

Telluride News Letter

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Volume IV

Number IX

TELLURIDE NEWS LETTER

Volume IV

Number IX

COMPILED BY

J. G. MILLER, at Los Angeles, California

August 21, 1918.

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Dinkel, N. B., Misc. Division, DuPont Engrg. Co., Jacksonville, Tenn.
Draper, J. T., Yeoman, care U. S. S. Quincy, c/o Postmaster, N. Y.
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Lindsay, Daniel C., Carrier Engineering Corp., Buffalo, N. Y.
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Nightingale, L. G., Capt., Nitrate Division Ordnance, 6th & B Sts., N.W., Washington, D. C.
Nunn, L. L., Provo, Utah.
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Oliver, G. D., c/o Stone & Webster, Houghton, Mich.
Olmsted, J. W., 2014 5th Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Osgerby, F. L., Vassar, Mich. Enlisted Naval Reserve.
Othus, J. C., U. S. A. S. M. A., Ithaca, N. Y.
Owen, H. R., Sergt., Co. C, 1st Regiment, U. S. Railway Engineers, A. E. F.
Park, A. E., Gunnison, Utah.
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Pollock, Gordon, Aero. Div., Squadron B-2, Urbana, Ill.
Pugsley, E. D., c/o American Telegraph & Telephone Co., Law Dept., New York, N. Y., 195 Broadway, Room 905.
Ray, H. E., Pocatello, Idaho.
Ross, A. A., Sergt., Co. C, 1st Regiment, U. S. Railway Engineers, A. E. F.
Mr. Scott, Bert, J. D. Ormsby Co., San Fernando Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.
Scott, Benson G., First Lieut., 10th F. A. School Detail, A. E. F., France.
Scott, Irwin, 290th Provisional Squadron, Rockwell Field, San Diego, Cal.
Sexson, J. K., Address unknown.
Shirk, D. R., 163 Aero Squadron, Wright Branch, Dayton, Ohio.
Snedaker, H. E., Headquarters Co., 339th F. A. Brgd., 88th Division, A. E. F., France.
Squires, J. C., Non-Flying Section Aviation, Address unknown.
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Tucker, D. S., Provo, Utah, c/o Telluride Motor Co.

Ure, Ray, Utah Power & Light Co., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Valentine, Vernon, Co. A, 25th Engineers, A. E. F., via New York.
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Wight, E. T., 26 Battery Central Officers' Training Camp, Camp Taylor, Ky.
Wight, F. J., Richfield, Utah.
Worn, G. A., Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., Ltd., Harlam Plant, Wilmington,
Del.
Wrench, Merrill C., Deep Springs Ranch, Big Pine, Inyo County, Cal.
Whitney, Wm. D., Royal Air Force, Reg. No. 173,893, A Co., 2 Flight, Cadet
Wing, Long Branch, Ontario. Home Address—183 Bishop St., New
Haven, Conn.

It has been the intention of the News Letter editors to publish as often as sufficient material was on hand to justify it. Thus far four editions have been brought out. One by T. G. Moore, one by W. Paul Jones, one by J. B. Tucker and the fourth by David Wegg and Gilbert Miller. The fourth number is unduly late because of the non-response of members to requests for contributions and the fact that Wegg went into the government service, making a transfer of editors necessary. The members all express high appreciation of the type of News Letter we have been producing, but however much they appreciate it, we can do little unless they respond with communications more readily than they have in the past. Wegg, as historian, has shown praiseworthy industry in keeping up with the changing addresses of members going through the training camps and moving overseas. He cannot do all the work, however, and it is your duty to keep him advised of new changes of address. We would suggest that at the same time you send him contributions for the News Letter, which he will forward to the new editor each time.

The fifth number of the News Letter will probably be gotten out by Gilbert Miller and F. C. Noon. Address Westminster Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal. We hope to make it an official number, containing reports of the President, Chancellor, Dean, Treasurer and Custodians. Since it was impossible to hold a convention this year, this will be the best way of informing the members of the acts and doings of their officers.

If you would keep the News Letter alive keep your contributions coming.

CASUALTIES:

Every Association man is wondering who of our members are listed as casualties. To the best of our knowledge, only two have thus far appeared. Lieut. Stewart Walcott and Lieut. Louis Lathrop. Accounts of these two have already been published in the previous News Letters. The name of Dental Surgeon Weedon Osborne has recently appeared. He was not a member of the Association, but was the recipient of several scholarships and was personally known to many of us. He met his death while rescuing a wounded officer at the front, during the heavy fighting of June 8th. He was decorated with the war cross posthumously by General Pershing.

THE TELLURIDE RECORD:

Every Association man must have a feeling of pride when he reviews our record in the Great Conflict. Before it began our membership was one hundred and six. Our records now show two men building ships, two in civilian government service, one working for the DuPont Powder Co. and sixty-six in the armed forces of the United States. Of the sixty-six two have met death, and one was discharged on account of physical condition, leaving to the best of our knowledge at this writing, sixty-three men wearing the uniform either in the army, navy or marines. Of the sixty-three, four are Captains, sixteen are Lieutenants, three are Ensigns and eight are selected for Officers' training camps. Practically 50% of our members who are in the service are therefore either commissioned or soon will be. A large percentage of the remainder are non-commissioned officers. We cannot give the exact figures.

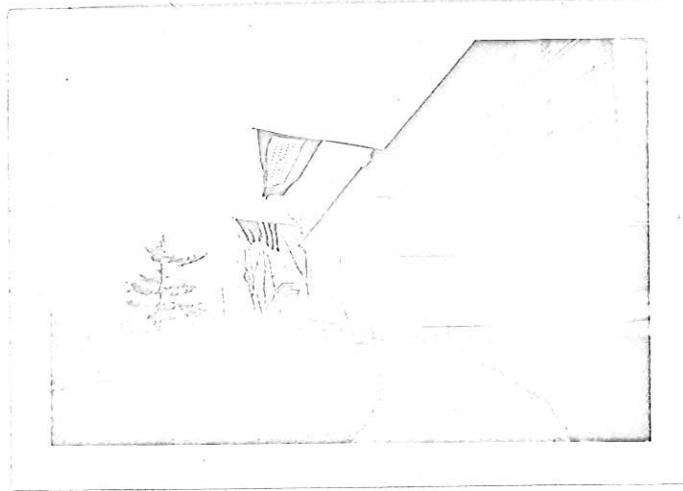
Telluride Association, Cornell Branch

The Telluride Association Building at Ithaca is closed and from its front there proudly floats a service flag, carrying blue stars well up into the sixties and two gold ones. In the words of one of our correspondents, J. Cary Othus, "Telling the world why our building is closed. Bernt Olssen is its only occupant, caring for it in his own conscientious way. But on entering it one would never know that the boys had been away from home for a year and more."

We wish to thank Bernt and "Fat" Othus for contributing the pictures of our flags. We hear that Bernt recently underwent a twelve-hour siege by the telephone company who were desirous of removing the intercommunicating telephone system from the house since they were getting no revenue from it. Sentries were posted at every exit waiting for a chance to get in, which never came. The dispute was settled by our buying the instruments.

Tom Stacy is the only Telluride man who has been following a course at Cornell this past year. He has received another full instructorship, will graduate next February and be fitted for Radio work. "Fat" Othus has been located there, but as an instructor in the military school of aeronautics, which is said to be the best in the country.

OUR FLAGS AT CORNELL.



W. D. Alexander

It has been a long time since many of us have heard anything from Bill Alexander. The following extracts from a letter to Dave Wegg were received with interest. The expensiveness of a set of Doc. Fuller's initials on one's anatomy is known to several Association men.

Ensenada, P. R.

July 21, 1918.

"It is not that I lack interest in old friends, but it is difficult to break the habit of years and write.

"I was in the States recently, a patient of Dr. Fuller. The expenses were so very large that I did not feel able to take a trip West.

"I am living in an ideal climate for one with my temperament. It is a pretty little place and the chief electrical engineer and I have a bungalow, a dandy cook, and two slavvies, also launch, auto, and motorcycle.

"I tried to get into a training camp but fell down on the physical examination.

"I was so sorry to learn of Stewart's death, and most probably others of our boys have fallen e'er this.

"Could I arrange to have the News Letter sent to me? I will pay whatever dues there are."

G. V. Anderson

The following interesting letter from Andy gives some instructive information regarding war work, which is highly essential to the government. All Telluride men who have been at Cornell in recent years know "Mutt" Lamb, whom he mentions as being engaged in this same work.

2924 Newark St., N. W.,

Washington, D. C.,

July 28, 1918.

Dear Gilbert:—

"I am still at the Bureau of Standards, engaged in government work. My job consists of mathematical analysis of tests on airplane engines, conducted in the altitude laboratory, writing reports on same and generally having charge of the computations on airplane engine tests. This is, of course, interesting work and quite instructive as it is all new development.

"There is considerable war activity at the Bureau, mostly scientific investigation and study of new problems that arise, and there are quite a few college men detailed for service here. There are several Cornell men and a couple of classmates of mine here, also a couple of my classmates from Utah.

"One Cornell man, 'Mutt' Lamb, a member of the D. U. Fraternity, who will be remembered by most of our men from Cornell, is here having been temporarily discharged from duty at one of the aviation fields on account of an injury received in training. He got mixed up with a propeller some way and came out of it with a badly broken wrist. 'Mutt' is itching to get back into the game and expects to make a try for it next fall when his wrist gets in shape.

"I called up the Parkers the other day to get the latest news about Mac and to get an idea of his whereabouts for a friend of mine that is going to Paris who knows Mac and wants to look him up. Mrs. Parker said that Mac was engaged close to the lines and had the responsibility of keeping about a hundred shops in equipment.

"I regret to say that I haven't news of any of the other Association men that has not already appeared in the News Letter.

"Trust that you will have success with the News Letter and shall eagerly await its arrival.

"With best regards to yourself and all the fellows,

Sincerely,

"ANDY."

Wm. Cone

Looks like Bill "Had gone all the way through" this time.

