

# Telluride News Letter

February First  
Nineteen-Nineteen

Volume V

Number I

# TELLURIDE NEWS LETTER

VOLUME V

NUMBER 1

COMPILED BY

J. G. MILLER, at Los Angeles, California

February 1, 1919.

## DIRECTORY

- Anderson, G. V., 2924 Newark St., Cleveland Park, Washington, D. C.  
Armstrong, B. F., Salt Lake Potash Company, Kelton, Utah.  
Ashworth, P. P., Utah Power & Light Co., Salt Lake City, Utah.  
Beck, D. H., Second Lieutenant, Beaver, Utah, Discharged.  
Bonnett, E. C., Second Lieutenant, Battery B., 147 F. A., A. E. F., France.  
Bonnett, Stanley, Casual Co. 332, Quantico, Va.  
Borlase, L. H., Sergeant, 111th Field Signal Batt., Signal Corps, Co. A., care  
Chief Signal Officer, A. E. F., France.  
Buckler, D. A., Lieutenant, R. M. A., Caithness Apt., Salt Lake City, Utah.  
Discharged.  
Bailey, C. S., Room 609 Interstate Commerce Commission, Washington, D. C.  
Bird, F. S., Texas Construction Co., Dallas, Texas.  
Boshard, J. A., Telluride Association, Provo, Utah.  
Chamberlain, N. K., In service, address unknown. Home address, 2043 East  
77th St., Cleveland, Ohio.  
Clark, J. W., Telluride Motor Company, Provo, Utah. Discharged.  
Clark, O. R., Lieutenant, 72nd Infantry, Camp Meade, Maryland.  
Clark, P. L., Lockport, New York.  
Clark, D. A., Corporal, M. Co., 362nd Infantry, A. E., France.  
Cole, Harold, care P. O. Reyneau, 2 Kirby Avenue, W. Detroit, Mich.  
Cone, W. L., Signal Corps, Meteo Detachment No. 3, A. E. F., France.  
Cota, A. R., Hotel Casa Blanca, Mexico City, Mexico.  
Courtney, W. L., 218 Eddy St., Ithaca, N. Y. Discharged.  
Crichton, R. R., 1272 Mulvane Street, Topeka, Kansas.  
Culbertson, W. L., Sergeant Supply Co., 313, Q. M. C. N. A., A. E. F.  
Curtiss, Allan, 2115 Westwood Avenue, Baltimore, Md.  
Daly, L. F., 1031 Grand View Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. Discharged.  
Diederichs, H. N., Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., Ltd., Harlem Plant, Wil-  
mington, Del.  
Dietzel, Peter, R. F. D., Mount Pleasant, Bellevue, Ohio.  
Dinkel, N. B., Apt. No. 9, .91 East 14th St., Brooklyn, New York.  
Draper, J. T., Yeoman, care U. S. S. Quincy, care Postmaster, N. Y.  
Dunn, C. W., Stanford University, California.  
Edwards, L. R. J., Second Lieutenant, 2305 18th St., N. W., Washington, D.C.  
Ellms, W. V., Corp., Mountain Home, Idaho. Discharged.  
Evans, R. G., Captain Personnel Adjutant, 362nd Infantry, A. P. O. 776, A.E.  
F., France.  
Farrer, L. J., Lieutenant, Gold Chain Mining Company, Provo, Utah.  
Discharged.  
Ferris, G. F., Dept. Entomology, Stanford University, California.  
Fournier, LeRoy, Lieutenant, Headquarters Co., 66th Artillery Brigade,  
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Fruit, R. W., Sergt. Supply Co., Q. M. C., 307 A. E. F., France.  
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Culbertson, W. L., Sergeant Supply Co., 313, Q. M. C. N. A., A. E. F.  
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Daly, L. F., 1031 Grand View Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. Discharged.  
Diederichs, H. N., Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., Ltd., Harlem Plant, Wilmington, Del.  
Dietzel, Peter, R. F. D., Mount Pleasant, Bellevue, Ohio. *Commonwealth Tribune*  
Dinkel, N. B., Apt. No. 9, 891 East 14th St., Brooklyn, New York. *Rector 2454 Eng.*  
Draper, J. T., Yeoman, care U. S. S. Quincy, care Postmaster, N. Y.  
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Fuller, D. W., First Lieutenant, Medical Reserve Corps; Home address, 252 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.  
Fuller, Richard, Second Lieutenant, Coast Artillery; Home address, 252 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

- Graessle, H. D., Sergt., 147 Ambulance Co., 112 Sanitary Train, 37th Division. A. E. F.
- Grandy, C. C., Second Lieutenant, American Mission, M. T. D. Reserve Mail, B. C. M., Paris.
- Hamilton, R. F., Home Apt. No. 10, 6 Broadway, Denver, Colo.
- Houtz, E. L., Ensign, U. S. S. New Mexico, care Postmaster, New York, N.Y.
- Howard, F. L., 212 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.
- Hoyt, H. V., Ensign, care Miller-Franklin-Bassett, Whitehall Bldg., Battery Place, New York City.
- Irvine, Ralstone R., Provo, Utah.
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- Johnson, E. M., Lieutenant, Motor Transport Service, U. S. A. P. O. No. 717, A. E. F.
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- Jones, W. P., 1410 Grant Street, Berkley, California.
- Kinney, W. C., First Lieutenant, Supply Co., 309th Infantry, A. E. F.
- Knight, Goodwin, Stanford University, California.
- Lamb, H. R., First Lieutenant, Co. G, 8th Infantry, Am. P. O. No. 716, Am. Ex. Forces via New York.
- Landon, Benson, Jr., Ensign. Service address unknown. Home address, 720 Westminster Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
- Larson, O. L., First Lieutenant, Permanent Detachment, Overseas Casuals, Camp Merritt, N. J.
- Lindsay, Daniel C., Carrier Engineering Corp., Buffalo, N. Y.
- Maguire, W. H., Captain Co. 5 2nd Battalion, 153 Depot Brigade, Camp Dix, N. J.
- McCarty, Ford, Richville, N. Y.
- McHale, M. A., U. S. S. Oklahoma, Box 10, care Postmaster, N. Y.
- Meehan, J. E., care L. L. Nunn, Deep Springs Ranch, Big Pine, California.
- Miller, J. G., Westminster Hotel, Los Angeles, California.
- Monroe, H. P., Major, School of Fire, Class 7, Fort Sill, Oklahoma.
- Moore, T. G., Sergt., 830 1-2 Astor Street, Milwaukee, Wis. Discharged.
- Nelson, D. J., care Niles & Niles, 111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
- Nelson, J. L., Home address, 437 N. Virgil Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.
- Nightingale, L. G., Captain, Nitrate Division Ordnance, 6th & B Sts., N. W. Washington, D. C.
- Nunn, L. L., Provo, Utah.
- Numbers, J. R., care Dr. J. R. Numbers, Boise, Idaho.
- Oliver, G. D., care Stone & Webster, Houghton, Mich.
- Olmsted, J. W., 2014 5th Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
- Osgerby, F. L., Home address, Vassar, Mich.
- Othus, J. C., Lieutenant, 927 E. Hoyt St., Portland, Oregon. Discharged.
- Owen, H. R., Sergt., Co. C, 11th Regiment, U. S. Railway Engineers, A. E. F.
- Park, A. E., Gunnison, Utah.
- Parker, McRae, Captain M. T. S., A. P. O. 717, A. E. F., France.
- Pollock, Gordon, Lieutenant, address unknown.
- Pugsley, E. D., care American Telephone & Telegraph Co., Law Department, 195 Broadway, Room 905, New York, N. Y.
- Ray, H. E., Pocatello, Idaho.
- Ross, A. A., Sergt., Co. C, 11th Regiment, U. S. Railway Engineers, A. E. F.
- Scott, Bert, J. K. Armsby Co., San Fernando, Bldg., Los Angeles, California.
- Scott, Benson G., First Lieutenant. Address unknown. (Can be reached care P. N. Nunn, LaJolla, California.)
- Scott, Irvin, Cadet, Aviation Service, March Field, California.
- Sexson, J. K., Address unknown.
- Shirk, D. R., 163 Aero Squadron, A. E. F., France.
- Snedaker, H. F., Headquarters Co., 339th F. A. Brigade, 88th Division, A. E. F., France.
- Squires, J. C., care Natrona Power Company, Casper, Wyoming, Discharged.
- Stacy, T. F., care Telluride Association, Ithaca, New York.



Sweeney, I. A., 289445, 1101 Aero Replacement Squadron, A. P. O. 732, A,  
A. E. F., France.  
Townsend, R. H., Telluride Power Company, Teague, Texas.  
Tucker, J. B., Lieutenant, Provo, Utah. Discharged.  
Tucker, D. S., Domestic Steam Laundry, Provo, Utah.  
Ure, Ray, 723 West South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.  
Valentine, Vernon, Co. A, 25th Engineers, A. E. F., France.  
Van Etten, J. C. C., Second Lieutenant, care Madam Valentine Marquetty,  
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Warneke, P. N., Headquarters Co., 346, F. A., A. E. F.  
Wegg, D. S., Jr., 1210 Astor Place, Chicago, Ill.  
Whitcotton, G. O., Lieutenant, Provo, Utah. Discharged.  
Whitcotton, J. A., First Lieutenant, 13th Infantry, Camp Mills, Long Is-  
land, New York.  
Whitman, C. N., Telluride Association, Ithaca, New York.  
Wight, F. T., Lieutenant, 123 East 7th South, Salt Lake City, Utah.  
Discharged.  
Wight, F. J., Richfield, Utah.  
Worn, G. A., Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, Ltd., Harlem Plant,  
Wilmington, Del.  
Wrench, Merrill C., care L. L. Nunn, Deep Springs, Big Pine, California.  
Whitney, Wm. D., Home address 188 Bishop Street, New Haven, Conn.  
Discharged.

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To every Telluride man in whatsoever land he may be, we send greet-  
ings for nineteen nineteen.

## ANNUAL CONVENTION

The war is over and the thoughts of Association men everywhere are turning to peace time pursuits. The principal and leading question of the day is "will we have a convention this June?" Everyone feels the same, that we cannot fail to have one without working serious injury to the organization. If it is possible to get together a quorum, we must meet because the fund available under the constitution, unless a convention is held and appropriations made, is not even sufficient to pay the salaries of our Chancellor and Dean. To prevent the organization from going to pieces, the custodians have assumed certain responsibilities along this line in view of the crisis that prevailed but their actions must be ratified at the next Convention.

After studying all available statistics, we have arrived at the conclusion that it is possible to get a quorum and to hold a convention this year. There are at least seventy-five members on this side in the Army Camps and civilians, a large per centage of whom can be reached if we start in time. We have been informed by men in the service that for a matter so important as this, all of them could obtain leaves and furloughs. Then there is the added advantage of the "cent a mile" rate for soldiers, which in itself would not be a small item. Railroad fare to a man in the service amounts to very little.

To promote action, we suggest the following: that the officers and custodians immediately consider and decide on the most feasible location for a convention and that those members on the other side and elsewhere who see no chance of attending, immediately begin sending in this information together with their blank proxies properly executed either to Chancellor Noon or Treasurer W. L. Biersach, Provo, Utah.

If we go about this matter with proper dispatch and energy, a convention is assured.

The next convention is likely to resemble a Mexican regiment—mostly officers.

## NEXT NEWS LETTER

The next number of the News Letter will probably come out about May 25. We suggest this date because there may be matters concerning the Association which we will want to discuss before next convention time. Get in your contributions early. Every member should be represented either by letter or editorial. Mail your mental offspring to Chancellor F. C. Noon, Provo, Utah.

## A CONSIDERATION OF ASSOCIATION GROWTH

The longer the war lasted the more roseate became the hue of the past. Utopia was becoming a reminiscence instead of a prospect. But since that armistice was signed a rainbow of hope arches the future. As members of Telluride it becomes us to think of its future, as well as our own. My purpose is to project some thoughts concerning the expansion of the Association. By expansion I mean an enlargement of the institution as well as an inward development of its ideals. Outward and inward evolution should proceed hand in hand; for the better a thing is intrinsically the more reason there is for having more of it. Collaterally, a purely ingrowing process is generally one of deterioration.

I want to see the day when a man can introduce himself anywhere in the country by saying he is a member of Telluride, just as he now does by saying he is a graduate of Cornell. I want the time to arrive when the word Telluride will explain the man, instead of the man explaining the word. I want to see the time when a Telluride Diploma will be at least as much of an asset as a Cornell or Harvard Diploma.

Nearly nine years have passed since the Charter Members subscribed our Constitution and assumed the custody of the Association's destiny. Educational questions have been considered, but as yet there has been no adoption or deliberation respecting a policy for enlarging our sphere of action. The judicious choice of conditions for granting scholastic preferment has received most of our attention. While the satisfactory solution of this problem is absolutely essential, it should not exclude the utilization of other measures of progress. A corporate policy of development pursued by able officers of the Association would produce results without in any way impairing the quality of our educational work. I mean enterprise.

