





# THE LIVING LIBERTY FLAG OF THE GREAT WAR

CATCH the thrill of this living flag which was spread out over seven acres on the shore of Lake Michigan on the vast parade ground of the greatest naval training station in the world at Great Lakes, Illinois. Can you realize that 9650 men compose it and its staff, and that all the laws of perspective had to be considered in grouping them? For instance, the star in the extreme left-hand corner is composed of 126 men, while one of the stars at the front required only 12 men. The pole (not including the ball) contained 700 men; the ball alone, 250. Sixteen hundred men composed the white stripes, 1900 the alternates, 1800 the stars, and 3,400 the blue field. Some flag!



## Our 23 Allies



- |   |   |  |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|--|---|---|---|---|
| <br>Cuba     | <br>China        | <br>Great Britain | <br>Costa Rica  | <br>Brazil     | <br>Belgium    | <br>France   |
| <br>Siam    | <br>Italy        | <br>Nicaragua    | <br>Montenegro | <br>Japan     | <br>Liberia   | <br>Panama |
| <br>Serbia | <br>San Marino | <br>Russia      | <br>Romania    | <br>Portugal | <br>Greece     | <br>Panama |
| <br>Serbia | <br>San Marino | <br>Russia      | <br>Romania    | <br>Portugal | <br>Guatemala  | <br>Panama |
| <br>Serbia | <br>San Marino | <br>Russia      | <br>Romania    | <br>Portugal | <br>Hayti     | <br>Panama |
| <br>Serbia | <br>San Marino | <br>Russia      | <br>Romania    | <br>Portugal | <br>Honduras | <br>Panama |





General view of the de-lousing station located in the Argonne Woods. Many of the men had their first bath in several months in these tents, and there is still a shadow of doubt in many of their minds as to whether or not they left all their "pets" at this place. Oct. 21st.



Letters

From The Boys

"OVER THERE"



## WRITES FROM THE TRENCHES

### Plenty of Fireworks to Make Things Enjoyable, says Staedtler

July 10, 1918

Art Staedtler, a Monticello boy who has experienced the ups and downs of trench warfare “over there” since early in the present year sends the following very interesting letter to his brother-in-law, Fred B. Knobel, under date of May 30. Art states in his letter that he is receiving The Messenger, which is the first evidence we’ve had that the ‘paper from the old home town’ is reaching the trenches, although it has been mailed to him regularly since the editor first learned of his address. The letter follows:

“I received your letter at the front, under heavy bombardment, and it certainly seemed good to get news from home at such a time. But while they were giving us one, we were sending over fifty, and we are having the best of the game so far. I have been at this front for some time, and it sure is a lively one.

I received The Messenger and have read a few letters from some of the other boys. I see they have slats to sleep on. Well, when they get as far along in army life as I have gone they will have a softer bed—that is if they can dig, and if they can’t they will learn mighty quick. And they’ll find plenty of fireworks to make live enjoyable.

France is a great country to see and we sure have good times when we are away from the front. This makes my fourth time up. While we have lost some men, it is only a very few, and we are sure capturing large bunches of Germans. There is no question in my mind but what we will have them all by fall.

I received the box that Rob and Staff sent me and there was two boxes of American cigars in it. I’m puffing now. It seems good to be able to smoke a cigar again.

All sorts of growing crops are fine here now. The Strawberries are getting ripe and there is all kinds of other fruit. The grain is heading and the weather is nice and warm.

This is all I can think of to write about this time. When I get back from trenches again I will write more.”

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In a letter dated March 20, addressed to his sister, Mrs. J. G. L. Stauffacher, of Steele, N. D., Arthur B. Staedtler, son of J. H. Staedtler, of this village, says:

“I have received your letter of Feb. 11, which is the first letter I have received since arriving here, except the one from Monticello. You say that you sent me an Xmas present. All that I received thus far was the cigars and tobacco which I received at New York for Thanksgiving.

By your letter I see that you folks are all well and finds me the same.

Since writing you the last time I have been in the trenches again, which makes a total of forty-one days for me. At present I am back of the lines in a rest camp.

I see that Bert has not been called as yet and by the time he gets over here I guess we will have the war won. The weather here is fine and the trees are beginning to leave(sic) out so it will soon be green. There are some good towns where we are now.

I saw Capt. Morese at a distance the other day. He is now captain of the 16<sup>th</sup> Infantry.

Well, I can’t write what I would like to so you will have to wait until I return for the real interesting information. But you can write all that you want to and be sure that you get my address right, which is Pvt. A. B. Staedtler, Co. C, 16<sup>th</sup> U. S. Infantry, A. E. F., via New York.”

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Private Arthur B. Staedtler, with the Rainbow Division “somewhere in France,” one of the first Monticello boys to get into the fray “over there,” was recently wounded in action and is now recovering at Base Hospital No. 24. His friends “over there” will be pleased to learn that his wounds are not serious and that, in all probability, he is back on the firing line by this time. The letter bearing the foregoing information was undated and was addressed to his brother-in-law, the late Fred B. Knobel, arriving here a day or two following the death of the later. Art says in his message, “Well we sure made those Germans go some and I guess they are going some yet.” He says he is lonesome in the hospital and is anxious to get back with his comrades at the front. His letter follows:

“I wrote you some time ago and received one letter from you. Well we sure made those Germans go some and I guess they are going some yet, but I got wounded in the last big drive, having received three rather severe wounds in my hips from an aeroplane bomb, but they are not going to turn out seriously and I expect to be O.K. again in the course of a few weeks.

I have been at the front ever since the big drive of last spring at which time we stopped the advance of the enemy. Now we are driving the Boches the other way. It is a great battle but we will win.

I don’t know where my company is now but suppose they are still at the front.

Here in France everything is fine and I expect to be able to be about and walking around in another week. This is a big city but I don’t know the name of it. Will write again when I get out.

I wish I were back with the company again as one feels lonesome when he’s away from the old bunch.”

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Art Staedtler, son of J. H. Staedtler, of this village, who got into the game “over there several weeks ahead of any of the other Monticello or Green county boys, is gradually recovering from severe wounds received in action some little time ago. Art enlisted for service in Montana with the Co. C, 16<sup>th</sup> Infantry, which formed a part of the famous Rainbow Division, the first U. S. troops to land on French soil, with the possible exception of the marines. Private Staedtler is now at Base Hospital 24, “Somewhere in France” and his letter, dated October 27, to his niece, Miss Ruth Abley, of this village, runs thusly in part:

“I received a letter from you some time ago and have forgotten whether I ever answered it or not. But I have nothing else to do at the present time and will drop you a few lines just to pass the time away. I think you know by this time that I was wounded in action some weeks ago, but now I am almost well again. I had three severe wounds in my hips and spine. The one in my spine is still open but I think it will heal in a short time. I got hit by an aeroplane bomb and it sure put me out of business.

I heard Fred (Knobel) died. It certainly was a surprise to me. I received a letter from him and he said he was getting along all right, but he must have been quite sick at the time because I noticed someone else wrote the letter for him. I answered his letter but believe it arrive too late.

How is everything in Monticello? They say the war is nearly over, so I guess I can soon come home. Then I will stop there and tell you all about it.”

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Arthur B. Staedtler, son of J. H. Staedtler of this village, undoubtedly the first Green county boy to experience active service in the trenches and the following brief message to his niece, Ruth Abley:

“I received both of your letters and also one from Fred (Knobel) and was very glad to get mail at that time. I was in a dug-out at the front and am still there. However, we are getting along fine.

I heard that Arnold was called but it will be some time before he sees ‘No Man’s Land.’ when I get back of the line again for a rest I will write you a more lengthy letter; it is too unhandy to do much writing here. Will answer Fred’s letter some of these days. Hope this finds you all well.”

In a letter written by him, March 20, three months ago, he told of having already experienced 41 days of trench fighting and it is evident that he is becoming one of the seasoned veterans by this time. His company is part of the Rainbow division, his address being Co. C, 16<sup>th</sup> U. S. Infantry, A. E. F., via New York.

## HUN DREADED RAINBOW BOYS

### Citation of Division In Which Monticello Boy Figures

The following dispatch from Washington concerning the record of the famous Rainbow division will be read with interest by many readers of The Messenger. In fact, it will prove of more than passing interest for the reason that one Monticello boy, Arthur B. Staedtler, son of J. H. Staedtler, of this village, has been with the division ever since its arrival ‘over there.’ As far back as August he wrote of being in base hospital No. 24, where he was recovering from wounds received in action. In a letter dated Oct. 27 he stated that he was still in the hospital, but added that he was almost well again. As far as The Messenger knows he is the only Green county boy with the Rainbow division. The Washington story of the record made by the Rainbow division follows:

**Washington, Dec. 26** – The magnificent fighting record made by the Forty-second, or Rainbow division, which includes Wisconsin troops, is set forth in detail officially for the first time in an official citation of division headquarters, a copy of which has just reached Washington.

The citation bears the date of Nov. 13, two days after the signing of the armistice, so that its review is complete.

The citation says:

“The Forty-second division has now been in France more than a year. From the time it assembled from the ports of debarkation, the division has remained continuously in the zone of the armies, its first training area being within the sound of the guns of St. Mihiel.

In February 1918, the division first went into the line and has been in contact with the enemy almost continuously since until the armistice was signed by the Germans on Nov. 11.

Out of the 224 days of the war which have elapsed since it first entered the line, the division has been engaged with the enemy 180 days and the balance of the time has been spent in moving from front to front or in reserve close behind the front.

The division has marched by road, traveled by camion and moved by train. It has held a wide sector front in Lorraine and has been in battle in the Champagne, in the Woevre, at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne. It was the only American division to assist in the disastrous defeat of the great German offensive of July on the battlefield of Champagne. From that time on it has taken part in every large American operation.

In November, when the German power was finally broken, the division as it lay before Sedan had reached the northernmost point attained by the First American army in its magnificent advance.

The American high command has long rated and employed the division as a first-class shock division. The French commanders under whom the division has served have cited it in orders and now captured German documents....

*End of page 5*



### **From Fred and Sam Amstutz**

That Sam and Fred Amstutz, sons of Mrs. Sam Amstutz, of this village, have been and are probably at the present time in the thick of the fray 'over there,' is indicated in letters received from the boys within the past ten days. The former is a corporal and the latter a sergeant, and both are members of Co. H, 129<sup>th</sup> Infantry. Sam tells of having been in 'No Man's Land' a few times and adds that there is something doing every minute.

The following extracts are taken from letters to his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Marty, dated June 17 and 18. Starting off with the request for smoking tobacco, which he says is mighty hard to get in France, he says:

"We are fine and dandy over here—all of the boys—and the weather is nice. I and some of the boys have already been in No Man's Land. It is some place all right, but old Co. H is right there on the lookout all the time. Let Anna and Mother know that I have written and tell them to write me a few lines. It always seems nice to get a letter from home.

