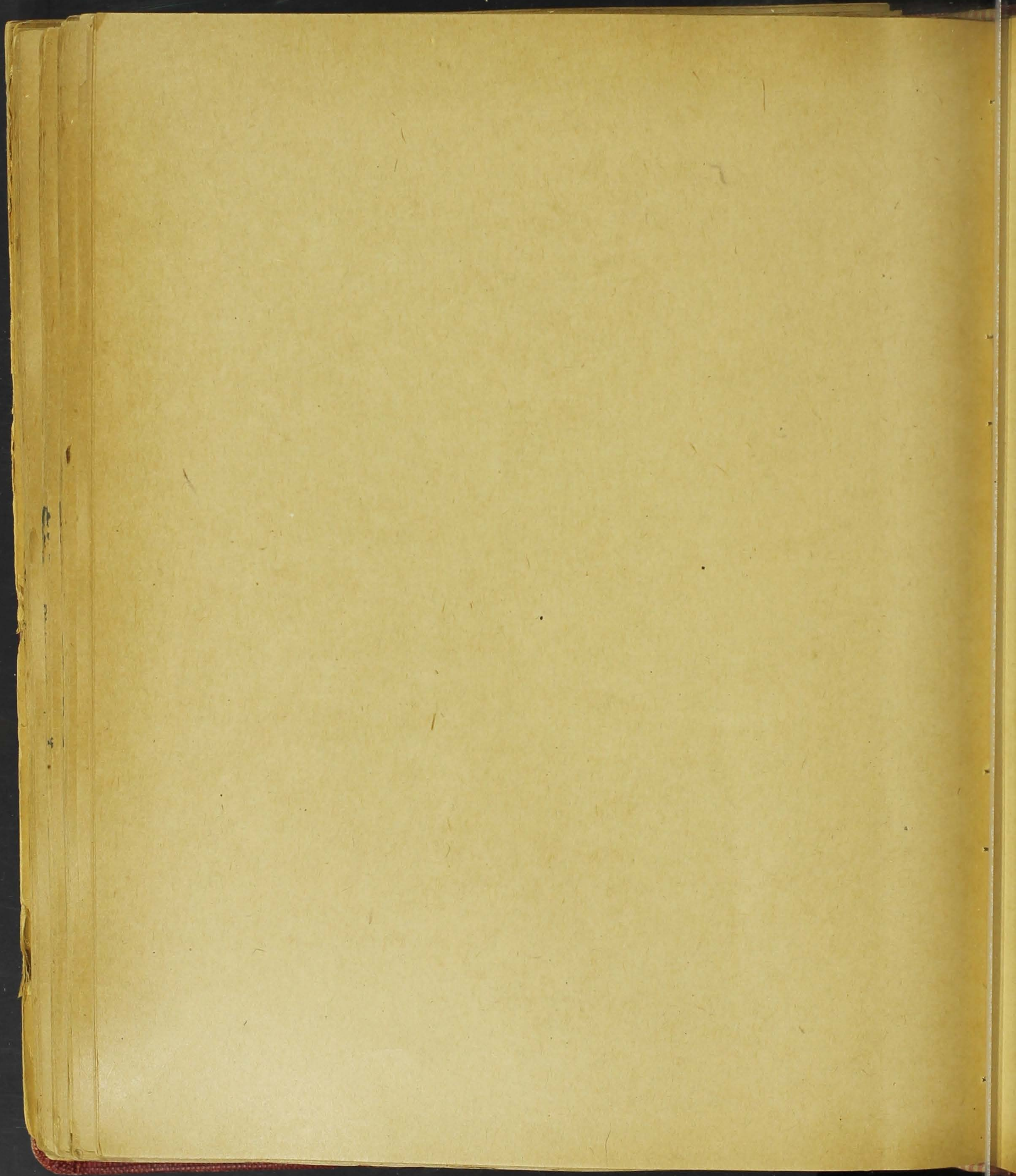


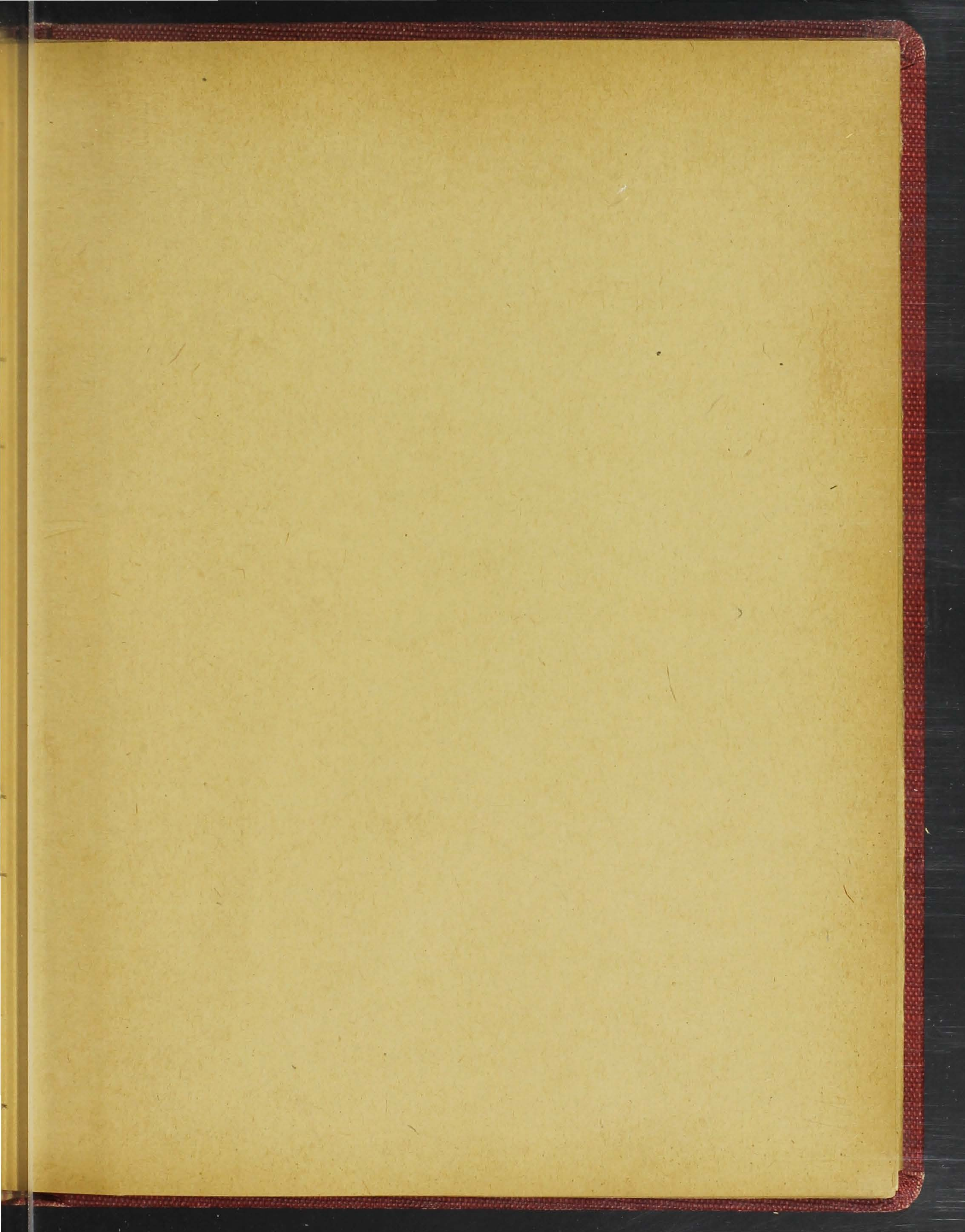


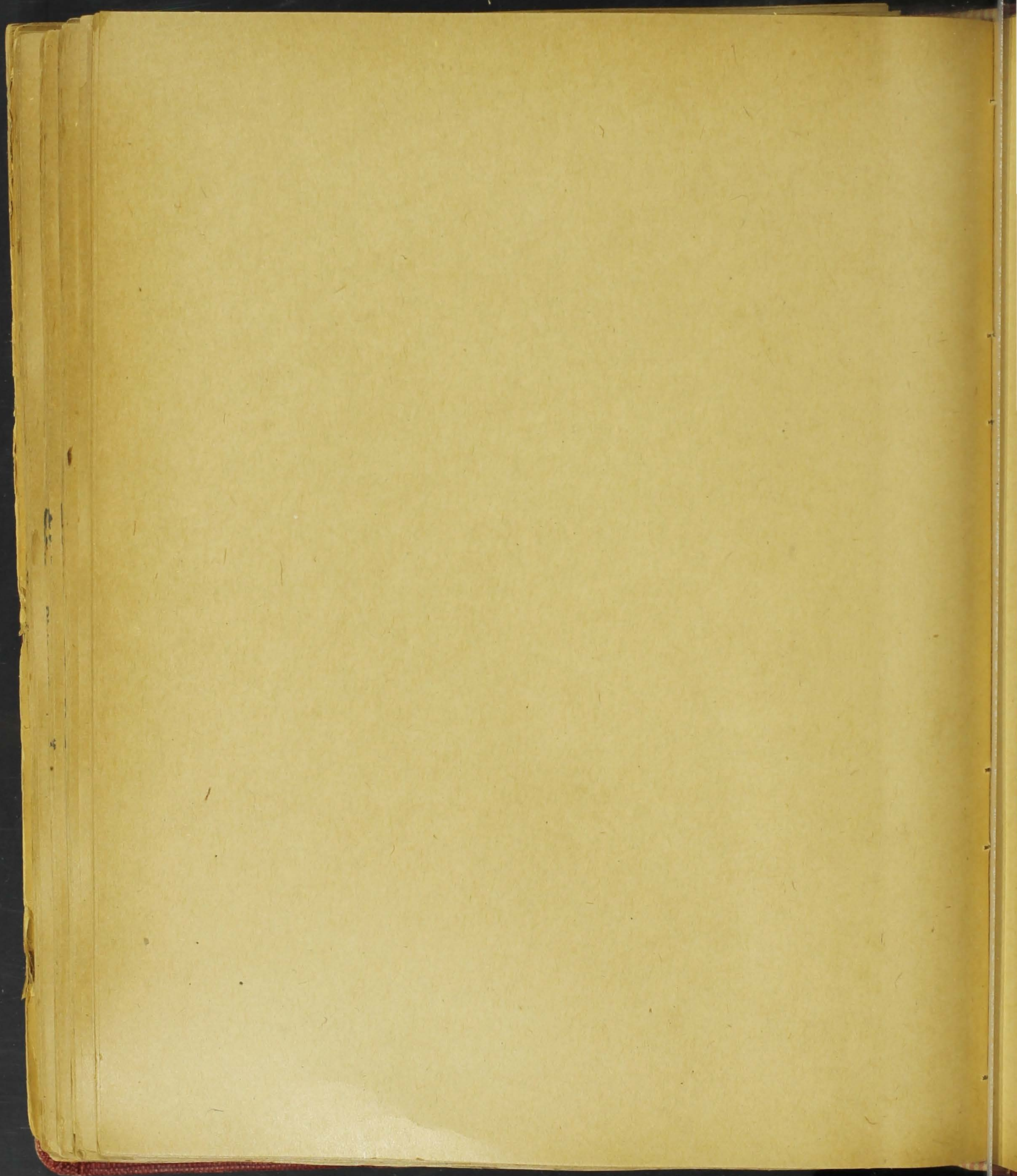


