

Telluride News Letter



April Tenth
Nineteen hundred eighteen



Volume 4

Number 8

EXTRA!!!

LIEUT. L. H. LATHROP DIES IN FRENCH ARMY HOSPITAL MARCH 17. SUCCUMBS TO PNEUMONIA AFTER SEVERAL DAYS' ILLNESS

The Ithaca Journal, April 6.—“Louis H. Lathrop, Cornell '18, of Pike, Wyoming County, who was a member of the Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Madison Barracks last spring, where he won a lieutenant's commission, died March 17, at a base hospital “somewhere in France,” according to a cablegram from General Pershing to the War Department transmitted to Lieutenant Lathrop's father, C. C. Lathrop, of Pike.

“Lieutenant Lathrop entered Cornell University in Sept. 1914, with the class of mechanical engineering. He worked his way through his first two years in the university; then he became a member of the Telluride Society and was sent west where he was employed for two years. Returning last year he expected to be graduated last June, but when the United States declared war against Germany he decided to enlist and went to Madison Barracks to enter the Reserve Officers' Training Camp. He won a commission as a second lieutenant and was sent with the 21st Field Artillery to Galveston, Texas, where he had been stationed until recently when the company “went across.”

“The company in which Lieutenant Lathrop was an officer sailed for France on March 3. Lieutenant Lathrop fell ill two days and was taken to a French army hospital immediately the ship docked. He died March 17, as stated.

“Lieutenant Lathrop was well known in this city. He was a member of the Telluride Society and Eta Kappa Nu Fraternity. He was engaged to be married to Miss Marjorie Mabee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Mabee of Willow Ave. They were to have been married when Lieutenant Lathrop graduated.

“Lieutenant Lathrop, who was 24 years old, leaves besides his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Lathrop of Pike, three brothers, Clarence Lathrop of Angelica, Monford Lathrop of Canisteo, and Frank Lathrop of Tye River, Va. He also had a niece, Miss Frances Lathrop, who is a student at Cornell.

“A memorial service for Lieutenant Lathrop was held in the Presbyterian Church at Pike, which was attended by several hundred of his former schoolmates and friends.”

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Vol. IV

APRIL 10, 1918

No. 8

Compiled at Vincennes, Indiana, By W. Paul Jones

TELLURIDE ASSOCIATION MEMBERS KNOWN TO BE IN SERVICE

Beck, H. D.	U. S. School of Military Aeronautics, Squadron 34, Berkeley, California.
Bonnett, E. C.	Battery D, 348 F. A., Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington. (Till April 19, in 1st Battery, 3rd O. T. C.)
Bonnett, Stanley	Arrived in France with the Marine Corps.
Borlase, L. H.	Corporal 11th Field Signal Battery, Signal Corps of Texas, Camp Bowie, Ft. Worth, Texas.
Buckler, D. H.	Cadet Flying Squadron, Kelley Field No. 2, San Antonio, Texas.
Chamberlin, N. K.	Corporal Co. B, Sec. U, 308th Engineers, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
Clark, Dean A.	Corporal M. Co., 362nd Infantry, Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington.
Clark, O. R.	2nd Lieut. Co. H, 63rd Infantry, Presidio, San Francisco, California.
Clark, P. L.	Aviation (on sick leave) 106 Spring street, Elgin, Illinois.
Cole, Harold	Machine Gun Co. 50th Regiment, Michigan State Troops, 851 Cass Ave., Detroit, Michigan.
Cone, W. L.	Detached Service, Care Weather Bureau; Residence 31 N. State street, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Culbertson, W. B.	Sergeant Electricians Company No. 1 J-10, Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Jacksonville, Florida.
Draper, J. T.	Yeoman, Care U. S. S. Quincy, U. S. Naval Station, New Orleans, Louisiana. <i>Postmaster New York City</i>
Edwards, L. R. J.	Sergeant H. Co., 362 Infantry, Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington.
Evans, R. G.	Captain H. Co., 362 Infantry, Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington.
Fournier, L. R.	Headquarters 66th Artillery Brigade, Camp Merritt, N. J. Reported gone to France.
Fruit, R. W.	Co. 307, W. M. D., Madison Barracks, N. Y.
Grandy, C. C.	Convois Autos T. M. 397—Peleton 3 Par B. G. M., Paris, France.
Graessle, H. D.	147th Ambulance Co., 112th Sanitary Train, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Alabama.
Houtz, E. L.	U. S. S. Corsair, Care Postmaster, N. Y.
Hoyt, H. V.	Ensign U. S. N., Care Miller-Franklin-Bassett,

Johnson, E. M.	Whitehall Bldg., Battery Place, New York City. Sergeant H. Q. A. E. F., O. C. Q. M., M. T. S., France.
Johnson, O. V.	3rd Officers' Training Camp, Co. 2, 89th Division, Camp Funston, Kansas.
Kinney, W. C.	1st Lieut., 309th Infantry, Camp Dix, N. J.
Knight, Goodwin	2nd Class Seaman, Naval Reserve, Stanford University, Cal. Box 32.
Lamb, H. R.	1st Lieut. Co. G., 8th Infantry, Camp Fremont, California.
Landon, B. Jr.	2nd Class Seaman, Officers' Training School, 720 Westminster Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.
Larson, O. L.	1st Lieut., ^{Permanent} Detachment, Overseas Casuals, Camp Merritt, N. J.
Lathrop, L. H.	2nd Lieut. 21st F. A. Died in France, March 10.
McHale, M. A.	2nd Class Electrician, U. S. S. Oklahoma, Box 10, care Postmaster, New York City.
Maguire, W. H.	Captain, 153rd Depot Brigade, Camp Dix, N. J.
Monroe, Parker	Captain, School of Fire, Class 7, Fort Sill, Okla.
Nelson, J. L.	Cook, Base Hospital Medical Corps, 437 N. Virgil Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Owen, H. R.	Co. C, 1st Regiment, U. S. Railway Engineers, Care Postmaster, New York City.
Parker, McRae	1st Lieut., Q. M. C., Mechanical Repair Shop, Unit 301, A. E. F., France.
Pollock, Gordon	Aero Division, Squadron B-2, Urbana, Illinois.
Ross, A. A.	Sergeant Co. C, 1st Regiment, U. S. Railway Engineers, Care Postmaster, New York City.
Scott, B. G.	1st Lieut., 10th F. A., School Detail, A. E. F.
Shirk, D. R.	163 Aero Squadron, Wright Branch, Dayton, Ohio.
Snedaker, H. E.	339th F. A. Band, Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa.
Squires, J. C.	Enlisted, but address unknown.
Sweeney, L. A.	176th Aero Squadron, Gerstner Field, Lake Charles, La.
Valentine, V. W.	Co. A, 25th Engineers, A. E. F., via New York.
Van Etten, J. C. C.	2nd Lieut., Signal Reserve Corps, A. E. F., via New York.
Walcott, B. S.	Killed in action in France, December 11, 1917. Corporal, awarded French War Cross.
Walcott, S. S.	1st Lieut. Aero Department, Signal Corps, Staff of General Squier, Care Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.
Warneke, P. N.	H. Q. Co. 346 F. A., Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington.
Whitcotton, J. A.	2nd Lieut. 363rd Infantry, Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington.

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Whitney, W. D. Yale Reserve Officers' Training Corps, F. A.,
251 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.
Wight, E. T. Corporal H. Q. Co. 145 F. A. (Utah Battery),
Camp Kearney, Linda Vista, Cal.

LIST OF ASSOCIATION MEMBERS WHO ARE NOT IN SERVICE.