Of course, I ought to write more often, but at times I am where it isn't very handy. We are where the bullets are flying thick and that means keep your head down. This sure is some war.

I see by The Messenger that the boys from around home have some nice write-ups in the paper. I sure could write a lot of news from over here, but we are not permitted to write too much. I don't know whether this will get through or not but am taking a chance. We can tell the news when we get home but I am afraid it will be a long time yet, though I hope not."

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Fred's letters are to his mother and his sister, Mrs. Marty, dated June 16 and 20, and from them we take the following:

"How are all the folks in and around home? We are all fairly well at the present time. I received The Messenger yesterday and I see that a few of the boys are writing some nice, long letters to Mr. Richards. Some of these days I am going to take the time to write him a letter for the paper, also.

I suppose Monticello is getting smaller every day, as I see in the paper that the boys are leaving now and then for different training camps. I also noticed that Edwin and Reuel Barlow and John Doyle are in France but I haven't been fortunate enough to meet any of them yet. Would certainly like to see them.

I sure have a good job at the present time; it's about the same as being chief of police in the village where we are stationed. It is a soft job what I mean. Sam and I would sure like some smoking, but as he wrote to Henry, a few days ago, I will....

*The remainder of the column is missing but article continues.*

What is the town doing for a baseball team this summer? Suppose the married 'Bucks' are playing some. Do you know any thing of Bob Anderson? If so tell him to write, or send me his address."

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Writing from Somewhere in France, under date of May 10, to his sister, Mrs. Henry M. Marty, of this village, Sam Amstutz, member of Co. H, 127<sup>th</sup> infantry, says in part:

"Received your letter and sure was glad to hear from you. It was the first letter I have received since reaching France and it certainly seems good he hear from home. I note that you received the papers all right. Tell mother to take good care of them for it may mean something for her. We are all feeling fine.

Tell Wirths that Ernest is not with us. He is still over in England, in case his folks want to write to him. I have money in the First National bank at Monroe. Tell mother about it, so in case anything happens to me she will know that it is there.

It might interest you to know that I have been made a corporal since arriving here and Fred has been promoted to sergeant. Well this is about all I can write at this time and it is about all that a person is allowed to write. Give everybody my best regards."

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### **"Great Sport For Us," Says Fred Amstutz In Letter to His Sister**

Miss Anna Amstutz received a letter the other day from her brother, Sergt. Fred Amstutz, with Co. H, 127<sup>th</sup> infantry, 'over there,' which will be of more than passing interest to his many friends in and around Monticello. His letter is of the sort that thrills. He displays the spirit that is characteristic of the real red-blooded Yank—the spirit that is gradually driving the Hun hordes back across the Rhine and eventually on to Berlin. Fred has been in the thick of the fight of late, he knows all about trench warfare, but like many of the news stories from across the pond, he says: "it is real sport for us." His letter follows;

Received your letter the other day and was glad to hear that you are all well. We are all in the best of health. We just got back from the trenches and are all cleaned up for the Fourth. No place to celebrate, however. We are in a small village and they don't seem to understand that it is our national independence day. The people here are all working, but we have the day off.

We have, in this village, a Y. M. C. A. and also a canteen where we can obtain American candy and cigarettes. There was a Y. M. C. A. man here from some other place last night and he pulled some good jokes for the boys that have done their bit.

Well our company was in the trenches for (deleted) days, but was in (deleted) nights and (deleted) days. It sure was sport for us. The first night I was in charge of the munitions. I would make the rounds about once every hour and every time I went out through the trenches I would hear a few rats and I thought there was a Boche around. I would walk a few steps and stop and I'll admit there was a funny sensation playing up and down my spinal column. But I soon got over it. I finally came to relieve another sergeant and I got some laugh from the privates who had been in the trenches for (deleted) days.

But you think we have rats in the states. The rats are as thick over here as cats and dogs are at home. At night the rats run in the wire and we sometimes we think the Boches are coming, so we throw over a hand grenade merely to play safe.

The last morning we were in we had a heavy bombardment to our left and we could see the big shells bursting in the air and on the ground. Believe me, those big boys surely make the dirt fly. The Dutch also sent over some gas shells, but they didn't catch any of us without our gas masks on.

Do you remember in the magazine of that church that was destroyed by shells? We saw it over here. It is sure awful to see some of the swell churches and other buildings which have been wrecked by Hun shells. The churches here are much nicer than any I have seen in the states, the interior decorations including many rich paintings.

Well, I think I have written enough for this time; perhaps Sam will write some, too. Let Earle Richards see his letter."

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### **Severely Wounded In Action**

Sergt Sam Amstutz, son of Mrs Sam Amstutz, of this village, has been severely (wounded) in action, according to an official telegram received by his mother on Friday last from the war department. The telegram stated that he was severely wounded in action Aug. 26. Sergt. Amstutz is a member of Co. H, 127<sup>th</sup> infantry and a brother of Sergt. Fred Amstutz who was killed in action some weeks ago.

Corp. Emil Wichser, a former Monticello boy and also a member of Co. H, has also been severely wounded in action. An official telegram was received by his uncle Dan Wichser on Monday of this week, which stated that he had been severely wounded in action of Aug. 30.

Both boys have many friends in and near Monticello and all hope to hear of their recovery in the near future.

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The following letter was received by Miss Anna Amstutz from her brother Sergt. Sam Amstutz, who is with Co. H, 127<sup>th</sup> Infantry, 32<sup>nd</sup> division. His letter is dated Nov. 14 and is as follows:

"I received your letter some time ago and was glad to hear that your were all well. I am fine and dandy at the present time and am again back with the company. I was wounded in the right hand the last time our division was in action and had to spend about two months at the hospital. They sure have nice hospitals over here and I was taken good care of.

Well, Anna, the war is now over, I think, and it will not be many months before I will be able to return home. Am not writing very much this time; just enough to let you know that I an O.K. Give everybody my best regards."

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### **Sergt. Amstutz In Hospital**

Mrs. Sam Amstutz received a letter from the war department at Washington, under date of Oct. 26, concerning her son, Sergt. Sam Amstutz, of Co. H, 127<sup>th</sup> Infantry, who was reported as having been severely wounded in action some weeks age, which will be of much interest to Sam's many friends in and around Monticello.

The letter reads as follows:

"With reference to prior correspondence concerning Sergeant Sam Amstutz, Co. H, 127<sup>th</sup> Inf., who was previously reported severely wounded in action on August 26, 1918, I beg to advise you that it is reported under date of August 31 that he received a gun shot wound in the right hand, and is under treatment for the injury in American Red Cross Military Hospital No. 5, A. E. F. You will be promptly advised of any later report received concerning him."

In a letter received from the war department a few days before, Mrs. Amstutz was advised that her son, Sergt. Fred Amstutz was killed in action August 5, instead of July 25, as was originally reported.

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Extracts from the two letters, dated 'Somewhere in France,' October 2 follow:

"I haven't written for so long that I think it is about time I was dropping you a few lines to let you know that I am still on the go and am getting along fine, Was wounded in action a few weeks ago and have since been at a hospital, but expect to report to my company for duty again within a few days.

I suppose you folks at home are all well; at least I hope so. I suppose you will wonder why this letter is not more lengthy. Well, I was crippled in my right hand, so it is not very convenient for me to write at the present time.

How is 'Doc.'? Has he been drafted yet? I suppose his turn will come soon.

How is Herman, and why don't he write?

Well, I hope we can get that damn Kaiser right by his old brick head and then all would be over with. He sure has made lots of trouble and suffering.

Give everyone around there my best regards. Will write more often when I get back with the company."

## Reuel R. Barlow

From 'Somewhere in France,' Reuel R. Barlow, with Field Hospital 127, Headquarters 32<sup>nd</sup> Division writes the following very interesting letter to his brother-in-law, Wendell Barlow, of this village, under date of April 4:

"No letter from you yet. I hope you will write often, telling of the happenings around Monticello. We have not seen a Messenger for a long time. Ray House was sent here as a diphtheria germ carrier and I got quite a little news from him. He was here a day or two only. He belongs to a motor truck company now.

We had two fellows from Whitewater, Sergt. Holmes and Corp. Ira Peterson, who want me to send their regards to Albert Moore, so when you see them, tell him of this, will you?

I am well and quite happy. We are running a camp hospital similar to the one at Camp Douglas, only in barracks. Everything is quite comfortable, except for the mud, as we are getting lots of rain. There are scores of springs around here, some no doubt that are permanent, but many due to the heavy rains. The trees are turning green. I have picked blue and white violets and the French dandelions are out, also jonquils and several other kinds of flowers.

We can get some good feeds here in the French villages. The other evening we jaunted for half an hour to town, passing the home of a Count who is at the front. I ate four fried eggs, rye bread, a plate heaped full of French fried potatoes, jam, cheese and half a quart bottle of wine. The entire meal cost me 3.75 francs, or about 68 cents. We ate in the kitchen and the two French women who live there prepared our meal. They have several children and their husbands are in the army. We talked to them in French and they would hardly believe some of the things we told them about America. The fellow with me is from Stoughton. He went to Lawrence university two or three years before he enlisted.

Edwin (Barlow) is fine. He has a couple of sick men to take care of and he is a regular nurse. I suppose you are expecting to be called any time now. You may see France, but I don't think you'll see much fighting. Army life will not hurt you; it will do you good to get away from home.

I wish I could write all of our experiences from Waco here and much that has happened here, but it would take too long. We have endured hardships, not many, but some that granddad never heard of in the Civil war. We have experienced the time when sleeping on boards was greeted as a luxury, for it was heaven after having slept sitting up, but it is all in the game and not half as bad as it sounds. In fact, it is good for one, especially if he is in the army.

What I want is good magazines. If you can get any, send them along. If I don't get a little reading I will take to writing poetry and that would be awful.

Say hello to Hooker and Stanley and Terry and all the Monticello people who ask about Edwin and I."

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In a letter written to his father, J. H. Barlow, of this village, under date of May 1, Reuel R. Barlow, who is 'Somewhere in France' with Field Hospital 127, 32<sup>nd</sup> Division, says that he is now working in the office and that he was recently made a corporal, which means several dollars a month more in pay. The following notes from his letter will be of interest to his many friends among the readers of The Messenger:

"This is an ideal May day today and the mud is nearly all dried up.

The Messenger comes to Edwin and I quite regularly now. In the last one I read the names of several from Monticello who had been called under the draft, but I did not see Wendell's name. Am wondering whether he has been called or not. I suppose he is waiting his turn.