He doesn't know Broadway quite as well yet as Main street, Salt Lake. Next we will hear of him strolling on the Champs de Elysee and promenading the boulevards or taking weather observations in No Man's Land with the same sang froid. Attaching a Cubeb lighter to the Huns' charged barb wire would be a cinch for Bill. He will probably come home wearing the Croix de Guerre.

Fort Wood, New York Harbor,
June 9th, 1918.

Dear Dave:

I am still sticking around here, altho we have been here under quarantine for nearly four weeks. The quarantine is generally put on just about ten days before we leave here, but in our case they evidently forgot us. There is apparently well founded rumor that we will leave here this week, so probably by the time this reaches you we will be on the way.

I wish that I had had some of the addresses in the News Letter earlier, as I might have been able to look up some of them.

I have literally been stationed in the back yard of Miss Liberty for the last two months, as Fort Wood is on Bedloes Island, where the Statue is.

Until I was put in quarantine, I had a glorious time seeing New York. The main trouble was getting enough sleep, as reveille came at the same time whether we went to bed early or late. I didn't get as familiar with Broadway as Main St. in Salt Lake, but I did my best.

I have kept my eyes open for some of the fellows among the visitors on the island, but never have seen any. I realize that it is like looking for a needle in a haystack, but stranger things have happened.

My best regards to all the fellows.

My address is Signal Corps, Meteo Detach No. 3, A. E. F. France.

I might say that those who think I am in a safety first outfit have another guess coming.

Sincerely,

WM. L. CONE.

F. S. Bird

Since this letter was written we hear that Stan. has become Engineer in charge of some important new construction work for the Phoenix Construction Co. in Dallas, Texas. Any Association men needing employment please note what he says.

Omaha, Neb., May 25th, 1918.

My dear Dave:

I recently received from you one of the Association form cards, sent out, as I take it, for the purpose of obtaining information of members now or about to be engaged in the popular outdoor sport of "Hun hunting." Since I am still on the "outside," I am writing you personally, in order that my whereabouts will still be known and my interest and affiliation with the Association will remain on record.

My initial attempt to join the aviation section of the Signal Corps fell down thru a defective ear, last May, likewise my calling in the draft, tho in the latter registration I received a classification of 3-K&3-L. This was due to our relation industrially to government work here in Omaha.

I have for almost a year now been Superintendent of Construction on the new 35000 K.W. turbine plant here in Omaha, as well as giving a portion of my time to the Texas and Kansas developments. The work here is rapidly drawing to a close, and I expect to transfer or a "fire" some time in July.

If you are in possession of any tabulated information as to the fellows in the Association, I would like mighty well to obtain it, for due to the historic shifting about of the men at the present time I could not give the address of

any of our fellows, a deplorable condition to say the least, and one for which I am to blame as much as anyone else—probably more.

In any event I would like a letter from you—what about convention this year? There are a thousand things I would like to ask, but will not now. If any of the fellows who, like myself, are not yet in the service, and who are in the market for summer or permanent employment in anything of an engineering nature, I would be glad to get in touch with them.

With kindest personal regards, believe me
Sincerely yours,

F. S. BIRD.

Lynn Borlase

Since the following letter was written, Lynn has departed for overseas. The unit to which he belongs was originally a part of the Texas National Guard. He was in the employ of the Electric Co. at Teague, Texas, when war was declared. He went to Houston, enlisted as a private in this unit and was sent to Camp Bowie at Fort Worth for concentration and drill. He is now a Sergeant.

"With the Colors" June 1, 1918.

Dear Dave:

Received the last News Letter and sure did enjoy the "dope" on all the fellows. Sure am glad that most of them are getting along so nicely.

I have been in a Texas training camp for nine months and it seems as if I would go thru the war right here in Camp Bowie. I am in a radio company and like it fine; sure is interesting work. We have several different kinds of wireless sets and we are becoming quite some "opps." Have been made sergeant the last few weeks.

Got a letter from Louis Sweeney. He is in the aviation section "over there." His address is 176 Aero Squadron, A. E. F., via New York.

There have been some rumors about a thing very rare in the army, that we are going to leave within the next few days. If such a thing does happen will try and keep in touch with you. Hope that I will receive the next News Letter. Give my best to all the fellows.

Sincerely,

LYNN BORLASE.

Co. A, 111th I. S. B.,
Camp Bowie, Texas.

Lieut. Douglas Buckler

Some Association men have not received News Letters because they have not kept Historian Dave Wegg or the Editor apprised of their whereabouts. The failure to reach Buck must have been due to a slip some place else. We promise to do better.

CALL FIELD, Wichita Falls, Tex.

My dear Jim:

Greetings! During the past year I have not received a single copy of the News Letter, although I have kept Dave Wegg informed as to my address. Can you tell me to whom I might apply to have my name put on the mailing list? I feel very much out of touch with Association affairs and know nothing of the whereabouts of most of the fellows.

I received overseas orders last week, but before I could leave here they were canceled. Since this is the second time this has happened I am beginning to believe that I am going to fight out the war in Texas.

Will appreciate any information you will give me, Jim--
Very best regards.

Sincerely,

DOUGLAS BUCKLER.

Lieut. D. A. Buckler, R. M. A.,
Air Service (M. A.)
Call Field,
Wichita Falls, Tex.

Percy L. Clark

Sounds like Percy was henpecked already. Percy's older brother Anson graduated from Cornell in 1914. He was a Delta-U. He is now a Lieutenant in Aviation Section.

104 Valentine Place,
Ithaca, New York,
July 31, 1918.

My dear Gilbert and Frank:

I was very glad to get your letter yesterday afternoon. About myself there is nothing much exciting. A few weeks ago I sent out some invitations which my wife let me have to my wedding. I thought you knew about that. Some were sent to the men in the West whom I knew. I was married the 18th of June. If you didn't get one, Frank, something is the matter with the postal system.

I was on the scrap heap for about three and a half months because of my illness, but since the first of May I have been able to do something again. I'm instructing in the aviation school here. I was discharged from the army on account of physical disability.

You might be interested enough to want to know whom I married, or who married me. She is an Ithaca girl. Her name was Della Cook.

I have been up to the house some lately. Mrs. Clark is working in the summer school, music department, so we take our lunch up fairly often and eat it on the house porch. We are staying at Mrs. Clark's folks. Mr. Cook is away a great deal and as there is only the one child in the family, my wife, they wanted us to stay there.

I envy Scotty, believe me. I tried three times to get by the exam. for flying, but couldn't make it stick. I'm color-blind! Wouldn't that frost you out of a year's growth? One day I was among twelve others examined. Physically I was the most nearly perfect of the twelve, and was the only one who didn't make the aviation service. Of course, I mean by physically the body and muscle side of it. I suppose that color-blindness comes under the heading of physical characteristic as well.

Had a letter from Cap Kinney this morning. He is in France now. Says that so far nothing exciting has happened to them, the 309th infantry, but that they are near enough the front to hear the guns, and see the airplanes.

Anson is a Lieutenant in the Aviation Section and at present is at Garden City, Long Island. My sister is a Yeowoman in the navy and my kid brother, 16 years old, is a motorcycle dispatch rider. All three of them are on Long Island. There are the whole four of us in the military service. If I think up something to write about in the next day or two, you'll hear from me again.

Always with sincere regard,

PERCY L. CLARK, Jr.

W. F. Courtney

The Courtney family is well represented in the service. Cub has two brothers there. We have counted him as a student officer.

U. S. S. C. Radio School,
College Park, Md.
July 30, 1918.

Dear Gilbert:

Your letter in the interest of the News Letter received this evening. As I have a few minutes (a rare occurrence here) I'll give you a little diary of the events which landed me here.

The result of the draft a year ago left me in a very uncertain position, so I decided not to return to school. I was working for the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. and doing very well so decided to stay with them. When the questionnaires came out, I was placed in class 2D, on the grounds that a loss of any more men would interfere with service, which was all too true.

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About the first of May I went to Ithaca to see two of my brothers who were about to sail. About then I decided the army was the only place for me, so looked up "Fat" Othus to get a line on the next officers' camp. He told me about Radio Branch of the Signal Corps and obtained the address of the correct officer to write to.

On May 29th I was inducted into the service and sent to this school. The object of the school is to train men in the theory and operation of radio communicating instruments. Part of the men are sent out as instructors and the others assigned to battalions for overseas duty. Practically all men completing the course are commissioned shortly after leaving here. I have about finished the work, so naturally the thought uppermost in my mind is "how long will it be before I am called to the office for my examination?" The rumor is that my section, consisting of about thirty men, will be called next week.

The last report I had from "Fat" was that he was still trying to get transferred from the ground school at Cornell to this school, but the prospects were not very bright.

There are about a dozen Cornell men here, several from my class. The only man who can be called a Telluride man is George Bachelder, who was at Olmsted, also at Battle Creek with you. He says he would like to be remembered to all the old Telluride men he knew.

This letter answers only part of your request for the reason I haven't seen any of the men.

When you get out the next number will you please send it to 218 Eddy St., Ithaca, because I will be gone from here.

Sincerely,

W. F. COURTNEY.

Le Grand Daly

After leaving Cornell in January, 1915, on account of his father's death, Le G. became connected with the Woodstock Livestock Company of Idaho. Later he was employed as an agricultural expert by the Merritt interests near Tulare, in the San Joaquin Valley. In December, 1917, he enlisted in the aviation service and was selected to go to Berkeley for training. Later he applied for a transfer to the Naval Flying service, but was held up pending an operation for a slight physical defect.

N. B. Dinkel

Powder is certainly an essential in extinguishing the Hun. Dinkel is still working for the Dupont Co. Since this letter was written he has moved to Misc. Dep. Dupont Eng. Corp., Jacksonville, Tenn.

City Point, Va., January 19, 1918.