An illustration of what enterprise will do for an educational institution is afforded by the remarkable development of Syracuse University under Chancellor Day. His progressive ideas, always looking to the forward march of his institution, have added millions to its treasury. One by one new colleges have become parts of his University. Its dimensions have been doubled in point of wealth, equipment, scholastic attendance, and public recognition. From a provincial establishment it has been developed into a leading institution. Cornell is another illustration. Founded in 1865, it began as a small affair; but philanthropic support won by skillful representatives have made possible its progress to the front of educational establishments.

Illustrations of the creations of the hand of enterprise could be multiplied indefinitely. Suffice it to say, two conditions must be met. A useful purpose must be served by the institution to be promoted, and there must be promoters. As to the first condition, that of serving a useful purpose, the opinion that we qualify will be unanimous. We believe not only that we serve a useful educational purpose, but that we have perfected machinery more effective than that of the standard university. Our system for the selection of members, combined with competitive scholarships, is considered a refinement of the conventional college machinery, and was designed to produce better results. If our program is sound and practicable, then its proper presentation to men of wealth should interest them in the growth of our institution as much as in the growth of any other. To meet the second condition by producing promoters, that is, men of enterprise, is up to us as responsible members of Telluride.

I realize that a movement for enterprise will meet its obstacles in the Association. Enterprise is primarily for the benefit of the future. The present sows; posterity reaps. We have all heard of the man who when asked to do something for posterity, replied—What has posterity ever done for me? I apprehend, also, another complication, namely, the fundamental structure of the Association. By our basic system the contemporary status of the Association is more vital to a member than its future status. As far as the personal interests of the members are concerned, the future of the Association is a secondary matter. And the transient membership is the foun-

tain source of all authority and initiative. Whereas most all institutions are so built that their permanent interests and those of the custodians coincide, that is not the case with Telluride. In this institution its future is confided to a sense of duty and to a certain constitutional fidelity. Whether this is the Achilles heel of the Association is another theme the importance of which requires a separate treatment. I suggest it here as a matter for reflection.

Our officers of the Chancellorship, Business Manager, and Dean are available agencies for corporate development. The incumbents of these officers should bear to the trustees (members) of the Association the same useful relation as that existing between President Schurman and the trustees of Cornell, between Chancellor Day and the trustees of Syracuse University.

C.N.WHITMAN.

## ASSOCIATION STANDARDS

Paul P. Ashworth sends a valuable outline of his conception of Association Standards which will not only be extremely useful as a study for the members individually but which can also furnish much material for debates at convention:—

### STANDARDS

The successful and efficient attainment of ideals demands, initially and progressively, a close analysis of every factor which may effect the progress toward that ideal. Decisions for each step are made after considering the proposed step in the light of certain standards. Such standards may not, in many cases, have been definitely formulated, or, in fact, given any thought whatever. The decision is made easier, and the progress more definite and rapid if standards have been previously adopted as the result of study and observation.

The man whose life is made up of a series of irresponsible "hunches" is doomed from the outset to failure. The man who adopts good, wholesome, definite standards and who conscientiously and vigorously follows those standards, taking full individual responsibility for his actions, is certain of success.

The same principle applies, with equal force, to the Association. Fortunately, it has been recognized from the first that the adoption of proper standards is essential to the success of the Association. Unfortunately, the formulation and adoption of proper standards has been almost criminally slow.

Standards of individual and collective conduct have been considered, but as yet, there has been little progress in adopting such standards.

The writer believes that the members of the Association should give immediate, and serious consideration to the matter, first of formulating proper standards, and second, of considering means whereby such standards may speedily be adopted.

For the purpose of stimulating such a study, the following subjects are proposed, upon each of which a code of standards might, and should be built and adopted.

## STANDARDS

1. Relation of members to the Association.
2. Personal conduct.
3. Requirements of Commercial Affiliations.
4. Requirements of Educational Affiliations.
5. Branches, and a Central Branch.
6. Educational Work.
7. Entrance Requirements.
  - (a) Definition of "a course of study."
  - (b) Reading matter, etc.
8. Procedure.
9. Living.
10. Finances.
11. Representation of the minority.
12. Applicants.
13. History and Records.
14. Conventions.
15. Convention Expenses.
16. Obtaining a quorum.
17. Use of Proxies.
18. Use of Funds.
19. Research, Advanced Study and Investigations.
20. Keeping in touch with members.
21. Relations with Alumni.
22. Seal and Emblem.
23. Publications.
24. Officers and Agents.

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 CORNELL BRANCH

The use to which our house at Cornell is being put will please and interest everyone. President Whitman, who has had charge of the matter, sends an interesting statement:—

Ithaca, New York.  
Nov. 18, 1918.

## PATRIOTIC SERVICE

I feel sure that all members of Telluride Association will be pleased to learn that Telluride House, Ithaca, is in the service of the United States government.

One of the many forms of military preparation taken by the Nation's great war effort has been that of the Student Army Training Corps, established at American Universities. Cornell has a large Corps. This, together with the Aviation School, the Vocational School, and other specialized branches of the United States Army, has brought to Ithaca a large number of officers; in all, there are about a hundred. They organized an Officers Club.

In order to provide quarters for the officers and some two thousand men in uniform, all of the fraternity houses were placed at the disposal of the University. When the situation at Cornell became known to the Custodians of Telluride Association, they at once saw that the residence of the Association should not stand idle in such an emergency. They offered it to the Officers

Club,—many of the officers remarking that, with the exception of the very elaborate club house at West Point, theirs was the most luxuriously lodged Army Club in the United States. I may add that the property is receiving the same care and attention that it received during our own occupancy.

The custodians felt that if this patriotic act were to be considered by a convention, it would meet with unanimous approval. Nearly seventy of our one hundred members are in uniform; and a cause that can enlist our lives can certainly enlist our property.

Telluride Association is an institution dedicated to the welfare of society. The Stars on our Service Flag testify that it practices what it preaches. In war or in peace, its standard of action is service. The Gold Stars show that in this cause no sacrifice is too great. And now that the Sun of Peace is shining, our thoughts can turn to a resumption of our former pursuits with an inspiration that will never die.

The following clipping from the CORNELL ALUMNI NEWS contains some additional information on the subject:

#### OFFICERS CLUB ESTABLISHED

##### Telluride House is Given for Use as Club for Commissioned Officers

The Telluride Association has given the use of its house at 217 West Avenue, on the Campus, to the commissioned officers of the Army who are detailed to the several Army schools at Cornell. An Officers' Club has just been organized and the club took possession of the house on September 28.

There are more than fifty Army officers in Ithaca now, on detail at the U. S. Army School of Military Aeronautics, the school of Aerial Photography, and the collegiate and vocational sections of the Students' Army Training Corps, and there will be nearly a hundred within a few weeks, when these schools are fully organized and the Army school for radio electricians is established at Sibley College.

Thirty-eight members of the Officers' Club will have lodgings in the Telluride House. Cornell University has reserved a membership in the club in the name of President Schurman in order that any distinguished guest of the University may have the privileges of the club. A room in the house has been reserved for the use of any such guest. The first person to be entertained there under this provision will be Lord Charwood, who will come to Cornell University about the middle of October and will be here for three weeks giving a series of lectures. The club will open its mess at the house next Thursday.

The president of the Officers' Club is Lieutenant Colonel George R. Harrison, Aviation Section, commandant of the School of Aeronautics, and the vice-president is Lieutenant Colonel Frank A. Barton, head of the Cornell Department of Military Science and Tactics. The chairman of committees are: house committee, Captain Narral Mulliken, disbursing officer of the School of Aeronautics; finance committee, Captain George R. Phipps, chief military instructor, School of Aeronautics; entertainment committee, Captain Robertson Griswold, adjutant of the School of Aeronautics. The club is planning to give a number of entertainments in the course of the winter.—(Cornell Alumni News, October 3, 1918.)



F. C. Noon, Chancellor

Los Angeles, Feb. 1, 1919.

Now that the fighting has ended, it is very important to the Association that we begin active preparation for a convention. The date set for the 1918 convention was June 17th, at Provo, but as a quorum was not present at the time, the same date and place applies to 1919. Plans are already being made for the meeting. Over seventy members are now in the country, others are expecting to return soon, so that a good attendance can readily be secured. Davy Johnston says he will be on hand, Hoyt Ray, Gilbert Miller, Paul Ashworth, Bert Boshard, Cary Othus and others are arranging to attend. Official notice of the convention and a form of proxy will be mailed to every member sometime during the month. When you receive them give them your attention immediately.

Those who have had the responsibility for Association affairs and the protection of its property while the majority of the members have been away have been forced to face some very perplexing problems. Their actions must be received, ratified or necessary adjustments made. Telluride House at Ithaca should be operated next year. Undoubtedly some who were attending universities will take up other work, but those who desire to complete their courses, should be given a chance to do so, if possible. Not a great deal can be done to eliminate from the membership those who have lost interest in the organization, because the status of many has been changed by the war and probably not more than ten or twelve qualified applicants will be available for consideration. The past and future connection with the Deep Springs enterprise needs attention. Less important perhaps, but still of intense interest, is the opportunity to get together and talk over the things which have happened to us all during the past two years.

The members are probably neither in position or in the frame of mind to consider seriously the affairs of the Association until we meet in convention, but the following brief review of affairs at Deep Springs may be of interest:

Construction work, followed by a siege of influenza, delayed school work until nearly December 1st, but since that time it has progressed rapidly, courses in French, Latin, History, Algebra, Trigonometry, Plane, Solid and Analytical Geometry, Calculus, English and Public Speaking are being given under the direction of Dean Thornhill who is spending a considerable portion of his time on the ground. In some ways the opportunity for study are better than they have been at any Association branch. Only four hours of outside work are required. Emergencies, such as arise constantly in connection with power plants are rare, so study can be regular and uninterrupted. The instructors are in the work as a profession, not, as is too often the case, merely as a means of making a living while awaiting a favorable chance to get into some other line. There are at present about twenty students and a total population of about thirty-five.

The main building, on the plan of the Olmsted quarters, except that it is twice as long and only one story high, is completed and in use. It is not yet fully furnished, but is comfortable and satisfactory. The students do not care for their own rooms—a departure from past practice which will appeal to the older members especially. Mr. and Mrs. Woodhouse and Mr. and Mrs. Thomsen occupy a double cottage and the five women who take care of the place, live in a building adjoining the boarding house. A garage completes the main group of buildings. A short distance away are several frame houses, originally built for the residence of the owner of the property and his ranch hands. Mr. Nunn plans to construct several additional buildings in the near future.



W. L. Biersach

Provo, Utah, December 18, 1918.

Mr. J. G. Miller,  
Care Hotel Westminster, Los Angeles, California,  
Dear Miller:

Your letter of December 11th was received promptly.

I do not know that a letter from me giving general information about Association affairs would add anything of interest to the next News Letter. The boys are scattered everywhere yet and are likely to be for months longer, so they would probably not have time to give thought to the business end of the work. Mr. Nunn is the best informed about many of the boys and he would be the one from whom you can get advice and information. I have had but two letters from all of the boys who have gone abroad, one from Sweeney and one from Lamb.

According to information received through the newspapers, Stanley Bonnett was wounded and later gassed. I believe I sent Mr. Nunn a newspaper clipping about him. Leland Farrer and Jim Tucker received commissions as second lieutenants at Camp Taylor about ten days ago. Leland's wife and Salina Farrer met Leland and Jim in Chicago last week and Jim and Salina were married there, as doubtless you already know.

My brother Arthur is taking a vacation at Versailles, Missouri, with my parents. He finally gave up his position in New Mexico, having received orders to hold himself in readiness to report for duty in the army. Then came the signing of the armistice which prevented him from getting into the fight. He says he has been in the backwoods long enough and will remain at home until he has located a position nearer civilization than he was in New Mexico.

Sincerely,  
W. L. BIRSACH.

Dean E. A. Thornhill

Deep Springs, California, January 1, 1919.

Educational Staff.

Lecturers: Chancellor F. C. Noon.  
Dean E. A. Thornhill.  
Mr. O. B. Suhr.

Teachers: Mr. Thomsen.  
Mrs. Thomsen.  
Mr. Cumming.

Mr. Thomsen is a graduate of Oberlin University, Ohio, and later did graduate work in both Yale and Chicago Universities. He is an experienced teacher, and has had much practice in public speaking. He is in charge of the Biographical History, English and Public Speaking courses.

Mrs. Thomsen, University of Michigan, is an experienced high school teacher, and has classes in mathematics and Latin.

Mr. Cumming is a young man who has nearly completed the A. B. course in Harvard University. He has classes in Trigonometry, French and Cicero.

There are twenty students; several have completed, or nearly completed high school courses; and one has had a year at Cornell University. With three regular teachers, we are able to undertake a broader course of study than for several years past, and at the same time to give due attention to individual needs.