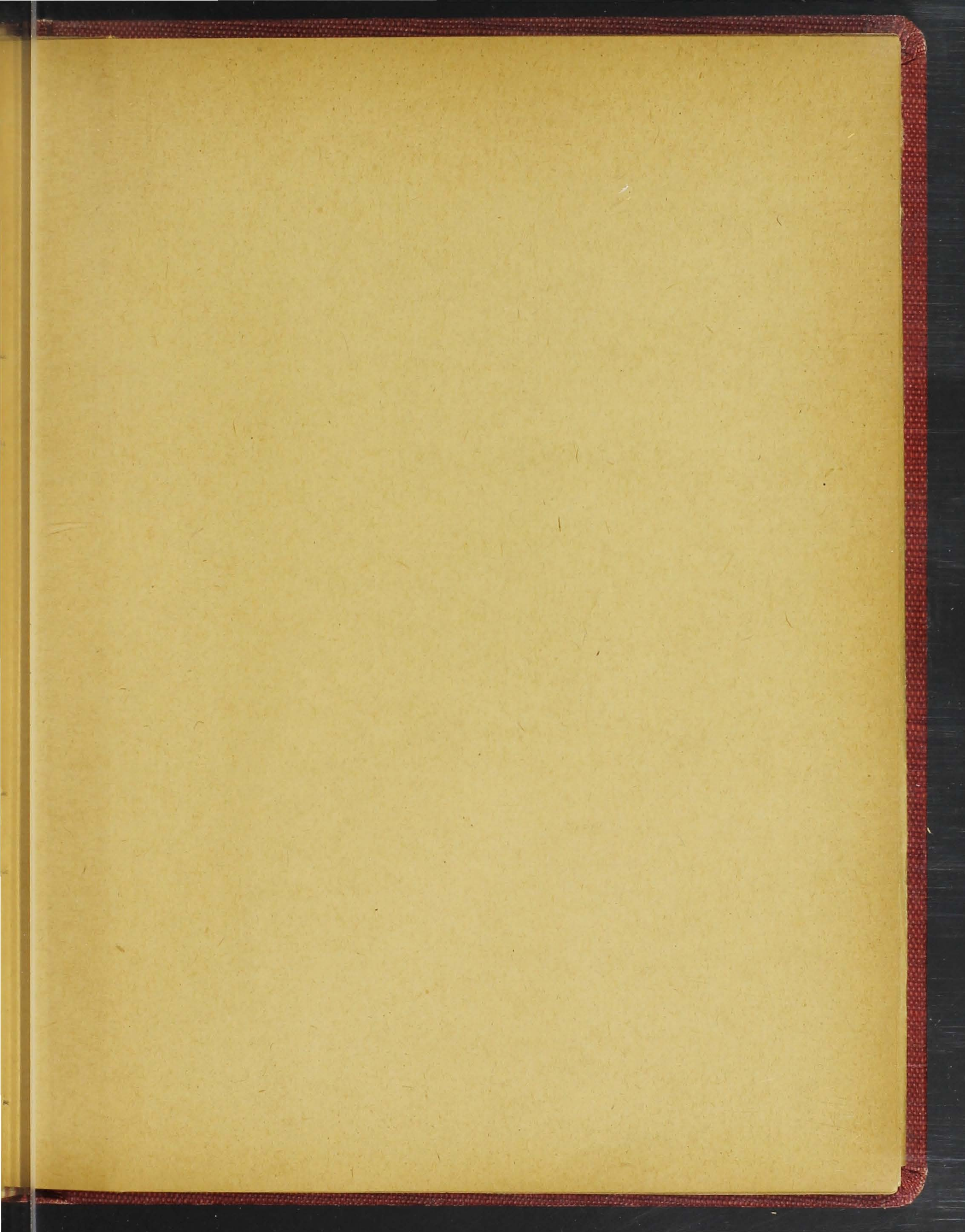


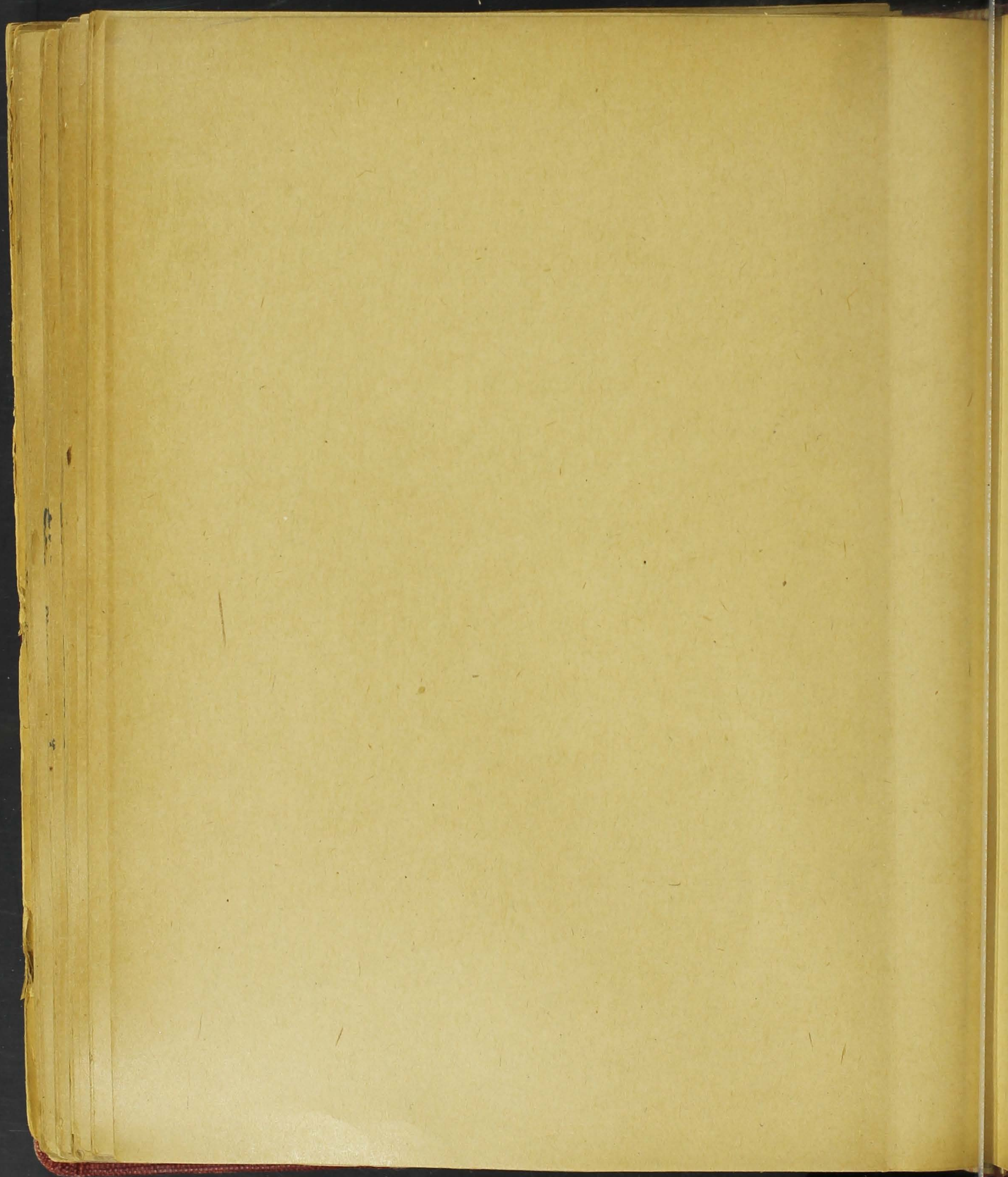


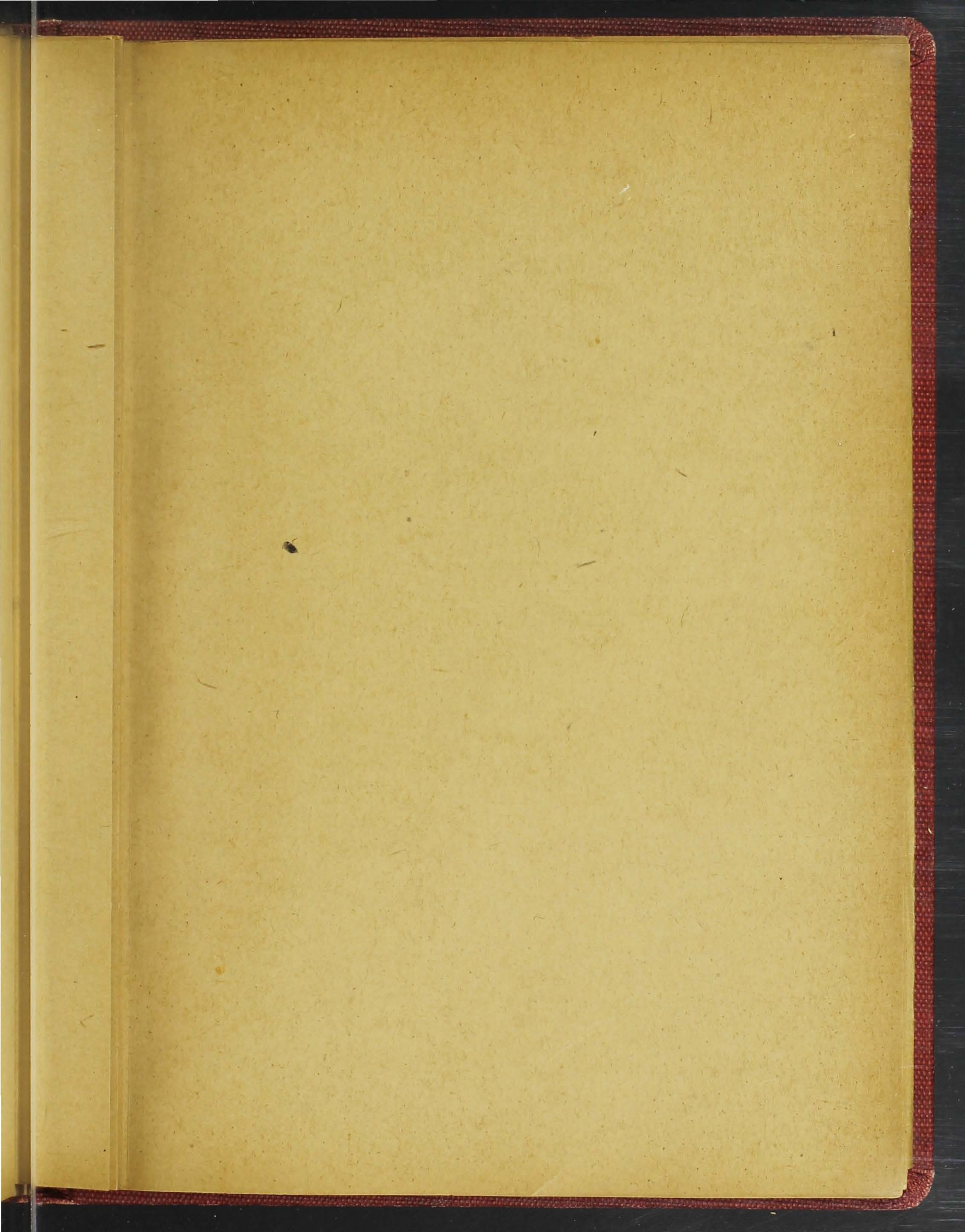


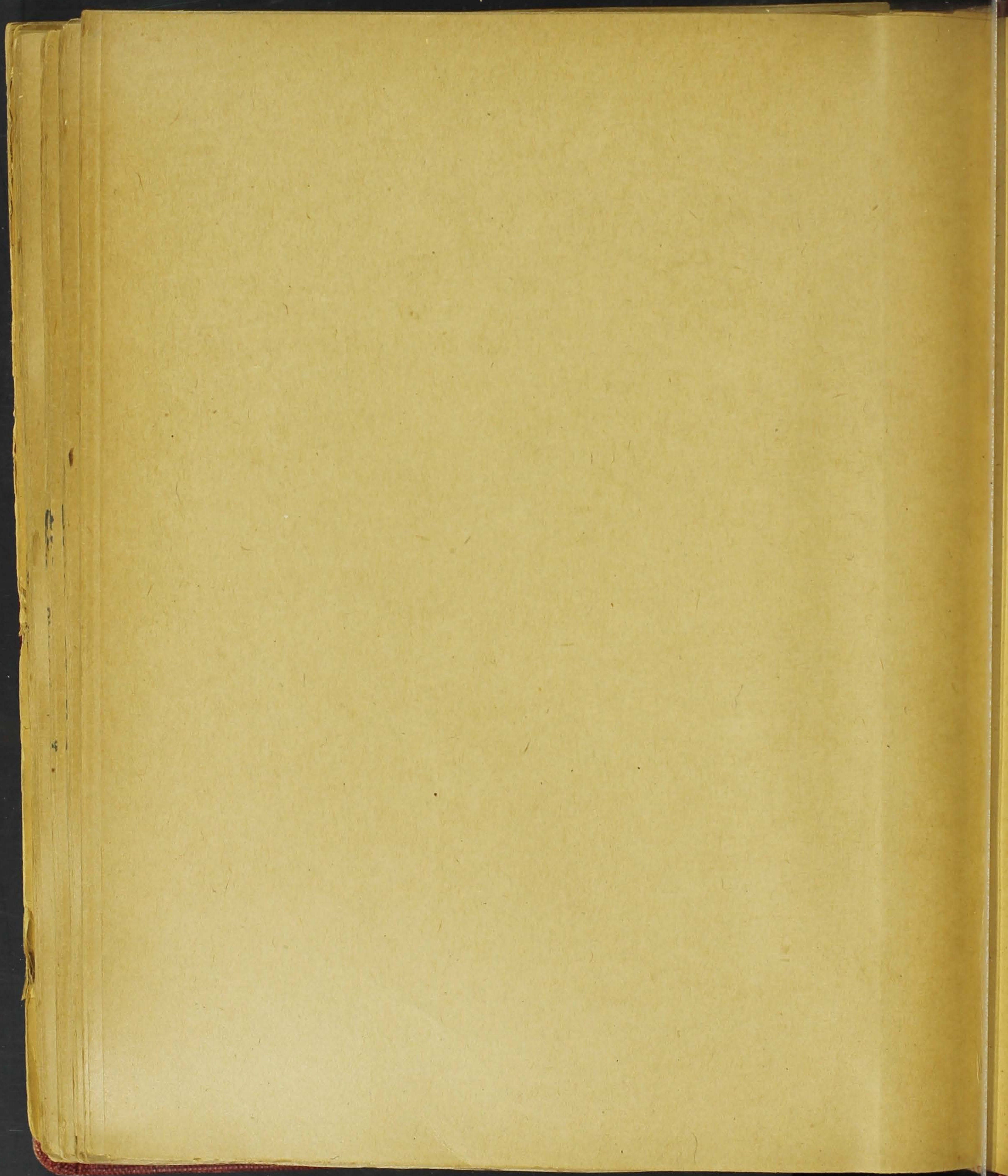