My dear Dave:

Some time ago I received your post card requesting information as to my address, status in the draft, etc., and I have been intending to answer it ever since, but we are so rushed here in the office that I could not get to do it. I have applied for an appointment as Army Field Clerk, but I doubt very much if I will ever receive it. My desire to get it is none the less ardent, however, and I am still continuing my efforts to get in. I will therefore not answer your postal, but will retain it for future use. When I get information as to my status, classification, etc., in this next draft, and it turns out that I am likely to be drawn I am going to make a strong effort to get into some branch, although, as you know, enlistment is practically closed in the army.

Did you know that Pollock was with the Aeronautical Division, Squadron B2, Urbana, Illinois? Jim Draper is a Yeoman in the Navy, care U. S. S. Quincy, U. S. Naval Station, New Orleans, La. I was in touch with a great many fellows at one time, but have lost track of them, and I certainly think

your scheme for keeping in touch with them is excellent. I think very often of my life with the Association and the "bunch," and I am certainly with you if I can do anything to hold them together.

With best wishes for yourself, believe me

Sincerely,

(Signed) N. B. DINKEL,
Du Pont Hotel, City Point, Va.

P. S.—Still with Du Pont Company.

Harold Cole

A letter sent to "Senator's" Detroit address was returned unclaimed, meaning, doubtless, that he has gone in.

Cornell University Association of Michigan,
Detroit, Mich.,
March 10, 1918.

Dear Dave:

I received your post card asking for the date of enlistment in state troops and have delayed answering it in the expectation of having some further and more important information to give you. I am now expecting developments momentarily, but had better not delay any longer. Before I forget it, however, I enlisted in the state troops in September some time, I don't remember the exact date. I am keeping the post card to report further developments.

As I told you before, I applied for the second officers' camp and didn't make the grade and was turned down in the first draft examination. About six weeks ago I answered a call for engineers in the Aviation Section of Signal Corps, non-flying, and was told that I had proved satisfactory except for the eyesight requirement, which the examining board would ask the War Department to waive. I am still waiting to hear from them. In the meantime the draft board has reconsidered their physical requirements and recalled me for a new examination, which I took last week and undoubtedly passed. The local board informs me that I will probably be called for service inside of the next month. They are calling men on two or three days' notice, however, so you can see I am living in a state of expectancy.

Well, I'll be glad to get into action, even if it is in the draft army. Of course, if the War Department sees fit to look with favor on my application for a commission I will be able to get transferred to the Aviation and the time spent with the draft army will be good experience. The aviation proposition calls for a 7 weeks' course in intensive training at Boston "Tech.," at the end of which time you may get a commission. It sounds pretty good to me.

I was very glad to get the last News Letter and exceedingly interested in the letters it contained. If it could only not have had to contain the sad news of Stuart's death! I suppose we may look for many more of these sorrowful tidings as our men get more and more actively in the fray, but the Association's first loss is a terrible one; could not have been a greater one. I have just read Stuart's letters in the Nat. Geog. Magazine. Aren't they exceedingly interesting?

My work here with the Edison Co. has been very interesting and pleasant and, in a way, I hate to leave it. It rather leaves P. O. R. in a bad hole as he has already lost three men and has only two very green men left. It's been pretty hard lines for him as it takes several months to break a new man in and we have no sooner had these men so they were getting useful than they went to war. Naturally, the hardest blow is yet to come (cough.)

Are you still selling Federal Heights, Dave? Wish I were going to see Salt Lake again this summer. But then, France sounds pretty good to me. Kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Wegg.

Sincerely,

(Signed) HAROLD COLE.

H. N. Diedrichs and G. A. Worn

Building ships is probably the most important war work outside of actual combat with the Hun. The Association is to be congratulated on having two men thus engaged. The following letter from Died. relating the activities of himself and Butch Worn will interest everyone very much. His description of the job of House Adjuster would lead one to infer that it called for a man with a big biceps and a persuasive scowl. Methinks they have the right man.

Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, Ltd., Harlan Plant,
Wilmington, Delaware,
August 6th, 1918.

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

My dear Gilbert:

Your letter asking me to give you some account of myself comes at a very inopportune time, as you know I am connected with a business which in this crisis finds no time for divergence, even to the extent of writing a letter; still if a word or two will cheer the boys from across the foam, I am perfectly willing to stop operations for a few moments and tell you about myself and others whom I happened to have met.

As you know, I am connected in the Service Department for the plant, directly in charge of employment. The payroll in the past eight months has been built up from 1400 to 6500 men; that in itself was enough to keep a person fairly busy, still that is only a small part of what a Service man has to do. There are Athletics to look after, Welfare Work, First Aid, Compensation, and a small matter of chasing around the country attending Employment Managers' meetings. Aside from that, the United States Shipping Board has given me the title of House Adjuster for this plant in the city of Wilmington. This without doubt is the worst job that was ever wished on me. We have a city with a normal population of about 140,000; due to war conditions we have at a conservative estimate an over-population of 25,000. Our orders are to see that these men are properly housed and cared for. You may imagine what a job this is when there are no houses or accommodations for anyone. It is our duty to get landlord and tenant together, and behind us we have the power to commandeer the use of a person's property for the duration of the war. From this light outline you can see that there is plenty of room for fight; hard and often. My only objection to this job is that I cannot walk the streets without being cornered by wrathful people who either have no places to live, or are being compelled to house someone they don't want; fine job; it follows me about 24 hours a day. When I really get it in for somebody, I am going to wish it on him.

I had my wife and boy here for about three months, but found the living conditions unbearable, so have sent them back to the Adirondacks, so that leaves me a free lance with plenty of time to do my fighting.

Butch Worn is with us and is now a Quartermaster in the yard, that is, he has entire charge of the construction of a boat. From all reports he is getting away with it in good shape. You see you had us booked wrong when you had us booked as riveters, but we agree with you that we could qualify, but you see we are shooting a bit higher.

Butch and I both feel somewhat like slackers when we read the names of all the men in the Service and would very much like to be with them, but we find that such a plea will not be listened to by the shipping people. In fact Butch tried for Naval Aviation, but when he brought his plea to the general manager, he found a stone wall ahead of him and has been convinced that his place is here doing his bit in the shipyard, with less glory, perhaps, but with a firm conviction that he is helping the Government to the best of his ability.

Last Friday I was called to Atlantic City to a Service Men's Convention. I went down thinking that there was going to be a discussion on the new Federal Employment Act, but when I arrived I found that it was a huge party

which had been planned. I stayed to their initial banquet and the following day at noon I came back, as I had more important things to think about.

While there I had one genuine pleasure and that was running plum into Bob Fairbanks on the Boardwalk. I certainly was pleased to see him, as my last talk with him was back in 1915. We talked over many things as they used to be and enjoyed lunch together.

I have seen Davy Johnson several times. He is connected with the Bell Telephone Company in Philadelphia and now and then his duties call him down here and occasionally he gets a chance to drop in on us.

That practically closes my knowledge of affairs and I hope with this News Letter my best wishes will go forward to the men in service. I only hope when they get into the fight, that they will go into it with the same dash and determination that our riveters show when they are making a drive for a launching of a ship, which is to help give the Kaiser hell. Give my best regards to L. L. Nunn and the boys out there and remember me as ever,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) "DIED."

P. S.—Butch has read this so I don't think he will write you. D.

J. T. Draper

Association men who are on this side should note how much the News Letter is appreciated by those overseas and contribute in the spirit of Hugo Diederichs.

Somewhere in France,
April 18, 1918.

Dear Prof.:

I have been over here for some time (not allowed to say how long), but long enough to "parley voo" a wee bit. So far, my vocabulary doesn't extend much farther than the names of articles of diet—and drinkables, but have invested in sundry "Conversation Books" and a text-book, and hope to pick up considerable of this lingo in the next few months.

Ran into Elwood Houtz the other night, and he gave me a copy of the News Letter of January 15, which I was mighty glad to see. I notice that a number of the fellows are over here and I have been making strenuous efforts to locate some of them, but, so far, without avail. I also have a brother whom I would give a great deal to see, but can't possibly arrange it.

We don't get many opportunities to write, so every night ashore I try to make up for lost time. It's next to impossible to write on board ship.

If you are still publishing the N. L., you may give my address in it, if you want to, Prof., and I should be mighty glad to get a copy of it, too. It looks mighty good to me in this place.

Remember me most cordially to Mrs. Jones. I surely would enjoy another meal such as she used to cook at Claremont.

I am glad to hear that you are so pleasantly situated, and hope you won't have to change for this business. Drop me a line some time.

As ever,

(Signed) JIM DRAPER.

U. S. S. Quincy,
Care Postmaster, N. Y. City.

Corp. W. V. Ellms

While in charge of the Deep Springs Ranch "Dinie" was called for service and sent to American Lake. Later he was transferred to the U. S. Guards at Presidio and selected for an officers' training camp. Then came the order from the War Department to stop all transfers from the U. S. Guards. We haven't heard whether he got to the officers' training camp or not.

Latest word from Presidio:
 Corp. Smith: Say, Dinie, how did you like them girls that was out to see us?
 Corp. Ellms: They didn't know much. Didn't know enough to call me Corporal. Called me Mr. Ellms all the time.

G. F. Ferris

Ferris called at the Deep Springs Ranch during the peregrinations mentioned in this letter. He examined the "bugs" there and pronounced them mostly of the genus *Homo Sapiens*.

Leland Stanford Junior University,
 Stanford University, California,
 May 19, 1918.

Mr. D. S. Wegg, Jr.,
 Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Wegg:

I am not sure as to just how much of my past history is known to the members of the Association so I shall go back a good way in point of time.

Owing to the fact that I am married and that we have a daughter now ten months old I have been placed in Division A of Class IV. I was recently appointed an instructor here at Stanford and expect to remain here permanently.

During the coming summer I shall be engaged in some investigations for the National Research Council. The investigation in question has to do with lac. This is an insect product, the entire world's supply of which at present comes from India. There is a possibility that the industry might be developed in this country as we have some of the insects that produce the substance. The idea is my own; the money for the investigation comes from one of the committees of the Council. I shall spend about three months traveling about thru Arizona, New Mexico and Southern California in a "flivver" and if the investigation leads to anything it will probably eventually take me into Mexico.