At present there are the following classes, carried on between 7:30 a. m., and 8:00 p. m.:

Trigonometry.  
 French 1.  
 French 2.  
 French 3.  
 French 4.  
 Cicero.  
 Calculus.  
 Elementary Algebra.  
 Plane Geometry.  
 English.  
 Biographical History.  
 Beginning Latin.  
 Public Speaking.

Besides, there are several cases of individual instruction. On last Saturday evening Mr. Cumming lectured on Victor Hugo.

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H. R. Waldo

Mr. Gilbert Miller,  
 Care Westminister Hotel, Los Angeles, Calif.,  
 My Dear Gilbert:

Replying to your letter of December 18th, requesting such information as I have with reference to Association men for the forthcoming News Letter, I submit the following which I trust you will carefully edit and censor before you publish it as I have too much on hand this morning to permit me to spend very much time in fixing up a literary master-piece.

Since I wrote you last, had a call from Dan Beck who was on his way to some aviation school in Texas, but unfortunately I was out of the city at the time he was here, and did not get a chance to see him myself. Mrs. Briscoe, however, reports him as looking very well and that he spoke of being very much interested in his work.

Davy Johnston is in town again on a similar errand to the one that brought him here last fall. I have had several very interesting visits with him in which he has told me a great deal of his work in Philadelphia, and of how near he got to going over seas with the Motor Transport Corps. Like a great many others, however, the armistice came along and changed all his plans, so he is back in civil life again, and I think expects to return to Philadelphia within the next week or two. He has not yet definitely advised me to this effect, but I shrewdly suspect that he will return to Philadelphia a benedict rather than a bachelor.

Davy informs me that he saw Butch Worn a day or two ago, on his way back to Wilmington to resume his work in the ship yards there. I did not get to see him myself as he was only in town a few minutes, but Davy reports him as healthy and apparently prosperous, and that he reported a very pleasant trip to the coast, where he went to spend Christmas with his people, and to see a little of sunny California.

Davy also advises me that he is expecting Carey Othus here on his way to Portland within a week or two. Carey was in an Engineers Officers Training Camp at the time the armistice was signed, but has now been discharged, and is on his way to Portland for a visit with his parents.

Douglas Buckler was in this morning, having just been discharged from the service, and is now getting ready to get back to civilian life. He, like all the other fellows, looks very soldierly, and I think his military experience has been of a great deal of value to him. I do not know what his plans for the future are, as I only saw him for a few minutes. I presume, however, that he will go back to the dramatic work which he was in before he went into the army.

Jim Tucker and Lee Farrer recently returned to Provo, having

been discharged from the Officers Training School at Camp Zachary Taylor. Both of them received commissions before they were discharged, and both report a very strenuous time while they were in camp. As you are doubtless aware, Jim has recently married Lee Farrer's sister, and I presume he is preparing to settle down to married life in the wilds of Provo.

John Clark, also, has returned to Provo from a Naval Aviation School at Seattle where he was training for a pilot in the Naval Air Service. He has resumed his place as General Manager of the Telluride Motor Company and is getting ready to sell more cars next year than ever before.

I have recently had a letter from Elmer Johnson, written just a week before the signing of the armistice, in which he advises among other things, that he recently received a commission as second Lieutenant in the Motor Transport Corps. He says his assignment is at headquarters in some administrative work, which he anticipates will prove very interesting. I quote the following from his letter with reference to his activities, and of what he has heard of some of our other men in France.

"I see Captain McKee Parker occasionally, and he seems to be feeling much better after his illness. Mac is now in charge of an M. T. C. shop. Saturday received a letter from Lieut. Clayton Grandy, now in charge of a truck company up near where we were with the American Field Service during summer of 1917. Pvt. Wm. Cone wrote me the other day for information regarding the location of the other men; is well. Ross and Owen I have not heard from for some time, but write them immediately. Am going to get some dope from each of the men here for the next News Letter if that neglected publication has withstood the ravages of war. However, I imagine in its particular case the ravages of war are not so detrimental to it as the ravages of neglect. (Say, I never have received but one issue of the News Letter, and that was way last Spring. I sent one article in, the birth of which caused me much pain, and I'm anxious to know just what happened to this offspring.)

A couple of my friends and I received permission a few months ago to start an M. T. C. paper entitled "The Steering Wheel," and we put a bunch of our collected dope in it, and last week the General thot it was so good he made it the official organ of the M. T. C. in France, put a captain in charge, and the first official issue is just out.

Whenever you run across Mr. Bacon, Mr. Waters, George, or any of the old co-workers, kindly give them my greetings. Mr. Nunn is included. I have been wondering what his state of health is of late. He made some predictions 'way back in 1915 about the war which impressed me so much that they 'stuck,' and they have certainly been proven true. I would like to have a talk with him to get his views on the future."

In his letter also Elmer gives some interesting statements with reference to conditions in France, which may be of interest, and I will therefore pass them on as well:

"I believe France will be a good commercial field after the war. She is gnashed pretty flat at present, but old manufacturing industries are going to have a rebirth, and the accouchment is imminent. She requires raw material, and is going to have it; she requires horses and cattle, and she is going to have them, too. These animals are scarce here, and will be undoubtedly scarce in the United States, but I believe the difference in price in the two countries will be such that they can be imported in ship loads at a good profit. Despite the war, these French people, especially the country class who need the animals, have just as much dough as they ever did, and when the clouds are dispersed and they get over their scare, they are going down into their respective hand-knit socks and produce great gobs of gold.

Another thing. They haven't the luxuries and labor-savers here we have in America, and when a Yank breathes into the ear of some femme francaise a story of American conveniences etc., it arouses a desire for these objects. Take chewing gum as an example. Before the Yanks came here, it was almost unknown. Right now, gum sells (American make) at the stores for the equivalent of twenty-five cents the package. Of course, there

is a heavy tax on it, but what a demand there is for it. I predict enormous sales after the war, for among a great portion of the people here the gum habit is not regarded as a sign of 'rough-neck' tendencies as in the states. Electric irons are unknown except in the largest cities; safety pins are extremely difficult to obtain, and Lord knows they need them."

I recently saw a card from Horace Lamb in which he said he had been assigned to garrison duty at Brest in France, and did not know how long he was going to be held there. Horace did not seem wildly enthusiastic over the prospect of garrison duty for an indefinite time, but he did not seem to think that his inclinations were going to have much to do with it anyway.

As to commercial matters everything is going along about as usual. We have had unusually severe weather in Utah for the past month or so, which has resulted in some operating troubles in the Southern Utah system, but there is always more or less excitement in keeping the Beaver Plant running in the Winter. At Casper things are as lively as ever, and Mr. Bacon is about the busiest man in the country. We have a very difficult time there in getting competent help in the way of station operators and linemen, particularly, and besides, ~~the~~ we have been greatly handicapped by lack of sufficient capacity. This, however, is about remedied now by the installation of a new boiler, and the getting back into service of some of the units that were injured in the two fires which have occurred at the two plants within the last year. I hear very little from Jack Townsend at Teague, so I don't know much about how he is getting along, but I presume he is as busy as a little bee, and that he is getting by with things all right or we would have heard something from him.

This is about all the news I can think of now except that we have a new daughter at our house, but perhaps the foregoing will help you some in getting out the News Letter.

Yours very truly,  
H. R. WALDO.

#### PERSONALS

Clyde S. Bailey writes under date of July 8th, 1918, my address is District Line and Conduit Road, care of V. I. Richard, Washington, D. C.

Card received from Lieut. D. H. Beck, dated Sept. 11th, 1918, shows him to be located at Ellington Field, Barracks No. 52, Houston, Texas.

June 20th, 1918, P. O. Box No. 1418, Dallas, Texas, care Texas Const. Co., F. S. Bird informs us that he is Superintendent of Construction in the employ of the Electric Bond & Share Company.

Dean Clark is now a sergeant in the infantry. Card dated August 18th, 1918, "Somewhere in France," gives his address as Company M, 362 Infantry, A. E. F.

Lieutenant since August 10th, 1918, R. J. Edwards tells us under date of August 25th, 1918, that he is working on the Second Liberty Loan getting out bonds to soldiers who subscribed under Central Disbursing Branch. His address is Apartment No. 41, 2305 18th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

We have a short note from F. E. McCarty stating that he has been drafted and sent to Macon, Georgia, at the time of writing, November 8th, 1918. He was in hospital at that point, but reports he is recovering slowly. His address, 38th Company, New Receiving Camp, Camp Wheeler, Macon, Georgia.

Captain W. H. Maguire writes a card from Fort Sill, Okla., on August 4th, 1918, giving his address as 29th Class, School of Fire.

Parker Monroe informs us under date of October 20th, 1918, that he is now the possessor of the title of Major, having received that promotion on September 18th, 1918. The address given is School of Fire, Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Sergeant-Major Theodore G. Moore, Headquarters, Group No. 1, Main Training Depot, Camp Hancock, Georgia, likes army life as far as he has seen it up to August 17th, 1918. He was drafted on July 16th and after a few days at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, was transferred as above. He speaks very optimistically as to his prospects for entering an Officers Training Camp. On November 30th, he further writes that he expects to be demobilized shortly, that he was promoted to the rank of Battalion Sergeant-Major on October 25th, 1918. Present address, No. 830 1-2 Astor Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

From Camp Humphrey, Virginia, we are notified by J. C. Othus on September 17th, 1918, that he has just entered four months training for commission in engineers, saying that there is lots of work but its great. We hope he received his commission before it was all over.

A newspaper clipping conveys to us the information that Gordon B. Pollock, Washington and La Salle Sts., Chicago, Ill., has been commissioned as a Second Lieutenant, air service (aeronautics). From Chicago Tribune, November 9th, 1918.

After January 2nd, 1919, Irvin L. Scott may be reached at Marsh Field, Riverside, California, where he is undergoing a course as a flying cadet preparatory to receiving his commission. Irvin's ground work was secured at Berkeley.

"Corporal Vernon W. Valentine" are the words we must use in addressing the above gentleman. Valentine writes us that he has been allowed that privilege since September 4th, 1918. On October 21st, 1918, we find him to be care Company A, 25th Engineers, American E. F., via New York.

A postal card from Lieutenant Van Etten, dated October 24th, 1918, contains the following statement: "Best wishes to you all, Dave—I'm going back again. Got a Dutchman before to pay for Stewart Walcott. I'll try and give him two." He gives the following as the address that will always reach him: Care Madam Valentine Marquetty, 16 Rue Erlange, Paris. November 15th, we again hear from him stating that he has arrived safely overseas.

On November 14th, 1918, E. J. Walter sent us a card from Louisville, Kentucky, giving his address as the 12th Observation Aero Battery, F. A. C. O. T. C., Camp Zachary Taylor, and states he enlisted in the army as a private on October 25th, 1918.

J. A. Whitecotton attained the rank of First Lieutenant on August 1st, 1918.

Oscar Johnson is married but we don't know the lady's name.

The marriage of W. Bert Scott to Miss Carmen Snowball took place on November 27th. Bert is still with the J. K. Armsby Company, Los Angeles, California.

The engagement of Miss Helen Tiebalt and Lieutenant J. Arthur Whitecotton was announced early in the Fall.

We cannot give the date, but Miss Salina Farrer, sister of Leland Farrer, and Lieutenant James B. Tucker were married in Chicago sometime in November. The News Letter and all the Telluride brothers extend their heartiest congratulations.

The News Letter is not running a matrimonial bureau, but we should like to make one more announcement—The engagement of Miss Marian Dunkel (Wells, 1917) to "Keet" Cota.

While in Berkeley recently, we had the pleasure of calling on "Prof." W. Paul Jones and family. Their address is No. 1410 Grant St. He is instructing in the Potter School for Boys, San Francisco.

Chancellor F. C. Noon is living at No. 425 South Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles.

Mr. W. L. Birrsach is still in Provo, though he has been expecting to be in Los Angeles for the winter.

Mr. Ed Woodhouse has sold his fruit farm near Olmsted, where we all used to go for fruit and is now associated with Mr. Nunn in the Deep Springs enterprise.



Wallace D. Carr is representing his firm of Zimmerman, Alderson and Carr, in San Francisco. He has offices in the Kohl Building and extends a hearty invitation to all Association men to call.

Mr. L. L. Nunn is spending much of his time this winter at the Deep Springs Ranch. School work is being conducted under the supervision of Dean Thornhill. The teaching staff consists of Mr. and Mrs. Thomsen, formerly of the Procter Academy, and Mr. Cumming, from New York. Good progress is being made.

Le Grand Daly and John Clark were selected for training as Naval Aviators and sent to Ground School at Seattle, Washington. On the signing of the armistice, they received their discharges.

From France, First Lieutenant Horace R. Lamb writes: "Reached France among the last and expect to be among the last to come home. Will be on garrison duty at Brest, France, indefinitely, probably for many months." On November 8th, 1918, his address—Care 8th U. S. Infantry, American P. O. No. 716, Am. Ex. Force, via New York.