We are getting good eats and have things pretty nice here. He and I have made friends with a French family here and they invite us over a couple times a week. They cannot speak English, but we can speak French well enough to get along pretty well and we have some pretty good cake and wine at their house. We gave the man tobacco one night and he grabbed Edwin around the shoulders and kissed him because he had given him an unusually large amount. They have a daughter about fourteen years old and she is learning English at school and we have lots of fun speaking to her in English.

Did you know George Marshall, of Brodhead, partner of Burt Pierce? His son, Charley Marshall, is working in the office as orderly and courier.

Tim Luchsinger is sick here now and I saw him today. He has a bad cold is all and expects to leave in a couple of days. He is from New Glarus.

Wendell sent me the address of relatives of ours in England and I hope that some day I will get an opportunity to go there. To be over here is a great experience. I wish that you could see all the different kinds of soldiers there are over here and the uniforms they wear. The French and English surely are stage beauties in their dress clothes. And some of them are covered with medals and cords.

Say hello for me to Doc. Jordan and tell him he ought to apply for a commission as colonel in the army. Also "hello" to Terry (Babler) and Earle Richards and maybe he would like to read parts of this letter."

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Writing to his father, J. H. Barlow, of this village, Reuel R. Barlow, with Field Hospital No. 127, has the following to say, under date of June 9:

"Just a few lines today to tell you that I am fine and that we are enjoying the finest kind of weather. When we tell the French that it gets much warmer in America than this they seem surprised. I can't imagine more agreeable weather than we have had here since the spring rains. At night it is cool, but just cool enough so that a couple of blankets feel fine and we don't have to throw our overcoats on top of them to help keep in the warmth.

I am working every day in the office and leaning more and more about paper work in the army. When you see all the boys going by with guns and long knives, it makes me feel as if I would like to jump in with them. I may get a chance yet. Edwin looks fine and says hello to you and the Eastern Star ladies.

Went over to a French battery the other evening and took a look at the guns. A couple of batteries to the right and to the left of us were very busy. We could hear the German shells whistle to the right of us and then to the left. You can tell by the sound of them whether they are coming close or not. I wish you could hear the racket and see the light at night when things get hot. I have seen trees and forests entirely dead, due to gas.

No doubt you have been reading the papers and know how well the Americans are doing. The French think we are all right. I read in a London paper that Lester had another invention which he claims can reach (deleted) from here. I hope the sonofagun has. He will have so many millions that he can buy Germany after the war.

I'll bet America was all excited when the news came that there was a couple of submarines over there. We read over here what the people in New York city did and we had to laugh. When the U. S. get fighting mad there will be a great time over here. The doggone Germans can't last anyway, but they'll see their finish all the sooner then."

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Reuel R. Barlow, with Field Hospital 127, 'Somewhere in France' writes his father the following letter, under date of August 2:

"Just a few lines to let you know I am well and busy night and day, although we are not expecting much more now. As you know, we have been up where there has been some tough fighting. Some time ago I received a letter from Clear Lake saying that Royal Barlow was up here in the thick of things. I wrote to him and received an answer. Then we got thrown into it and day before yesterday Royal was brought to the field hospital with a slight touch of gas. He sent for me and I had a long visit with him, after not having seen him for years. He is a big fellow and a lot like Everett. He isn't hurt much and will be out again in a day or a few days.

It was something unusual to meet him away over here. He told me he was carrying a pail of soup to the front line when a gas shell came over and he ducked into a shell hole. The shell landed nearby and he got a whiff of gas. He was alright when I saw him, excepting that his eyes were a little red. He smoked a cigarette and enjoyed a regular feed. He told me some of his experiences and he has had quite a time. We are all having our experiences now and I could write things about events which would beat anything you see in the papers.

I am not worrying about myself and I hope none of you are. Had a fellow by the name of Ginner, from Monroe, in the hospital the other day.

The Amstutz boys were well up to last night. Saw them both several days ago. I could pick up a carload of German stuff, including helmets all shot to pieces, but a man can't carry them around and we have no time or means of sending them home. Maybe, later, I'll send you a German helmet."

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In a letter which he wrote to his sister, Mrs. J. H. Yost, of Freeport, a few days earlier, he says, in part:

"We are in the thick of the fight and are not green at this business any more. Have seen things that would make you throw up your Thanksgiving dinner—dead Germans and parts of them, anything you want to imagine. There are also many humorous things. Last night a fellow came in with a flesh wound over his heart, a bullet in his elbow and the seat of his pants riddled with shrapnel. He told how he was carrying his major back who had received a broken arm and a couple of other litle wounds. A shell came along and blew up five of his comrade and broke the major's other arm. The major was being carried on a litter when the last shell came and put his other arm out of business. He got off the litter and started off as fast as he could go and the fellow with the trousers riddled could hardly keep up. We are doing big things here and I am on ground which Americans will read about in history for....

years to come.

The lines have been pushed forward so far that we will probably move up in a day or two. Have seen lots of German prisoners and have a couple in the hospital here. Have seen only a few good looking soldiers. Most of them are kids without whiskers or else old men who are no match for the Americans. but they have machine guns and plenty of fortifications.

We have a lot of women nurses here and there are women rescue workers helping the poor civilians out, and women in the Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross. Every one of these organizations is worth its weight in gold and we, who are up here, appreciate that fact. The wounded who have had to go without food for hours out there in the woods and hills because of the fighting are given hot chocolate and cookies by the Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross. Smokes and everything possible are ready for them and the Red Cross is providing medical and surgical material by the car load."

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"Hello, Earle: I don't know as I can expand much on Edwin's letter, but I want to write a few lines to let you know that the home folks and friends and the home paper are very much in our minds away over here and that they stand out as the strongest tie that binds us to the good old United States. What Edwin says of The Messenger I want to emphasize with all sincerity. Over here war news is not half as interesting as home news. The Paris papers we read quickly and then throw them away, while a copy of The Messenger we keep for several days or until we read every line of it.

I ran into Ray House the other day and we exchanged news from Monticello and vicinity. He is now in a motor truck company and may be flirting with Boche bullets by now, for all I know, for things happen quick over here.

Some time ago I was on detail in a French seaport. There I met English, French and American soldiers and sailors and saw Chinese soldiers and sailors as well as Algerians. The latter would take a clumsy two-wheeled cart, pile a couple of rocks on it and then take a dozen men to haul it, when five men could have carried the stone. It was a case of hauling too much cart for an American. I saw hundreds of German prisoners working there. They may be found in all parts of the country and they seem glad enough to be where they are, as very little guard is placed over them.

Concerning the war I can say very little. Needless to state that there are many things connected with it that were very interesting at first, but now are commonplace. We still have a few thrills before us, however, and the biggest one will be when we see the Germans going for the Rhine like a lot of scared rabbits. There are no doubt over here that America will turn the trick and all that the folks back home must do is to boost and speed up.

The French people are surely fine to us. They are very democratic and friendly. Also they are great gardeners. Hedges and stone walls surround every plot of ground. I have seen two wire fences in this country. The people take lots of pains with every detail of their gardens and they make things artistic as well as practical.

I am sorry I can't write more about things I know you are interested in. But we are all well and haven't a kick to register. Uncle Sam, the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. manage to get smokes around here, as well as nuts and occasionally some chocolates. There are two American women with the 'Y.' here. We enjoy band concerts and boxing bouts every week.

We are in charge of a camp hospital here and I am now working in the camp office, where yours truly is certainly kept busy. Say 'hello' to everyone in Monticello for me."

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J. H. Barlow received a letter the other day from his son, Reuel R. Barlow, with Field Hospital 127, Sanitary Train 197, American E. F., a few extracts from which will be of more than ordinary interest to his many friends among the readers of The Messenger. Reuel's letters are always interesting because he is right where big things are taking place every day. The letter in question was written September 3 and is in part as follows:

"Am enclosing a little news from this part of the country so you will know that we are not resting very quietly, as indeed we have not for six weeks now. I can say that I know what is going on here in the fracas a thousand times better than if I were not in it, for if some things that happen here were told to the people in the states they would say you were full of hot air. Of course, I cannot write about the thousand little things I would like to write about, but I hope I will be able to remember a few of them so that I can tell stories like all soldiers when I get back.

Have seen several boys from Monroe and Monticello during the past six weeks and you will all probably be informed officially concerning some of them. We can mention nothing concerning what different fellows are doing. I have put in some long hours working. Have worked for thirty hours straight without sleep, but we all have to do those things in emergencies. There is nothing a fellow wouldn't do, especially in battle and we think nothing of it. Afterwards we flop down and sleep for ten hours, then wash up good and start in writing letters home.

We are not running short on the eats. Getting celery and cabbage and beans now. Army grub is not overly good at times, but everything possible is done for the men at the front. We expect soon to back for a rest, when I can write more to everyone.

I received the box Ruth sent me and am not worrying but that the box you have sent will arrive O. K. Most of the mail that goes astray over here is not addressed properly. We have letters come here for fellows with similar names to those on the letters and no one under the sun could figure out where they ought to go. The only thing that happens for which a fellow can complain is that mail is delayed sometimes and then we get it in big batches all at once. But that is because there is so much of it and the means of distributing it are not like they are in the states.

Am glad you got my picture. If you could see me you would know that I am looking better than I ever did back home. You have nothing to worry over about me. This war won't end right away, but it is now nearing the end. I think that next summer we will see the end of it. I have never said it would end so soon as many people have said. We have had nearly a hundred German prisoners in our hospital and they give us pretty near the right idea of the condition Germany is in. Germany is taking men from her navy and from every factory that she can in order to keep the front line troops up, but the soldiers are all ready to quit and they all say that Germany would be better off if she were a republic and would get rid of the Kaiser.

Germany has everything to lose from now on. Right here where we are now Germany has done everything she could to stop us and it was a standstill fight for a couple of days. But the Huns couldn't stand it. They had concrete dugouts with electric lights and everything fixed so that they thought they were impregnable. But now they have been backed up miles and on another front they went back a good many miles every day. The day of the German's advancing is over. All we have to do now is to keep backing them up and that will take a little time, but the end is certain now.

I hope Wendell can get over here and see a little of it. He won't see a real fight for a long time yet and this thing may end this winter. The Germans all say that it will be over by Christmas and I hope they are right. He is in a good branch of the service and he will learn a lot as a result of the instruction he is getting."