I can supply some information in regard to Stan Bird. He is Superintendent of Construction for the Phoenix Construction Company at Omaha. He informs me that he is married and that he was twice rejected by the army because of defective hearing resulting from an attack of scarlet fever. He says that he has heard nothing from any Association members for nearly two years. He can be reached thru the company, Box 1156, Omaha.

Sincerely,

G. F. FERRIS.

Duncan MacT. Fuller

1st Lieut. Medical Reserve Corps,

is finishing his interne service at Presbyterian Hospital, New York City; was called for active duty July 1st, but at the request of the Medical Dept., Columbia University, his call was postponed for three months. The Presbyterian Hospital is used by Columbia University for teaching purposes and as the medical schools are in session through the summer during the war to hurry the graduation of students it was not desirable to have the senior internes called out before completing their terms.

Richard E. Fuller

2nd Lieut. Coast Artillery Reserve Corps,

is now in France, having gone about a month ago. He received his commission in June at Fortress Monroe and was assigned to duty abroad. Last year he was in France driving an ambulance being attached to S. S. U. 64 American Field Service. He had then very active service for a time at Verdun.

R. W. Fruit

Ray has been on the other side for a good long while. He must have made a nice winter passage judging from his letter.

France, Feb. 24, 1917.

My dear Dave:

I indicated on the information blank you sent me while I was still in the States, that I would write a letter soon, but before that opportunity came I was called for foreign service and this is the first opportunity I have had of making good my promise.

We had a very nice trip over considering the time of year and conditions. Most of the boys were pretty sick, but fortunately I got through without the slightest trouble. I am not saying tho but what I stayed pretty close to the railing ready for an emergency. For two days we were in some awfully rough water. It seemed to me as if the boat would surely capsize at any moment.

I have seen considerable of France and it is just about as I imagined it to be. With the exception of a few days, the weather has been beautiful since we have been here. The days are warm and sunny, but the nights get pretty cold. It is very much the same climate as we had in Virginia last winter.

I am wondering if the News Letter is being put out this year. I received a copy late last fall, and I understood it was to be put out at regular intervals during the year. If any more copies have been put out, I would greatly appreciate it if you would have copies sent to me.

Remember me to all the boys in Salt Lake, and to Mr. and Mrs. Waldo. My address is: Pvt. R. W. Fruit, Supply Co. Q. M. C. No. 307, American Expeditionary Forces, France, via New York.

Sincerely,

R. W. FRUIT.

W. Paul Jones

The following letter to Jim Tucker gives some interesting information regarding Prof.

Vincennes, Indiana,

July 31, 1918.

Dear Jim:

In response to your request I am sending Buckler a copy of the N. L., and am also sending about a dozen copies that remain to the Provo office.

I am surprised to hear that Dave Wegg has gone into the service. Even if his physical condition had not barred him, I would have supposed that his family would have been considerable inducement to remain at home.

If you see Miller and he hasn't yet sent the next number into press, you might give him this bit of information: I have accepted a job in the Porter School for Boys, located at 1827 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco, California. My work here will be completed August 9th; immediately thereafter we go to Crawfordsville, Indiana, for two weeks, leaving for S. F. about the 25th of August. The Porter School is a day school for boys only, and my work there will consist mainly of the teaching of English. The school is said to have the best families in San Francisco behind it, and, though not very large, seems to offer splendid possibilities in my line. During the coming winter, at least, we shall live in Berkeley. We happen to have a very good friend who has a teaching fellowship in the U. of C. this year, and he and his wife have reserved an apartment for us in the same building in which they are living—overlooking the bay. We shall hope to run across a few of the "boys" out there; and if any of them ever come to S. F. without looking us up, we shall certainly be disappointed.

Good luck on the C. O. T. S. proposition. Hope you get by.

With best regards,

Sincerely,

W. PAUL JONES.

R. F. Hamilton

Bob is moving so fast that we can with difficulty keep track of him. First he is touring the West. Then he is back in Colorado. Later he is at Camp MacArthur, Waco, Texas, and now he is selected for the Central Officers' Training School, which is, we believe, at Louisville, Ky. He says that Jess Squire has enlisted in the Aviation ground section.

Mr. J. G. Miller,
Westminster Hotel,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Camp MacArthur, Texas,
August 3, '18.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of July 20th reached me after much trouble and travel. I agree with the sentiments expressed by the boys overseas and particularly as I expect to be one of them some day soon. Things here are moving so fast I can hardly keep track, and there is so much to do that my correspondence suffers to say the least. As you have no doubt heard I was in Los Angeles about the first of July. I went back to Colorado twice to summer school and only stayed for one day when my draft call came. Then after one or two jumps I lit here at Camp MacArthur. This sure is some camp, but I've been in quarantine since I came and haven't had much chance to see it. The first day I came I was made acting Corporal and in about a week I was made acting Sergeant. I expect to get my chevrons the first of the week. But the big news is that I am one of the lucky five to be picked to go to the Central Officers' Training School. So now the main thing is the waiting to go. But then I guess that I'll get some exercise while I'm waiting. The only thing we are doing now is drill and eat and we do plenty of both.

Let me know about the rest of the T. A. boys. There goes the mess call so I will have to stop.

Sincerely,

(Signed) R. F. HAMILTON.

Address: Co. C, 4th Repl. & Tr. Bu.,
Camp MacArthur, Texas.

1129 11th St., Boulder, Colo.,
January 13, 1918.

Mr. David Wegg,
710 Walker Building,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Wegg:

Your, or rather the T. A. card came the other day and I have been in a quandary whether to fill it out or to write to you. I have decided to do the latter. The card pertains to those who have allied themselves with some branch of the service, and as I am not connected with the service at the present time I will hold it and fill it out at a later date. I made application to the second training camp, but was refused. It broke me up somewhat not to be able to go, but then I guess I'll get over it. At present I favor the Aviation Section and I may at any time take a fling at that. So don't be surprised if you get the card back filled out. The last letter I had from P. N. said that B. G. Scott had received his 2nd Lieutenantcy in the Artillery. I immediately wrote to him, but I have had no word. He may be over there by this time.

Whoever got up the idea of these cards deserves a great deal of credit; they are sure great. I am going to ask that you postpone filing my case until I have something more definite to tell you.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) R. F. HAMILTON.

May 28, 1918,
6 Broadway, Denver, Colo.

Dear Wegg:

The News Letter of April 10th came into my hands yesterday and it rather looks as tho' I am "without the fold." You are right in asking how in the deuce you can keep up your end of the bargain if the rest of us don't help. Well I am going to talk to you now so that I won't be classified as an "unbeliever," etc.

To start with I will go back a little into ancient history. Last summer while I was still in Casper I put in my application for the second Training Camp, but much to my disappointment I wasn't accepted. Then on returning to school I found that we were to have an R. O. F. C. unit. I went in for that in the beginning and got all the training I possibly could. And here is what might be called a grand climax to the year's work. The War Department has recently made a ruling so that summer camps of one month are held for the best members of these different R. O. T. C. units. To make a long story short I was one of the first selected to go. This year I have been private, corporal and duty sergeant in Co. B of the unit, and next year it looks as tho I will get a commission in the unit. The camp for this district is to be held at the Presidio at Frisco; so from June 3rd to July 31 will be in camp. I don't know exactly what it will mean in the end and in fact I am only living in the present so I'm not worrying over what is going to happen. Now the reason I haven't returned the card to you is because I haven't been sure of just where I did stand in regard to the army. The thing that makes it look as tho' the army has its eye on me is that the government furnished our uniforms. So I'm going to let you use your own judgment as to what and where I am because I don't know. But I am pretty sure of this, that what training is given at U. of C. next year will be given to those of us who want to enlist in the Reserve and they will be paid \$33 per and board and lodging.

I notice that in the list of men (T. A.) in the service, J. C. Squires is given as "enlisted but address unknown." I can't help you out much, but I can add a little. I happened to meet Jess on the street here just before he left. He was out to the house for supper, but you know Jess, he don't talk much. He enlisted in the Aviation ground service, but where he landed I haven't heard.

This year in school I went in for politics to a certain extent; and as a result I have been elected President of the Student Branch of the A. S. M. E. and also the President of the Combined Engineers, which is the organization which takes in the whole engineering school. So you see things seem to be looking up a bit for me. By the way, you remember I referred to you when I applied to A. S. M. E. for membership; well Calvin Rice wrote me a very nice letter asking me to please "keep my shirt on" until I had some more experience so you see it didn't go thru. There isn't much more to say about myself so I guess I had better quit.

You can always catch me here at 6 Broadway, Apt. No. 10, but I can't give you any more definite address at present.

Hoping that I am not "in Dutch" for good on account of negligence, I am

Sincerely,

(Signed) R. F. HAMILTON.

Ensign Elwood L. Houtz

From Washington dispatches and other sources we learn the following: "SEA HEROES. Secretary Daniels awards medal and praise to brave Naval men. Ensign Elwood L. Houtz, U. S. N. R. F., has been commended for preventing what might have been a serious accident."

On Dec. 17th, while on board the U. S. S. Corsair, Ensign Houtz followed up a depth charge which was rolling about the deck and secured it with a cable.

D. D. is the second Association man to be decorated, Lieut. Stewart Walcott being the first.

Since receiving his commission from the Ensigns' School at Annapolis we hear that he has been visiting in Salt Lake.

Sergt. Elmer M. Johnson

Some of the most interesting letters which have come from the other side have come from the pen of Elmer Johnson.

John seldom does or says anything that is not original. Philosophizing

with the old grand pere in campus French and consoling him with the thought that he has the latest thing in potato diggers is certainly characteristic.

He seems to be very much at the center of things, too, one of the cross roads of the A. E. F. where most everyone passes at some time or other. He mentions seeing Cy Ross, Harold Owen, Mac Parker and Clayton Grandy. His letter gives us the first information that Grandy is a commissioned officer.