G. V. Anderson, 5819 Hadfield St., Philadelphia, Pa.
B. F. Armstrong, Box 46, Provo, Utah.
P. P. Ashworth, 544 Willard Court, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Clyde S. Bailey, 503 E. Capital St., Washington, D. C.
F. S. Bird, Dingle, Idaho.
J. A. Boshard, Provo, Utah.
J. W. Clark, Telluride Motor Co., Provo, Utah.
A. R. Cota, Care Mr. Catuegli, Agencia-Financiera le Mexico,
120 Broadway, New York
W. F. Courtney, Care Foreman-Middleton, 125 Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.
R. R. Critchton, 1534 Jewell, Topeka, Kans.
Allan Curtiss, 2115 Westwood Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Peter Deitzel, R. D., Mt. Pleasant, Bellevue, Ohio.
H. M. Diederichs, Washington Emergency Fleet, 906 Madison St.,
Wilmington, Del.
M. E. Dinkel, Safety Dept., DuPont Hotel, City Point, Va.
C. W. Dunn, New Richmond, Indiana.
W. V. Ellms, Deep Springs Ranch, Big Pine, Calif.
L. J. Farrer, Gold Chain Mining Co., Provo, Utah.
G. F. Ferris, Box 25, Stanford Univ, Calif.
D. M. Fuller, 252 Lexington Ave., New York.
R. H. Fuller, 252 Lexington Ave., New York.
F. I. Howard, 121 W. Washington St., Chicago, Illinois.
R. R. Irvine, Jr., 260 N. Academy Ave., Provo, Utah.
C. O. Jandl, 1419 Michigan Blvd., Racine, Wis.
W. D. Johnston, 3705 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
D. C. Lindsay, Care Carrier Eng. Coop., Buffalo, N. Y.
Ford McCarty, Richville, N. Y.
J. E. Meehan, Deep Springs Ranch, Big Pine, Calif.
J. G. Miller, Deep Springs Ranch, Big Pine, Calif.
T. G. Moore, 830 1/2 Astor St., Milwaukee, Wis.
D. J. Nelson, Miles & Miles, 11 Broadway, N. Y.
L. G. Nightingale, P. O. Box 259, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
L. L. Nunn, Provo, Utah.
G. D. Oliver, 307 Florence St., Houghton, Mich.
J. W. Olmstead, 2014 Fifth Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
F. L. Osgerby, 1213 Willard St., Ann Arbor, Mich.
A. E. Park, Gunnison, Utah.
E. D. Pugsley, 110 Romaine Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
H. E. Ray, Pocatello, Idaho.
W. P. Jones, 1415 Vigs St., Vincennes, Ind.
R. H. Townsend, % Telluride Power Co., Tergue, Texas.

Bert Scott, Box 303, Ocean Park, Calif.
 Irvine Scott, Provo, Utah.
 J. K. Sexson, Pyramid Club, Schenectady, N. Y.
 D. S. Tucker, Care Telluride Motor Company, Provo, Utah.
 J. B. Tucker, Provo, Utah.
 Ray Ure, Care Irene F. Ure, 723 W. S. Temple, Salt Lake City.
 E. J. Walter, Denver, Colo.
 G. O. Whitecotton, Deep Springs Ranch, Big Pine, Calif.
 C. N. Whitman, Westminster Hotel, Los Angeles, Calif.
 F. J. Wight, Southern Utah Power Company, Richfield, Utah.
 G. A. Worn, 906 Madison St., Wilmington, Del.
 M. C. Wrench, Deep Springs Ranch, Big Pine, Calif.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Due to failure on the part of a considerable number of the members to keep Mr. Wegg, our Historian, posted concerning their changes of address or status, it cannot be affirmed that the above list of Telluride men in service is complete or entirely correct. Mr. Wegg has gone to considerable pains to send out return postal cards, having mailed from two to four cards to each member. If any man's name is omitted, it is largely his own fault.

Those of the following list have not seen fit to send any reply:

Anderson	Oliver
Bird	Othus
S. Bonnett	Park
P. L. Clark	Pollock
Cota	Irvin Scott
Curtiss	Sexson
Deitzel	Squires
Draper	Stacey
D. M. Fuller	D. S. Tucker
R. Fuller	Ure
Maguire	Walter
Miller	Whitman
D. J. Nelson	

Mr. Wegg has no reason to believe that these men have failed to receive the cards, and remarks, quite emphatically, "I do not see how in the deuce it can be hoped that I will be able successfully to fill this mission, which is regarded as of considerable importance by a number of the older members, unless the individuals have the decency to respond to my inquiries."

Certainly the Historian is right in this matter. If for nothing else than purposes of record, the files should be kept complete; and members should feel enough interest in the Association and its future to write their names and addresses on an addressed and stamped card and stick it in a mail box. On the other hand, each one can probably take it for granted that others desire news concerning

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him a much as he welcomes it concerning the rest. It is not an occasion upon which modesty is a commendable virtue.

There is an additional list of members who have failed to return Mr. Wegg's cards, and who he believes are already in service in France:

Fournier
Grandy
Houtz
Owen

Parker
Ross
Valantine
Van Etten

These men are perhaps not so culpable as those in the first list, for the uncertainties of the mail service and the exigencies of war may have made it difficult or impossible for them to have answered yet.

There is apparently no excuse for the delinquency of the men in the first list.

—o—o—o—
Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Biersach and son went to California about the first of March, and expected to remain there for some time.

—o—o—o—
F. C. Noon and Mr. Waldo went to Casper March 6 for a rate hearing with the Wyoming Utilities Commission.

—o—o—o—
Dave Wegg states that another daughter, Helen, arrived at his home January sixth.

—o—o—o—
On February 8, a daughter, Elsie Barbara, was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. Paul Jones, at Vincennes, Indiana.

—o—o—o—
The next edition of the News Letter will be compiled by D. S. Wegg, Jr., at Salt Lake City. Members will save him considerable trouble and expense if they will take it upon themselves to write their news articles and forward them to Salt Lake without having to be reminded.

—o—o—o—
In the January 1918 number of the National Geographical Magazine there is published the diary of Stuart Walcott while he was in France. Members who have not already read it will find it an extremely interesting and well written account of his flying experiences.

TELLURIDE ASSOCIATION SERVICE FLAGS.

Flags were ordered with forty-five blue stars and one gold star affixed, with room for thirty more, which will be supplied for affixing. With the 8'x12' service flags go like sized United States flags

MR. E. A. THORNHILL, BRISTOL HOTEL, BOISE, IDAHO.

A letter from Dean Thornhill written at Los Angeles on March 18 contains the following paragraph:

"I have been spending considerable time at Deep Springs Ranch this winter, and was snow-bound there for a week a short time ago. As soon as Mrs. T. recovers from her recent operation for removal of tonsils, and I get straightened out from an over-dose of construction-camp food, we shall make a trip to Boise to settle the family for the summer, at some place other than Hotel Bristol. Our six months round-trip tickets require us to be there not later than April 2. I shall probably make a trip to Deep Springs after a while.

Sincerely,

E. A. THORNHILL.

—o—o—o—

E. C. LOUGHRAN, STUART WALCOTT'S ROOM-MATE, KILLED
IN ACTION

To those members who recall Louchran's letter, printed in the last News Letter, descriptive of the manner in which Stuart lost his life, the following press despatch will be of interest:

"Paris, February 23.—Edward C. Louchran, of New York, flying on the French front in a French squadrilla, was killed ten days ago in an aerial combat.

"Louchran went across the German lines and was attacked by four enemy machines. He flew back to the French lines, where he fell to the earth, and was dead when found. He was buried near Chalons."

—o—o—o—

LIEUTENANT SIDNEY S. WALCOTT, AERO DEPARTMENT
SIGNAL CORPS, STAFF OF GENERAL SQUIER,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

March 8, 1918.

My dear Jones:

The only addition to the information concerning my brother which I can give you now is that he was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French Government.

I am on duty at the office of the Chief Signal Officer in Washington, in connection with the Aerial Observation Section. Being office work, there is very little that is thrilling or interesting in my present existence.