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### **MONTICELLO BOYS FIGURE IN BATTLE OF FURIOUS NATURE**

Corp. Reuel R. Barlow, writing to his father, J. H. Barlow, from 'Somewhere in France' under date of September 20, tells of a wondrous battle in which he and eight of his comrades participated just a couple of days before. It was wondrous because of the many advances made by the 'enemy' and the cleverness with which each and every onslaught was repulsed. Despite the heavy bombardment Reuel and his bunch emerged from the conflict with but slight discomfort and no losses whatever. His story of the historical battle follows:

#### **"By Corp. Reuel R. Barlow**

This is the story of a wondrous battle enacted among the fairy fields of France, on the 19th of September, 1918. That is one of the most strategic events of the world conflict, protruding above the seething current of events like Gibraltar above the limpid straits below, no one will doubt after its story has been told. History will be greatly enriched and the school children of the coming centuries will be elaborately provided with a point of huge cultural value by this event.

The summer of 1918 was over. Historians were almost overwhelmed by the record of momentous battles and of critical climaxes. July saw Americans in great numbers pouring toward the front. And from sectors of comparative inactivity streamed a line of other Americans to one of the big conflicts of the year. Among the latter was a small body of men—sturdy, intelligent looking men, the pride of the mid-west—who had gone gladly as volunteers from their university and from their offices and farms. From July until the early part of September these men participated in the offensives, first in one sector and then in another, dislodging the Hun and driving him back over miles of territory. Tired and yet happy they finally left the devastated area, where nothing but men and miles and flies abound, and glided down the shaded roads of France to picturesque F———, far from the pounding guns and the morpheus of aeroplanes, the saddest sound conceivable for lulling one into the land of Morpheus.

F——— has its old church, its public washing place, its fountain, its bovine manifestations and its poultry promenade, like any other village of dear old France. Things, generally speaking, looked quite home-like to the war-worn Americans. They concocted a wonderful scheme, filled with the cunning and ingenuity which will always mark the Yankee soldier.

It was the evening of September 19, 1918, that eleven of this small body of American soldiers were seated around a large table. There was an element of expectancy in the air.



They seemed to be in battle form. Evidently—it took no psychologist to discover this—these men had started something. It was something they had planned deliberately and they were eager for the crisis. Suddenly it happened. What followed will go far toward making American history glow the more brilliantly with deeds of heroism.

Sizzling hot, steaming forth powerful and to these veteran soldiers of Yankee origin strange odors, in regular formation, came three toasted ducks. The Americans, with their familiar cry, fell to. They discovered that roasted ducks are not demolishable by one or two fell strokes. But they had no more than prepared to attack with the object of demolishing the ducks bit by bit, than there appeared a tank of mashed potatoes, flanked by a sort of Divine concoction called duck gravy and backed by dumplings, well trained for the occasion. The array began to look formidable. Then, camouflaged by lettuce, there advanced swiftly duck dressing, tender little string beans and baking powder biscuits and a full complement of raspberry jam. Evidently the khaki-garbed soldiers had planned more than they anticipated. There was just a little gasp of surprise, from between the gnashing teeth, that sounded like an English bulldog in the heat of battle.

The fray was fast and furious for nearly an hour. The Tanks became worn and weary. They heaved sighs of dismay, but with an admirable display of tenacity they held on. The lettuce camouflage was destroyed and the tank of potatoes went asunder and victory was soon theirs. They settled back, putted cigarettes and rubbed their battle-marked bodies. Silence persisted in prevailing.

Then, without warning, a battalion of tarts, beautiful things they were, shot forth. The warriors fell to again, ready for any emergency and with a look of desperation in their eyes. On the horizon arose a column of brownish steam. The enemy advanced with a huge projector of coffee. There was something about that coffee which did not look familiar. It resembled not at all the coffee to which they had been trained during their arduous days of military training, but it was met with the fervor of spring fever. The tarts were taken prisoners, when, with slow and heavy movement, there advanced several sections of apple pie, each section covering several kilometers. The enormity of the movement against the drooping Yankee boys, who kept their spirits up by artificial and guttural sounding gurgles, undoubtedly was the highest trump card in the opponent's hand, meant to bring defeat to these eleven tenacious scrappers by mere numbers. It must be admitted that this little band of eleven men were force to give way a bit. A few crept into the offing for a breath of cool air, the better to renew their attack against their formidable opponents. Slowly and with great labor the sections of apple pie were overcome. Laughing school children of the future will never know at what pain and forbearance this victory was won.

Hardly had victory been snatched from the jaws of defeat when the adversary threw in the cream of his armed array, the royal and imperial forces. Great platoons of Devil's food cake came jauntily forward. The movement was beautiful. There was neither camouflage nor subterfuge connected with it. The cake wore all its finest regalia. The shock of these fine and delicate forces almost cloyed the senses of the Americans, already dulled by long army training and the fatigue of the struggle. The forces of the Yanks were pretty well scattered. They had thrown themselves rather dazedly about after the last encounter, but gathering themselves up, swollen and in agony, they met the fine regalia and tore it into shreds. The victory was complete.

A little song entitled "Moon, Moon, Pretty Little Moon, Won't You Please Look down on Me," went up.

That night the eleven warriors dreamed of home and mother and (unreadable) iron pump.

Tis said that history repeats itself. May we write volumes concerning such battles, with all of America's millions participating, before the Boche gets us."

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In a letter accompanying the foregoing account of the "battle," Reuel says: "Our chef was Edwin Barlow and he is a cook par excellence.. Our regular cooks are not even good grease slingers in comparison. At the party, besides Edwin and myself, were three Dodgeville boys, Charley Marshall, of Brodhead, and Bob Chalfant, who used to come to Monticello selling silk goods. I guess he is acquainted with several Monticello people.

We are back where there are no marks of war. After two months in a land where there wasn't a civilian and flies were the only other living things to be seen, it seems like heaven. It seems good to see a house with a roof still on it and lace curtains at the windows. Even a cow looked good to us when we first came down here. "

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### **Americans Fire French Guns Six Times Faster Than the French, says Reuel R. Barlow**

The editor of The Messenger received a letter a few days since from Reuel R. Barlow, with Field Hospital 127, 32nd Division, which is of a decidedly interesting nature. Reuel's letters are always interesting and this one is fully up to the usual standard and then some. Field Hospital 127 is the hospital unit of the 127th Infantry of which Green county's own Co. H is a part and includes many boys from Monticello and vicinity among the many from this county. In the battle of Chateau Thierry the 32nd made a record that is certain to illuminate the pages of history for all time to come. It was during this memorable engagement that the time of the war was turned in favor of America and the allies and since then the Huns have been constantly on the run Rhineward.

Although the Kaiser at one time contemptuously referred to the boys from the states as "flabby, untrained Yanks," he has undoubtedly had plenty of time to revise his opinion since then. "The Americans fire the French guns six times as fast as the French do, because they load it on the recoil." says Corporal Barlow in one part of his letter. The French are afraid the gun will jam and blow up and German prisoners anxiously inquire what sort of 'machine-gun artillery' the Americans have.

The letter follows:

"France, September 26, 1918.

Dear Earle: The months slip by so rapidly over here where we have some thing to occupy ourselves with every minute that it doesn't seem like several months since I wrote you last. But there are many of my friends and even relatives who have been neglected even more. But I feel that events over here in which I have participated are sufficient reason for not keeping my correspondence up, altho I do have a guilty feeling sometimes.

Since May I have been at the front, with the exception of a week's rest recently out of the zone of advance and the short periods in which we were traveling via truck from one part of the line to another. Even then we got under shell fire on several occasions, but generally our rides were through the quiet rural districts, down shady winding roads and out on large crowded main highways. The roads of France are wonderful and certainly ought to make motoring a pleasure in peace times. We travel night and day, without lights at night. Even cigarettes are banned at night. The Boche aviator goes for a show of fire like these mammoth French bees do for flies. Many times I have heard the warning, 'Put that light out or I'll shoot it out.' There is nothing that will cause you to jump on your best friend so quick as for him to light a cigarette in the battle area.

Today I suppose America is being thrilled by the story of another big hook at the Hun. Perhaps not, though you may not read about it for several days. I wish I could write and tell you about how the Hun is given a dose of his own medicine. Just now the big guns are knocking the top off a long ridge over here and I feel sorry for the Germans when the Americans and French let loose. The Americans fire the French gun six times as fast as the French do, because they load it on the recoil. I have heard German prisoners myself ask what kind of 'machine-gun artillery' the Americans have, because they shoot so rapidly. The French are afraid the gun will jam and blow up. Not so the Americans. They pack her full and let her go.

I talked with Fred Amstutz the night when we moved up to the Chateau Thierry front. We were both stopped along the road on the banks of the Marne and I ran down the road away when I saw his company stop.

Both he and Sam were in fine spirits and the record made by them is more thrilling and more heroic than anything that we have ever read in American history. As a result of that record our division was picked by the French to storm a point on another part of the line which the French had attacked time and again. And you haven't read of anything that looked like failure in what the Americans have attempted, have you?

Am glad to read of so many of the home boys being over here. Now I have gotten so that I keep on the look-out and maybe sometime I'll run across some of them. They will soon be fighting cooties and feel the rats brushing against their ears. A fellow gets so that he soon learns quite a little about the habits of cooties, for they are a very intelligent beast. Of course a fellow doesn't continue peaceful relations with them more than a day when he is in a place where he can get water and has a change of underclothing. One of a soldier's greatest is when he learns to sleep soundly after suddenly discovering that a battalion of cooties has advanced upon him. The tricks they play after they have gained their objects are really laughable. They can maneuver in single file around your waist or do guard duty back and forth on your spinal column with the ease of a hard-boiled 'Reg.' Needless to say, no human being will consent to being a drill field for more than ten hours and the Medical Department has the means of putting the kibosh on little cootie in short order."

October 6, 1918

"We have been up and doing since I wrote you the above. Have been under shell fire four days. The Heinnies send them over day and night and I have gotten now so that I can raise up at night at the first whistle of a shell coming over and do the shell flop into a dugout before the thing goes off. I have got it timed so harmoniously that I generally hit the floor of the dugout just as the bang sounds from above. But the Boches have been pushed back now so that today has been quiet. I sleep in the edge of a woods with my bunk behind a tree three feet in diameter and no roof over my head. At night I can see only the trunks of the shell-stripped trees against the sky. And the sounds I can hear are certainly interesting. Our own artillery is behind us and it bangs and snuffs out our candles and shakes things up in general. Also I can hear, besides our own big guns, the sound of machine gun fire off to the northeast and then the whistle and bang of shells coming over. Usually a couple Boche planes buzz around after dark over head, and the anti-aircraft guns boom away. Down the valley are thousands of moving vehicles, trucks, ambulances and artillery pieces. Added to this last night were several score tanks, sounding like threshing machines crawling along. A spectacular sight at night is to see the sheets of flame that burst from the big guns, situated in a straight line along a ridge as far as one can see. And when they open up it makes one feel mighty good, for we know the Hun is getting his. We have been working pretty furious. My work is making records and reports on casualties and there is nothing about it that resembles office work back in civilian life.