We would suggest to Association men now going over who wish to find some of the fellows on the other side that they first get in touch with Elmer. France, 31 March, 1918.

Dear Dave:

You are certainly strewing your little cards about upon the earth with reckless prodigality, for I have found four of them myself. It is only such perseverance and "continuity of purpose" as that exhibited by you that will elicit the information desired, and I am of the opinion that we pulled the long straw when we placed the Historian's quill in your hand. If any member of Telluride Association has failed to respond to your call for information, the regular appearance of your cards must have the same effect upon him that Banquo's ghost did on the king, and finally the maddening prick of conscience will force him to reply. Green is a soothing cooler to the eye, and it certainly does me good to receive your cards and view the comfortable features of Martha, and the stern profile of George which your cards always bear in duplicate.

From month to month, I am carrying a memorandum to write an article for Jim Tucker for the News Letter, but inasmuch as I have never received a copy of that periodical(?), I am inclined to doubt that it is being issued. This memorandum has a sort of "Banquo" effect upon me, but don't want to horn in with an article unless I have bona fide evidence that same will be used, for it takes a powerful effort on my part to "produce."

Mac Parker is scheduled to be at this office right away, so if you have word for him, shoot it in. I sent you Clayt's address, and doubtless he is writing you. Who of the old crowd is over here, and do you know where they are? Mr. Bacon sent me the clippings of the "turn-over" at Casper; do you think the proposition is going to turn out as expected? Sounds good.

Give my best to Mrs. Wegg, and also to any of the old Guard.

Sincerely Yours

JOHNSON.

NEW ADDRESS:

Sgt. Elmer M. Johnson,
Motor Transport Service,
U. S. A. P. O. No. 717, A. E. F.

France, 14 April, 1918.

My dear Mr. Bacon:

Your letter of February 23d, containing newspaper clippings of the power merger and carbon copy of your letter of November 27th, reached me a week ago. Also I wish to acknowledge receipt of Mrs. Bacon's "Hermit" letter, which I have neglected for a very long time. Every line of this was very interesting to me.

MacRea Parker reported at these headquarters a few days ago for duty in the M. T. S. I gave him the letters and clippings to read and am forwarding the latter to Clayton Grandy, with instructions to send to Harold Owen and Cy Ross for their information. Mac Parker arrived in France early in January, but was confined at the Base Port with a case of scarlet fever until his recovery was complete. He is feeling quite well at present, but has lost considerable weight. His closely cropped head gives him a simian aspect, but I have withheld this unfortunate fact from him. Mac is a 1st Lieut., and seems to be getting along very well. Clayton Grandy's papers went thru a few days ago recommending him for a 2nd Lieutenancy, and doubtless by the time you receive this letter he will be sporting the little gold bars. I have not heard from the other boys for some time.

It has been so long since I wrote you that I hardly know where to start in, so I'll give a little sketch of my past year's doings. I will say in the beginning that I have never had a more thrilling and more interesting year than

the one just past. Everything I have felt and done has been in the superlative degree, and my record chart shows continuous "peak load." Spent the spring and summer along the Chemin des Dames in the Soissons Sector hauling ammunition and supplies from the depots to the batteries, and acquiring a fair knowledge of what the war means to the combatants and civilians in the desolate region just back of the lines. Even the farming just back of the lines, say five to ten miles, takes on a militaristic appearance. For instance, the weary plowman carries a gas mask about with him. Women and girls do an enormous amount of farm work, and their total unconcern when shells fly in their direction is astonishing. One evening last fall we were loaded up with shells and waiting for nightfall so we could haul them to the batteries unobserved. We were halted beside a potato patch in which a shell had a few minutes before landed and made a hole of considerable size. An old grandpere and a young girl were just commencing to burrow about in the debris in the hope of salvaging some of the precious potatoes. I lent a hand. The old man was furious, dramatically shook his fist in the general direction of the boches, and swore they had dropped five shells in his potato patch during the summer. I suggested it was an effective way to dig the spuds, but my French was providentially bad, and the remark escaped attention. The little girl was pathetically quiet and patient, and her only remark, accompanied by a shrug, was "c'est la guerre." Combined Germany couldn't do penance in a million years to make amends for the suffering she has caused these people in the "over-run" district. Along in October a U. S. recruiting officer rolled into camp one morning in a big Cadillac. The sight of the car was enough to stir our enthusiasm, but a real bona fide officer from our own army was the limit. We were signed up with the French army for the duration of the war, but were released upon the condition that we join the American army. I joined, and immediately went to General Headquarters, where I worked as a stenographer. Was promoted to grade Sergeant, and placed in charge of the stenographic department. My work is to visé the correspondence to see that it conforms to rules and regulations, assign "jobs," etc. We have a mighty busy little department, almost swamped at times, but the constant addition of men has eased up the work some. With a half dozen new men expected this week, the present force should be under normal pressure.

At present I am located in one of the large towns of the republic. I have just received from Prof. Thornhill a modern history and am reading up on a few of the things which have transpired in this place. It has many buildings which date back to before the time of C. Columbus was endeavoring to persuade the good Spanish Queen to soak her jewels, and they are packed with historical interest. A thousand years ago the Saracens were cleaned up for threatening our western civilization, and off to the north the modern Hun has the same thing coming to him. I believe I have studied more history than anything else, and one thing from which I derive a great deal of satisfaction is the fact no man or nation has ever been able to stop the march of progress and civilization. Progress has been impeded, but never blocked, and this fact alone is enough for me to be confident that this present menace will be utterly annihilated. It is up to the United States to wiggle along a little faster with ships, men and munitions. I believe the mass of people in the United States do not appreciate the desperate seriousness of world affairs and the possibilities of a day's delay.

Sincerely yours,
SERGT. ELMER M. JOHNSON.

Lieut. Oscar Larson

Oscar was a First Lieutenant located at Camp Merritt, N. J., when his letter was written. It contains a wonderful description of the fighting spirit of the boys in the training camps. He seconds Jack Townsend, "that there is going to be hell a-poppin somewhere in France and Germany" when they get over.

Camp Merritt, N. J.,
April 15, 1918.

My dear "Prof.":

It has been such an extremely long time since I corresponded with you—three years. n'est-ce pas?—that I had to ponder deeply to think of the name by which you were best known to us all in these days long ago. My God—it seems as tho we have lived thru ages and ages, with this hell going on across the pond. The year 1913 in Bliss, 1914 in Beaver—how vague and indistinct they appear, and yet now they seem to have been very, very happy. Not that I have experienced any of the horrors of war. The physical and mental hardships that those lucky boys across the pond have gone thru. Far, far from that! I have been living, comparatively, in the lap of luxury—my work at Upton at times trying but so interesting and now—why, each pay day I feel like a crook. I fear that we officers of the Second Camp will have to be a superfluity for a little while longer. In these warm and balmy days, in the prettiest, the handiest, and the most expensive part of New Jersey, I do nothing but watch these wonderful lads of ours come in, get thoroughly and completely equipped, then, when most good people are asleep, they go out again, singing, yelling—all ready for that wonderful trip across the sea. Tonight, just before writing this, two battalions went past my window singing "Keep Your Head Down, Allemand," "Smile, Smile," etc.,—all those songs which in a few years will be as dear to us as "Dixie," "Marching Thru Georgia." As I say, I do that all day and that is what I am forced to call my contribution to a country which is setting out on its struggle for existence. Oh, well, there is a possibility that in the next few weeks I might also get my chance—my opportunity to practice on a live, instead of a dummy figure. When I see these lads go out of here, preparatory to embarking at Hoboken, I can only reiterate what Townsend said, "There's going to be Hell a-poppin somewhere in France" and Germany. That Yankee spirit—daredevils they all seem, and with the tenacity of bulldogs. They don't need the sharp points of a bayonet to prod them forward—rather it will take several such to keep them back. There's the rub. I am afraid they are so d—ed brave they won't want to stop in time—as the Canucks, you know. Better that than something which characterizes our enemy.

Well, Prof., this seems to be quite a long letter to ask the thing I set out to ask—namely, don't forget my address when you mail those News Letters. I have read and re-read the last one so many times that I can quote whole paragraphs. I should love to contribute something. I shall some day when I can only get across where I shall be doing my share. Now, what I would write would only be a dull, uninteresting repetition of what has been told a thousand times—one's first impressions of the army as an embryo officer or soldier.

Pugsley, Lindsay and Buckler have been the only Telluriders I have seen since I left Madison Barracks. I met them all accidentally—Buckler in front of the McAlpin, Lindsay in the McAlpin and Pugs down near Wall street. Gad, I never thot the world was such a small place after all. I hope, now that I am so near Nye—a fifteen mile trolley ride—that I can chase down to Philadelphia and Camp Dix and see some of the others.

I don't think I ever congratulated you on your entry into matrimonial felicity, did I? Allow me to do so now, years, it seems, since you made that entry. I oft am inclined to do the same thing—by doing so raising my salary to \$200 odd. It gets so lonely, chasing around with no intimates to follow.

Another battalion of soldiers is just passing the window singing the same ditty, "Keep Your Head Down."

Sincerest regards and don't forget that News Letter.

Yours,

(Signed) LARSON.

Permanent Detachment,
Overseas Casuals.

P. S.—I sure need some more of your instruction in English and Composition.
(Sgd) O. L. L.

Lieut. L. H. Lathrop

The following touching letter from the British Chaplain who had charge of the funeral of Louis Lathrop has been received by his father.

CHAPLAIN'S LETTER

"8 Alswith Terrace,
"Winchester, England,
March 25, 1918.

"Mr. C. Lathrop,
"New York, U. S. A.

Dear Sir:

"It is my painful duty to inform you that your son, Lieut. Louis H. Lathrop, was laid to rest in Magdalen Hill Cemetery, near Winchester, on March 21, 1918, with full military honors. It was a beautiful day—a day of brilliant sunshine—and as I read the words, 'In sure and certain hope of the resurrection through our Lord Jesus Christ,' a lark sang sweetly overhead. Its song strengthened and confirmed, I feel sure, the hope that was in the hearts of his comrades as we laid your laddie, whose life had been so full of promise, in his last resting place.