I fear that I am as ignorant of the whereabouts of most of the members as you are. Jack Hoyt is the only man I have seen in the past few months, and he is now recovering from an attack of typhoid fever. He expects to go to France within the next

month or six weeks, and upon arrival is very anxious to join the Aviation Corps.

Very sincerely yours,

SIDNEY S. WALCOTT.

—one pair to Ithaca and the other to the ranch.

At the present writing there should be at least fifty blue stars and one gold.

—o—o—o—

CAPTAIN PARKER MONROE, SCHOOL OF FIRE FOR FIELD
ARTILLERY—7TH CLASS, FORT SILL, OKLAHOMA.

Dear Editor:

March 12, 1918.

Your appeal has struck a tender heart, and although I am not accustomed to writing for publication, I offer what I have for what interest it may be to Telluriders.

News of our members is all too scarce nowadays, and I hope sincerely that, even though there be nothing but a line of greeting forthcoming, every member who can hold a pen will contribute something now and then to the fund of news concerning Telluride members.

The end of August last found me struggling with some two hundred odd laborers, trying to make soldiers of them to the honor and glory of the 78th Division, stationed at Camp Dix, N. J. The struggle was somewhat difficult, due to the fact that my knowledge of the thirteen different languages these laborers spoke was quite limited. But we managed to get along, by the aid of sundry interpreters, and after four months of such work, I had the good fortune to be sent down here to take the course in firing for field artillery officers.

This school is really a wonderful one. There are seven or eight hundred officers here, in classes which are arriving weekly, and the course lasts ten long weeks. At the end of this time those who survive return to their various regiments and resume the desultory training of men without materiel, and without any particular desire of becoming the well-disciplined, smart, and alert soldiers the inspector-general is vainly seeking.

But as for the course itself, I cannot speak too highly. We study more subjects than are contained in a college curriculum—"Tactical Methods," which covers topography, road-mapping, electrical communication by ground and by radio, reconnaissance, entrenchments, astronomy, etc.; "Materiels," which means, as the name implies, learning something about the various kinds of guns we use in the artillery, horses, motor trucks, tractors, optics, instruments; "Field Gunnery," which tackles the many problems of close shooting, which is trench warfare shooting—and best of all we spend half a day each day in actual service firing. This firing is very interesting indeed, and we get more of it in this war course of ten weeks than regular army officers have had in ten years of peace time service.

The school here spends a million and a quarter monthly for ammunition alone. We also have some very interesting work in co-operation with the school for airplane observers, also located here. There are seventy odd planes here, and a captive balloon—so that the air is full of the former all day.

Officers from the regular army, national army, and national guard, with a good sprinkling of French officers, and a few British officers are mixed in together here, along with a good thick filler of Oklahoma sand. And speaking of the latter—the natives say this is a great place to see the country—for on one day a good part of Texas goes sailing by, and on the next day the wind brings back most of the loose part of Kansas. The wind never ceases.

Very little news of the Association has reached me—and I have been too busy working for Uncle Sam to keep in as close touch with our organization as I desire. My entrance into its activities having been so recent, my impressions of the Association are still very keen, and I regretted exceedingly having to detach myself from Cornell branch to don a uniform. But I am hoping that the day will soon come when I can lend my feeble efforts more diligently to the work before the Association—and it is going to live and be a success.

My hearty greetings to all—to you, Mr. Editor, my condolences for the difficulties of your task.

Very sincerely,
CAPT. PARKER MONROE, U. S. R.

—o—o—o—

C. N. WHITMAN, HOTEL WESTMINSTER, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

My Dear Jones:

March 20, 1918.

I am in tardy receipt of your letter of March fourth requesting a contribution to the News Letter. I have no contribution to make at this time. The News Letter this year has necessarily been of a personal rather than general character, and I am not qualified for autobiographical essays. I may say, however, that after being disqualified for military service, I spent the last of 1917 in Ithaca campaigning for the Liberty Loan, Red Cross, and War Chest, and speaking in the local theatres as a "Four Minute Man." I left work to come West and consider Association affairs with Mr. Nunn, with whom I have been for the last two months. The trip to Deep Springs Ranch showed me a place where young students can pursue their work under excellent conditions, notwithstanding the war. This institution is, of course, Mr. Nunn's private enterprise, and my visit was due to interest in a possible future annexation to the Association. I feel considerable concern, however, as to the situation in which the Association will find itself in case this war is prolonged for five or six years.

I regret that I cannot offer you something in the nature of a consideration of Telluride affairs. I hardly think this would be expedient just now.

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We have quite a Telluride colony in Los Angeles now. Mr. Nunn, P. N. Nunn, F. C. Noon, Mr. Biersach, O. B. Suhr, Bob Fairbanks, Gilbert Miller, and myself are here now.

With best regards,

Sincerely,
C. N. WHITMAN.

—o—o—o—
D. H. BECK, SCHOOL OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS, SQUADRON 34, BERKELEY, CAL.

Dear Paul.

March 5, 1918.

I received your letter asking for information yesterday. I shall endeavor to tell you something concerning myself.

I spent the summer at Deep Springs Ranch, my occupation being truck driver and cement block mixer. The work was very interesting and I learned considerable. But I decided it would be more exciting to drive airplanes than trucks, and so I left the ranch for San Francisco, Nov. 6. There I took the aviation physical examinations, and after having my nose straightened and my tonsils removed, they permitted me to enlist, Nov. 30. I went from there to Beaver to await my call and was finally notified to report to the government school at Berkeley on January 12. Since that date I have been leading a strenuous life. One is on the go from 6 a. m. till 10 p. m. The Junior wing, which includes the first three weeks, is devoted to Military studies, Infantry Drill, and Machine Guns. At the end of this period, if one is successful with the examinations, he passes into the Senior wing. Here he receives further instruction in Machine Guns, in receiving and sending wireless, in engines, in rigging and nomenclature of airplanes, in aerial observation, in bombs, in radio, in map reading, in cross country flying, and in a number of smaller subjects. This wing includes five weeks from "D" to "H" inclusive. "F" and "H" are the critical weeks, and many a would-be aviator never passes them. "C" is the elimination week for the Junior wing. So far I have been real lucky and have arrived at "H" week. I may not feel so good next Friday, March 16th. I take four finals during this week, and if successful shall graduate Friday.

I see "Ollie" Clark every Saturday, and we generally manage to go out for a little time. He is stationed at Presidio. At times I see Richards and Lamb, who are at Fremont.

Sincerely,
DAN

—o—o—o—
PAUL P. ASHWORTH, 544 WILLARD COURT, SALT LAKE CITY

Dear Jones:

March 11, 1918

I haven't much news to report. Am still on the job with U. P. and L. Co. Have just been promoted to construction superintendent,

in charge of the extension at Terminal and Wheeler 130 K V. switchyards, and installing a protective relay system on a 45 K V. line from Devil's Slide to Park City.

Dave Wegg is the only Association man that I see and I guess he will speak for himself.

My family is well. The baby can take five steps and has three or four teeth. She talks all the time, and we can understand three of her words.

Sorry that I can't give more information.

Sincerely

PAUL P. ASHWORTH

P. S.—Forgot to say that I see Bill Cone occasionally. He has been "monkeying" with the weather lately, but now seems to be getting better control of it.

—o—o—o—

W. D. WHITNEY, YALE RESERVE OFFICERS' TRAINING
CORPS, F. A., 251 YALE STATION, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

March 13, 1918

Dear Paul:

I am darn sorry not to be able to help you out with the News Letter, but in me you have a fund of information—NOT.

What I can do, and I enjoy this tremendously, is to congratulate you on the letter paper. I hope to see you "called" to Yale soon. Though here you find little but militarism. We get out papers and have teams to be sure, (I am Managing Editor of the Yale Daily News) but we are more interested in Field Artillery. We are very lucky in having a full battery of French .75 guns besides about 60 or 70 horses. There are two American captains on the active list here, and a couple of retired Canadian captains. All this doesn't keep the fellows from dribbling off one by one to enlist, however. The prospect of being an efficient artillery officer in 1 or 2 years does not look so worthy to some as to be privates now. They are the better ones, too.