I wish I could describe the immense forces lying back in the valleys around here and the scenes I have witnessed in a certain little valley where once there were many villages, but now nothing is discernible but the foundations of buildings and a few crumbled walls, around which swarm thousands of Americans, with all their paraphernalia. We see German planes fall every day and air battles every few hours.

The other day a German came over and shot down an observation balloon. The balloon was almost hauled down when the German swooped at it in a last attempt and succeeded in setting it afire. But he was hit himself, landed in a nook in the valley where the ground was covered with American troops. His plane turned end over end, but the German was able to run and he started off for the woods. A couple Americans took after him and caught him in a jiffy.

There are many such little incidents to tell, but it would make this letter too long. It is time I was in bed anyway.

I am fine and hope this finds you in the best of health. Tell them all 'hello' at home.

Hope to see you all a year from now—if not sooner.

Sincerely from the other side of the Hindenburg line.

Reuel Barlow."

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Oct. 23 and the other Nov. 3, both having been written before peace was declared.

Letter of Oct. 23: "Just a line to let you know we are back for a rest, which promises to be a long one, and that some of our fellows have gone on their furloughs. I haven't put my name in yet, but will do so when the next bunch is permitted to leave. Expect to be around here a couple of months.

We have seen some exciting events. During our last three weeks at the front I have had mud and rocks splashed around me by shells and two fellows were killed outright not very far away. Also the aeroplanes at night came pretty close with their bombs, but we always get into dugouts where nothing could reach us.

The box arrived today with socks, wafers and chocolate and believe me I certainly appreciated the contents. I needed the socks and the wafers and chocolate is like getting a turkey dinner. thanks very much. I gave Edwin some of the gum, chocolate bars and wafers. We always give each other what we can spare.

I sent you a German helmet today. We have not received a Messenger in several weeks. Will you send me clippings of any letters from soldiers in The Messenger, also anything else of interest.

I am in the best of health and spirits. We are not in a civilized country yet, but hope to be so situated in another week or two. No stores and not even a building standing here, but it isn't like the place we just left, for that was a very recent battle field covered with all kinds of wreckage. This place is cleaned up and not over run with troops anyway.

We are all going to get entire new clothing, equipment, etc. You should have seen us, even yesterday. Mud plastered over everything—everything bedraggled and dirty, hair long and almost everyone with whiskers all over their faces. We can still see the flare and hear the rumble of artillery and see German aeroplanes, but it is not like when you are in action at the front.

Do you read the Madison papers? They have been printing a lot about us and the Madison boys whom we are with. We were in Chateau Thierry and at Juvigny, near Soissons and of course you know we were in Alsace. We have had some recent action that had any of the others beat but is so recent I cannot mention anything about it."

Letter of Nov. 3: "We are still in the land of devastation, but not in action. There is nothing taking place here so I can write very little. I sent you the last issue of the Stars and Stripes. I do not think it will be giving away any military information if I say I have gone over that road.

There isn't much to write about except the village here, which is almost as completely gone as it could be. It must have been destroyed in 1914, for only a few stones show where a wall was and the grass has grown over everything.

Am sending you a piece of shrapnel. This is a small piece; some pieces are as long as your hand. I have seen pieces like this taken out of a fellow's intestines. It's bad stuff. This was picked up in some old German trenches, probably fired by Americans. The ground is covered with it here and every post and tree is filled with steel and lead."

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Letters from the boys 'over there' are much more interesting of late, in that the censorship is not as rigid as it was and they are permitted to give their present location and to relate many of the experiences through which they have passed since landing in France. The following letter from Corp. Reuel B. Barlow, with Field Hospital 127, 32nd Div., written to his father, J. H. Barlow, was dated at Luxembourg Nov. 24:

"Today is the day when all of us are supposed to write a letter to our fathers and so, while I have a little time this morning, I will write of a few things that have happened during the past couple of weeks.

Of course, you know that I am in the army of occupation that is on its way to the Rhine. We have been on the way a week now and the trip has been great in comparison to the life while the war was still on. When the armistice was signed we were on the banks of the Meuse river, not very far from the front and were under the German guns. Then the war stopped and we did not have to put all the lights out, but we built big bonfires to celebrate the event and everything seemed very quiet at night because could not hear the guns.

We had been in the 'desert' over two months and had not seen a civilian nor an inhabited house during that time. Nothing but ruins and rubbish. Then, on Nov. 17, we started for Germany with all of our equipment in trucks and the men riding on top of it. For about an hour we rode through the country which was all shot to pieces. Then we came out into green fields and good hard roads, which seemed mighty good. The villages were all empty, but there was a stream of civilians walking toward us all the way and many returning prisoners who had been released from Germany. They all were very enthusiastic in greeting us. Farther on we began to come to towns which were inhabited and the lights shown out of the houses through the darkness, making things look home-like and comfortable.

About midnight we stopped at the edge of a little town and slept in the barns or in the trucks. I pulled my blankets around me and went to sleep in the back end of the office truck. The next morning (it was freezing cold) I got up early and some of us started a bonfire at about 5 a.m. We ate breakfast, consisting of rice and bread and coffee and then started on again. That morning we entered the city of Longwy which is right in the corner between Belgium, France and Luxembourg. It is a large city and is situated in a long, deep valley. The country is as beautiful as I have seen anywhere. The Germans had turned the city over to the allies the day before. We started a hospital in a large hotel built in 1914, completed eight days before the war began and used ever since by the Germans for a hospital. It is a mansion, with parks and fountains and health springs. I slept that night in a room and on a mattress with electric lights and hot water in the room and a toilet across the hall. Our office was the hotel office down stairs and it was some office. That day the American army was given a big celebration and the town was decorated with bunting and lanterns and flags.

We stayed there two days and then the hospital was taken over by another hospital outfit and we moved forward. Along the way we saw large German bombing planes with double propellers used for night bombing and we had heard a good many of them before the war ended. The Germans left many serviceable trucks along the way and we noticed that they all had iron tires. There were hundreds of wagons, guns, etc., left also. In one town was a group of German soldiers who had brought over some material to turn over to the allies.

We pulled into another village the next night and slept on straw in a barn. That day we passed through the lower tip of Belgium and were then in Luxembourg. Everyone talked German, but the Luxembourg people were mighty fine. We bought bread and jam and beer in the village and the boys and girls and the women folks along the way gave us apples—the first we had seen since April.

Then, the next morning, which was about Nov. 22, we pulled into this town which is called Welferdingen, in Luxembourg, and five kilometers from the capital city, which is Luxembourg. Here we have our hospital in the castle of the Grand Duke of Luxembourg. It is his summer home and it has gardens and fine furniture and draperies. Of course, most of the furnishings are packed away. We can buy meals here at the restaurants and cafes, but they are not very cheap. A meal that one would want in America for Sunday dinner, with two courses of meat and potatoes, cooked differently for each course, costs about \$1.50. We use German and French money now.

This country is wonderful. Great big farm houses and the fields and fences and roads and houses are all as neat and clean as they could be. Some different from America. We have been given passes to the city of Luxembourg and I was there day before

End of page 10



Yesterday (Saturday) and yesterday (Sunday). I bought some small souvenirs which I have sent to you. I have had some good meals and purchased some real candy. The Germans, I guess, did not cut down on sugar like the allies. The city of Luxembourg has street cars and fine big hotels. Its population is 250,000 and the people did not help the Germans fight, for their army contains only 200 men. They dress more like the Americans and the city is more like an American city than any I have seen and I have been in Brest, Dijon, Belfort, Paris, Chateau Thierry, Verdun, Meau and other small cities. Of course, they are nearly all old-countryish and Americans are quite a curiosity. They talk German and French and so we 'parlez' a little French and gobble off a lot of German. I have met quite a number of people who have been in America—one old gentleman who said he lived six years, from 1870 to 1876, at the Palmer house in Chicago. There are many people who come to America and then don't like it after a couple of years and return to their old country. One fellow had worked a couple of years in a dynamite factory in Indiana and now he is back here. I don't blame him hardly.

We will be here probably for several days yet, or until the Germans get out ahead of us. Then we will go forward again. The people here say that all the Germans this side of the Rhine are pretty much French and that they will be nice to us. Of course, we aren't mixing with them if they give us the cold stare.

The weather here has been perfect—plenty of frost but neither rain nor snow. I must close now and I hope this finds you as well as I am, for I am in the best of health. I will tell you more of our experiences when I get back, which I expect will be about Easter time."

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Corporal Reuel R. Barlow, with Field Hospital 127, 32nd Division, was stationed at Rengsdorf Germany, twelve miles on the other side of the Rhine, on Christmas day, according to a letter received the other day by his father, J. H. Barlow. He had been located there since about the middle of December, the unit he is with having crossed the Rhine on the 13th. His story of the move across the Rhine is decidedly interesting, as it also has mention of a number of other incidents in connection with his army life since the signing of the armistice. At the time of writing the letter, Dec. 24, he was enjoying the comforts of a modern summer hotel, which was some contrast in comparison with his experiences of the preceding six months. His letter follows in part:

"Twelve miles on the other side of the Rhine. That is where we are now, in a beautiful, large summer hotel, situated on a high point from which we can see the Rhine valley and river miles away. The hotel has steam heat, electric lights, pink wall paper and fancy hangings over the chandeliers. The walls are covered with many mounted antlers of a small species of deer, which are to be found in the pine and beech forest and stretches of underbrush that cover the hills around us. Living here is a great contrast to what we have been having during the past six months.

The village of Rengsdorf is a notable summer resort and has fifteen large hotels where tired Germans used to gambol on the green. In the hills which line the Rhine valley are little waterfalls and streams and old, old cottages and hunters shacks. The region is called "Luftkurot," or in English 'air-cure-place.' When it comes to the 'air-cure,' we have places in America that would back the Rhine clear into Africa. The trouble with these people is that they make a mountain out of a mole hill.

We are northwest of Coblenz. Our last stop was in a village called Niedermendig, twelve miles from the Rhine on the west bank. We left there on Friday, the 13th of December, and crossed the Rhine river at 12:30 a.m., Saturday morning, under a full moon that made the night seem almost like day. The large, black arched bridge was guarded at each end by two massive stone towers and, needless to say, they were occupied by American guards. It was quite an event for us.