"I learn from the hospital authorities that your son was ill when taken off the boat; he failed to rally and gradually and quietly passed through the golden gate.

"My heartfelt sympathy is yours in your great sorrow. But—the lark sang; and it sang for you its song of hope. Whatever death may do, it cannot unclasp the father's hand or separate you from your brave boy. May you and yours be graciously sustained and comforted.

"Believe me to be

"Yours very sincerely,

"W. DEWDNEY.

"Chaplain to the Forces (British)."

J. E. Meehan

Very good, Eddie. Such letters delight the eye of the Editor. Those interested in Deep Springs read this.

August 22, 1918.

My dear Gilbert:

It is nearly a year since the News Letter began coming out under its present style, and as yet I have not done my duty. Perhaps a little resume of my year at Deep Springs will be interesting to you and to some of the other fellows who are interested in the place. As soon as I heard that you were to be the editor, says I to myself, says I, I must get busy now and help out my old friend J. G., because you know I have that sweet memory of you in the back of my nut that originated on the 9th of September last. I had been working all the week on the cement block manufacturing gang, and when Sunday came around you didn't think that I had been working hard enough, and so you "asked" me as a kind favor, to assist the plumber in moving the stove and hot water tank to the new kitchen. It also happened that the day was my birthday, and I shall always remember the pleasant party I had. Well, such is life, I guess. I'll get even with you though. I wish you didn't have your (wooden leg) and I might get you over in the trenches.

When I arrived in California on the first of September last year, I sure did miss the old crowd, as by that time they were pretty well scattered. However, the new places and people were not without interest, and it was not long before I was glad of the chance to be one of the pioneers of the Deep Springs project. Construction work began in a few weeks, and it was not long until we had the beginnings of a fine place for future work. One thing is certain our neighbors (or their daughters) will never bother the boys at Deep Springs. It is ideally located for concentrated study and undisturbed tranquility! Being twenty-eight miles from a town is somewhat different

than the "modern conveniences" we had in the way of towns at Claremont last year.

On account of construction we were not able to begin school work until the first of January. However, in the fall we organized a student body, and began to think about things in general, and tried to get a little idea into the new fellows' heads as to what they were there for, and what the plan of action was. We had a mighty good crowd of fellows, and they were glad to take up the idea and work along Association lines. Mr. Noon, Mr. Thornhill, and an instructor arrived on the first of January, and classes were started. Spanish, Economics, Public Speaking and a Lecture course constituted the curriculum for the year. Though the time was short, the boys got over much more than a year's work by hard study and effort.

In the spring we took a vacation of about ten days and went to Death Valley. We all piled into the F. W. D. truck with supplies and beds, and with Mr. Suhr as a guide in the Buick, started for the place from whence so many have never returned. However, lest you should be worried, I hasten to say that we did. We spent the first night in Lida, Nevada, and the next day entered the head of Death Valley. We went straight down the bottom of the valley, that is as straight as the Death Valley wash would permit. By evening we had reached Johnson's ranch, which is a short way up a small canyon off of the Valley. It was indeed a remarkable sight to come out of the desolation of the desert and see those few fertile acres lying there amidst the rocks and brush. Though it was the last of March, the fruit trees were all in bloom and the fields were green. The following morning, Easter Sunday, we left there. About eleven o'clock in crossing the Ralston Desert in Nevada (we left the Valley at Johnson's and entered it again later farther down), we had a very remarkable experience. We saw one of the most remarkable mirages I have ever seen. Some of the boys who had never seen one, insisted that we were approaching a lake, and sail boats, houses, and all the trappings of a summer resort were to be seen plainly. However, as we approached said lake, it vanished into thin air, or rather hot air, and the "houses" took on the more usual shape to be expected in that country, that of sage brush.

On the edge of Ralston Desert we came to the metropolis of Bonnie Claire, a once flourishing mining town, but now almost deserted. One of the boys bought out the supply of post cards at the postoffice—one. The store keeper and his wife said they knew we must be government men, but what in the world were we doing? We didn't know, so couldn't tell them much, and I guess they decided we were being deported from some place to no place. We thought so, too, about that time. Late that afternoon we reached the deserted town of Rhyolite, which is said to have once had a population of ten thousand. Some gold pockets were struck there some years ago, and a grand rush ensued. However, the pockets soon fluked out, but not until a good many substantial business blocks were built, two mills, a large school building, homes, and many, very many saloons. Oh yes, there was a church or two there, too. Now all is deserted. The very pretty railroad station now stands beside a roadbed stripped of ties and rails. The homes are empty, and the mills are decaying. Only one saloon remains open for business, customers being the prospectors who still haunt the place, hoping for another strike. One very interesting home in the place was one constructed of beer bottle bottoms cemented together with concrete. The effect was "fetching" to say the least. I wonder if the man who built the house emptied all the bottles?

We spent the night in Beatty, and re-entered Death Valley the next day after crossing the Armagosa Desert. It was some day! What road there was to follow was corduroy, and down a long grade besides. Once the hind wheels of the truck slid off into a gulch, but we finally succeeded in getting it back on the road. Late in the afternoon we reached the bottom of the Valley, about two hundred and fifty feet below sea level. We went on to the Salt Creek crossing, and camped there for the night. The next morning we started to cross the crossing, but it refused to be crossed, and the truck became fast in the mud. Finally we got it out onto firmer ground and crossed the creek, but stuck again on the other side. The rest of the day was spent in getting

ahead a few feet to dry ground. This creek of which I speak is a small stream of strong salt water which runs a short distance in this particular part of the Valley.

Shortly after we got out of the mud, a sand storm came up, and believe me, it was some sand storm. It darkened the sun and filled everything in general with real estate. However, we were lucky in our situation, as we were just about a mile south of the dunes, and if we had been in line with them, we would have been buried, I guess. The next morning we left the Valley, made our way to Owens Valley, and proceeded to Big Pine without much excitement.

This summer things have gone about as one would expect at a ranch. We spent about four weeks on the haying work, and had very little outside help. Considering our inexperience, the job was done in good time. After haying was over a number of the boys went away for vacation. Three of the boys, Gerry, Holmes and Ashley, took horses and pack animals and are now in Yosemite. Letters from them report a wonderful time. A number of new boys have arrived and are getting acquainted with the intricacies of ranch life.

During the spring all of us turned out with a couple of scrapers and a Fresno and dug a swimming pool. It is about one hundred feet long, forty feet wide, and nine feet deep in the deepest end. It sure has been a great institution, and the water is kept in motion most of the time.

Last week I went to Los Angeles to try and enlist in the Navy, but got there just in time to find that there would be no enlistments until the new draft bill is passed. I intend to wait here for awhile for either the draft or a chance to enlist, and will then get on the job for Uncle Sam. I may not be called in this month's quota, and may get a chance to enlist in September. Here's hoping.

Guess I have given you about all the news. Hope you have lots of news for the next issue of the News Letter, and that it will be along soon. Best regards, and before I go "over the top," Gilbert, I'll forgive you for that birthday party you gave me last fall.

Sincerely,

J. E. MEEHAN, Deep Springs.

Rufus W. Leigh

An alumni member who has been practicing dentistry in Provo for the past four years. He graduated from the University of Michigan in 1912 with degree of D.D.S. and instructed there 1912-13. In 1917 he took an A.B. at the University of Utah. He was a member of the State Board of Dental Examiners. He was over the draft age but volunteered and was commissioned a 1st Lieut., Dental Reserve Corps. He is probably now at Fort Ogilthorpe, Ga.

T. G. Moore

The following letter to Dave Wegg gives about all the information we have regarding "Jenny" Moore. We are counting on him as being in the service since he was expecting a call any day.

830½ Astor St.,
Milwaukee, Wis.,

May 17, 1918.

My dear Dave:

I left the hospital on March 11th, and convalesced at home until the middle of April. As soon as I was able to get outside, I had a pretty good time because a friend of ours had a seven passenger car with no one to run it for them, and they called on me every time they went out. I came down to Milwaukee about the 15th of April and didn't do anything until the first of May. The

Ford Motor Co. had shut down its plant here some time in March with the exception of the office and stock departments so I was out of a job unless I wanted to accept a transfer to Detroit. In the meanwhile the Palm-Olive people had offered me a couple of jobs, starting in at a hundred a month; one was to take charge of their stores and clean up a mess that a predecessor had left and the other was to understudy the assistant superintendent. But working for Henry Ford has spoiled me to a certain extent so I turned that down and loafed some more. About the first of May the Ford Motor Co. called me up and asked me how I would like to go to work for them as office boy here, at the old rate of \$5 a day. I accepted of course and started in. I have a few office boy duties to perform, but I have an assistant who does the dirty work, while I help out anyone in the accounting department who is behind in their work. It is very easy work and no overtime, which suits my present condition very well. I have very little reserve strength and am dead tired at nightfall.

Good luck,

THEODORE G. MOORE.

L. G. Nightingale

"Doc" is one of the four Captains that the Association boasts.

Nitrate Division, Ordnance,
6th and B Sts., N. W.,

Washington, D. C.

July 29, 1918.

Dear Dave:

I've been commissioned in the Ordnance with the rank of Captain. For the present, at least, I am to be stationed here at Washington in Nitrate Division, 6th and B Streets, Washington. This information for your record, as I understand I haven't been dropped out of membership in the Association yet, tho I feel much like a back number. Saw Sidney the other day. He's looking fine in spite of the weather.

With best regards to Mrs. Wegg and to yourself,
Sincerely,

L. G. NIGHTINGALE.

Sergt. Harold Owen and Sergt. Cy Ross

Another Association man expresses appreciation of the News Letter. The omnipresence of the Historian's little cards in the A. E. F. is also mentioned.

The engineers have certainly made a name for themselves. Some place we heard that at the battle of Cambria they actually succeeded in connecting the advanced French R. R. line to the German R. R. lines, but the German counter-attack came before the connection could be used.