Most sincerely,

W. D. WHITNEY

—o—o—o—

LIEUT. W. C. KINNEY, 309th INFANTRY, CAMP DIX, N. J.

(The following article by Lieut. Kinney was contributed for the last issue of the News Letter, but lack of space did not permit its being included.)

While we newly appointed officers find ourselves in a status quite apart from civilian life, it is hardly opportune as yet to ask us to describe an army officer's life, or duties. We are seeing the beginning of a real and promising army as we could see it in no other way, but to me it is just like the beginning I participated in at Cornell three different years. As a tribute to the training there, which I described before in the News Letter, I want to say that training camp offers little new to me except the labor of digging

trenches. Four years at Cornell would fit one for the Officers' Reserve just as well as the training camp, and that was what was planned under the R. O. T. C. established there a year ago. In some respects our school training was better; we were taught a little at a time and given the responsibility gradually instead of being given a company or batallion suddenly at camp to take part in some exercise, and no matter what your method of procedure you suffered killing criticism; practically nothing was said about the right way. Constructive as well as destructive criticism was given at school, and by repetitions all inspiring ones and others too involuntarily did the right thing "under fire."

Our new army is expected to learn a great deal more than was ever expected before. It doesn't take long to give recruits close order and the old extended order; it takes more time to get discipline, and subjection of will. These things are elementary; from this each man must specialize and some in many things. Every man (in the infantry) must be skilled in bayonet fighting, grenade throwing, and the use of his rifle; these first and probably other things also, because in groups of raiders and other formations any man must be able instantly to take the place of the one fallen, no matter what his function. The automatic rifle is a new weapon with us and must be taught to a large number, but these men must also know all other things first for their own protection. Most of the instruction, rather naturally, is given by the lieutenants, the captains finding plenty to do in the large commands now given them; they oversee and superintend. To carry this out special courses are being given for the lieutenants in bayonet work, musketry, automatic rifles, and grenade throwing in all its phases. All of these I have attended, and am beginning to think we shall never have time to teach it all to our men. Grenade throwing includes rushing of trenches, mopping up, protection of barricades, and destruction of shelteis. Just thing of teaching these things to men who can't understand English! We have a good many of such men too, and in that way the new officers have more to contend with than the officers commanding the old army.

It is an ever-increasing though with me that the entrance of this country into the present preparations is a greater blessing than we can realize. After one sees the type of men that are received into these camps and thinks what their home conditions must have been from their habits, he cannot but believe that after an enforced interest in cleanliness, simple sanitation, obedience, consideration for others, neatness, and exactness, he can't help being more than a temporary benefit in many ways to his community, besides being more loyal to his adopted flag. To finish such good work we must have universal training. All of us have seen and heard about the difference ten days under discipline makes in a man and his physique; why not continue it and gain all the other benefits also? The more I see of the drafted men, the more firmly do I believe that we couldn't have done anything better for them.

To the officers this army experience is a pleasant awakening as to powers which we possessed but dared not think existed. We are gaining confidence in ourselves; we are trying to be a great deal more than we ever were before. We are being imitated and we want the imitations to be good. Like our first experience in public speaking were our attempts to begin with our men; it was not so for long. We developed quickly when we faced the necessity for it.

None of these things will make less of Telluride men of us; we are rather aided and see more quickly what we formerly tried to do.

Best regards to yourself and to the bunch.

Sincerely,

W. C. KINNEY

—o—o—o—
FENTON L. OSGERBY, UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, ANN
ARBOR, MICHIGAN

A letter from Osgerby to Mr. W. L. Biersach, dated January 14, conveys the information that Osgerby is pursuing his course of study in the University of Michigan, along the special line of Marine Engineering. Osgerby says that a majority of the students are taking the military training course along with their other work, and that the University resembles very much a military training school. Fenton is one of our few Telluride scholars just now. He hopes to complete his course of study soon enough to be of some assistance to his country in the naval construction work.

—o—o—o—
LEGRAND DALY, 1031 GRAND VIEW AVE., LOS ANGELES, CAL

The following letter was received by Tucker too late to be included in the January issue:

February 2, 1918

Dear "Reddo":

Volume 4, Number 7, arrived tonight. Many thanks for your kindness in putting my name in the kettle for a copy. I have read it through twice and it hits the note of harmony. The fact is, you have all the data in a short space.

I feel a bit proud myself tonight being a soldier, with a chance to make good. I was enlisted Monday last in the Signal Corps of the U. S. A., and have taken the oath of allegiance for service in the Flying Corps. I now await assignment to ground school to train for the commission of First Lieutenant in the Aviation section. We are advised that it will come within the month.

Best wishes, and if you get a show put the "best" in to all the boys for me.

Cordially and sincerely,

"LEG"

P. S.—It's tough about Stuart, Jim. The rest of us, however, can do our bit better for him.

My brother has joined the flying corps. We hope to be together.

SERGEANT L. R. J. EDWARDS, CO. H, 362nd INFANTRY, CAMP
LEWIS, AMERICAN LAKE, WASHINGTON

The following article by Edwards was contributed to the January number of the News Letter, but due to shortage of space it was not printed at that time.

The one unchangeable feature about army life is that reveille comes somewhere about the middle of the night. It is the one time in the day or night, when every man feels like deserting. But when reveille is over and the call "Come and Get Her" is sounded, the interest in "getting her" is so keen that thoughts of desertion entirely disappear. And by night about time for tattoo the prevalent feeling is that the army is not so bad after all.

I arrived here over two months ago. I was at first placed in the depot brigade. This is the supplying unit for the camp or even for other divisions, as shown by the transfers which have taken place in the short time I have been here. Fifty of the group which came at the same time were sent to the National Guard at Linda Vista. Others were transferred to organizations in the camp. The rest were sent to New York in the early part of November along with eight thousand others from this division. Through the efforts of Captain Robert G. Evans, or Bob, I was transferred to his company, Co. H. 362nd Inf., and thus saved the weariness of a trip to New York at that time. It is rumored that the men who left then are now enroute to France. Even the so-called regular organizations were not untouched by these transfers, as we sent eleven men with the above group after I was transferred down here.

The entire camp of about thirty thousand men is doing practically the same types of drilling. All have passed the first stages of marching drills and are now being perfected in the manual of arms. The monotony of this type of drilling is broken by exercises designed to make the men better riflemen when they go out on the shooting range. Besides these, bayonet practices, practice marches, bomb and grenade throwing along with trench digging form part of the drill for the day. Until very recently the artillery men had the same drill. Now they are being trained in the handling of mules and wooden guns.

The camp is in the shape of a large "Y" with the parade ground in the center. Headquarters and the buildings connected with it form the tail of the "Y". The "Y" instead of having the V-shaped body has the U-shaped one. The barrack buildings are arranged in groups of about fifty each. Each building will hold about one hundred and fifty men without crowding. In a pinch they will hold about two hundred and fifty men. Each building is divided into four parts, two upstairs and two down. Three of these parts are used for squad rooms and the other is the kitchen and the mess hall. Since so many of the companies have more than two hundred men, a second building is divided with another company, no mess hall being in that building, the men eating over at

their respective buildings.

Conditions are by no means ideal. At times when the cause for which all of it is being done is forgotten, there is considerable grumbling. But the majority of the men realize fully the cause, and they realize that conditions could be much worse. Everything possible is being done for the comfort of the men. Living conditions are naturally not very enticing when so many men live under the same roof, but the quarters after all are very comfortable and the food is good and well cooked. At times there are off days, but as a whole there is little room for grumbling.