W. W. Clark and wife, who have been at the Deep Springs Ranch for several months, are now living in Los Angeles.

Stanley Bonnett is at home on a furlough and reports for duty at Quantico, Va., February 12th. He says he is feeling fine now in spite of the fact that he fought at Belleau Woods in June, was wounded in the left arm and side by a machine gun bullet at Soissons on July 18th, and was gassed while on the Champagne sector, October 5th. His division was cited three times and the colors decorated by the French. Stanley expects to be discharged in time to attend the convention..

Carroll Whitman

Telluride Association  
Ithaca, New York

November 18, 1918.

Mr. Gilbert Miller,  
Westminster Hotel,  
Los Angeles,  
My Dear Gilbert:

As promised in my last letter, I am enclosing a brief report of the taking over by the Cornell Officers Club of our house in Ithaca.

I have expected to journey Westward, but as usual, my date of departure is uncertain. As I happened to reach Ithaca at the commencement of the last Liberty Loan Campaign, I tendered my services as during the preceding loans, with the result that I spoke daily. The last week of the campaign, in particular, we had a very jolly time. Two squads of aviators from the "hill" and a number of citizens of the city appeared in the theatres this week as bond salesmen. After Your Honor had propounded the merits of a U. S. Bond, he opened the meeting for subscriptions, and we took them in at the rate of ten thousand dollars an evening at the Star and Crescent. Just now, we are having a United War Work Campaign, which is rather mild, inasmuch as this county has already a fair sized War Chest.

I saw Doc Nightingale in Washington, recently. He wore his two silver bars with considerable dignity, and I was much impressed with his soldierly bearing, called into existence—as it were—without much preparation in army conventionalities. Sidney Walcott, whom I saw for a few moments, was a first lieutenant on the Staff of General Squier, as formerly.

Venturing a guess, prospects for a convention this Spring seem to me rather bright. I shall certainly be on deck this time. I have always enjoyed our conventions, argument and all.

Yours sincerely,  
CARROLL WHITMAN.

Paul P. Ashworth

No. 1344 Park Road, N. W.,  
Washington, D. C., November 10th, 1918.

Dear Gilbert:

Am enclosing a clipping announcing the death of our old friend, Tom Hinckley. It is too bad. He seemed to be getting along in his work very well indeed, and his loss is a great one.

I promised to tell you what I'm doing and why I came, so here goes: Several telegrams came to me offering me a position as Radio Engineer in the Signal Corps. These were intisgated by our good friend, Capt. (Prof.) A. E. Flowers. I could not get into the military on account of a damaged ear, and so this looked like a chance to do my "bit" and here I am.

My work, in particular, is to follow up the development of suitable gasoline driven battery charging sets for land radio stations. These sets will be mounted on trucks, on the ground, in dugouts, or in the trenches. The service is, as you can imagine, very severe, and we are trying to get something light and portable, and that will stand misuse. Some sets are already in use, but they are rather too heavy for convenience, and the center of gravity is too high. The set we are deveolping is a low hung, horizontal cylinder type, and looks like it will fill the bill. Tomorrow I am to go over the details with Major Buckley, just returned from abroad and see if he agrees with us.

Have taken dinner with Bob Edwards and wife (a good dinner too), and Fat Othus was also there. Fat expects his commission any day. Took a long walk with Gilbert Anderson two weeks ago today, and will no doubt see him again soon.

Have visited Parkers twice, and was very glad to learn that Mac has been commissioned a captain. His new address is Captain McRea Parker, Motor and Transport Force, American Ex. Force, Paris. (Mrs. Parker says it is well in writing to the boys in France to write out the word American, as there has been some correspondence lost, having got mixed with the Australian Ex. Force mail.)

Have not seen Sid or Doc Nightingale, but will try to do so soon. There are a few addresses in the last News Letter that are not correct, however, I can't, in all cases, give the correct ones.

O. R. Clark was last reported at Camp Meade. Bob Edwards had a letter from him recently which has been heavily censored, leading Bob to think that Ollie was about to go into quarantine prior to going across.

H. Cole—In the service, but do not know where.

J. C. Othus—Company 5, E. Q. T. S., Camp Humphrey, Virginia.

Ray Ure—I saw him about September 1st, and he was just going to report to the U. of U. training school. Had been caught in the draft. I believe that his mother still lives at 723 West South Temple St., Salt Lake City, and she could, no doubt, give Ray's present address. He was living (with his wife) in Highland Park. I don't know the exact number.

Also W. D. Johnston is in the service somewhere.

If there is anything I can do to help the News Letter along, let me know.

By the way, Sid has a baby girl a month or so old. (You may know this already, but I didn't know until last Sunday).

Have a room here all by my lonesome and it has a 3-4 width bed, big enough for two. Any of the boys who happen to be in Washington, come and camp with me. 1344 Park Road, N. W. (14th Street Car passes Union Depot, goes up Pennsylvania Avenue and up 14th). House telephone, Columbia 1113 W; office phone, Main 2570, branch 966.

Good luck to you, and to the bunch.

PETE

Office address: Care Radio Development Section,  
Arcade Building,  
14th St., and Park Road, N. W.



## TELLURIDE NEWS LETTER

Lieutenant Dan Beck

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 12, 1919.

Well Boys:

The Campaign of Texas is over. If the fellows who took part in the battles of San Antonio, Dallas, Ft. Worth and Houston, are to be believed, the Campaign was a failure because Mexico still refuses to accept Texas.

I went to ground school at S. M. A., Berkeley, received an R. M. A. at San Diego and was concentrated at Camp Dick, Dallas, Texas. From there I was transferred to Ellington Field, Houston, for bombing and night flying. We took many practice flights around the mezzanine of the Hotel Rice. My last flight was made near midnight on December 6. Since then I have been waiting my discharge. January 9 saw me a civilian again, and today, January 12, I am in Squas Miller's room at the Hotel Westminster, Los Angeles. My next stop will be when I find a job.

Address: Beaver, Utah.

CITIZEN DAN C. BECK.

Lieutenant E. C. Bonnett

Saumur, France, August 11th, 1918.

My Dear Dave:

This is rather a belated note to complete your records, but you will have to blame it on the war. Everything else is due to it, and Heaven knows I want to be up with the times.

My present status is Second Lieut., F. A. N. A., ranking from June 1st, 1918, though I wasn't warned of the fact until July 12, and more important still, draw pay only from the latter date.

Present occupation, farmer, at least I feel like a farmer, though really attending the once famous Ecole de Cavalerie Francaise, now equally famous Ecole d'Artillerie Americains, or Saumur Artillery School. It's a fine school on the banks of the Loire where they teach American officers the latest Paris fashions in artillery warfare. It was first intended to teach American methods so far as possible, but the ethics of nations and the fact that this war belongs to the French, finally forced the adoption of French methods entirely, even to the names of the gas shells.

Not married, no children, age 25 at last birthday. I add this information because your form is not at hand and I have it slightly confused with the other 24 forms I have had to fill out in the army every time I moved or drew pay.

Have had direct liaison with Babe Fournier, also at Saumur Artillery School, and Ben Scott, at A. P. O. 717, learning to trust himself to a pilot while he watches for enemy planes, smoke clouds and batteries. He's learning to be an aerial observer. Also he has been in a battle and out. About the best record so far established. All Telluride Association men look erect, well developed, well nourished—a formula from the physical examination form.

I have not received a News Letter since the first copy. If your files contain the information as to who publishes it next, can you inform the editor that I should appreciate all past and future copies?

Was there a convention this year? What is the condition of affairs, how is everybody? And please ask someone to tell me how Mr. Nunn is. He was ill when I left America and I haven't had a word since.

This course ends in two weeks. Then I shall move somewhere else. I hope to an outfit. Gets a bit tiresome, this always being a casual. I promise, however, to send you my address sooner next time.

Give my best regards to every one, Dave, your wife, Mr. and Mrs.

Biersach, Dean Thornhill, etc., and the last man to whom you sold a lot on Federal Heights. He and you have my sincere congratulations.  
So long, Dave, believe me

As ever,

BONNIE.

Lieutenant E. C. Bonnett,  
Div. H. Sec. 72,  
A. P. O. 718,  
A. E. F.

Sergeant Lynn H. Borlase

"With the Colors," Somewhere in France, Aug. 18th, 1918.

J. G. Miller,  
Westminster Hotel,  
Los Angeles, Calif.  
Dear Gilbert.

Received your letter a couple of days ago and was rather surprised to hear from you, however, it was a very pleasant one. All that I can say for the News Letter is that I am somewhere and getting along fine, in fact, never felt better in my life. Haven't run across any of the boys over here. This place somewhere is rather large and it takes quite a time locating your friends, especially when you don't know where they are or to what units they belong. The only one that I have heard from is Lou Sweeney. He seems to be getting along fine.

France is a wonderful country, however quaint in our modern ideas. I think that all the boys will go back with fond recollections of their time spent here. However, I think that all of them are anxious to get at Bill and get it over, so that they can see Broadway again.

This isn't much, but you can say that you heard from me.

Give my best to all the fellows and remember me to Mr. Nunn.

Sincerely,

SGT. LYNN H. BORLASE.

Company A, 111 Field Sig. Bn.  
American Expeditionary Forces.

Sergeant W. B. Culbertson

On Active Service with the American Expeditionary Force, Oct. 24, 1918.

Dear Miller:

Yours of July 20th received and it was well covered with forwarding addresses.

"The boys overseas are complaining that they are not getting enough Association news." Quite true, Gilbert. I have not had a word myself. My News Letters too, have evidently gone astray. I am always eager for them and their loss makes me impatient. I wrote to Dave Wegg requesting him to give my address to the proper party so that my Association News would reach me. Possibly my request arrived too late for the first and second editions of the News Letter. This also may arrive late for number three. However, remember me for future News.

I arrived at this Port direct from the States on July 17th, and here I have remained. My work is of a responsible nature but not interesting. It rates me a force of privates and I assume the bossship by virtue of my stripes. They do the work and I reap the laurels. However, the Q. M.

Corps is not my idea of soldiering and life in the S. O. S. is not what I expected when I left for this country. I have placed an application for transfer to the Artillery but no action has been taken so far.

My health is unusually good but I am a little off on weight. Plenty of food but some fellows are not cooks. Being on detached service, I miss my mess hall.

My address is: No. 781423, A. P. O. 752, Am. E. F.

Respectfully,  
BURNETT.

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Lieutenant O. R. Clark

Camp Meade, Md., October 13th, 1918.

My dear "Squasssss":—

Each one of us owes you a million thanks for your big effort in getting out the last News Letter. It was a noble work, especially the "editorial" sidelights on each article. Have you ever tried writing for Life, Squas? You ought to try it.

The directory is very important. I have been able to find Gilbert Anderson, Davy Johnston and others around here by means of it.

Also, Squasss, I know it is——thankful (?) work you are doing and I suppose you have cussed all of us for not helping you more. Well, keep cussing and keep after us. I'll be more than glad to give you any dope I can for the next one but I have felt all the time that marking time in this country is such a tame and uninteresting stunt compared to what the fellows are doing who are fortunate enough to get into it, that accounts from us are pretty much a waste of paper, but I'll leave you to judge as to that.

When do you expect to get it out? You ought to do it on a definite date and let us all know about it.

My big worry today is that our outfit will not get over and this surely has been a wasted year if we don't, but suppose we will have to stand it. The way those yellow cowards are shouting "enough" these days surely indicates that they are pretty hard up. I'd personally like to see them get just a taste of their own stuff. They ought to know what the receiving end feels like.

Hope that your leg is much better, Gilbert. Drop me a note and give me the dope. Heard the House was an Officers' Club—is that right? Give love to any of the gang.

Yours,

OLLIE.

Address

72nd O. S. Infantry, Camp Meade, Md.

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Alejandro R. Cota

Hotel Casa Blanca, Mexico City, October 6th, 1918.

Mr. Gilbert Miller,  
Hotel Westminster,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

My dear "Squas":

I received a letter from you some time ago, even if it was addressed to the Hotel Casa Grande instead of Casa Blanca, but luckily I am known in the Post Office Department by everybody from the Post Master General to the mail carriers.

It was with great pleasure that I read the News Letter from cover to

cover. It is the first copy I have received for over a year and it has helped to re-establish my contact with Telluride.

I want, first of all, in this my contribution to the Letter, to congratulate the Association as a whole for its wonderful showing in this World Crisis, and the fellows in particular for their individual share. I want to shake hands by means of the Letter with everyone of them at the front and training camps, and in the civil and industrial service of the country; I want them to know that in Revolutionary Mexico there is a brother who has often thought of them, and who prays that after the "cleaning-up" of Europe is done, he may be able to see them all able to come back to their homes. My desire has already failed in three cases: Stuart Walcott, Lathrop, and Osborne, have found glorious graves across the Atlantic; it is almost sure that others will, before the end of the conflagration is reached, and so, I can't but wish, just the same, that at some future Convention, all may answer the Roll.