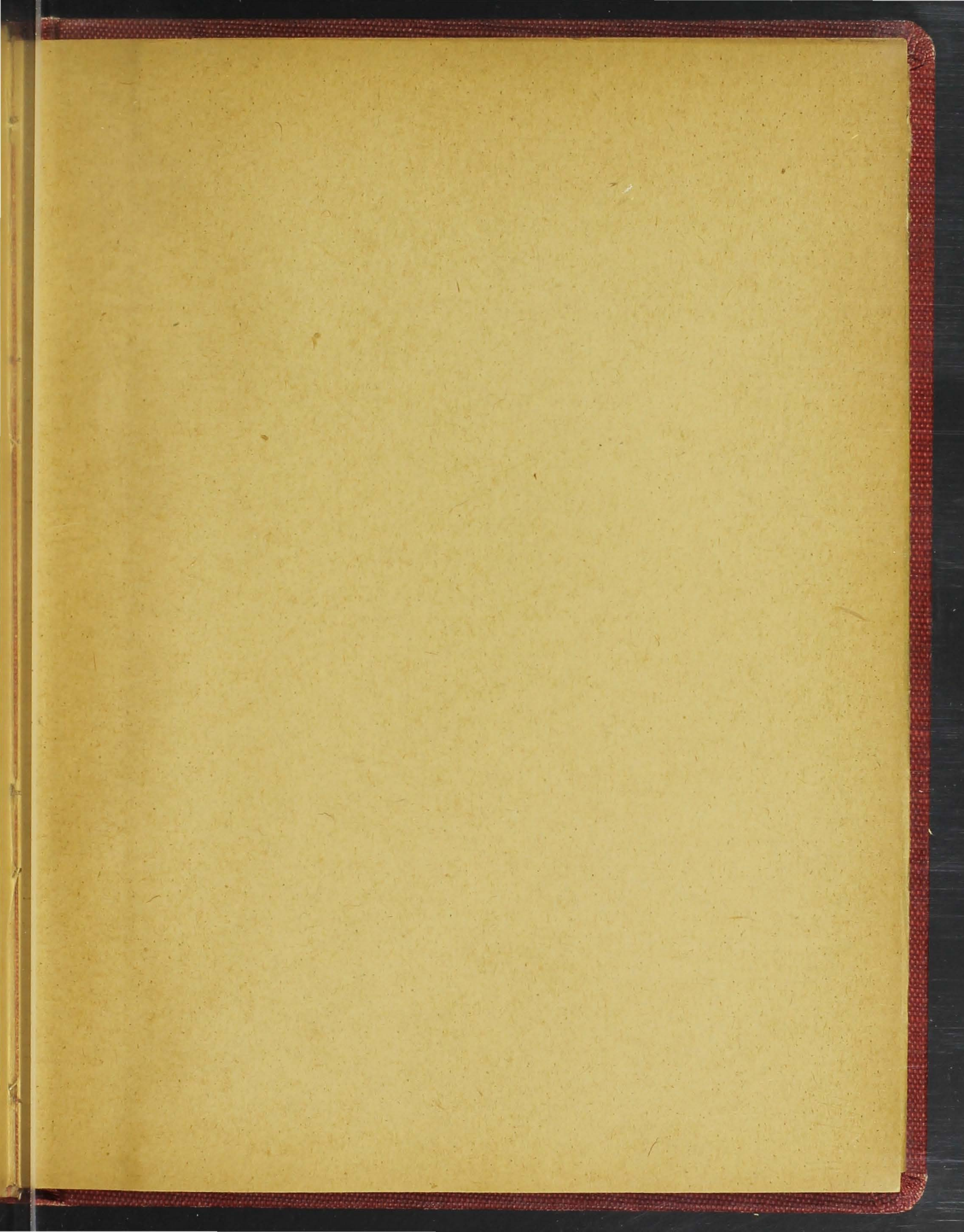


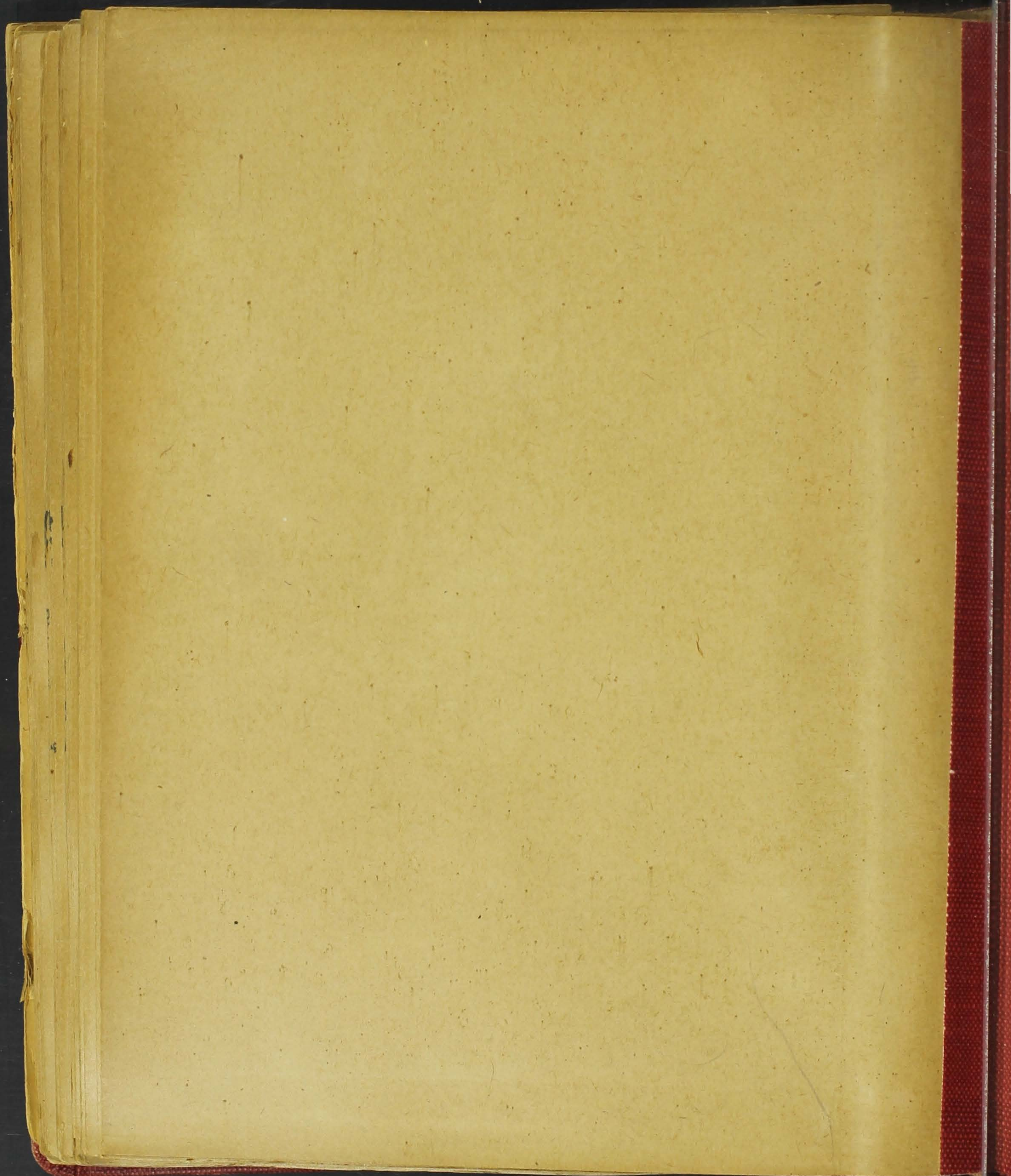












Mr. Ed Danielson, student at Buena Vista in '12 and '13 was a "between trains" caller here a few days ago. He was on his way to Chicago after visiting his mother, to enlist for service in the navy. Mr. Danielson after leaving here went to Northwestern University where he was a member of the life saving crew.