The camp up until the present looked more like a huge construction camp than a military one. Many of the men were without uniforms, wearing any old clothes which they had brought with them. Most of these clothes were worn out when the men reached here, for they took the advice of the local boards and brought nothing but old clothes. After two months' hard wear, it needs little imagination to picture the conditions. But the men are being uniformed as fast as possible. The stooping and slovenly walks of the men who came from farming and mining communities are giving way to the erect and military walk of the trained soldier. The change which has taken place in this respect is very remarkable. There is no question but that the army setting-up-exercises followed by the drills are wonderful for building one up physically. Men who have always walked bent forward with the long strides of an Irish "Hod" carrier are now reaching the stage of trained men.

As the time passes, the realization that we are nearly equipped with sufficient training to take our places along with the Allies gives place to many rumors. Hardly a day passes that we are not bound for another camp. In the last month they have had us all over the United States and the Phillipines. But we are still at Camp Lewis, and from present indications expect to be here for some time yet.

The big event now to which everyone eligible is looking forward is the next Officers' Training School. Three or four men are likely to go from each company. There is keen competition and very interested discussion taking place over the subject. In our company there are thirty applicants. Of these about six are the real competitors. I am one of these applicants and have qualifications sufficient to at least expect a chance. No announcement about where the camp will be has yet been made.

At the next issue of the News Letter I am hoping that my name will be published as one of those attending Officers' Training Schools.

—o—o—o—
T. G. MOORE, 830 1/2 ASTOR ST., MILWAUKEE,
WISCONSIN

St. Mary's Hospital Green Bay, Wisconsin

My dear Jones:

March 6, 1918

I haven't much to say for myself, as I have been in the hos-

pital with typhoid since January 16th. I am coming along fine, and expect to leave here in about a week. I see by the last News Letter that some of the boys did not get the first issue. I believe, but I am not sure, that I have a few at home, and as soon as I get hold of them, I will ship them out.

Best regards to yourself and Mrs. Jones, and good luck to the next News Letter.

T. G. MOORE,

— o — o — o —
B. F. ARMSTRONG, BOX 46, PROVO, UTAH

March 17, 1918.

Dear Jones:

Your inquiry of the fourth received. I am still playing at the part of a tramp throughout Idaho, Wyoming, and part of Montana in the employ of the Intermountain Electric Co., as sales representative. The News Letter is of immense interest to me inasmuch as it is my only source of information concerning members of T. A. I only regret my inability to be more actively engaged in the great problems that Uncle Sam is contending with.

My heartiest best wishes to all the fellows everywhere.

B. F. ARMSTRONG.

— o — o — o —
R. H. TOWNSEND, WYOMING ELECTRIC CO.,
CASPER, WYOMING

Feb. 3, 1918.

My dear Joneses:

A News Letter came to me yesterday, and I notice that you are to be the next editor and publisher. Here's luck to you, and anything in this note that will help you fill the paper is yours. But please censor some of it.

On December first I received an honorable discharge from the United States army, and from Tacoma I went directly to Salt Lake. Anna met me in Ogden, and—well, you know how you felt when you saw your wife. That's the way I felt too, only more so, if that is possible. We went to her sister's home in Sandy—a little joint south of S. L.—and spent three pleasant days there. Then we went to Park and prepared for a real Christmas. It was the first time in seven years that the Yuletide found me at home and I was more than glad to spend them happily there.

In the meantime I had received offers from the U. P. and L. Co. at Salt Lake and from the Wyoming Electric Company, in addition to my old position in Beaver. The latter I turned down because I didn't care to take the girl down there and live in a tent all winter, and I wouldn't have gone alone for a whole pile of gold. Finally Waldo got hold of me, and he is a pretty good persuader. That's what he's paid for, and he earned a few cents, I guess, by convincing me that I was badly needed by the Wyo. Elec. Co. At any rate, on December 26 I left Park and started for Casper.

Man, this is some joint! The kind you read about in stories

of the wild and wooly west. When I tell you that Casper in four years' time has grown from 2000 population to 22,000, you can imagine the speed that is shown here. Its growth has been due, of course, to the oil boom, and the beauty of it is it's still going up. And prices are right with the population, too. Why, man, a silver dollar is the smallest change they use here. I tried to get an apartment but I might as well have looked for peace in Europe. The apartments are here all right but they are all occupied. And the rents the people pay! Two rooms furnished bring from \$50 to \$85 dollars per month, and the people fight for them at that. A three room apartment brings \$60 to \$110, and even a common, ordinary every-day room rents for \$20, at least. Even tents rent for 10 or 12 and there are all taken. It is a common sight to see people sleeping on the benches and floors in the railroad stations. For awhile the two best hotels even had beds on their mezzanine floors. Yea, verily, she's some place! When I found that there was no place available, Bacon offered to fix up rooms in the station for us, and as usual I did the fixing. After two weeks' work—I had to do this after supper—I finally got the apartment in shape and sent a wire to Anna. She arrived three days later, and since then we've been having a great time together.

One end of the station is built into rooms, and we have made two apartments—one for the station superintendent, who lives downstairs, and the other for myself upstairs. We have three rooms—a living and dining-room and a bed-room—also a bath. The place is kept warm by the heat from the Diesel engines and only on the days when the temperature outside was more than ten degrees below have we needed to turn on the big electric heater that I put in for emergencies. Anna has everything in the kitchen done by the juice, and she has lots of fun turning switches. It's just a little bit better than carrying in firewood, you know. And she is some cook, too, I have found out. She hasn't been able so far to make candied sweet-potatoes like Mrs. W. P. J. used to make. However—we are both happy, and I feel better now than I have for many moons. So far, so good.

You know, this company has been having some fight with the Natrona Electric Co., and when P. N. left here things were in a bad way. The T. A. now owns half interest in this, and I believe it's going to be a paying proposition from now on. The other night the whole Natrona plant went up in smoke, and we have been carrying all their load on our already overloaded machines ever since. The city officials issued orders restraining the use of current, and so far we've been able to give every customer a little juice. Only one light per house is allowed, and electric ranges—and there are at least a thousand or more—are cut down to one burner or plate and an element in the oven. No window lights are allowed down town, and all business ceases between the hours of 5 and 8 p. m.

The most important result of that fire is seen in the fact that

the Wyo. Elec. Co. is the big cheese now, and the two companies are being consolidated with our men on top. This means putting the old steam plant in shape and paralleling the two systems electrically. The other system is 2300, 3 phase, 3 wire, and ours is 4000, 3 phase, 4 wire. This necessitates the use of a 1000 K. V. A transformer which will step their voltage up to 4000 and add another wire—neutral. Anyway we stand a chance now of making some money here, especially when the rates are raised; the price per K. W. H. is now three cents.

As ever,
JACK

—o—o—o—
C. O. JANDL, 1419 MICHIGAN BLVD.,
RACINE, WISCONSIN

February 19, 1918

Dear old Paul, and Mildred:

Months ago you asked for the latest news. My silence filled the bill, I am sure, for even today there is no latest news. Even my correspondence has been negligible, as I know very little of my mutual friends. I work, fiddle, read, go to the movies, play an innocent game of poker every other Saturday, and occasionally resort to reminiscence. Most of all I work, and I am satisfied that I have never before worked so persistently. I often think of our Claremont days. The whole thing was more like a big houseparty than an undertaking of the Beaver kind. Some months ago the Claremont Herald brought me the news that a new formed James River Colonization Company had purchased about 5000 acres of land in Claremont and vicinity, filling up old Waldheim for its offices. Two or three times "Johnnie" (Agnes Johnson) has written to me from her home in Radford. She has a style so characteristic of herself and of Virginians that it would do you good to hear from her.

Yours,
CHUCK

—o—o—o—
SERGEANT A. A. ROSS AND H. R. OWEN, BOTH OF CO. C, 1ST
REGIMENT, U. S. RAILWAY ENGINEERS, A. E. F.