The valley, north and south, was lit up as far as the eye could reach with thousands of small lights, which revealed factories and locomotives spouting smoke into the night. The river is about as wide as the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien. The entire valley is densely populated, judging from the twenty or thirty mile stretch we can see from here and it contains village after village. As we passed through them after midnight they were silent and dead, shutters closed and only dim street lights burning. On every corner American guards were on patrol. About 1 o'clock we stopped on a narrow street in the village of Weis for the night. The only 'military' place we had to sleep in was the trucks. Several of us started out to find a more comfortable bed. We found a house with the shutters open and the lights shining in every room. The kitchen door was open and in response to our knock we were ushered into the front room, told to sit down and given assurance that we could find plenty of room to sleep in. Then in came a coffee pot steaming hot, some marmalade and a plate of German bread; black, heavy, coarse. We were surprised. The whole family was up and the mother ironing at 2 a.m. They explained that they could not sleep on account of the big trucks going by on the pavement outside. We talked until 3:30 a.m. The family had one son in France, a prisoner for two and one-half years. Another son had been killed, leaving a wife and little boy. One son remained at home and there were three daughters in the family, from 12 to 20 years old. Everyone of them showed their anger toward the Kaiser. Speaking of America one of them said, 'America! ach, that is a fairy-land!' We slept on beds that night—two of us in a small child's bed—and it was pretty fine. We got up at 8 o'clock, came down stairs, found water, soap and towels laid out for us and breakfast on the table. This may have been insidious propaganda for the Fatherland, but I think it was just good, every-day sort of folks manner of being human. There are those kind of people in every country. I guess the American Indians even had them. Of course, we realize that some of our allies probably wouldn't have been treated as we were. Funny thing, too. the Germans here say that America is what beat them and yet they regard the Americans as good fellows and not as enemies. I think, however, it is because the American is sociable, democratic and at ease in any place he is dropped. Anyway, it is a long way from Ludendorf to this poor family, which never got as far as Coblenz once in two years.

We still operate the triage and advance field hospital, as we did at Chateau Thierry, Fismes, Juvigny, Montfaucon and on the Meuse. The triage is an advanced sorting station for the front line troops. At present we are getting only a few mumps and influenza patients. The real sick we send farther back, keeping only those who can be returned to their companies in three or four days.

Tomorrow is Christmas. It will be like any other day for us, and yet it won't be like any other Christmas. A year ago we were in Texas, expecting to leave for the coast any day. If anyone had told us then that next Christmas we would be living in a large summer hotel on the other side of the Rhine, we would have told him that Bull Durham smoking tobacco was too much for his weak brain. But here we are and although we haven't had any mail in over a month and we have not received November's pay yet and cigarettes and Bull Durham are scarce and there is nothing to do but stick to army life on Christmas day, it is not so bad after all. Two months ago we were head over heels in mud and water and corruption. Now we are eating our meals indoors; we have hot water and a full length mirror for shaving and waste paper baskets adorn our 'office'. There is inlaid pearl on the head of my bed and the bath room walls are green and red. Some people have written songs over less than that. We are all fine. Edwin has resumed some of his theatrical stunts and all the world looks merry and full of sunshine to him.

Written on Christmas Day.

A lot of things have happened since I wrote the above yesterday. First, several sacks of mail were dropped off here last night, there were several more this morning and two trucks are now on the way with more mail for the division. I received several bundles of papers from you, also several Messengers, which were certainly welcome. The Christmas package from Ruth also came last night and this morning your letter arrived with the family picture. You couldn't have sent anything better than that.

Another thing that happened last night was that it snowed three inches and the trees and bushes are covered with it. It is a very beautiful scene—the forests and hills and the valley and little villages below us.

We had griddle cakes and syrup for breakfast this morning, which was quite a treat. We have beef steak for dinner, which beats slum or stew. The Y. M. C. A. sent us a little book of Christmas songs and this morning all of us in the office began singing like we would in church. The 'Y' also sent each man a small box containing a can of tobacco, cigarettes and chocolate. Tobacco is very welcome. Most of us have been buying German cigars lately and they are a cross between a stogie and a real cigar.

Yesterday Getzloe and I jaunted up and down the hills here for six or seven kilometers, taking in a waterfall a couple of miles from here and viewing several valleys that were very picturesque. The waterfall is twenty feet high. Nearby is another little stream which tumbles down a steep hill for nearly 300 feet. We climbed straight up several little mountains and then sat down on a rustic seat to rest, where other Americans have probably sat down in peace times when they toured Europe. This afternoon I am going on again for a plow through the snow. Exercise is one of the best things a fellow can get out of the army.

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Two copies of The Messenger reached their destination at Rengsdorf, Germany, the first of last month. They were addressed to Reuel and Edwin Barlow, two Monticello boys, who have been located there with the 127th Field Hospital, army of occupation, since a short time after the armistice went into effect. As a result of the arrival of The Messengers from the old home town—messengers in fact as well as in name—Reuel was inspired to write the editor a mighty interesting letter which we have as in pleasure of passing along to our readers this week. The letter was dated Feb. 4th and is as follows:

"Two copies of The Messenger just arrived for Edwin and I. As a result I am so filled with thoughts of home that I want to sit down and communicate with some one at home. As I wrote several postcards last night and a two-page type-written letter to my father, I will just communicate a bit with you.

I certainly enjoyed the many letters from the home boys in uniform which appeared in your issue of Dec. 25. I can hardly wait until Stanley and I get together and then you'll probably hear shells whistling and bombs exploding and Boche planes buzzing and the whole war being fought all over again. I remember once seeing two veterans of the Civil war sitting in a room. When they started they were about ten feet apart. As their memories became more active and their enthusiasm grew they kept edging toward one another until finally they sat with their chairs almost touching each other, face to face, slapping each other on the shoulder and pounding each other on the knee. I often wonder if we will ever be like that.

I have experienced more ??? and humor during my six months at the front than I probably will ever enjoy during the remainder of my life, at the same time more horror and going through more discomfort than I do....

## Edwin Barlow

On Saturday last The Messenger man had the pleasure of receiving a couple of letters from 'over there,' one being from Edwin Barlow and the other from Reuel Barlow, both of whom are with Field Hospital 127, 32<sup>nd</sup> Division. The letters came in the same envelope and were dated April 6. They were postmarked in France ten days later, which shows that mail matter is as yet moving rather slowly on the other side. In a recent letter which Reuel wrote to his brother, Wendell, published last week, he stated that they had not received a copy of The Messenger for weeks, but the 'paper from the old home town' is now getting through regularly and its arrival is regarded by the boys as an event of unusual importance. The letters follow:

### From Edwin Barlow

"Dear Earle: Notwithstanding the fact that I have started several letters in your direction while quartered in the states, but never finished any of them, I am writing you again; primarily because I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed The Messenger and to express by sincere thanks and appreciation.

I rejoice in the fact that there is such a paper as yours when one is thousands of miles from home and friends; it is indeed a Messenger in the true sense of the word. Several copies failed to reach us and I can assure you that we missed them.

Of our safe arrival 'over here' you have no doubt heard. There is much of interest that I could write, but I am positive the facts would never reach you, for I am certain you realize the necessity of censorship, hence you will be obliged to wait for the interesting details.

Our passage across was not without its thrills. It was anything but a pleasure cruise. No one knows how much fun Father Neptune can poke at me and still let me live. For several days the rail was the most popular part of the ship for yours truly.

At one time since reaching here we were quartered in barracks once used by Napoleon and his troops. The surroundings are of historical interest. What impresses me most here is the sight of women doing men's work. You see them everywhere and no labor or task seems to be too hard for them.

I came over here with the idea that France had all of the spirit crushed out of her.. I am pleased to note that I was mistaken; her spirit is not crushed and she is confident of victory. Their feeling for the Hun is one of intense hatred. It is not an unusual sight to see women and children upon meeting an American soldier, draw their hand across their throat and exclaim 'Boche,' meaning that we should cut the throat of every Hun we meet.

At present we are not situated in the prettiest part of the republic; it is off the beaten trail for tourists. At one place where we stopped the women threw flowers and apples at us. When the supply was exhausted they resorted to throwing kisses. Our modesty forbids stating which we enjoyed most.

At present we are having a rainy spell and the wallowing around is anything but pleasant. I have had some clothes soaking for several days awaiting a chance to take them to a small stream nearby and beat them on the stones, a la French style of laundry.

What we boys miss most here is the taste of sugar. France is obliged to import every ounce of sugar used, hence she has deprived herself of that luxury. Sweets in any form are hard to obtain.

I shall never lose confidence in my belief that right must win in this awful war, and, while things are not so hopeful just now as I wish they were, I'm sure it is the dark hour before the dawn.

Reuel is well and ready to bite the ear off from any Hun he meets. He is writing you and giving you the war news and his version of the game."

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## TELLS OF BOCHE BARBARITY

### Edwin Barlow, Monticello Boy, Writes Bitterly of Hun Warfare

Edwin Barlow, Monticello boy, who has been in France for months with Field Hospital 127, has a mighty poor opinion of the sort of warfare carried on by the Germans. He has been just back of the battle line, assisting in the care of the sick and wounded, ever since the allied forces began pushing the Boche back towards Berlin some weeks ago and what he has to say will be anything but comforting to those who have talked of Germany and German 'kultur' in the past. One of the many forms of German 'kultur' is the pastime of bombing hospitals. Mr. Barlow is in a position to know something about that particular variety of 'kultur.' In a letter to Postmaster and Mrs. Ira B. Pierce, dated 'somewhere in Europe,' July 29, he says:

"This is a punk day—trying to rain but not succeeding very well—but it has gotten a little cooler. It has been dreadfully warm the past few days. It does make a hardship to the patients and what makes it worse is that I have no ice—the best I can do is to use water packs. I have charge of a ward in which are placed the most critical cases. If it were not for the fact that I have several good attendants, I do not know how I could get along. Considering the number of patients we take care of, the percentage of deaths are comparatively low. While it is pleasant to care for the sick and wounded, it is rather nerve racking to be compelled to stand by and fight with the Grim Reaper, knowing the odds are against you and that you are helpless to save them. On several occasions it has happened that I have found myself alone with the patients as they crossed the divide. All were brave, all were happy and rejoiced in the fact that they were giving their young lives for their country, with always a thought of the loved ones back home. Often, in the night, you will hear someone call for mother and I find that mother is the last word a dying man usually forms.

Truly, at times like these I feel like grabbing a gun and becoming a real soldier. I feel I have strength and hatred enough in my carcass to lick a whole German regiment single-handed. They have bombed another hospital—these barbarians. To be bombed when one is fit and active is part of the game. But to lie here unable to move, with fever making you a bit light-headed, pain giving you a dread of any further shock or blow, to hear those awful explosions going on nearby, to feel that any moment it may be your turn to go through it—that is something I don't believe hell could beat.