In this Great War, I was, by virtue of my place of birth, forbidden to take part; but I have been helping my country as far as I have been able, in its industrial development. For over a year I have been Inspector of Industries and Manufactures throughout the Republic, but seeing now that I can do better work some place else, I am about to resign and go to New York City to work along the lines of boosting American Trade in the Spanish American Republics. I can foresee, like every one else, that after the Military War will come the Trade War, and being a believer in Pan-Americanism, I consider as a worthy cause, any effort for a commercial friendship between all the countries on this side of the ocean, because this kind of intercourse is bound to produce solidarity. In a speech I made last November before the American Manufacturers Export Association at a lunch they gave me and other Mexican Envoys at the Biltmore Hotel, I said to them that there was no reason why the United States should not control the South American trade; but to obtain that control I indicated:

Study of Spanish so that their representatives could talk to the people they are to trade with in a language they know. Manufacture of goods especially for the Country they are to be sold in, that is: the goods they want down there, even if there is no call for them from Broadway promenaders. Extension of Credit for a longer time than the American merchant is accustomed to.

This last question involves the founding of American banks in every Latin American Country, which banks would deal in discounting the promissory notes of the purchasers.

And so, I have heard the Commercial Call and am now trying to arrange for my transfer to New York City. I hope I may be able to greet the morning of the New Year on U. S. soil.

If "Dia" Parker reads this "Somewhere in France," I want him to know that as soon as I can, I will drop to Washington to call on the Folks at No. 1832 Ontario.

Well Squas: you might also announce through the News Letter my engagement to Miss Marion Ida Dunkel (Wells, '17), of Fort Plain, N. Y. Don't give any wedding date because my pocket-book has not cast its vote on the question as yet.

I could write a little on the reorganization of the Mexican Government, but I leave it for a later date. That is not the kind of questions the boys want to read now: they want personal items.

Are you sill dragging a plaster-cast about?

My best wishes to all. I wish for the Deep Springs farmers a good harvest with as few blistered hands as possible. Farmers over on this neck of the earth, have blisters, and even callouses, but not on their hands: THEY HAVE THEM WHERE YOU DO, SQUAS.

Love to all,

ALEJANDRO R. COTA.

"KEET"

P. S.—I see "Died" can't deny his calling: He is a "bouncer" in Wilmington.

Private Wm. L. Cone

On Active Service,  
With American Expeditionary Force,  
October 13th, 1918.

Mr. Gilbert Miller,  
Los Angeles, Calif.  
Dear Gilbert:

I was very glad to get your letter the other day. I haven't received the News Letter yet but am still hoping. I will be glad to hear of the whereabouts of the fellows because in France it is always possible that you will move to some other place at any time, and I might meet some of them. There is no bunch of fellows connected with the War in which I am so much interested as the old bunch.

I believe I have heard more news from the U. S. than I know over here. I received the announcement the other day of the marriage of Mr. Walter McMinn at Los Angeles to Miss Marie Meloy. When I saw Mack last, I thought he was soon to take the leap.

As I haven't seen the News Letter, I don't know what kind of a shot you took at me in it, but I guess it won't hurt me any.

As for news from this side, all that counts gets to you before it gets to me. There are also some things of interest, that are considered of more interest to Fritz so we may not write them.

Old Fritz seems to be running true to form now. He realizes that he is out of luck, and is hoping by big talk of humanity to get out scott free without paying for any of his outrages. He is again out of luck I am thinking, because it will take the men who have been up against them a long time to forget what beasts they have been.

I happened a little more than a month since, to be about half a kilometer from where he laid a couple of his small eggs. They hatched quite noisily, but aside from annoying us when we were sleeping, no harm was done except to shrubbery around.

If any of the fellows who are around here inquire at any meteorological station they happen to be near, they might be able to get a line on me.

So long for this time.

BILL.

Address:

Pvt. Wm. L. Cone,  
Meteorological Section Sig. Corps,  
American E. F., France.  
A. P. O. 731-A.

Chester W. Dunn

Hotel Westminster,  
Los Angeles, California, December 31st, 1918.

Ship ahoy, Mates:

May I see you all soon? When our Grizzlies come marching home, here is one that is going to feel like six bits. Though the doctors ascribed many ills to my carcass, I managed to wiggle into both Army and Naval aviation for pilots training. Then the armistice came along and cheated me out of the fruits of my labor, and the nearest I got to a fight was with a shave-tail in the Reserve Officers Training Corps at Stanford.

Yours,

CHET.

Address:

Chester W. Dunn,  
Box No. 896, Stanford, Calif.

Lieutenant Bob Edwards

Washington, D. C., Jan. 21, 1918.

Dear Gilbert:

I received a letter a couple days ago from Pete Ashworth, telling me that you were to get out the next edition of the News Letter and wanting to know if I had any "dope" on Davy Johnston or "Fat" Othus. You may have heard from them since I have but in case you haven't here is my latest.

Last October Davy decided that he had remained out of the service as long as he could stand it, so he came to Washington to see what his chances of getting a commission were. The Motor Transport Corps offered him a commission as second Lieutenant in the generating department of the machine work. They gave him his option of going to Texas or Camp Holabird, Maryland, where in either case he would have to be inducted into the service as an enlisted man and receive his commission at a later date. He chose Camp Holabird, and reported there October 26. Before he was commissioned the armistice was signed so all recommendations for commissions or promotions were rescinded. However, they decided to release immediately all men who had been inducted for the purpose of receiving a commission. Davey was finally released about December 6, spent a few days in Washington, then went to Philadelphia and thence home. "Fat" reported later that Davey had gone to Salt Lake for Christmas. His plans for the future were very indefinite. He did not know whether he would go West and stay or whether he would return to the Telephone Company in Philadelphia.

"Fat," after leaving Ithaca, where he had been an instructor, was attending an engineers officers training camp over at Camp Humphries. Before his course was finished the armistice was signed. They gave the men in the camp the option of remaining to finish the course and if they made good, giving them a commission in the reserve, or discharging them from the service. "Fat" decided to stick it out, and about December 15 he was commissioned First Lieutenant, Engineer Reserve Corps, and discharged from the army. He remained here a few days, then went to Ithaca where he remained until after Christmas. I met him again in New York, January 3. He was staying around town a few days, expected to spend a few more in Philadelphia, then go to Portland, Oregon, where he rather expected to remain.

While in New York I stayed with Pugsley, who is still with the Telephone Company. His wife is very anxious to go West and he himself is getting restless, although he hates to leave before he finishes his law. He told me that Oscar Johnson had been discharged from the army, remained in New York a few days, and is now out on the road with some show.

Among the other members whom I have seen are Ollie Clark and Fent Howard. Ollie, after his trip across the country with the Italians, reported back to the Presidio where he learned that his regiment was here at Camp Meade, so he was ordered to rejoin the regiment. I saw him three or four times and then one day I received a letter which was pretty heavily censored, indicating he was bound for overseas. Perhaps you have heard from him since I have. Fent Howard was in Washington on business one night and he called at the house. He was with some company in Chicago which was making radiators for the Liberty Motors. I also heard from Grant Moore a couple of times. Grant was battalion sergeant-major down at Camp Hancock, Georgia. One of the letters which I had written from Washington passed through his hands, so he took a chance that there was only one L. R. J. Edwards in existence. The last I heard he was expecting to be discharged soon. He expected to go back to Wisconsin as rapidly as he could get there.

I have been stationed in Washington since August 10 with the Liberty Loan section of the Allotment Branch. I expected to be discharged December 21, but the Colonel decided to let another man go and keep me a little longer. Right after the other man left I had an attack of appendicitis, was out of work three days, then had three day leave during which time I visited New York, although I was still bothered with my appendix. I am



now dictating to my wife from a hospital bed, having taken the doctor's advice and had the appendix removed January 8. I am feeling fine now and expect to be home in a week. I do not know how much longer I will be in the service.

Sincere regards to all.

L. R. J. EDWARDS.

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Sergeant Ray W. Fruit

The following items came from a letter addressed to Elmer Johnson. More men win well-deserved promptness.

"Did I tell you I had just heard from our erstwhile friend, Pete Warneke? He is only a few miles above me now, but so far we have not been able to make ends meet and get together. He is a corporal in Headquarters Company, 346th F. A., A. P. O. No. 758. He gave me the first news of Lieutenant L. R. Fournier, Signal Corps, I believe. Our fellows are all making a pretty good showing.

Well, now that the muss is all over, I suppose we will never have a chance to win a "Quart of Guerre," or a D. S. C., or the like. Personally, I was a soldier in the S. O. S., and naturally S. O. L. Was close enough to the front to have a stray plane come over once in a while, but evidently they were only out sightseeing and kept their missiles to themselves.

You ask all the fellows over here to send a note for the News Letter, but I feel it would do little good for me to send a contribution for I have had bad luck in getting my mail through to Mr. Noon or Mr. Nunn, so if you are writing an article you might say that I am well, working like hell, etc., and waiting for those pleasant words to be uttered "pack up." I suppose tho I have little to kick about for I have only been over a year next month, while you must have been over here nearly two.

When you see Abe Martin again, give him my regards and best wishes, but as to writing a letter, it is most impossible, for I haven't even time to keep my home correspondence answered. I have drawn a steady job up here, seven days a week from 8:00 until 6:00. In the past year I have had four whole days off duty, and had to plead with tears in my eyes to get them.

Now Loot, it is unnecessary for me to repeat Skip Ray's old warning. With best wishes for the season."

RAY W. FRUIT.

Address:

Sergeant Ray W. Fruit,  
Q. M. Detachment,  
A. P. O. No. 712,  
Am. Ex. Force.

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Sergeant H. D. Graessle

November 8th, 1918.

The following letters were written by Howard to members of his family and were not intended for publication. They gave such an interesting account of the Flanders Campaign that we begged permission to use them in the News Letter:

"Well, I sure have had enough excitement in the past few weeks to last a long time. For the past two months, my company was in almost



steady active service. The last drive, however, was the most strenuous one. Our dressing station was well up front. We worked from there forward with litter bearers and back with ambulances. Most of our work was bringing in wounded who could only be gotten at after dark on account of fire from the enemy.

On my return the first night out with my detail, the Boches were shelling the road on which we were walking. The shells were going over but not so far that they did not make us flop on our tummies each time we heard one coming. My helmet saved me once when the shrapnel glanced off it.

The next afternoon was fairly quiet except the shells dropping in the town one kilometer away. In the afternoon they started throwing over gas shells. One of the first to come over hit our building, a brick home. It struck the chimney half way up the side of the wall. We were in a room on the first floor, standing around the stove when it hit. Soot, ashes and smoke filled the room and it sure scared us. We smelled gas immediately but thought it was the smoke and soot. It got stronger though and then we realized it was gas (vomiting gas.) Several of the fellows got pretty sick from it, but there are no bad after effects.

Just at noon the next day, we were all startled by a shell dropping just twenty feet away. It was a big one and shattered every pane of glass in the building. I was standing with my back to a window on the side of the building where the shell hit. The glass flew past me. My shirt was sprinkled with fine particles but all I got was a cut on my hand. They shelled that point for over two hours after the first one had hit. As soon as the first shell landed, we started to clean up the place, but when they continued to drop, we decided to look for other cover. Four of the men ran into the cellar, four went to a brick barn adjoining the house and the lieutenant and I worked a while on a patient's eye. When he was finished, the doughboy cut across fields and we ducked for the barn next door. Shells had been coming mighty close and I was glad to get under cover. A shell took out the corner of our barn and covered us with fragments and brick dust, and loosened the tile roof. Each succeeding shell shook more tile down on us. There came a lull of about ten minutes and one of our chaps who had been in the cellar came up to see what had happened. Just as he reached the door, a shell dropped two feet from him. He never knew what hit him. The other fellows called to us and told us what had happened. The lieutenant and I at the next chance, ran over but we could do nothing for him, so we went on into the cellar. By nightfall, we decided we had to move the station. The shelling had stopped. We loaded our bandages, splints and our one casualty on an ambulance and drove to a barn about a kilometer away. The men we had left in the dressing station at the start of the shelling were still back in their barn. So I went back to lead them to our new dressing station. I had to pass the old one but had a hunch to keep away from the road. It was lucky I did. Two shells dropped on the road as I cut through the field 50 yards away. When I got to the barn, all I found were a few Belgians, who told me the boys had left. So I had to make my way back alone and in passing, let me say being alone on a night like that sure set me thinking of—lots of things.