The editor has received a letter dated February 25, written by "Cy" and Harold together; but unfortunately the letter was not written for publication in the News Letter, and is entirely personal in its nature. Neither of the boys has a word to say in regard to their work, so it is to be assumed that things are pursuing a normal course.

It is to be noted that "Cy" has been promoted from Corporal to Sergeant.

E. C. BONNETT, BATTERY D, 348 F. A., CAMP LEWIS,
AMERICAN LAKE, WASH.

March 17th.

My dear Paul:

Since finding out what the News Letter really meant to me I'd do most anything to get a line to you. The last issue was "there" a million. But don't worry about my getting hardened to appeals; yours was the first letter I had received officially or otherwise from the board.

News, though, is mighty scarce. It's not only scarce; it's gun shy. Our books, newspapers, periodicals, every source of information in this Third Officers' Training Camp is bound up in Field Artillery Drill regulations. All except L. G. O.'s which you get every morning while shaving. Your neighbor leans over confidentially, begins "I heard last night—" and another source of worry, speculation, or excitement is on.

L. G. O.'s No. —1600 have it that this is a replacement division, that we will all go over a few at a time. So whatever close connections the T. A. men of this camp had here before will be broken. It doesn't make much difference though. I saw Bob Edwards about six weeks ago, and haven't even heard of any of the others since. They will probably speak for themselves.

I'm in the 1st Battery, Third O. T. C., Prof. Don't think much of it and if I didn't consider two failures in the same place as too much proof of incompetency, I'd try to get out. In this particular camp you have to be strong enough to come out in spite of what you are subjected to. The camp will be over April 19th and the successful ones will be commissioned only as they are needed, so you can put my permanent address as Battery "D," 348th F. A.

Training consists of the usual old stuff—all routine, with once in a while a thriller. Just now we are living in the hope that rumor is true when it promises to let us fire the field guns. Furthermore we are quarantined twenty-one days for a case of mumps which broke out in another company.

Have heard indirectly that Ollie Clark, 63rd Inf., Camp Fremont, Cal., was being transferred to Aviation. A letter from Ben Scott, Feb. 23rd., informed me that he was approaching New York for transportation to France. He is on a school detail to the School of Fire in France for work in reconnaissance and aviation. His address is "Care of 10th F. A. School Detail, A. E. F., France." He is the lucky one of the whole bunch.

Stanley Bonnett has arrived in France with the Marine Corps.

See how dead everything is in a concentration camp? We are just waiting to find out what is to happen to us. It's hard not to become apathetic—even about the rain.

Send the next copy of the News Letter to me at 1st Battery O. T. C., Camp Lewis, Wash., and don't forget if it's very late send it to the old address.

TELLURIDE NEWS LETTER

21

Love, Prof., regards to all the fellows you ever meet.
BONNIE.

—o—o—o—
SERGEANT ELMER M. JOHNSON, H. A. E. F., O. C. Q. M.,
M. T. S., FRANCE

The following letter reached the last editor of the News Letter too late to be included in that issue. The article spoken of in the letter has never been received. Apparently it was lost in transit.
January 18, 1918.

Dear Jim:

Your letter of November 16th reached me three days ago so badly battered and stamped and re-stamped so many times as to be almost unrecognizable. I note you had me slated for an article in the "Military Number" of the Telluride News Letter, and am really sorry that I did not have the opportunity to submit something. When I say I am sorry, I maintain that I am unique in that I am the only member that has ever manifested sorrow or disappointment for not having an opportunity to produce an article for the N. L. You may look for an article from me very shortly after the receipt of this letter, and I hope it reaches you in time for one of the early summer numbers of the paper, for I infer it will be published more or less regularly thruout the year. I am looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to receiving the "Military Number."

I have nothing new in reference to successfully casting the lariat over the elusive dollars. I don't know much about what is going on over there, and here I am all wrapped up in the absorbing problem of cleaning things up. I certainly manage to keep busy, for between my work at the office and my evenings studying, it takes all my time. Dean Thornhill sent me a book on Economics, and I am systematically going through this and making special efforts to pick up French.

Be sure and give my best regards to any of the bunch you meet. More soon.

Sincerely,
ELMER M. JOHNSON.

—o—o—o—
W. D. JOHNSTON, 3705 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
PENNSYLVANIA

My dear Prof:

March 23, 1918.

In reporting myself for your issue of the News Letter, I have little of much interest to the boys to add to my account in the last issue. I am still very busily engaged as Power Plant engineer with the Bell Telephone Co., of Pa., and on account of the importance of the work in the maintenance of telephone service, am working under deferred classification with respect to the draft.

Nevertheless I get anxious at times to be with the many Telluride boys who are directly engaged in military work, especially when I get reports from Ithaca telling of the beautiful 46 star service flag which is flying on the Telluride House porch, commanding especial reverence because of that jewel in its center, the golden star. during a visit I made at Ithaca the last week in February, I called at the house and found Bernt Olson taking his usual pride in a couple of fine flag poles he had just made, one of which was to carry the afore-mentioned flag.

Among the more recent news that I have is that Fat Othus stopped to see me on his return to Ithaca from Texas, he having been down there for three weeks receiving instruction on a new type of machine gun which he will in turn demonstrate in his instruction work at the ground school of aeronautics. Fat was feeling fine, and told of an extended flight he had made down in Texas with one of the newly-graduated aviators.

Word was received a couple of days ago from Lieut. Mac Parker, who is in France with the mechanical repair shop unit of the Quartermaster Corps, that he was in a French hospital, rapidly recovering from an attack of scarlet fever, with which he had been confined for the past four weeks. Mac stated that he was being well taken care of by a Philadelphia nurse.

I was down in Wilmington, Delaware, a week ago and saw Butch Worn and Red Diederichs, who are building ships for the Bethlehem Steel Company. Both were right in their element in this big construction work. Their address is 906 Madison St., Wilmington, Delaware.

Andy Anderson left Philadelphia yesterday for Washington, D. C., where he is to be employed at the Bureau of Standards in the development of aeroplane motors, etc., pending the outcome of tests on a new type of motor which he has invented himself.

I wish I knew something about a lot of the other fellows, but that is exactly why I shall be anxious to receive another issue of the News Letter.

With most sincere wishes for all,

DAVY JOHNSTON.

—o—o—o—

M. A. McHALE, U. S. SHIP OKLAHOMA

The following article was contributed by McHale for the January number of the News Letter, but was omitted because of lack of space.

Many of the fellows, I suppose, have read descriptions of life in the navy, but they generally deal with the deck force. I shall endeavor to give a slight idea of the life of a naval electrician. Probably a short synopsis of the day's routine would not be amiss.

The first thing is reveille at 5:30 in summer and 6:30 in winter; but, as an electrician, I turn over with a muttered imprecation and proceed to sleep until "up all hammocks." Then I "turn to"

on whatever job I may have and continue until 11:30. Dinner, and "turn to" until 4:30. Supper, followed by a metamorphosis from electrician to launderer. This is the happiest time of the day. And, too, I have a watch thrown in once in a while.

The electrical work here is much different from any I have encountered on the "outside." But I have been able to uphold my end of the work at all times. We have just about every kind of an electrical appliance on the ship and the experience to be gained is remarkable. We have, of course, a direct current system on our main lighting and power circuits, and A. C. on telephones, wireless, and gyroscope compasses. We have electrical submarine detectors, fire alarms, fuel, oil indicators, and a host of miscellaneous "rheos." Of course, I have not worked on all of them yet and probably never shall; but I shall become well acquainted with a goodly percentage of them, nevertheless.

At present I have a circuit to take care of on which there are about three hundred lights, not including fifty of sixty portable lights. I also have twelve motors and several fuel oil indicators.