When I see and hear of the atrocities of the Huns do you know that I detest and loathe the fact that I can speak their damnable language. If there are any pro-Germans in Monticello, I wish they could bet a dose of Boche kultur in the shape of shrapnel, followed by a gargle of German. When I was in the states I had always given Germany the doubt as to the crimes she was credited with committing. Seeing is believing, however, therefore my bitterness.

This is not a cheerful letter I'll admit, therefore I will try and get on another subject. The French people celebrated the Fourth of July, all American soldiers participating. A parade in review was held and American and French bands played all day. Speeches were given in both English and French. The only things lacking were the kids throwing fire crackers. However, to make up for the lack of this ear-splitting noise we had the roar of artillery and I hope every shot hit the mark.

During the day aviators flew low over the city, dropping flags and shooting red, white and blue streaks across the sky. An American officer who is a patient in my ward, has a friend who is an aviator. He flew over the hospital and dropped a message tied with a bunch of flowers and a flag. A peasant found it, gave it to a soldier to read the address and she delivered it to the hospital. The girls brought fruit and flowers to the patients.

In the evening we had the sky illuminated by the flashes of countless cannons shelling and throwing barrages to let Fritz know that we always have fireworks on the Fourth of July.

We have some good nuns located near us. They are very kind and a great help in cheering up the sick. There are times when I manage to get away and enjoy the beautiful scenery, but I always find a constant reminder of the horrors of war which takes my thoughts back to the hospital.

I am seeing France at a great time and certainly seeing the country from end to end. Just one year ago I left home for Madison. It seems I have experienced so much in the short year that I feel like an old man. Have a severe headache, so will pull in the clutch."

August 13:

"I am in a writing mood and have picked you for my victim. This is my day of rest, so will knock off harassing the Boche and bore you with the following lines. Am sitting out under an old fir tree growing in front of an ancient chateau, directly beside the graves of twelve Germans. This chateau was once used by the crown prince as his headquarters. Not far from here is Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt's grave. We were over to see it the other day. The Germans built a fence around it and attempted to desecrate the resting place. I presume the crown prince searched the body for plunder.

The Germans are proving themselves expert looters. The shops and residences have been stripped, torn and mutilated. I passed through a beautiful old chateau the other day in which everything had been defiled. Having seen the marks of the Hun in other chateaus and private residences of humbler character, I was not surprised. Yet I cannot help but wonder how anyone could be so wanton and so vicious as to do the things the Germans have done. Costly cabinets, sideboards and various articles of furniture had been hacked; bullets had been fired through family portraits; bedding was stolen. From top to bottom the chateau, which had evidently been gorgeously furnished, was disfigured and the wantonness of the offense is emblazoned on 100 wrecked articles. Systemized looting seems to have now taken the place of vagrant looting, which the German government, when caught red-handed has blamed upon the individual soldier. In all occupied places, all of the brass and metal utensils and articles have been taken and it is stated, by German prisoners, that it has been done by the request of the Boche officers who want the material for use back home. An example of the thrift of the Huns and at the same time a new ray of light on the impoverished condition of the civil population is fur-



nished by small canvas sacks which the Germans are using as containers for what is to be sent back home. These sacks were supplied by the German government and the soldiers were told that they could send as many home as they could fill. The sacks weigh about two pounds each. I found one filled and addressed. They stole all of the wearing apparel, particularly feminine and helped themselves to everything in sight. In thousands of places were found bundles of women's and children's clothing which the soldiers had addressed to their wives and relatives to be forwarded to them at home some time in the future, but America prevented that.

I have seen things with my own eyes and felt things that I have read and heard about, but never believed until now. Every moment I am here I experience a growing anger at the Germans. I have learned about 'kultur' from them. I cannot find a word that will properly express the anger and bitter contempt I have for these barbarians. When one assists at an operating table twenty out of twenty-four hours, sees and hears the stories of the atrocities they commit upon our own boys, it makes one feel like cutting the throat of every pro-German to avenge the death of those brave lads. A hospital corps man was found dead in an open field, having been deliberately shot by a sniper while on duty, in broad day light. The Red Cross brassard showed plainly upon his arm but did not save him. Nor do they respect hospitals which are plainly marked as such by a cross thirty feet in length.

When you see your home boys and your friends come into the hospital, disfigured by the damnable Germans and hear the moans and curses of the dying, you wonder if there is a god. Surely he cannot and will not let a race of Germans rule the world. If he does, I want to step out of it.

Anyone with pro-German ideas, I don't care who they are, should be compelled to come over here and get a taste of 'kultur' the Kaiser defends and represents. It's all very well and good to talk and air your views 4,000 miles from the battlefields. Just let them walk about three-quarters of a mile over part of this battle front; then let me take them through the hospital. I am sure they would change their views.

When you receive this you will already have heard the news of the death of Fred Amstutz. He is the first of the Monticello boys to die on the field of honor. His death was instantaneous.

You no doubt know the casualty list of Co. H. Some reached our hospital but those who did not were buried where they fell. Wisconsin should feel proud of her boys. The division has distinguished itself and won a citation.

Reuel is well and with myself wishes to be remembered to all friends who are interested."

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### **Edwin Barlow Returns**

Edwin Barlow, who landed in New York a short time ago with Field Hospital 127, 32<sup>nd</sup> division, arrived in Madison with his unit last Friday and was brought to Monticello by automobile the same evening, being a guest at the home of his cousin, Mrs. I. B. Pierce, over night. In company with Mrs. Pierce and Mr. and Mrs. Baltz Voegeli he left the following morning for Oshkosh—now home to him since the removal of his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Figi, to that vicinity.

Like all the other boys who returned from 'over there,' Edwin is looking hale and hearty. And it is needless to remark that he is as glad to get back to the states as his friends are to welcome him. Those who failed to see him during his brief stay here will be pleased to learn that he expects to return in the near future for a more extended visit.

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### **Edwin Barlow Lands May 1919**

Edwin Barlow, who served during the war 'over there' with the 127<sup>th</sup> field hospital, 32<sup>nd</sup> division, landed at Newark, N. J., on Monday of this week, according to a telegram received here yesterday by his cousin, Mrs. I. B. Pierce.

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### **Art Staedtler**

Private Arthur B. Staedtler, son of J. H. Staedtler, of this village, formerly with the Rainbow division, recently landed at Newport, Va., and expects to be mustered out of the service in the near future. He enlisted in Montana and it may be necessary for him to return there to be mustered out. In case such is not the case, he expects to visit Monticello in the near future, according to word received by his father the last of the week.

Arthur B. Staedtler, of the rainbow division and Ray H. Schoonover, of the Blackhawks, two Monticello boys who recently reached the states from 'over there' are now at Camp Grant and will undoubtedly be mustered out of the service in the near future. (Jan., 1919)

## Clyde O. Wells Now at Norfolk Radio Station

Clyde O. Wells, who has been on the U. S. S. Alabama since leaving the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, near Chicago, a number of months ago, is now located at Norfolk, Virginia, where he is taking a course of instruction in wireless telegraphy at the main radio station.

Writing from there to the editor of The Messenger, under date of April 22, Clyde has the following to say:

“I left the Alabama about a month ago and have been here at Norfolk since that time. I have been intending to write and have you send the paper here, but I did not expect that I would be here so long and consequently have neglected writing. But there’s lots of things that happen in the navy which you don’t expect. I was told when I came here I would be on board a ship in a few days. That was just a month ago last Saturday.

I am working at the main radio station here at Norfolk. It is a great place. There are eleven of us in the bunch and we have the finest ‘eats’ that I have had since I left. We sleep on bunks and have three large rooms to ourselves; one operating room, one living room and a room for motors and repair work. We can go out anytime of the day or night, but must report in every morning at 8 o’clock.

We are stationed along side a river that leads to the big dry docks and as we look out of the windows, we can see ships of every kind from a row boat to a large dreadnought.

I am now in the Armed Guards detail, which consists of overseas transportation and coast guard defense. I expect to be put on a ship by the end of the month and am in hopes that I will be on a transport, for I would like very much to go to some foreign port.

I saw Roy Benkert, of Monroe, down here in Norfolk a few days ago. He enlisted last month and was sent to Norfolk. It seemed good to see someone from home. I have met quite a few of the boys here that Zwickey and I went through training with.

When I get on board a ship again I will send you my address and would be glad to get the paper again.

Regards to all.”

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Writing to the editor of The Messenger from ‘somewhere in the United States,’ presumably an Atlantic coast city, under date of May 7, Clyde O. Wells has the following to say:

“Friend Earle: I have left Norfolk at last and am now on the S. S. Lucia, a cargo transport and it is some ship. We have a civilian crew, all but the gun crew and the radio operators. We all sleep on bunks and the radio men have a room of their own. It is a nice room and not a bit crowded, with closets and drawers for our clothes.

I was glad to leave Norfolk for I was there six weeks. We have swell times in the town we are in now, the sailors being well liked by everybody. We have nothing to do while in port, all we have done today being a small washing. This afternoon I am going over town to buy a supply of smokes to last for a trip across, for there is no telling when we may start out.

I would be glad to have you send the Messenger to the address I am sending you. My mail follows me wherever I go and during my travels I always think of Monticello and news from there is always most welcome.”

Clyde O. Wells, Monticello boy, who has been ‘out of print’ for a number of weeks, has again been heard from. Two months ago Clyde embarked with the crew of the S. S. Lucia on a voyage to the other side and it was while returning to the states that he penned the following lines to Postmaster Ira P. Pierce. The letter is dated July 6<sup>th</sup> and is as follows:

“As we are getting near the states I thought it time to write a few letters, so will write you a little of the news. I will surely be glad to get back to the states, for we left there nearly two months ago and I haven’t received any mail since the first week in May.

Well, I have seen France, but it is a poor place to be just now. France is all war and nothing else. In St. Nazaire, where we were, there was nothing for us sailors to do but play ball and go in swimming, for they have no shows, dances or anything else. You can’t buy a thing to eat there, or to smoke either, excepting at the army and navy Y. M. C. A.

All the men we saw who were not in uniform were old men, but there were ever so many girls and young women, most of them being of a very rough character, probably due to the hardships of the war.

Was with one very nice young lady while there and she could talk English a little, but in talking to each other we had to use an English and French dictionary. She told me much of interest about the war and from what I have seen and heard I think there will be more to this war than most American people think.

There were a great many wounded French soldiers, as well as a few British soldiers, where we were. And there was about four thousand German prisoners there. They are working on the railroads and at the docks. They are treated very well if they behave, but in case they become unruly they are shot down on the spot.

Well, I am having an easy life these days. It is an awful lonesome life on the water, one day being just like another. We never know the difference between week days and Sundays or holidays.