SPIRITS WERE HIGH

Conscripted Men Leave Storm Lake While Band Plays and Bannock Wave

Patriotism was at a high pitch last Friday morning when a crowd of 2,000 men, women and children, assembled at the court house square to march to the Illinois Central station in fitting farewell to the fifty-five men who have become a part of the new national army.

Headed by the Storm Lake band playing patriotic airs, eleven veterans of the Civil war, proudly waving Old Glory followed with the fifty-five departing men. The men who had experienced in their youth that which awaits the conscripted men today, were Col. George Currier, Orville James, J. A. P. Harlan, S. L. Clark, W. A. Houchins, H. G. Moore, S. A. Treman, S. Martine, Charles Smith, A. M. Hallock and Mr. Graves Marching directly behind the boys who wore the blue fifty years ago were the members of the Women's Relief Corps and citizens. It was one of the biggest patriotic demonstrations ever held in this city.

Here and there through the crowd could be seen a "Santa Claus" elbowing his or her way through to reach the side of one of the departing men. Tucked away in big bundles were sacks of "baccy" for the boys, a bag of home made cookies or candies, and sometimes it was a camera offered as a parting gift. The fellows' pockets were bulging out with gifts from well wishing friends.

Nearly every town in the county presented their own boys with a five dollar bill. Some way Newell had not heard of the program and the Newell boys would have left without the convenient William if E. P. Layman had not dug down in his pockets, called the boys aside and made the presentation speech. The W. C. T. U. ladies gave testaments and the Red Cross, kits. Baskets of goodies and gay buttonaries from wives and sweethearts were also included among the gifts showered upon the boys, who left in the highest of spirits.

But it was not so with those left behind. There was scarcely a dry eye, and the last attempt at a rousing cheer as the train slowly disappeared died on the lips of those whose homes were robbed of a son, brother or husband. The high school boys could merriement and chase
ing yells for the

Camp Impressions.

That Camp Dodge is not such a bad place after all was the verdict of the student body after listening to reports from Stewart Brown, Ralph Marten, John Parkhill, Miss Wilcox and Miss Cooke, who have visited the camp recently. On Tuesday morning, November 5, the dean called for reports, and the following impressions of Camp Dodge life were given:

Brown, Marten and Parkhill, who had gone down Saturday, were enthusiastic about it.

Brown said, that the atmosphere at Camp Dodge was far from the weeping state. Nearly every man is happy in that new environment, and Mr. Hood, at least has been treated well, for he has gained twenty-two pounds.

All the men told of the fascination of the army life and that now they could realize what war really meant.

Then Miss Cooke and Miss Wilcox were called upon to give their impressions.

Miss Wilcox had been impressed by the bigness of the thing, and how our government was able to handle all the men and plans.

Miss Cooke told of the Y. M. C. A. building and something of what the "Y" was doing for the men. French is being given. Some men are taking beginning French and others are enrolled in advanced French.

A group of Russians are taking beginning English, because, although they had been here long enough to have become citizens, were unable to understand the commands of the officers.

They found Mr. Brändt, "after walking miles and miles." At his house, it was clean-up day, and all the beds had been taken out of doors, in order that the floors might be scrubbed.

News from the war camps, especially from those which claim Buena Vista boys, is welcome and all that was said Tuesday morning was enjoyed.

11-21-17

With The Colors.

From all corners comes this query, where is "Red" or Harvey or "Big John" now? And so in turn each one of the boys who has gone out from Buena Vista is asked about.

William Aitkens, the first B. V. boy in France, has recently been made First Lieutenant because of valorous work done during the five days of the Soissons battle. He says, "those were five awful days and it is a miracle that any one came out alive. There were 8000 in our division who lost their lives. A big price to pay but some of Germany's best troops met absolute defeat before us." Then he adds I see that Mr. Edson spoke on "Cooties" at the Alumni Banquet." Wish he had a few that are feeding on my ribs right now."

A letter from Mrs. Beatrice Riedesel-Hood states that Mr. Hood has been in France two weeks.

"Big John" Fulton has been graduated from the non commissioned officers school for marines at Paris Isle S. Carolina and is in the officers' training camps at Quantico, Va.

Word has been received that Manson Redenbaugh has arrived safely "overseas."

Stewart Brown, and John Parkhill have just been graduated from the ground school at Austin, Texas.

George Diehl is still doing night work in a telegraph office at Tours, France, the center of the American postal service there. He has received his stripe for six months of foreign service and has enjoyed every moment of his time "over there." He says the sculpturing and the carving of the French people are wonderful. He has sent many beautiful pictures home from France.

Last word from Arthur Riedesel tells of his touring with the band.

Ralph Stock has been transferred from Ames to Valparaiso with the auto mechanics.

Justice Crowley, George Brandt, and Harley Claus have arrived safely "overseas."

Lael Dehand has received the rank of Ensign and expects to soon sail for France.

Jay Boslaugh has been transferred from the Great Lakes naval training station to New York city, and expects to be sent across on a submarine destroyer.

Addresses of Our Boys

Lieut. W. G. Aitken, U.S.R. Co. F,
26th Infantry, American Expeditionary
Force, France.

John W. Fulton, Y.M. Building 155
Camp Gordon, Georgia.

George Brandt, 1st Co., Military
Police, 88th Div. Camp Dodge, Iowa.

Everett J. Evans, Lds. Yeoman,
Co. B., Barrack A. Main Camp, Great
Lakes, Illinois.

H. A. Hood, Headquarter's Co., 350
Inf. Camp Dodge, Iowa.

Harley Claus, Co. A, 350th Inf.
Camp Dodge, Iowa.

Eilet Torkelson, Co. C, 108 Field
Signal Bu., Camp Logan, Houston,
Tex.

Arthur Riedesel, Co F, 318th En-
gineers, American Expeditionary
Force, France.

L. R. Crouch School of Military
Aeronautics, Ohio State U., Colum-
bus, Ohio.

George P. Diehl, First Class Pri-
vate, Camp Funston Replacement
Detach., American Expeditionary
Force, France.

Ed Crouch, Co. E, 351st Infantry,
Camp Dodge, Iowa.

George Burmeister, Co. 19 Barrack
845, U.S. Naval Training Station,
Great Lakes, Illinois.

Vancouver Barracks,

Vancouver Washington .

March 23, 1918.

(extracts from a letter by Arthur Riedesel)

I am writing at the Hostess House which is on main street of Vancouver removed from the business section. It is a large two story stucco building with a large porch. Four large reading and writing rooms, in the front part downstairs is a library. Have a piano and tables provided for every kind of game you ever imagined and 26 more. Also have a lunch counter where we soldiers can buy home made pie, cake, etc. Several ladies always here who will always sew on buttons or do any mending we may need done. It is sure a lovely place and very cozy. A fellow sure feels at home here. It is about ten blocks from the barracks, but well worth the walk. The Y.M. building at the barrack is nice but not cozy and neat like this of course

Have had several long hikes and I have managed to come through alright. It is a great life and ~~one~~ full of a variety of experience.