The appliances, though, seem a negligible quantity as compared with my bosses. I have eight bosses in the electrical department, and any officer on the ship who wants me to do anything merely asks me and of course I must jump immediately to it or be "put down for a bale of hay" as the men say. Then I have about ten chief petty officers to run me, who belong in different parts of my circuit. And, believe me, there are no arguments as there used to be at Bliss, as to who is the gang and who is the boss.

Aside from all the above I've seen all the principal cities of the Atlantic coast, and am as much at home on Market Street, Philadelphia, or the only Broadway, as on Main Street, Boise. Several short cruises at sea, where I found I already had my "sea-legs," and a couple of target practices have made a thorough sea-going old salt of me. In fact the only circumstance that prevents me from calling myself a real sailor is the lack of "one in every port."

I wish all the luck in the world to all the fellows, wherever they may be, and can only adjure them to call on the navy whenever the army needs help. I assure them that all of the help they can possibly need will be immediately forthcoming.

With best wishes,

M. A. McHALE.

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A LETTER FROM H. E. DIEHL, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE
BEAVER RIVER POWER COMPANY STATION, BEAVER, UTAH.

Dear Jones:

March 9, 1918.

During the construction of the Lower Beaver Station I sluffed all correspondence, the care of my family, and all matters not per-

taining to the construction of the station; hence, the silence for the past several months.

I am going to jerk you off an epistle on the old machine, giving you all the dope I happen to have on my mind; any part which you think advisable you can put in the News Letter.

After the Association broke up here, things were sure dead so far as any activities were concerned. Fournier and Clark were the only ones left of the old bunch and they have both gone to war now. This left me with a bunch of green hands and more than the usual amount of work to do; however, we have pulled through some way, even if we haven't given the best of service all the time. If I can ever get these green ones out of the notion that the juice goes through a small hole in the wire and that the amperes, volts, ohms, etc., don't get plugged up in these small passages and cause shorts and other evils connected with the operation, we may be able to do something.

The load kept getting heavier and heavier until it became necessary to get more power, so the construction started on the Lower Beaver Station about the first of July. Because of the scarcity of labor, strikes, and other causes beyond our control (as usually stated in contracts), the construction work did not proceed as rapidly as we expected; however, the first wheel began pumping juice into the line at 7 p. m. the evening of the fourteenth of February, and the second unit a few days later.

A dam similar to the one at the upper station was built just below the old foot-bridge. A wood stave pipe 36 inches in diameter leaves from there to a point below the dug-way, where a steel pipe connects on the wooden pipe and comes down the hill to the station, which is situated on the little flat between the two dug-ways. The two Fish Creek plants with part of their pipe lines were moved over and used, as it was almost impossible to buy machinery or pipe. The head is about 480 feet and will develop 1000 H. P. with our minimum amount of water. The station is more of a temporary affair than a permanent one. Some day when the power demand is great enough, a real station will be built somewhere about Baker's Canyon.

A 44,000 volt power line was built last fall, starting from the station here, going up past the dam, thence through Merchant Valley over the divide (11,000 feet above the sea level), down the other side through Little Cottonwood Canyon to the Deer-trail Mine, a distance of 15 miles. This line was extended through Marysvale to Sevier Station, thus making a loop with the Fish Creek line. A 44,000 volt line was built from Richfield to Fillmore, a distance of 20 miles, making a total of about 135 miles of 44,000 volt line now on the system. The load sometimes runs up as high as 1800 H. P., with good prospects of its being more.

Dean Clark left here about the first of September and enlisted in the Officers' Training Corps. It has been rumored around here

that he has progressed rapidly and is somewhere about a First Lieutenant now. Fournier left about the first of November for American Lake, Washington, and was transferred rapidly from one place to another until he finally landed "somewhere in France."

Sincerely,

H. E. DIEHL.

—o—o—o—

C. W. DUNN, DEEP SPRINGS RANCH, BIG PINE, CALIFORNIA
CALIFORNIA

The editor has a letter from Chet dated March 12, 1918, giving an intimate account of the doings on Mr. Nunn's ranch at Big Pine; but the author asks that it be not used as News Letter material. In addition to a number of interesting statements concerning the Deep Springs proposition, Chet writes that he has sent in his application to take the aviators' examination; so the chances are that another name may soon be added to our long list of members in service.

—o—o—o—

A LETTER FROM WILLIAM L. BURGIN, INSTRUCTOR AT
DEEP SPRINGS RANCH, BIG PINE, CALIFORNIA

March 12, 1918.

My dear Mr. Jones:

Your letter of the 28th ult., was delayed in reaching me, because of the irregularity of our mail service, and my reply is accordingly belated. I am pleased to attempt to comply with your request. Mr. Dunn will also write you, and should our material coincide at any point, you will please use his and omit mine.

The physical setting of Deep Springs Ranch is very attractive. It is situated in a valley of the White Mountains, which seems to me to be the nearest approximation to Dr. Johnson's "Happy Valley" that it would be possible to discover. It is entirely surrounded by mountains, the White Mountains in the immediate foreground, and the lofty Sierras in the distance. The snow-capped, jagged peaks of the latter range are ever before our view and furnish a spectacle of no common beauty. The adjacency of the mountains has its disadvantages as well, however, as any of the boys would tell you. Recently there was a heavy snow storm, and drifts in the mountain pass through which it is necessary to go to reach Big Pine made it impossible for us to have mail for some weeks. This disadvantage, for the time being at least, militated against full appreciation of any aesthetic value attached to the mountains, and made some of our fellows wish that there was a faith of the mountain-removing variety. The snows are infrequent, however, and we do not anticipate a recurrence of that condition often. The ranch is twenty-eight miles remote from Big Pine, the nearest railroad point, and the students are consequently fully protected from all distracting influences. The ranch activities claim half of the boys'

time, and the remaining half is devoted to intellectual pursuits. Some work in the morning and others in the afternoon, and all get together for class work at night.

This constitutes a departure from past methods, I understand, but we find that it is working out well. Classes are from seven to nine in the evening, and all of the students get into them. The main courses are Spanish and Social Science, with an emphasis upon the latter, which is my specialty. We are seeking to impress the boys with some of the big ideas of the current age and with the importance of many of the social problems which they must have a part in solving. We want that they shall become "socialized" individuals, the better to be able to combat the ultra-individualism everywhere current, which, with its concomitants of materialism and hypernationalism, has eventuated into the world upheaval. We want that in their subsequent activities they shall exert an influence commensurate with their opportunities, and become a positive and constructive force in our social life. They are entering into the purpose and scheme of the Association in splendid fashion, and we may expect much of them in the future.

We have at present only ten fellows, one having recently left to enter the Naval Service. It is an extraordinary group; they are earnest, studious, and conscientious and seem to realize why they are here. The moral atmosphere is also good, there being no smoking and little profanity and vulgarity. The "esprit de corps" of the group is excellent, and there is a fine feeling of loyalty to Mr. Nunn, and to the Association and its ideals. The old members and students of the Association would have reason to feel proud of the present student body, the first of the Deep Springs Branch. Certain of the new boys particularly are making enviable records, and the work of this year must constitute a worthy precedent.

Dean Thornhill has been with us for several weeks, but recently returned to Los Angeles. He, together with Mrs. Thornhill and the little girl, will soon return to Boise to resume their residence there. Mr. Nunn was here for several weeks at the opening of the term, and is expected again soon. The boys are looking forward to a ten day vacation at Easter time, and most of them expect to go on a motor trip through Death Valley, a desert region not very far remote from here. Others will find a little respite from work in Los Angeles or San Francisco.

Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM L. BURGIN.

—o—o—o—
PERCY L. CLARK, 196 SPRING STREET, ELGIN, ILLINOIS
March 26, 1918.

My dear Prof:

I have been intending to write you ever since I have been able to hold a pen; but that has not been long—a week. Where is Prof. Jandl and how is he? Married yet or no?