France, May 24th, 1918.

My dear Dave:

Just received another card from the Historian of T. A. and hasten to answer for Cy and myself. My address is Co. "C," 11th Eng. U. S. A., A. E. F., France. Cy is acting top kicker in the absence of that regular bechevoned dignity—and I a platoon sergeant. So much for your records.

I note by the January News Letter that you are still on the "confined to quarters" report. Too bad, Dave. I am sincerely sorry for you—but I am glad to see your interest in Telluride Association. You could find no better way of doing your bit.

The News Letter of January was the most encouraging bit of news I have heard since I left the States. Good luck to it. I can't quite understand how they get so many headlines. Should I write any of my experiences I am certain that I should receive a general court martial. Suffice it to say—and let's hope it passes old Censorians—that Cy and I have been doing our bit since a year ago, May 14th. That includes many things, experiences with which I

would not part for ten years at Cornell—but I must save them for the old round table when we return again to the land of plenty. As for honors, we can boast none—other than three stripes, except a little gold bar for six months in the forward area, and another one "on its way." Imagine saluting Capt. This and Lieut. The Other at next convention (1925?) It must be great to have a "dog robber" but such is the life of the rolling stone. He has to accept his grub and garb at the expense of Uncle Sam.

This can scarcely be called an answer to your card, but it does serve to acknowledge. I trust it will bring forth the next News Letter.

Sincerely,

OWEN.

Lieut. McRae Parker

The only information we have regarding Mac is that contained in the letters of Gilbert Anderson and Elmer Johnson. We know that he is a 1st Lieut. in the repair and maintenance service. We hear also that he is looking like a near relative of *Pithecanthropus Bussi. Erectus*.

J. Cary Othus

Little has been said about it and few of us probably realized the extent that Cornell was in the war. She has the best ground school in the country, says "Fat," and he ought to know.

We always feel a thrill of affection for Prof. Burr when we hear of him and the good work he is doing.

U. S. A., S. M. A.,
Ithaca, N. Y.

July 18th, 1918.

Dear Dave:

There seems to be some misunderstanding about my writing to you. I want to keep you informed about myself and am trying to do so, and still my name appears in our publication among the short skates who won't write. I sent you the first return card and received the second on which you had my address correct. It asked for another card when my address was changed or I had a change in rank. This I intend doing when I have an occasion. I should like to be put on your mailing list as a member in good standing. I am greatly interested.

As a member of Telluride Association in the army with the privilege of being at Cornell, I took great pleasure in sending you copies of a picture of "Telluride" at Ithaca as she looks every day this year—proudly floating our National Colors and a well filled Service Flag, telling the world why the doors of our home are closed. Mr. Olssen ("The Swede") who is caring for the house in his own conscientious way is its only occupant, but one would never know on entering it that the boys have been absent from home for a year. He was very eager in his help with making the pictures.

I am still aiding in training aviators. My work is in the machine gun department of the school of Military Aeronautics at Cornell. My job is to train the cadets in trap shooting to make them practiced in the art of hitting moving targets. They are an eager lot of pupils and the work is very interesting.

Our ground school has a twelve weeks' course now instead of eight, and we graduate to flying school a class of about 65 to 75 each week, making our enrollment about 800 or 900. Cornell has the best ground school for aviation in the country and I am very proud to be connected with it.

The university has turned all of its shop facilities over to the government for the summer, and it is being used as a vocational school to train about 400 men in auto repairs, truck driving, rough carpenter work, electrical wiring, tinsmith work, etc. The school is a success and there is no doubt that it will be continued thru the war.

Our school of photography numbers about 100 cadets who are training for

commissions—the school being made an advance school in its line, to train men who are best after going thru preliminary training at Madison Barracks and the Eastman plant at Rochester.

Cornell is in the war game right and one on her campus is ever within sound of the bugle.

The only event of interest to me since I last wrote was a trip to Texas. Early in February I went to Houston, Texas, in company with two lieutenants to study a new machine gun which we have since been teaching the cadets. We were in Houston two weeks, which with the two weeks of traveling made it a very pleasant break in the army life of an instructor as well as a relief from Ithaca's cold winter.

We stopped at several flying fields and ground schools beside having a chance to visit friends along the way. I saw Sid Walcott and his family, Mac Parker's family, and Jim Holmes' family in Washington and Davy Johnston's in Philadelphia.

Another important event was when I stood up with Perc Clark last month when he married Miss Dela Cook. It was my first wedding and I confess it looked very attractive.

I see Prof. Burr quite frequently. He is not teaching this summer, but is very busy in Red Cross work and his duties as Corporal in Co. E., N. Y. State Guard. He looks after the families of soldiers for the Red Cross.

Will Courtney is a cadet in the Radio School at College Park, Md., where he is training for a commission in the Signal Corps. I applied to go to this school and was well qualified to take up the work but my application was turned down, as the army wanted me where I am. This radio work is the most promising branch of the army at present, I think, on account of its being new and there is going to be an enormous demand and rapid promotion. For information address Major Moore, Chief Signal Officer, Land Division Training Section, Signal Corps, 1703 New York Ave., Washington, D. C. They want E. Es. or practical electrical men.

Tom Stacy is taking his senior work in E. E. here now. Sibley College is running a summer 3rd term for seniors. Tom and I are living at the University Club. We get to see our old friend Prof. Kimball at times, but he is pretty busy being dean of Sibley, and acting President of Cornell.

I extend the best of wishes to all of Telluride's men.

FAT OTHUS.

Dave Wegg

Dave has left Salt Lake and is now a supervising inspector of ordnance material at Hammond, Ind. He is in charge of the inspection at about 200 foundries and machine shops. He is in the service of Uncle Sam and is under army regulations.
1210 Astor St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Earl T. Wight

We are pleased to hear that Earl is now in the Central Officers' Training Camp at Camp Taylor.

Dear Gilbert:

Louisville, Ky.,

Aug. 3d, 1918.

It was pleasant to receive your letter asking for news about myself and the other Telluriders that I have come in contact with. The fact is that I have been somewhat of an outcast in Camp Kearny, no other Association members being stationed there, and the rules of my regiment not allowing me to come to Los Angeles to see the Home Guard.

Last September I was given letters of recommendation from Mr. Nunn and a number of other prominent men for the 2nd O. T. G., but was turned

down because of a bad ankle and a flat foot. I then foxed the examining officers of the N. G. U. and enlisted as a private. (I can talk about this now because they are not so particular.)

After working up to acting Sergeant, I took an examination for this school and am now on my third week. The men in the Association who have taken the course know how tough it is getting to be, but with hard work and a little luck I will soon be a "shave tail."

There are 4500 candidates here striving for commissions. The instructors are putting all of their energies into making every one of us good artillery officers and from the spirit manifested one is impressed with the idea that the war will last for one or two more years.

That is the spirit that will win the war and I am looking forward to the time when I can add my feeble strength to the conflict.

I sincerely hope that the ravages of war will not work too much of a hardship on the Association and its future work and that the greater part of us can have a reunion after it is all over. As the conclusion makes the world safer for Democracy, let's hope for a more Democratic Telluride Association.

Best wishes to Mr. Noon and the others.

Yours truly,

EARL T. WIGHT.

H. R. Waldo

H. R. Waldo is still located in Salt Lake and now has, in addition to his legal duties, the management of the Telluride Realty Co.

He gives some interesting sidelights on some of the boys.

Salt Lake City, Utah,

July 29th, 1918.

My dear Gilbert:

I understand from Dave Wegg that you are getting out the next issue of the Telluride News Letter, and he has asked me to write you such news concerning the various fellows as I happen to have, all of which I am very glad to do.

The last couple of months I have had visits from Elwood Houtz, Bob Hamilton, Benson Landon and David Johnston. Oliver Clark was here also, but I did not get an opportunity to see him myself.

Elwood Houtz has just gotten his commission as Ensign in the Navy and was here on a furlough for a visit with his parents. As you doubtless know he has been on a submarine chaser practically since the declaration of war, and he has had many interesting experiences. He left here to return to his ship, and since his return he has received special mention from the Secretary of Navy for an act of special bravery in releasing a depth bomb which had somehow gotten loose and which was threatening destruction to the ship he was on. Doubtless you have heard of this, but if not I think it ought to be mentioned in the News Letter.

Ben Landon also has just received a commission as Ensign in the Navy, and he came here for the purpose of getting married, which to the best of my knowledge was successfully accomplished. He married Miss Covey, and they immediately returned to New York, where Benson is expecting to receive his assignment to active duty. I did not see him after he was married, but presume both he and his bride are as happy as big sunflowers.

Bob Hamilton was here on his way back to Boulder, Colorado, after a month's training at the Presidio. Inasmuch as he returned via Los Angeles, and spoke of seeing you there, I presume you know more about what he has been doing than I do.

David Johnston has been here for about ten days past, and leaves today to return to his work in Pennsylvania. He was very reticent about the purpose of his visit here, but I am satisfied there was some young lady involved in it, although who it was I do not know, nor was I able to learn from him whether or not he had succeeded in such achievement on his part. David says he hopes to get into the service in the comparatively near future, although as yet his plans are not definitely crystalized. Owing to the importance of his work for

the Telephone Company in Philadelphia, he has been placed in Class 3 in the draft, so he is not likely to be called into the draft army. However, he says he is getting tired of civil life, and is anxious to get into the service in the near future.

Oliver Clark came through here with a detachment of Italian prisoners who had been released in some way, and who were on their way back to get into the fighting again. Oliver was one of the officers conveying them to New York, and presumably he will return to the Presidio when he is through with his work. As indicated above I did not get a chance to see him when he was here, as he was in town only about thirty minutes. However, from the picture of him that appeared in the newspaper, I judge that he is as flourishing as ever.

Just now I can think of nothing else particularly new which would be of interest for the News Letter, but if anything occurs to me later on, I will write you again.