I got back in time for a detail up front. The wind was blowing hard and played havoc with Fritz' gas, but I could smell it faintly in the air. Gas smells were dropping close but it wasn't strong enough to hurt anything, especially as it was only the vomiting gas. Each time a flare or star shell went up, we fell flat as we were within distance of the Boche. We finally got our man that we were after, a major—weight 220 pounds. We got him on our shoulders and started back. Now, each time a flare went up, we could only stand still; no chance to drop with him on our shoulders. They shot at us in the light of the flares but only a few came close and luckily, none hit. We had to carry our patient back about two kilometers before we got to the ambulance. From there on we made a quick trip, I will tell you. It was 1 a. m. when we got to our dressing station. I was so tired I laid down on a board and slept with no trouble at all. At 5 a. m. the order came that we were re-

lieved. We packed up and started for the rear and came to this town for a rest. So much for this letter.

The last News Letter arrived yesterday. I perused it from cover to back and back to front and it felt like old times to hear of all the fellows. But when I read their letters, I can't for the life of me think of anything interesting to write. If I do get an idea, I will help out the next News Letter.

SERGT. H. D. GRAESSLE,  
147 Ambulance Co.,  
112 Sanitary Train,  
Am. Ex. Force.

November 12th, 1918.

Well, the wonderful news reached us yesterday. There certainly was a celebration when we heard the definite news. We have heard so many rumors in the past few months that we grew to be a skeptical bunch, but yesterday there were few who did not, at the very least, wear a broad smile and most of the fellows' smiles broke with a pretty loud noise. The stopping of the noise of the guns and the beginning of rejoicing was simultaneous. Even though every fellow was making all the racket he could, the stopping of gunfire made it uncomfortably quiet.

We had been sent to this front just the day before and were prepared for the biggest drive of the war. I never saw such an accumulation of war material before. There were 75's, 155's, tanks, cavalry, infantry, French, Belgian and American. On the afternoon of the 10th, there was a steady procession of tanks. It was funny on the 11th, they all passed back over this same road. Our dressing station was all ready, but today we were treating only sick. We sit around the dressing station and talk—mostly of when we are going back and what we shall do when we get there. Conjectures as to when we will get back ranged from Christmas to May. I am not trying to guess as the Army is too uncertain a proposition. We will get home quickly after we once start—I do not doubt for a minute.

I am feeling fine and the only worry I have now is getting seasick coming back.

I haven't had a great deal of time to study French, but what little I did alive I have been using. My German has come in handy too, when talking to the Belgians. Flemish is very much like German. With little attention, I have got so that I can talk with them fairly well. It would have been funny to a bystander one day to have heard me trying to get fire wood. I tried all languages I knew and as a final resort, a mixture of them all. I got the wood.

Belgians are fast returning to their homes. It is a funny sight to see some of them. Very few have horses. Carts are drawn by either the men, or women, dogs, cows or goats. A Belgian dog is surely a puller. A dog that doesn't weigh more than 50 pounds will pull several hundred pounds of stuff in a cart. Sometimes part of the family ride in the cart. Today, several women passed in bare feet, pushing their household goods in a cart. The country around Ypres looks awful. There are shell holes every few feet. Roads are so torn one can hardly tell what they were. There is not a bit of vegetation. Trees are chopped off by shells at the stumps and what remains are so splintered it looks like a palm leaf fan. No walls of houses in town remain—only a mass of brick and stone, everywhere are wrecked guns, and tanks and all kinds of equipment. But there are towns in France equally as bad. As we got further into Belgium, I found towns which had hardly been touched by shells or the Hun. Of course, there is plenty of need.

We have gotten away from Y. M. C. A.'s in this country. I saw only one Y. M. C. A. man and he was making cocoa at our last dressing station. There are no huts and no traveling trucks or Fords. We expect soon, though, to move back and then we will get near to Y.'s and all the other things that we really miss now.

Oostroosebeke, Belgium, November 29th, 1918.

We are still waiting for news as to what our next move is to be. If all the rumors we have heard came true, we would be in twenty different places by now. We hear so much about going home that one cannot help feeling that it might be true. I have really quit listening to rumors or rather, put any faith in them as we hear them all day long. I shall wait until the day comes when I am handed my discharge papers, then I will feel certain I am on my way home.

The Belgian family where I am quartered has certainly treated us well. There are nine of our company at the same house and the people can't do enough for us. They had no sleeping rooms to give us but fixed us up in the attic. They have also given us their parlor for a lounging room. We are very comfortable there all day long, and at night we go to the attic to sleep. Every evening they serve us coffee and some kind of cake, sometimes apple fritters, sometimes pancakes and jam. A girl 20 years old does the cooking. In the evening she often sits with us, drinking coffee and telling of the Germans. She knows all about them too, as they have been in this town for four years. I will have to wait to tell you the stories she tells us.

I have been doing some interpreting and we sure have some funny times. The girl is rather pretty and has a funny way of wrinkling her nose when she laughs. The other night one of the boys said in English, "Doesn't she look like a pug dog snarling when she laughs?" The girl, of course, immediately wanted to know what he said. I had to think up a lie in a hurry as she is naturally keen, so I told her that he remarked about the beauty of her face when she smiles. The grandmother of the family is the interesting one, though. This afternoon we had a photographer come and take some pictures. We took one of the girls of the family, their mother and grandmother, another one of the girls and the fellows who are quartered at the house. I shall send the prints when I get them.

I should like to beat this letter home and be with you for Christmas, but anyway, I will tell you about it soon.

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Lieutenant Elmer M. Johnson

Some of the boys just have to admit that the News Letter Editor slipped something over on them. Like Elmer, for instance, they hadn't realized the multifarious and nefarious ways possessed by our news service for gathering in the contributions. Elmer evidently was expecting a local anesthetic whereas "Doc" Editor slipped him a "general," hence the painless operation.

10 December, 1918.

Editor of Telluride News Letter:

During the fightin' days of the past year and a half, it was impossible to lay aside the sword to unsheath the pen, for personally, my old snicker-snee is much more effective and mighty than my Underwood No. 5, especially when No. 5 is equipped with a French keyboard. But now that the Boche is busy making republics and other alibis, and the Allied graybeards are preparing to make him cough up something handsome for everybody concerned, things have settled a little here. Of course, I arise as early in the morning, the mud is as deep as ever, business for some reason or other still keeps up, and the dusky orbs and the crimson pinard sparkle with their customary seductiveness.

But I must express my pleasure at receipt of the August number of the News Letter. This is the second copy I have received. The editors should be congratulated upon their ability to collect copy, and if they do it in all instances as painlessly and as easily to the contributor as in my case, they are entitled to the rank of Associational Information Extractors.—I wasn't aware that I'd been tapped until I saw it in print. Captain Parker

phoned me from Paris, asking if I'd received my copy, so you see how the periodical is received. News from the men in Europe is lacking, but—

Since joining the American forces in October, 1917, I have successively been a stenographer—after we had more than one stenographer in the Motor Transport Corps, they made me Chief of Stenographic Section—Chief Clerk, Assistant Chief of Administration Branch, and Acting Chief of Administration Branch. Holding down the last job at the present time. The M. T. C. promises to be about the last thing leaving Europe, so I am expecting to be here for a good many months yet.

Sincerely,  
ELMER M. JOHNSON,  
2nd Lieut., M.T.C.

Address:  
Motor Transport Corps,  
U. S. A. P. O. 717, A. E. F.

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Goodwin Knight

Stanford University, October 11, 1918.

Gilbert Miller,  
Westminster Hotel,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

My Dear Miller:—Left San Pedro couple of weeks ago, and am stationed here as an instructor to the Naval Unit. Take my exam, next month from here.

Hope everything is fine with you, and that the News work is going along fine.

Intended to get into the hotel and see you but one doesn't get much time in this game. Would be glad to hear from you, and put me down for a copy of the next Letter.

Best wishes and success to you.

GOODWIN KNIGHT.

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Thomas Hinckley

The name of Tom Hinckley is perhaps not known to many of the younger Association men, but to the older ones, it is indelibly written on our memory pages of old Olmsted days.

**THOMAS HINCKLEY DIES OF PNEUMONIA IN LONDON**  
Had Been in Diplomatic Service for Six Years—  
Home Was in 16th Street Northwest

Thomas Hinckley, second secretary of the American embassy at Rome, died of pneumonia in a London hospital yesterday. A cable message conveyed the news yesterday to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hinckley, who live at 1623 16th Street.

Only thirty years of age, Mr. Hinckley has been in the diplomatic service about six years and has given good account of himself at a number of European capitals. Before his transfer to Rome he served in the same capacity with Ambassador Willard in Madrid.

Before the outbreak of the war, Mr. Hinckley was associated with Ambassador Penfield at Vienna, where, it is said, he displayed such tact as to cause his superior to make special mention of him to the Secretary of State.

He is said to have enjoyed the special friendship and esteem of Ambassador Page at Rome. The work of the embassy, especially during the last

few weeks, had become exacting and Ambassador Page gave Mr. Hinckley a vacation. He had been in London only a few days when stricken with pneumonia.

He is survived by his parents and by a brother, Robert O'Donnell Hinckley, an ensign in the Navy, and a sister, Miss Gladys Hinckley. His mother was Eleanor O'Donnell, formerly of Baltimore.

Sergeant Harold Owen

On Active Service,  
American Expeditionary Force, August 25th, 1918.

Mr. David Wegg, Historian,  
Telluride Association,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

My dear Dave:—

At present I am in Aix les Bains on permission. Just before leaving camp, I received another of your cards. I believe there have been no great changes since I wrote you last, but to be sure, I shall give you my present status. I still hold the rank of Platoon Sergeant, though in the absence of the first sergeant to the Officers' Training School, I have been carrying out his duties. I imagine that he will hold the rank until he receives his commission. There have been no further developments from any recommendation to the Officers Training School. It will be infantry if I get it.

Cy was made Sergeant 1st Class about a month ago. Grandy, as you perhaps know, is a Louie in the Reserve Mallet, and expects, I believe, another boost soon. The other boys I have been unable to get in touch with.

This is rather brief, Dave, but it will serve to keep your records up to date. How about the News Letter? I haven't seen one in several months. My address is Company "C," 11th U. S. Engineers, A. E. F., France. Note that it has been slightly changed. How is Mr. Nunn? I have written him but received no answer. I would appreciate some record of him. I'll keep you posted on developments.

Sincerely,

HAROLD R. OWEN.

J. Ed. Meehan

Deep Springs Ranch,  
Big Pine, Calif., Jan. 12, 1919.

My dear Gilbert:

Some time ago you wrote me about a contemplated issue of the News Letter, and I fully intended to write you long before this, but then you know all about good intentions. However, I hope this will not come too late, and that you will soon have another number out. We are living a busy life up here, and one doesn't find much more than time to write an occasional letter to his best girl—if he is (un) fortunate enough to have one. I haven't one, so here goes.

Dean Thornhill and Mr. Noon are here at the present time, and no doubt they will be better able than myself to give you some account of the school work, but judging from a prejudiced point of view, I'd say that it is going pretty well. We have been making speed at least, so much in fact, that some have been known to be up until 5 a. m. studying.

We are now comfortably settled in the main building, and it sure is fine. Our main living room was finished for Christmas, and we had a great celebration. We had three days vacation, and we all stayed here with one

exception. We had a big party Christmas eve and one Christmas night. Christmas day we had two ball games, and of course, plenty to eat at all times. There was something doing all during the holidays, so none of us had much chance to wish that we were somewhere else. New Year's eve we had a little impromptu gathering, and the Student Body presented Mr. Nunn with an electric table lamp. We have not the electricity for it quite, but hope to have within a few days.

Well, I don't know much more to tell you about things in general here, as ranch life is much the same from day to day. None of us get tired of it though. We sure have a great place, and the possibilities are unlimited.

As to myself, I have had quite an eventful time since the last issue, and I did not have to go to war to have the time, either. As you know I went to Los Angeles in August to enlist in the Navy. We got in the night before enlistments were stopped, and I was left in that attempt. I came back here and stayed for a couple of weeks. Then I went to Salt Lake about September 1st, to see if I could do anything. I put in my application for the Naval Reserve Flying. In the meantime, as the draft became more threatening, I signed up for the S. A. T. C., at the U. of Utah. That was to open on the 26th, and on September 24th, they received orders closing it to all men who were twenty-one. A few days later I received my call to go to Camp Lewis on October 9th. On October 6th the call was cancelled on account of the influenza. At this time I received my appointment to the Naval Flying Corps, with orders to report for examination. I went to Los Angeles with Mr. Nunn, and reported for examination there. John Clark and Le-grande Daly were both there, and were leaving for the Naval Flying School at Seattle. They had been through the exams, and tipped me off on how to cough, etc. Well, I got by O. K. I then came up here to the ranch to wait for my call. On November 11th I received my induction papers and the news of the armistice also. I was to entrain from Bishop for Kelley Field on November 14th, and on that day I received a cancellation of my call. That was sure a case of what one would call so near and yet so far. However, I guess I was fortunate, for without the prospect of active service, I don't imagine it would have been much fun. I sure was disappointed tho, for now I am the only male member of the family who wasn't in it. Dad is still in France, and my brother has just returned. At any rate, I guess we are all glad it is over, and it sure does seem good to think that most of the crowd will be able to answer the roll call at the next convention. If any of this issue of the News Letter goes to France, I wish that the fellows who get into Paris would look up Dad (James Meehan.) He is at the Knights of Columbus headquarters in Paris at 26 Place de la Madeline. He will probably be over there for some time.