Riedesel.

Plan of stars as they were originally arranged - when flag was dedicated. Other stars have been added and this arrangement not kept. E. Cooke.

Aitken ¹ ○ ⊕	Daguer ¹⁴ ○ //		Hood ²⁷ + ○		Mattison, R. ⁴⁰ ○	Rust ⁵³ ○ //
Barnard ² ○	Danielson ¹⁵ # ○		Hughes, Wilbur ²⁸ + ○		Melody ⁴¹ ⊕	Scott ⁵⁴
Beatty ³ ✓	Deland ¹⁶ ✓ ○		Hughes, Tom. ²⁹		Meyers ⁴² ✓	Shaul, A. ⁵⁵ ○ +
Buslaugh ⁴ ✓	Diehl, C. ¹⁷		Jensen, C. ³⁰		Moore ⁴³ ○	Shiley ⁵⁶ //
Brandt ⁵ ○	Diehl, G. ¹⁸ ○	Unger ⁶⁶ ⊕	Jensen, F. ³¹ ○ //	Wilfang ⁶⁹ ○	Olson ⁴⁴ ○ //	Smith, E. ⁵⁷ ⊕
Brown ⁶ = ⊕	Drury ¹⁹ +		Johnson, A. ³² ○ ⊕		Parkhill ⁴⁵ = ○	Smith, K. ⁵⁸ ⊕
Burmeister ⁷ ✓	Eckhaugh ²⁰ ○		Taylor ³³ = ○		Pendleton ⁴⁶	Sohn ⁵⁹ ⊕
Chapman ⁸ ⊕ ○	Evans ²¹ ✓		Johnson, M. ³⁴ ○ +		Perkins ⁴⁷ ○	Sparr ⁶⁰
Claus ⁹ + ○	Gabriel ²² ○	Warren ⁶⁷ ⊕	Kelly ³⁵ ⊕	Wright ⁷⁰	Plonsky ⁴⁸	Strawn ⁶¹ ○
Crouch, Ed. ¹⁰ ⊕	Gilliland ²³ ⊕	Weaklen ⁶⁸ ○	Lindsey ³⁶ ○	Yerrington ⁷¹	Recknor ⁴⁹ ⊕	Stringer ⁶² ✓ ○
Crouch, J. ¹¹ ⊕ ○	Gregg ²⁴ ○ +		Snack ³⁷ ⊕		Reidenbaugh ⁵⁰ ○	Torkelson ⁶³ // ⊕
Crouch, L. ¹² ⊕	Grosskruiger ²⁵ ○		Mantor ³⁸		Riedesel ⁵¹ ○	Troeger ⁶⁴ ⊕ ○
Crouch, L. ¹³ ○	Heald ²⁶ x =		Martinson ³⁹ ○		Rossan ⁵² ⊕	Typpen ⁶⁵

- In France (or England)
- ⊕ Com. Officers
- + Hon. com. off.
- x West Indies
- ≡ Aviation
- + Red Cross
- # Torpedo boat
- ✓ Cadet (Navy) Ensign
- ✓ Navy
- = Marines
- ≡ Marine officer
- // Medical corps

Treves

Germany

Dec. 11, 1918

Dear friend,

Your letter of Nov. 1st received today, thank you, I had many good intentions to write before - I suppose like many others they went for paving stones.

I do not think I have written you since the Censorship was lightened.

We left our station in France, near Roy au Meuse, province of Nancy-Lorraine, St. Mihiel, 11th, and arrived here the 4th. Had a delightful trip on an open truck and I sure enjoyed it, all except the nights.

We billeted the first night at a small town in Lorraine between Pont au Mousson and Metz.

The second night out we stayed at Echternach, Luxemburg. We went thru Metz the second morning. The fortifications are on high hills round about and we did not see much of them. a statue of the Kaiser on horseback lay beside its pedestal and one or two more we saw had met the same fate. almost of the towns of Lorraine we passed under arches decorated with allied colors and flowers, and bearing messages of welcome to the army of liberation.

We also met with a warm welcome thru Luxemburg, the youngsters could all yell, "Hip Hip. Hurrah" or Vive Le France and Vive Le America. The city of Luxemburg is a beautiful place but I did not have a chance to leave the Convey, even to purchase views. That is sure a pretty country and needs no great stretch of the imagination. To be in Graustark or some other fictitious kingdom come to life.

Here in Prussia we are as apt to get a scowl as a smile but generally

neither, mostly a look of curiosity.
In the shops we are met with
courtesy as the American soldiers
are good patrons. We have considerable
civilian help about the hospital here
and they eat at the same mess with
us. I am not overly well impressed with
them. We have taken over a large
German hospital here, fine large
stone buildings but indecribably
filthy and dirty when we came.

The hospital is in west Treves, across
the Moselle from the real city. There are
a number of old Roman ruins in the
city.

We are not likely to be here more than
six weeks and it is reported that we
go from here to Coblenz. I did not
expect to get to come into Germany
but am glad that I have the chance.
I think I shall hardly be less
glad when it comes time to go back
home. ~~must close now~~
very truly E. C. Rust.

Enlisted in Chicago
May 28, 1917, in the Signal
Enlisted Reserve Corp.

Assigned 18th Bn.

Assigned actual duty Oct. 3,
with Co C 311th Sig. Bn.

86th Div. Camp Grant Ill.

transferred to Co C 108th Sig. Bn.

33rd Div. Camp Logan Houston

Tex. Nov. 21, 1917. transferred

to Co A 108 Bn. (Radio Co)

march 10, 1918. transferred

Ellington Field in 190th

avo Squadron April 23, 1918,

also in Houston Tex.

Went to school of Military

Aeronautics U. of Texas

at Austin, July 1. Sent to

Camp Dick, Dallas^{Tex.} (concentra-

tion camp) Oct. 22, 1918.

Sent to school of Fire for heavy

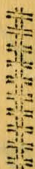
artillery observers at Ft. Monroe, Va.

Nov. 20, 1918. Completed course

and commissioned Jan. 21, 1919.

Sent to Langley field, Hampton Va.

and discharged there Jan. 27, 1919.



RECORD OF SOLDIER IN WORLD WAR.

Name -----

FAMILY HISTORY

Name ----- Wife's Name -----
Birthplace ----- Address -----
Date of Birth ----- Names of Children -----
Home Address -----
Occupation -----
Married or Single -----
Father's Name -----
Mother's Maiden Name -----
Address -----

ENLISTMENT AND SERVICE

Date Enlisted ----- Where Enlisted -----
Date Selected ----- Date of Leaving U.S. -----
Date ----- Department of Service ----- Rank -----

Date ----- Company ----- Name of Captain ----- Regiment ----- Name of Colonel ----- Division ----- Name of Commander -----

Date of Entry ----- Latest Address -----

(over)

RECORD OF SOLDIER IN WORLD WAR.