Trusting that your knee is continuing to improve, and with kindest personal regards, I am

Yours very truly,

H. R. WALDO.

Dental Surgeon Weedon C. Osborne

Weedon C. Osborne was not a member of Telluride Association, but he was well known to Association men and his educational work had been carried out under the auspices of the Association. Several scholarships had been granted him. We are sad to hear of his death, but proud to know the way he met it. June dispatches carried the following:

Dead Heroes Honored

Gen. Pershing awards distinguished service crosses posthumously:
Dental Surgeon Weedon C. Osborne, U. S. N.—During the advance on Bouresches, France, on April 6, 1918, at great risk of life, performed heroic deeds in aiding the wounded. He was struck by a shell while carrying an officer to a place of safety.

L. A. Sweeney

Lou. Sweeney enlisted in the aviation service in Salt Lake last winter, was sent to Gerstner Field, Louisiana, for a time and is now in England. He will probably soon be at the front.

My dear Dave:

"Somewhere in England"

March 27, 1918.

Just a line or two while I am writing a few letters.

Have been over here for some time now and may be here for some time to come before I see the battle front. I like it fine in this country. I am located in a fine camp. I like it so well that I would just as soon stay here all the time. It is rather quiet, we never have to duck any bullets. However, I am anxious to see France as I suppose every American is.

I am feeling fine. Don't mind the life at all now. I feel like an old veteran.

We are doing some wonderful work, am getting some good experience. You will probably hear more of us later on.

I shall write more next time.

Sincerely,

SWEENEY.

Address:

176 Aero Squadron,
A. E. F., via New York.

My dear Dave:

"Somewhere in England"

June 25, 1918.

I received a copy of the News Letter a few days ago and believe me I surely appreciated it.

I am sorry that I have not written for the News Letter sooner, but I shall

try to do better in the future, for if everyone did as I have done there would be no News Letter. I surely appreciated the Letter and hope I am fortunate enough to receive the later issues.

How is everything going in dear old Utah? One never misses the States until he has gone to some strange country.

I am well and having a pretty good time. I like old England pretty well, but am anxious to get to France. I have been here now for nearly four months and have seen quite a lot of the country. It is a fine place to visit, but I would not want to live here the rest of my life.

It won't be so long now before I shall be wearing my first service stripe. It doesn't seem so very long that I saw you in Salt Lake.

It will soon be the Fourth of July, and we shall try to raise the lid a bit over here. Show them how we celebrate in the States.

Nothing of great importance has happened, so I can't write much.

When anything exciting happens I shall write you about it.

Give my regards to any of the fellows you see.

To Mr. Noon and to the Mrs., with the kindest regards, I am

Sincerely,

SWEENEY.

J. B. Tucker

Jim is county attorney of Utah County and has been doing very well in the legal profession, but the call has come for him to go. As stated in his letter, he and Leland Farrer have been examined and recommended for the artillery officers' training camp at Louisville, Ky. We have counted them as student officers. Just as we were going to press we heard that they had received their appointments to this camp.

Dear Squas:

Lee Farrer and I applied for the Artillery Officers' Training Camp to be held in the near future at Camp Taylor, near Louisville, Ky. We went to Logan to take our examination for entrance. I got by with my eyes, but with very little to spare. The examination by the Captain in charge consisted chiefly in explaining to him what experience we had had in leadership and in engineering. I was fairly short on these points, too, but he told both Lee and me that he was going to recommend us and that he thought we would be appointed. We will learn our fate in about three weeks. We're both hoping.

Most sincerely,

J. B. TUCKER.

R. H. Townsend

Jack Townsend is now located at Teague, Tex., being the manager of the Electric Co. there. He reports as being up to his eyes in work. Wayne Clark, who was formerly at Teague, is assisting Mr. O. B. Suhr in the construction work at the Deep Springs Ranch.

J. C. Van Etten

Rochester, N. Y.,
July 6th, 1918.

My dear Wegg:

A little note to tell you I reached New York two days ago, being ordered home for about three months as an instructor.

Have qualified as an observer, and am supposed to be a radio expert. Best wishes to Mrs. Wegg and yourself.

VAN.

Vernon W. Valentine

So many times has it been said that we were fighting for France or for England that it is a relief to hear some of our boys come out and say that we are not; that we are fighting for ourselves and our own institutions.

France, March 24, 1918.

Mr. David Wegg:

The News Letter I received the other day stated that you would edit the next edition. Having found so much genuine pleasure in reading the last one, I entreat you to send the next edition post haste. Knowing, however, that its publication depends a good deal upon contributions by the members, I'm attempting something which may be of interest to those over there, of benefit to those who are coming over here, and of quite some value to you—value as a space filler.

Those who are about to sail for this country should purchase some French books. Those who haven't studied French will have a mountain to climb when they land here if they do not get a book of declensions and conjugations. At present, all I have is a small dictionary and a phrase book. The one is full of phrases we never use, while the other is useless without a knowledge of conjugations and declensions.

They should also bring a knowledge of French money, values, and prices with them. They should know the pre-war prices as well as "le prix de la guerre." The French have had an idea that all Americans were millionaires and were coming to France with the sole purpose of spending as much money as possible. Many, perhaps the majority, of us lived up to the spending part of the French belief. The result was, our money was cheapened—we paid more and more of it for the same article. Money was thrown at the children in the streets and outrageous prices were paid for fairly cheap goods. Nor were the French so much to blame. We did not know their money and would give them three times the value asked and rush madly away. Or we'd say something about the poor people and let them sting us as an accommodation to them. Those who come must remember that those who sell over here not only have a home but also have the things to sell, while we have to buy everything.

Those to come will feel disappointed in Europe at first. "They're miles and years behind us," they'll say. "No wonder the war is still raging." Take all the modern machinery and men out of the United States and see if our fathers and grandfathers wouldn't run our country according to their way—i.e., the way of fifty or one hundred years ago. Then those to come will reach a braggadocio state. "We'll show 'em how to fight. We'll walk right through 'em! We've got your country beat a hundred years, you'd have starved if we hadn't come over. You were all ready to give up when we came." We have all talked that way. For heaven's sake don't talk it if you do feel that way, for it is very disgusting, especially when the French have "gotten it on us so far" in economy and militarism, that is, "sens militaire." And do not say, "We're fighting your battle." We are not fighting the battle of France. We are fighting our own battle, the battle of Democracy—Telluride Association's battle, and the battle of every one else who loves freedom. The Association's ideals are being jeopardized as well as other democracies.

And then—one will find, perhaps, greater temptations here than he ever endured before, greater temptations and greater risks of health. In France, the sexes live closer in ways, than we do at home. There is more of the Latin passion. Almost any woman in France will talk to a soldier. "Why, monsieur, will not his uniform protect me?" Then there are thousands of the other kind, and cases at hand remind us very much of the fate of Heine. And for this temptation there is only one antidote—hard work and clean living.

And, lest this sounds too saintly, I'll tell a few experiences I had. On one occasion I was in a very beautiful city on leave. After "taking in" all the sights, we decided to get something to eat and the light refreshments which are served with the meals. In this town, advertising was not the style and there was no way (that we could see) of distinguishing between the

dwelling houses and restaurants. Finally, however, we spied a table before a door, so we stepped in—to a family's boudoir. We were immediately chased out by the whole family.

Another time I was trying to buy a brush and asked, to the amusement of quite a crowd, the matron in charge for a kiss. I got the brush.

Personally, I am having the experience of a lifetime. Have seen some very old tapestry and statuary, some noted pieces of architecture, and some very old and historic cities. France was a very beautiful garden, no doubt.

At present, I am on detached service, helping a surveyor. Fournier is not far away and Ross is within writing distance. We hope to have some sort of a reunion over here before long.

Hoping all are faring as well as I am, I am
Fraternally yours,

Co. A, 25th Engineers, A. E. F. via New York.

V. W. VALENTINE.

Irvin L. Scott

Los Angeles, California,
September 1st, 1918.

Dear Telluriders:

What I write will certainly be last minute news, for, arriving here last night and going directly to Room 162, Westminster, I found the "News-Letter" tucked away snugly in a bulging envelope, stamped and addressed and all ready to go to press. So I have yet time to do what I promised "Squass" a month ago, namely, to add my bit to this month's publication. Little I can write of exciting interest, like the boys "over there" do; in fact, militarily speaking, my life so far in the army has been rather prosaic, and a "drum chart" of it would show nothing of the "point loads" that "Omar" Johnson speaks of in his letter to Mr. Bacon. A cursory glance into my life since leaving Ithaca a year ago last June will reveal nothing of startling importance to myself or to anyone else, save perhaps the 13th day of March when, in the little examining chamber of Fort Douglas, Utah, in nude profile I stood at attention, raised my right hand and said my "I do" in response to the Captain's orders after he had mechanically repeated for my benefit his little—well, it could have been the last six stanzas of the Rubiyat for all the understanding I got out of it. Something about "I do solemnly swear," and "honor" and "the flag" and "protect," all of which I couldn't assimilate at the time, but of which I have since acquired a very complete understanding. My "I do" merely meant that I was willing to go down to Kelly Field and wield the pick and shovel under a burning Texan sun, scrub out latrines and lastly to accept my share of "K. P." fatigue. Then to be transferred to San Diego to get pneumonia and lie in the hospital for five weeks without complaint or appetite.

But all this, trusting in the belief that it will not come again, at least in just the same way, I can look back upon with pleasure, except the sickness, and appreciate the value of such training.

About a month ago I was called here to Los Angeles to undergo the examinations for admission to the School of Military Aeronautics at Berkeley, California. After having my tonsils removed I was declared physically and mentally fit for flying, so I am now merely awaiting my turn to go to Berkeley. The course will involve altogether about a year's training and that is the only regrettable feature about it. It's an exciting game and full of thrills, but at the rate the boys are pushing "Bill's" forces back now, the struggle will be ended before I see "la belle France." If I sat on the wishing gate and could wish two such incongruous things, they would be that those of us who are on this side would soon go over, and also that those who are over there would soon come back.

Sincerely,

IRVIN L. SCOTT.