Well, this is assuming the proportions of a small volume, so I had better quit. I hope that you have lots of news and that we shall hear from you soon.

Sincerely,

ED.

J. E. Meehan,  
Deep Springs Ranch, Big Pine, Calif.

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Captain McRea Parker

Overhaul Pack No. 2,  
Motor Transport Corps,  
American E. F., November 9th, 1918

My dear Gilbert:—

While carried away by the enthusiasm produced by the News Letter, which you edited, I am going to write and congratulate you and your corres-



pondents on the splendid result of your efforts and give the fellows a little authentic dope on myself.

It perhaps is just as well I didn't get in on time for your issue as I would hve been quite lost among such a bunch of newsy letters. Still, other delinquents should be niched with the incentive to write, as I am, and send in enough material to produce another issue.

All that was reported regarding me by the letters from Anderson and Johnson was quite true, particularly the reference of the latter. The Simian analogy was quite unkind of Elmer. I think, though, the pretty nurse I had when in St. Nazaire dubbed me her "P.G." (prisoner de guerre) on account of the appearance I presented with a shaved head. However, that is all past history.

To summarize my experiences.—I left the fair U. S. last January 4th, and was first assigned to duty at the headquarters of the Motor Transport Service, then attached to the Q. M. Corps. At these headquarters in Tours, I had the job of working up specifications for large repair shops and preparing the lists of machinery and tools for equipping them. I am gratified to know that this work of mine was pioneer in this line and forms the basis of this phase of the organizations in the recently established Motor Transport Corps, to which I was formally transferred on September 22d, last.

Perhaps by way of reward, I was given duty in Paris for a matter of several weeks. There I wrestled with the American Purchasing Board and rustled around among Paris merchants, and nearby manufacturing plants to acquire such machinery and tools as were needed to carry out our project. It was a busy job and appeared to be my undoing for I was dropped in to the hospitals again with what looked like a complication caused by my spell of scarlet.

I only mention this second siege in that it accounts for a stay in the pleasant country of the Dordogne, in Southern France, a little west to Biarritz, and making the acquaintance of a fine bunch of live officers, wounded at the front, fellows who were my bunkies at the hospital.

It was good to get back on the job again and in one that would keep me real busy. I am general superintendent of one of the largest shops of the Motor Transport Corps. It is really a group of shops, each department of the work requiring a building of its own. Here we take in motor vehicles of any size or condition and do what we can to turn out a good one for it; hence the term, "overhaul" applied to the park. We do quite a little foundry forge and machine shop work in this connection, work which first lost its charm over me at old Olmsted. We are located near Paris and should any of the fellows come that way, I shall be glad if they will look me up.

I am always on the lookout for some of the old Telluride crowd or news of them. I run into Elmer Johnson not infrequently as I have occasions to make trips to headquarters once in a while. He, by the way, has successfully passed the course at the M. T. C. Schools and is recommended for a commission. I have heard much good of him from officers under whom he has been associated.

It is getting cold in my room, where there is no fire tonight, so I must be getting under the covers to keep warm. I want to acknowledge a personal letter received from you last summer, which I enjoyed very much.

Be sure to drop in the "Washington Branch" if you ever get down to the capitol city and tell the other fellows to do the same. Telluride men always have a warm welcome awaiting them at No. 1832 Ontario Place.

You'll hear from me again apres la guerre. Let's hope we can all get together for a reunion at the old house on Cayuga Heights. Merry Xmas.

Yours always,  
MAC PARKER.

Address Mail  
Capt. McRea Parker,  
M. T. C. Hdq. S. O. S.  
For forwarding.

Earl D. Pugsley

American Telephone & Telegraph Co.  
New York City, December 31, 1918.

Dear Squas:—

As requested in your letter of December 11th, I am detailing below all the recent knowledge I have acquired of the gang.

Elwood Houtz dropped in the office about two weeks ago reporting that he expected to spend a week or so in the Navy Yard aboard the Wisconsin. He now sports a mustache and shoulder stars and bars.

Dan Lindsay, who has been at Perryville, Md., in charge of the air Conditioning Apparatus of powder works, is back again in New York with the Carrier Engineering Corporation.

Dinkel left a note on my desk the other day reporting that he is now located with the Commonwealth Finance Corporation, 100 Broadway. Have not as yet had an opportunity to see him.

Bob Edwards wrote me recently that he expects to spend New Years at my place together with his wife. I understand he expects to be released from service in a very short while and will return to Salt Lake.

Harold Owen sent me a Christmas card from France stating that he had just completed the course for Engineering Officers as the Armistice was signed which seemingly cheated him out of his commission.

Oscar Johnson was discharged from the Army about December 10th. He came to New York and spent two or three weeks with his wife. Over the telephone a few days ago he informed me that he had accepted an engagement with a theatrical firm in "Why Worry" and expected to leave New York December 20th for Detroit. He expects to play two or three weeks stands in some of the larger cities.

Peter Paul Ashworth had dinner with us a short time ago. He was attached for a month or so to the Radio Service with headquarters at Washington. I understand he has now been released and has returned to Salt Lake.

Hoping some of the above items may serve to piece out what you already have, I am

Very truly yours,

PUGS.

No. 195 Broadway,  
New York City.

H. E. Ray

Pocatello, Idaho, August 27th, 1918.

Dear Bert:—

I just received your very welcome letter written from the Westminster Hotel on August 23d. It was refreshing to get such an epistle.

I have no doubt the fellows in France are justified in kicking about receiving very few letters. For my part, I have been endeavoring for several moons to get the address of some of the fellows but have been unsuccessful. My kid brother, Keith, is now at Camp Fremont and while passing down the line one day he ran across Hod Lamb and later Mickey Whitecotton. This is the first I knew of where they were. I think this is quite a coincidence as they didn't know the kid and he didn't know them; but just happened to find out his name was Ray and asked him if he had ever heard tell of me, to which he replied that he had on one or two occasions, being my brother. Some time ago while I was down at the depot, I, by chance, happened upon

Bill Cone, who was on his way from Camp Lewis to somewhere. He was in the engineering corps. This is all I know.

I am glad to hear that Tubb Wegg was able to get into the service; but I'll bet it is in a civilian capacity because he couldn't pass any more of an examination than I can—either mental or physical. I have been examined some half dozen times within the past year and every doctor finds something else wrong. The pump is on the bum, the bellows won't work, and the fuel box is punctured. About the only thing they haven't told me, is that if I had a little more sense I would be half witted. I went up into Custer county last week on a little vacation just to try out the old pump. I was able to shinny up a little mountain 10,500 feet high and didn't have to carry along my chair either.

I should be glad to contribute my little speech for the fifth issue of the News Letter but I wish you would let me know along what line you wish it. This so-called practice of the law reduces itself to trying to keep ahead of the hounds and between providing for the meal ticket and buying war stamps. I couldn't make you a loan of a glass of Schlitz at the Dutch Kitchen.

Sincerely,

SKIP.

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Louis A. Sweeney

"Somewhere in France," October 11th, 1918.

My dear Scottie:—

Well old scout, as long as you have not felt inclined to write, I shall take it upon myself to do so.

To tell the truth, it would be rather nice to hear from some of you fellows, especially yourself. There are not very many of you who write to any of us, at least as far as I have been able to learn. I once received a News Letter, but that was a long while ago. I also had a letter from Gilbert Miller, but that, also, was quite some time ago. I have been going about so much that my mail for the past two months has never caught up with me, consequently, I have had no word from any one, not even from my friends in England.

I had quite a glorious time during the seven months I spent in Blighty. I traveled considerably and visited a great many cities and other places of interest. To look back upon those times and scenes, it seems almost like a trance. The time went too rapidly. While I was there, the Yanks were very much in favor with the people, especially among the fairer sex. Am quite sure they shall never forget some of the boys.

My job was easy—driving a big car for an English general a good deal of the time and very often going with a Captain around the country some of the time and very often going on inspection trips in a plane with a Colonel. I once flew with an officer across the Channel and landed somewhere at an aerodrome in France.

I often got trips to points along the sea coast. I visited in this way several fashionable seaside resorts. It was a wild life at times. Most of the people thought very well of the Yanks and in turn, did all they could to make them feel at home. I surely want to visit them again on my way home, that is, if?

So much for my sojourn in England.

About France. Well, it is hard to tell you which is the nicer. It depends of course, how you look at it, what you want to do or see. Some of the fellows have said that they would like to be back in Blighty. In a way, they are handicapped here in not being able to converse with so many people. In England, we could always talk to them. Here, it is different. We know some French and they know some English, so you might imagine how we get along.

I was up near the front not so long ago and I could tell things that you read about in books. I have seen things that nobody but those who have been through it and have seen it could possibly describe. The trenches, the woods, the surrounding country, the men and the towns and villages give one a most vivid picture of what modern war is. A thing, probably a little less described than others, but what I think is most wonderful, is an air battle. Perhaps you have seen pictures, colored ones probably, of a machine falling in flames, the victor diving nose downward after another one, other machines just going up in the distance to take their part in this little scrap. To describe these scenes as they are is quite beyond my power. They have been described, I believe, where in reading the accounts, you get that thrilling and nerve-gripping sensation. Your muscles seem to tighten, your heart beats like they say it does when you are with your true love, and you follow every move as though you, yourself, were one of the heroes.

Our boys are doing great work. They are all we thought they were. As a Frenchman said the other day, "They go too damn fast." A Yank has no fear for any Hun that ever lived. Like a song I heard for the first time last night at the 'Y'—"You bring them on and we'll knock them down," or words similar to these.

The girls. Oh, boy! You should see the nifty little black-eyed Susan I have. Yes, she's nice. She speaks some English. I see her quite often and she is teaching me French, and I, in turn, am teaching her what I know and what she doesn't know about English. She would make Mary Pickford feel ashamed. Dance? She's a regular Irene Castle. No, I am not going to bring her home.

Well, Scottie, I will have to close now. Give all the fellows my best regards. Tell them I am well and having a good time in spite of the Huns.

Write to me soon and tell me all the news.

Sincerely,

LOUIS A. SWEENEY, (289445)

1101 Aero Replacement Sqdn.

A. P. O. 731 A,

A. E. F., France.

P. S.—I haven't seen nor heard of Ray Fruit, Lynn Borlase, nor anybody.

England, September 3d, 1918.

My dear Gilbert:

Your letter of July 16, after going about from one place to another, finally reached me about a week and a half ago. It came just a day before I left that camp to come where I am at this writing, which is the "jumping over" camp, or, to be more explicit, to come where they all come eventually to make the last lap of the journey "over." I have hesitated about writing because I know I shall not be at any camp long and I fully expect to be out of this country in a very short time, perhaps long before this reaches you. I have had plenty of time to write during the past two weeks but I could not think just what would be the best way to have my mail sent, whether to Siberia, Italy, France, or perhaps, Germany. Well, to settle the matter, just address any mail to me via New York.

I do not expect to remain long in the 176th squadron. I am just waiting now to be transferred to another squadron. My old squadron is a thing of the past as far as some of the old members of it are concerned.

Your letter was very interesting and, although it was more or less of a surprise, I surely enjoyed reading it. Was very glad to know how the Ranch is going along and where and how some of the fellows are.

I have often thought of the Association and wondering if I would ever get any news from any of you over there. I have kept a lookout for any of the fellows too, but so far, have not seen nor heard of any of them over here.

Lynn Borlase wrote and told me he was on his way over but haven't seen anything of him. New squadrons are coming over all the time and I

have hoped to see someone whom I knew, but not yet. Perhaps they are all in France.

As to my experiences here, there is nothing of any great interest to write. What I would like to write, I can't, so there you are.

I have been knocking about England quite a lot since being here. It is pretty close to seven months now that I first landed. A lot of us are wearing our old service chevrons for overseas service. Occasionally we see a fellow wearing two, particularly officers.

It has been my good fortune (in a way) to have been on detached service the greater part of my stay here. I fell into some pretty soft jobs. That is, jobs where I could get around the country quite a lot instead of being in some hangar or camp all the time.

Most of my time I have been driving British officers around, generals and colonels mostly. We got so we wouldn't bother about a Captain or a Lieutenant. In driving I got to see parts of the country where others probably never went. I went to some rather large places and had a few hours of my own. The people did not know at first whether I was a Frenchman or an Australian, but when they learned I was American, you can imagine what a good time I had. In some places, the girls would almost run away with the Yanks.

The people in this country have at least one serious defect and that is their teeth. Almost everyone has poor teeth. It got so that when one of the fellows went out with a girl, we would always ask him when he came back if she had regulation teeth. If she had two teeth, it was regulation, but most of them were "issue" as we say.