NAME

FAMILY HISTORY

9018V

Wife's Name

On recommendation of Adjutant General Logan this inquiry is being sent to the nearest relative or friend of each soldier enlisted from county. The purpose is to keep in the Recorder's office at the court house a complete history of each soldier, as a public record. For the present it will be used for furnishing latest address of soldiers to interested friends. As reports are sent in by the soldier or his relatives a record will be made of each and when the war is over this war record will be the most interesting and valuable book in the county.

This office is donating the necessary time and labor to accumulate the information and keep the record up to date. We are doing it without compensation for the benefit of the public. It is necessary to start it as soon as possible. The co-operation of relatives and friends of our soldier boys is absolutely necessary in furnishing promptly the information on this sheet, as well as change in address and changes in branch of service in the future. Your information will be recorded as soon as received. If you will do your part we will have a complete chronological history of the soldier during his service. Please do not disappoint us in this.

Very truly yours,

A. C. Woodruff, County Recorder, Buena Vista County, Iowa.

Address Storm Lake, Iowa.

(over)

Date of Entry

1897 A 12918 J

W. G. Allen
& Co. S. S. Co.



Miss Alice Wilcox,
Stown Lake
Iowa

U. S. A.

Quena Vista College.



M. G. Co. 26th U.S. Inf
American, E. F. A.P.O. 729,

October 27, 1918

Dear Miss Wilcox:

And friends at Buena
Vista. I don't know of a
better way of saying Hello
to you; unless it was to
write directly to the Editor
of the Tack. Not knowing
who that unlucky individual
is this year, I'm writing
to a mutual friend - who;
if I remember rightly,
loves to swing the
Blue pencil, over all
Tack Copy; and will most

likely butcher this
letter of mine, before it
gains a place in
the columns of "The Tock",
for that is what I want
done with it.

You have all followed
the success of the Yankees
through the medium
of the press, so it will
be needless for me to
say anything about the
present fighting. I couldn't
get by with it--for again the
Blue Pencil would swing,
as such rash talk
is what the Army Censor
lives on.

However, I can say

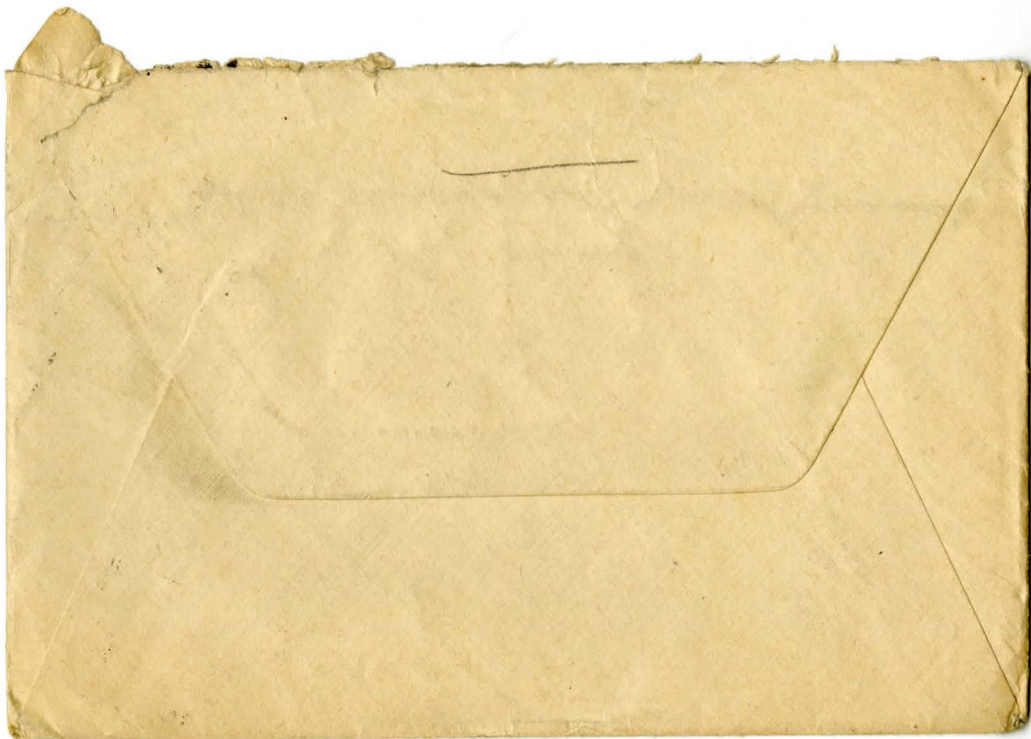
that the Hun is a master hand at wrecking towns and villages, and sure does a thorough job, unless we are right on his heels, and don't give him time. In the Argonne region there isn't a stick or stone left standing. Everything is flat; and it is the same everywhere else, on the front, where the Hun had time to place his mines.

Cantigny, Soissons, St. Mihiel, the Argonne, and now the Meuse valley
"over"

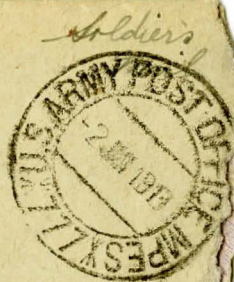
five hard nerve shattering
battles in six months,
is the record of my
division. Very few of the
old men are left. I
don't know if I will
get back to it; but I'm
sure going to pull every
rope I can, for we
who are left feel mighty
proud of the fact that
we have set the pace
all summer long. Of
course other outfits are
mighty fine. What Yankee
unit is there that isn't
pure wool and a
yard wide? But it
is just as the captured

German officer said - (See enclosed clipping - and insert it at this place in copy for the Tack.).

You've probably heard about my being a Victim *le guerre*. Rather a bad dose of the worst of all gases; Mustard, and a very slight shell wound received in the Battle of the Argonne on October 4th. I've been in one of our Base Hospitals three weeks now, and am looking forward to two and (possibly) three weeks or more, before
 "over"



Mrs. Arthur L. Riedell
Regt Band, 318th Eng
Amer. E. F., France.



President The Women's League
Buena Vista College

OK



CENSORED

Storm Lake

L.L. Turley

Iowa

L.L. Turley 1st. Lt. 318th Eng. USA

Comdg Hqs. 318th Eng.

U.S.A.

Bure-le-Hemplois, France

December, 13, 1918

The Women's League
Buena Vista College -

Pleased indeed I
was to be the contact point
of Xmas greetings from Buena Vista
College. Such a connection shall
always be cherished. I hope to
be able ere long to tread the
halls of B.V. once again - even
if only to renew old associations.

Accept my best wishes for a
pleasant and successful New Year.

Sincerely,

Musician Arthur L. Riedesel

Regimental Band

318th Engineers

Air. C. F., France.