How much of my past history is fit to print in the News Letter I can't tell. You might be interested, Prof., in the diary I wrote while I was over there. If you'll solemnly promise by all you hold dear not to use too much of it in spectacular places in the N. L.—and that's a bigger promise than you have ever made before—I'll send you a copy if I can straighten it out. I wrote it on a Corona in triplicate. One copy I kept, one I sent to Mother, and one to an Ithaca girl.What I mean is that I don't want it copied too much word for word. You see, if I came in from a particularly exciting trip, I always tried to write it up soon so as to give it plenty of dash and color. That may be all right when sending it to one's own family, but in the N. L. it would look pretty much like four-flushing.

In brief, my career has been this: I landed in this country about October 29, 1917. For two months I taught in the aviation school at Cornell. Jumping into the future: I expect to be detailed there again very shortly, within a couple of months at most. On December 21, 1917, I was ordered to Texas. I was there in an aviation school for ground officers for four weeks, and then transferred to Columbus, Ohio. I landed in Columbus on Sunday. On Tuesday afternoon I went to the hospital by the M. O.'s orders. My temperature was 103 ½. That night I drifted peacefully into delirium and didn't know anything for eight days. It was an extremely severe case of pneumonia. You see, I had had a little trouble with my lungs. One night in France the Germans reached Sid Cadwell and me with a bit of gas. It didn't put us out but only made us sick for a week or so. But the doctors thought that that gas made it worse. I hit the hospital on Tuesday. On Wednesday night they thought I was going to die. Thursday night the nurse was sure of it. Friday morning Lieut. Leeds telegraphed for mother. She reached Columbus at about 9:00 Friday evening. I came to then long enough to recognize her. It lasted perhaps thirty seconds and I remember it. To make a long story short, every night from then until the next Wednesday they expected me to die. It must have been exciting but I missed it all. "Nobody home" as far as I was concerned. Wednesday I came to, but was so weak I was standing with one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel. I didn't eat anything for a total of three weeks. For one week more I ate two shredded wheats a day until I had gained strength enough to have an appetite; and after that, for the last two weeks in the hospital and the two and a half weeks at home, all I've done is eat and sleep. From about 170 pounds I went to 120 pounds. I've gained almost half of that back already, so that I am much improved but still pretty weak. My sick leave lasts until May 2. After that my future is up to the War Department. As far as the war goes, I'm finished. They'll use me as an instructor or some such in this country as I am fairly up on some of the dope; but because of my left lung I'll not see France, I'm

afraid. All I've got to say is, Hank the luck; but thank my stars, I've been there! It's the greatest thing in the world. It gets such a hold on you that, even though you know you're a fool, you have a desire to get back again. When I left the front, I thought I'd never go back! I was sick of it. I came home and enlisted so I could go back again.

Yours,

PERCY.

The editor has had the pleasure of reading most of the diary which Clark kept while he was a member of an ambulance unit on the French front, and regrets exceedingly that he has not space to print several of the most interesting passages. The following account of how Clark and his friend "Split" saw the ceremonies at the grave of Lafayette is typical of the interest of the whole:

Paris, Fourth of July, 1917.

It was now about time to start for the grave of the famous Frenchman. We went to the nearest Metro station and after a ride of about fifteen minutes reached the station called "Nation," which was the stopping point. There were a number of people on the train going to the same place. We were guided on our way by a young Belgian wearing two medals. He had been a prisoner in Germany for a year, but had escaped. Later he was wounded and had been for almost a year in a hospital in England. He spoke four languages, Belgium, French, German, and English. The streets through which we passed were lined by the people waiting to see the troops. The latter were to enter the cemetery by the opposite side, but were to come out through the gate on the side from which we approached. The chances of our getting much of a chance to see the ceremonies looked rather poor.

As we were debating what the next move should be, a woman came up to us and asked if we could tell her when the troops would come, and where. We spotted a sergeant standing near, and Split asked him what he knew about it. We left the lady in his charge and went on a tour around the walls of the cemetery.

Things started to happen. As we turned a corner, to the left we saw two French soldiers on top of a two-story house, pretty well fixed to see the ceremonies. This house was right next to the wall which inclosed the graveyard. It stood back inside of another wall. That was a handicap for a moment. We stopped and sized up the situation. There was a ladder by which one could easily reach the roof, if that wall wasn't in the way. It was only about eight feet high. With a little team work it took about two minutes to get us both over. Once on the top it was easy to fall off. We went over to the house. The soldiers seemed friendly enough and asked us to come up on the roof with them.

This place was really a pretty good one, but it led to much greater things. We stayed for some time. The troops hadn't arrived when we had gotten that far.

On the under side of the wall, marching up and down, was a strange man. Before we dared to try anything else, it was necessary to make his acquaintance. Finally Split got his eye and smiled at him. The man helped things along by taking a hasty look around and then saying that there was no one near. He said this in French and Split had to translate it to me.

We didn't know whether it was an invitation or a threat, but we took the chance. It wasn't so very far from the top of the house to the top of the wall. Split hung and dropped to the top of the wall, and from there to the earth. I went right after. That was pretty good progress. The grave, however, was inside of another small inclosure which was just as high. This was entered by but two gates; these gates were on the same side—luckily, the side we were on. By this time, I had lost all sense of absolute direction. Before one of the gates there were two or three hundred people. It looked as though that was the place to be. There was one place where there seemed to be quite a breach. We filled that. Almost immediately, a group of policemen came through the crowd, making a way for the entrance of General Pershing and General Joffre. As they went past, Split and I stepped across the path they had made and flattened ourselves against the line of people that were already there. Things were certainly picking up.

Shortly after this a number of American soldiers came along trying to make the pathway a little larger and to keep the people from blocking it as fast as they passed on. We were in uniform, of course. That was all that was necessary. They took us out and set us to work patrolling the line. Things were going well.

The whole train of events was happening about as fast as one can tell about it. Almost immediately someone said that the General was coming. There was a rustle and stir among the people just around the corner, and in a moment Pershing appeared. He was followed by the idol of the French, General Joffre. Split was stationed about ten feet from the gate in the inner yard. I was just beyond him. The two Generals passed within a foot of us, and just to be able to say that I had done it, I reached out and touched the arm of General Joffre's coat.

They passed on into the gate. It was the perfectly natural thing to do, so we did it—fell in behind the train as the guard of honor. It was only a short walk to the grave of Lafayette, and we were among those of the first rank. (If you see any of the moving pictures, you may see us. There were two French machines just opposite us and one American machine shooting just over our heads.) Facing the audience and just back of the grave stood the speakers of the occasion.

A man by the name of Sharp was the chairman of the meeting. He first introduced a Mr. Cook, who made a short talk. The next man to speak was Brand Whitlock, our ambassador to Belgium. He read an address of some length, which was very good.

He did not try to be high and mighty or to stir up the people to any extent, but he himself was scarcely able to control his own emotions. Colonel Panton then spoke. Next General Pershing spoke a few words. The French Minister of War, M. Painleve, said a few words and the ceremonies were for the most part over.

Split had to catch a train and we could not stay for the end. The impressive way in which we left the inner shrine would have done credit to anyone. The American troops had arrived while we were in the inside, and now lined the pathway leading from the gates of the inner yard to the larger gate of the outer wall. Through this double line of troops we marched with our shoulders locked together and our heads held pretty high. It was probably equal in length to a city block. We thought that upon reaching the outer wall we should be able to slip into the crowd and disappear. From this gate to the street there was a similar line of French troops. When we reached the street we found that there was still no chance of breaking through. For another block there was a line of mounted police on each side of the road. We swung down this aisle and kept on marching. While we had been passing the American troops we had saluted the officers; here the French officers saluted us. Two who were mounted saluted with their swords. When they started to draw them my first impulse was to run. At last, after about ten minutes of walking, we reached a place where it looked as if there was a chance to break through. We managed to dodge through the line of gendarmes and mingle with the crowd, and finally to reach a subway station.