Where I now am located, which is only for a short time, there is a band, all Americans, who play any incoming squadron from the depot and out to camp and also when any squadrons leave for overseas, the band goes as far as the town with them. It makes the fellows feel a great deal different. I mentioned this because the band is practicing now just a few yards away. They just got through playing "Onward Christian Soldiers."

We had a regular "Jazz Band" from London give a concert at the "Y" last night. They were our negroes and they sure could play. They played pieces I used to dance to when in California. I felt rather homesick awhile.

For the past few weeks we have been leading a rather tame life, nothing much to do but loaf around and sleep.

Sometime ago I asked my lieutenant about getting a transfer with the infantry. I wanted to get over and get into the real show. To see a little real excitement, but I don't suppose that can be done.

I have had quite a few rides in planes. For a while, I went all around with an English Colonel. He would go on inspection trips to the different aerodromes in the area where we were and I got a very good letter from him.

I have just about run out of news, so had better bring this to a close for this time. As soon as I know or get settled again, in France, I shall write you a few more lines. Give everyone my sincerest regards and say hello to all the fellows.

Give Mr. Nunn my best regards and tell him I have already written a few lines to him about a week or ten days ago. Let me hear from you once in a while as any news from over there is good news to me. Do not forget to mail a copy of the News Letter when you get it out.

If you know any of the fellows' addresses over on this side, let me know.

Until you hear differently, just address my mail in the usual way. Perhaps via New York will reach me sooner now that I am changing around a bit. The same squadron number will be all right.

Sincerely,

LOUIS.

W. Bert Scott

No. 240 Ashland Ave., Ocean Park, California.

My dear Gilbert:—

While working in the Provo Office under the Chancellor, I had my share of getting the News Letter into shape for publication and know something about the difficulties of getting together news about the fellows. I am writing you a short note to let the boys know where they can find me when in Los Angeles or Ocean Park.

For the past year I have been working for The J. K. Armsby Company, who were buying food under the direction of the Commissary Department trying to send good things for the boys to feast upon while training in this country as well as when they are overseas, and believe me, we have kept the rails hot between here and Brooklyn shipping foodstuffs to the big warehouses there. While in Southern Utah on engineering trips, everyone "and Maggie Maguire," especially, had an appetite like a government mule, but this Army life surely caps the climax. We did not speak in carloads—but trainloads.

It undoubtedly will be a great surprise to many of the fellows to hear that I am married. I was married to Miss Carmen Snowball the day before Thanksgiving. If any of the boys are in this part of the country, I hope they will pay us a visit and enjoy a real home-cooked meal—just like mother used to make. My address in Los Angeles is: 521 San Fernando Building, 4th and Main Street, or 240 Ashland Avenue, Ocean Park.

Sincerely,  
SCOTTIE.

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David Wegg, Jr.

1210 Astor Place,  
Chicago, December 17th, 1918.

Dear Gilbert:—

I have not much dope for the News Letter on hand, but I am sending some letters and cards. It may be that you have seen some of them, but I have picked out all the more recent communications. I expect none of the boys have much idea of where they will be next week and likely many of these addresses have already been changed. Be sure to return them to me. You might put a red check mark on each of these, and then I won't send them to an editor again. Only a few of the boys have written me lately.

There is nothing to tell about myself except that I am in charge of the inspection at several hundred plants hereabout. This work is decreasing as the contracts are completed or cancelled, but I see no probability of the job winding up for some months. What I will do then, I do not know, but it seems probable that I will stay East. I have a number of things in view, but nothing definite yet.

Do be sure to see us if you come East.

DAVE.

---

W. C. Kinney

Epoisses, Cote d'Or, France.  
12-11-28.

Dear Frank:—

Am forced to address you at Provo because I lost the last News Letter up in the Argonne. I surely didn't mean to as it was such an interesting number and it was fortunate that I had it nearly all read.



Just got a letter from Elmer Johnson and he said our contributions for the News Letter would have to be mailed from here the 10th, so I hasten to send you this letter for whatever value it may be to you, and I hope it will be received in time for a "present" at least.

Our activities over here for the last six months would make quite a long story, but the main events should be of interest.

The Lightning or 78th Division left the States May 19 and 20, and the convoy I was in had two real sub scares but Houtz and his mates saved us in fine shape. We landed in England, stayed two days, crossed to Calais, stayed in a rotten sand-dune "rest camp" three days and then were assigned a training area behind the Hazebrouck front and east of Boulogne. Had English and Scot instructors there and put in a month. Another month was spent further south at St. Pol, back of Arras, where we could hear a good deal, saw many balloons and were bombed some. August 15, we joyously entrained for the American sector, spent a week at Bourbonne les-Bains—south of Toul—a week at Bourmont 25 miles further north, then spent another week of nights sneaking up on Jerry to support the Marines in their part of the San Mihiel drive. Got up very close to the guns on that black morning of September 12, when at 1:00 a. m. they opened with that terrific barrage. That was some "first experience" for us. We followed the marines up to Thiaucourt and took over their sector. Jerry made it pretty uncomfortable for our men with gas and heavy stuff, but we had a front position there for three weeks until ordered to the Argonne. Got there just as the 77th had cleared the forest. We took over from them along the northern edge from Grandpre to St. Juvin. Jerry realized the importance of that gateway into France for he shelled various back areas and had "bocoup" machine guns. The division did its best work in taking Grandpre and for the heavy fighting in the Bois de Losges before the big drive of November 1st. After we got into that area the concentration of artillery and infantry in that sector from there east to the Meuse was a source of high fever and excitement to us. We could hardly wait for the barrage that we knew was soon due. Surprising numbers of 75's were located within a mile of Jerry's lines and some of ours were said to have over a thousand rounds each.

We certainly rejoiced when the noise started on November 1st at 3 a. m. Our progress was held up by machine guns most of the first day because of our small forces remaining, but on the 2nd our advance started and before we were relieved on the 5th, our division had advanced over twelve miles. We were supposed to come out before that but the 42nd had difficulty in getting forward fast enough. It was such a good chase our men hated to quit.

After that we were shipped south here to near Dijon where we have been for nearly a month. This is western Burgundy where cheese and wine vie for supremacy of favor. It is a rest area and we are being equipped and replaced again and undergoing the change back to strict discipline. We are having mild raining weather, and enjoying our stay here with these extremely hospitable people. They can't do enough to please us, it seems, and they speak of us as deliverers of France. We would much rather be more useful on the Rhine but we were in no condition to go there when we left Jerry, and now from the persistent rumors we are coming home some time, but not, at least, for another month.

This experience over here has been great, wonderfully uncomfortable at times—the simple strenuous life. I never realized how little a man could force himself to care for adverse conditions of all kinds.

I have been with the regimental field wagon train all the time, hauling up rations and other supplies, and Jerry made it warm for us more than once, one time shelling our little camp from seven miles off. Rather miss him now.

Remembrances to all the men.

"CAP."

Address:

W. C. Kinney, 1st Lt., Supply Co., 309 Inf., A. E. F.

J. C. Othus

Provo, Utah, January 24, 1919.

Dear Fellows:

Since we last heard of each other thru the columns of our News Letter, many things have happened to us all. My experiences have been varied and I was very glad to get out of my little rut in Ithaca where I was not able to feel that I was really part of the army and in the war.

I was transferred from the aviation service to the engineers without change in rank (buck private) on September 10th, and was sent at once to Officers Training School at Camp Humphreys, Va. Our camp is one of the newest, tho one of the largest in the country. It is located in the wilderness of Virginia, some seventeen miles south of Washington, D. C. The camp is getting to be a very good one now, however, and is to become a permanent camp for training graduates of West Point in more nearly actual war conditions than they have on the Hudson River.

Well, I liked that camp and the training a lot. I had been isolated from active army life so long while I was wearing the uniform that I was very enthusiastic about the training, and I "hit the ball." Our Company was recommended for their commissions just one week before the Armistice was signed so we didn't get them before the show went busted. They gave us the choice of immediate discharge or a commission in the reserves after some additional training. I chose to stay and on December 18th, was commissioned First Lieutenant Engrs. and discharged from active service the same day. Since that time I have been saying goodbye to the east for I am going home to Portland to stay—perhaps.

I spent a week in Ithaca where I found Telluride House, late The Officers' Club, almost deserted. All of the officers with but few exceptions had gone, and Bernt was again alone. Our house is in very good condition, in spite of the hard usage it has received and we are lucky to have had officers there instead of having had the house converted into barracks. While there I saw Stacy who was then preparing to go to Pittsburg as an apprentice for Westinghouse. He has finished his college life now with his B. A. and M. E.

Perc. Clark has gone to Lockport, N. Y., with his family, where he is doing some work like Efficiency Engineering.

Carroll Whitman is in Ithaca and I found him studying every time I saw him.

While in Ithaca The Old Man told me of Bill Courtney. When Bill was about to receive his commission in the Radio Dept. of the Signal Corps he was taken with the typhoid fever very seriously and on recovering found the war over. He got his discharge and has returned to building lines for A. T. & T. Co., in New York and Penn.

In Washington Bob Edwards told me a hard luck story about not getting home for Xmas, but he expects to be out of the army soon.

Saw Dan Lindsay in New York where he is engineering for Carrier Engineer Corporation at 39 W. Courtlandt St. He says Dinkle is working in New York City.

Pugsley is still in his office at 195 Broadway but he now seems to be boss of the office—he sure looks successful.

Saw Butch Worn and Red Diederichs in Wilmington, Del., where they are building ships for the Bethlehem Steel Co. They seem to be running the yard between them and it is running at top speed too. Butch had just returned from a two week stay with his family in California.

I am in Utah again now and it sure looks good to me. My chief duty on this stop is to superintend Davy Johnston's getting to his wedding tomorrow. I wish he would write you about it but I assure you he is too busy. I know we are having a fine time going to parties, etc., in preparation for the wedding.

I expect to be home at 927 E. Hoyt St., Portland, Oregon, after the first of February, and will promise you I am going to work at once if I can land a job.

Yours very truly,

"FAT" OTHUS.

W. D. Johnston

En Route—Salt Lake to Denver, Jan. 31, 1919.

My dear Mr. Biersach:—

I saw Frank Noon in Salt Lake today just before I was leaving for the East, and he said it was not too late for me to add a few words to the present issue of the News Letter, and I take this opportunity of so doing, even though I do have to write it on the train.

Since offering my last contribution to the News Letter, I have had some great experiences and travels which I take pleasure in telling about and which I trust will add to the interesting news which we always look for from all the fellows. I have done most everything from going into the army to getting married, so the experience has at least been varied. However, some say these two mean one and the same thing—going to war in either case, but, glad to say, I cannot speak from experience yet as to whether it is true or not, for I have only been married six days at this writing.

It was the middle of last October that I had an opportunity to enter the service for immediate duty overseas with the Motor Transport Corps, and had passed all requirements for and had been recommended for commission. Everything appeared very favorable and I felt that I could best serve in an engineering capacity in this branch. Having completed all arrangements I went to Camp Holabird, Baltimore, Md., to be commissioned and prepare for overseas service. Extensive preparations were being made there for an enlargement of the Motor Transport Corps, and the work was just humming. Then came the news of the armistice and the enthusiasm ceased immediately. Having been inducted for special duty I was soon afterward automatically discharged from the service and left camp on December 5th. The army life was great while it lasted though, and even this brief experience was not to be regretted.

From here I went down to visit "Fat" Othus at Camp Humphreys, Va., for a few days, also Bob Edwards at Washington. I spent another week in Philadelphia before going to Wisconsin for Christmas, but I hadn't been home more than a few days when the Salt Lake attraction became strong enough to get me there by Christmas day. I had planned on making the trip out with Bob Edwards and his wife, but he was delayed in Washington at the last moment. From that day to this I have been spending a most delightful time in Salt Lake, the crowning event of which was my marriage to a girl most all the boys know, Miss Renan King, on January 25th. My only regret was that all the Association boys couldn't have been there to enjoy the event with me, and see me in my new happiness. My old standby, "Fat" Othus was with me though as best man. "Fat" was able to stop for the affair on his way to Portland, Oregon, a very fortunate circumstance, and a very pleasant one for me. I was also fortunate in having Frank Noon at the wedding as he happened to be up here from Los Angeles.

I have decided to come back to earth for awhile now, and so after Mrs. Johnston and I spend a week at my home in Wisconsin, we will return to Philadelphia and I will resume my work with the Bell Telephone Company of Pa.

I am so anxious to see all the fellows on their return from the army and I want any of them who are in Philadelphia to look us up. I can usually be located at the Telephone Company office at 1230 Arch St. I do not know what my home address will be as yet, but anyone calling up S. E. Marsh, 418 South 57th St., can find out from them as to my whereabouts.

My best wish for all the boys now is that they may forever enjoy that happiness which I am now enjoying in my new life as a married man.

W. D. JOHNSTON.