This ship carries army supplies and has a tonnage of nine thousand. It is a large ship and not very old. All of the crew are civilians excepting the armed guard, which consists of twenty-four sailors, twenty gunners, three wireless operators and a chief in charge. While at sea we operators are on duty four hours and then off eight, but when in port we have nothing at all to do.

We loaded our cargo in Baltimore the last trip and, believe me, we had some fun while there. Everything was free to the man in uniform and there were girls galore who seemed to think a lot of the sailors. We went from Baltimore to New York and from there across.”

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Clyde O. Wells, with the wireless crew on the S. S. Lucia, Armed Coast Guard, has again been heard from after a long silence. Within the past week the editor of The Messenger received two letters from him, one written in France, dated August 22 and the other written at sea, during the voyage home, on September 23. In his second letter he mentions having met Paul Dietz, a Monroe boy, who belongs to the same division as Ray Zimmerman and Jack Doyle. The first letter follows:

“Again I have arrived safely in France and it’s the same old France it was the last time I was here—everything is war and no amusements. We play baseball and go swimming most of the time and have many interesting talks with soldiers from France, England and the states. But as I said before there are no theaters or dances to go like in the states, which makes life while here rather quiet. I had a swell time while in the states. The people like sailors in the town where we landed our cargo and we were invited out to dinner quite often. We attended several dances in the big parks where they dance in open air pavilions. Bathing along the beach is also a great pastime.

Traveling the seas, however, is a different story. It is very lonesome at times and days are often like weeks. Especially is this true in rough weather such as we experienced part of the time on this trip. When the old Atlantic gets her ‘back up’ it is hard work to lay in the bunks without rolling out and when eating it is necessary to watch our plates very closely to prevent them from sliding off the table. When on deck we have variety in the way of a free bath when the huge waves occasionally splash ‘over the top.’ But there are some bright spots in connection with sea life also. At night when the moon comes up with all its brightness, throwing a most beautiful gleam of light across the water and sunset at sea, are scenes that are indeed hard to beat and harder to describe.

I am going to try and get a furlough when I get back to the states and if I am successful I will lose no time in making tracks for Wisconsin.

Say, Earle, I want to thank Woodman lodge for those cigarettes they sent me. I received them just a couple of days before we pulled out, have been enjoying them on my trip across. I am sorry I can’t tell you more but you surely understand the reasons.”

### Second Letter

“Not much doing on the wires this evening, so I am spending the time writing letters and thought I would drop you a few lines. We are headed towards the states and we will all be glad when we get back, for we always have the best times in our home ports. We left France one week ago today and we are just half way across the big pond. We expect to arrive on the twentieth.

While in France I ran across a boy friend of mine from Monroe, Paul Dietz; perhaps you know him. We had quite a talk together. I was up to his camp one Sunday night for supper and he was over to the ship with me to eat dinner. It sure seemed nice to meet someone I knew and I guess he was glad to see me, for he stated that I was the first person from home that he had seen. He asked me all about what was going on back home, but I couldn’t tell him very much for the reason I have been gone quite a little longer than he has. Paul is in the same division that Ray Zimmerman and Jack Doyle are in, but he told me that those boys were in a camp down near the Spanish border. I saw a hospital train load of wounded American soldiers pull in from the front while in France this time. There were about 450 of them aboard and most of them had been gassed. I had a talk with some of them and they told me many interesting things. When I asked one of them how the Americans were getting along on the front, he replied: “There is nothing to it; we’re knocking hell out of them.”



### From Ernest R. Klassy

Mr. Fred Elmer and Mrs. Arthur Pierce each received an interesting letter from their brother, Ernest Klassy, who is connected with an ordnance corps of the American Expeditionary Forces and who has been in France for a number of months. The letters were both dated June 23. The letter to Mrs. Elmer follows:

"I received your letter about the middle of June and, needless to say, I am always glad to hear from all of you, even though I generally write to mother only. The mail system over here is rather disgusting at times, but nothing runs smoothly in time of war. The boys would complain, even if they got a letter every day. We are a fine bunch of 'kickers' but you shouldn't take us too seriously.

I am glad you received the 'Stars and Stripes.' I buy a copy or two every week and usually send it to someone in the states after I am through with it. There are a number of other small American papers published here. The New York Herald and the Chicago Tribune have a staff at Paris where they publish daily papers of two to four pages. Practically all the war news we get is from these papers, excepting now and then when we meet boys who have been in the trenches a few months.

I note that you are busy, as usual with your W.C.T., R.C. and especially the Red Cross work. It undoubtedly requires lots of time, but it is certainly worth the time. I don't suppose you see the results of your work for the Red Cross—that is the final results—never-the-less you may be sure that the Red Cross organization is doing great things. Every French town of any size has an R. C. rest station and canteen, some being French and others American. The French word for R.C. is Croix Rouge. When I was convoying the [deleted] last week I got all kinds of lunches at these stations. We didn't have time to stop for a meal, so we grabbed a sandwich and a la tasse de chocolat or cafe here and there. You should have heard me speak French; if I couldn't make them understand I would write it out, for I knew how to do that, even if I couldn't pronounce the words correctly.

You spoke about the French wine and its effect upon the Yanks. I do not think it will spoil many boys, for most of the boys who indulged back home do the same thing here. Yes, some of the boys get plenty of wine once or twice a week. I suppose a few drink more because they are away from the restraints of home, but I don't think there is any occasion for the mothers to worry. I haven't tasted it yet. The French are great drinkers, even the women. However, I have seen very few French people drunk.

Does Fred go fishing as much as he used to? I wish I were there this morning to go with him. There is a good river near our camp, but we never go fishing. It is the river Cher or Yevre, a branch of the Loire. They are both beautiful rivers. The French usually keep the banks along the rivers very clean and neat.

We are permitted to give the names of cities we are stationed in, providing they are not in the advance sectors. Our camp is a few miles out of Mehun sur Yevre and Marmagne. You will find these cities south and a little to the east of Paris. Mehun is a city of about 5,000 population. Can go there every night, but must be off the streets at 8:30, otherwise the military police will handle us roughly."

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In his letter to Mrs. Pierce, following a few preliminary remarks, he says:

"I had a nice trip last week, when two of us convoyed a train of [deleted]. At every station we were greeted by the appreciative French. In some places they would throw bouquets to us and the mademoiselles even got so reckless as to throw kisses. France is surely covered with roses; in fact every farm house, as well as the city homes, has a cluster of roses clinging to it. The fields in many places are almost red with a wild, single petal poppy.

Just picture your brother, far away in a secluded city of 5,000 population in France, seated at a dining table in a hotel, surrounded by six or eight mademoiselles and you have what really occurred last week. They were trying to talk to me and I to them, but oh, what a failure. Finally the father of one of them came in and asked whether I could speak German. He had lived in Germany two years. Well, I talked German almost as fast as English; in fact, I surprised myself, for I never hesitated much. He said he didn't like to converse in German, but that it was better than nothing at all. He wanted me to stay and teach him English.

One peculiar feature in every town, no matter how small, is a very large church with a very high steeple. There are certainly some wonderful buildings. Everything is constructed of stone, even the barns on the farms. I have been in one of the most beautiful cathedrals in France. It was begun in the eleventh century and isn't really finished yet.

I haven't studied French yet, but I pick up a few words now and then. I don't find much time, for I am often too tired at night. French is somewhat similar to Spanish, but the pronunciation is entirely different.

The French are good gardeners and talk about strawberries; I've seen them as large as eggs. But I have not yet had the pleasure of eating any good, old American shortcake."

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From 'somewhere in France,' Ernest R. Klassy, son of Mrs. Henry Klassy, of this village, writes his mother as follows:

"I haven't received any mail over here yet, but I suppose some will be arriving soon. However, I shall try to write once a week to let you know all is going smoothly. Ordinarily it requires from three weeks to a month for mail to reach this place, or for our letters to reach you. I am at another camp again and believe this place will be my home for a few weeks, if not more. I traveled a few days to get here, so you see I am going farther from home every few weeks. I think I shall go directly to Berlin the next time I board a train; perhaps the Kaiser would like to see me.

I enjoyed the trip very much, for there were so many things new and strange. All France seems to be covered with vineyards. Of course, they will need a great supply of grapes now in order to furnish a good stream of wine for the American soldiers. I haven't tasted their wines yet, but I shall try to discover its essence before returning to the U. S. A.

We get plenty to eat, as usual. When on the road our rations consist of corned beef, tomatoes, beans, jam and hard biscuits and generally the people along the road give us hot coffee, or else we arrange to have it prepared at some station ahead.

Our quarters here are collapsible barracks, with beds made of ordinary lumber, usually space for two above and two below. The barracks have no floors, hence there is mud galore. It rains every day and as a result we have mud not quite up to our knees. That means dry socks whenever my feet feel damp. I try to take good care of myself and have been feeling good.

I suppose we will get to work tomorrow or Tuesday. I don't know just what we will be put at, but I see enough work here for all.

If you could see things as they are here now you'd be surprised at what the Americans have already accomplished. Time will tell in results. Reports coming directly from men in the trenches are to the effect that the Americans make excellent fighters. I think the Kaiser is awakening now to the fact that America's entrance will make some difference. However, the people in the states cannot take the war too seriously, for it will be a big job to settle accounts with the Kaiser and many sacrifices will undoubtedly be made."

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The Messenger received an interesting letter a few days ago from Ernest R. Klassy, son of Mrs. Henry Klassy, of this village, who landed in France a number of months ago. Ernest writes that for the first couple of months 'over there' he was doing a little of everything in the line of carpentry, but since he 'graduated' from that particular branch of the service and was transferred to the chief purchasing office he has had an opportunity to travel a great deal and see much of the country. His letter is dated September 5<sup>th</sup>, and runs as follows:

"Despite my numerous postponements I am finally starting a letter to you. I should have written before, but I felt certain that mother was keeping my friends informed of my welfare over here. I have endeavored to write to the folks interested in my life in France, however my capacity for writing is limited. You see, I have three homes—Monticello, Madison and Gary—so I'm not really lazy.

I have been receiving The Messenger quite regularly; at least as regular as my other mail. I never missed The Messenger so much as I do now when it fails to reach me early. Even before I had received the first copy which you sent me, I had requested mother to send it, so you can imagine how much I enjoy it.

I see that most of the boys have said good-bye to the old town. If the men continue leaving it will be sort of a deserted village; not that the women can't make things lively, but you know they must have the men, however useless we may be. I have met some of my old friends from Madison and Gary scattered here and there through France and not a few times have talked over the old times in the U. S. A. Somehow or other none of the boys from home have turned up yet. I may meet them later, for I know they are here.

The first couple of months in France I was doing a little of everything in the line of carpentry. The first of July I was transferred from the company and I am now touring France most of the time. I am attached to the chief purchasing office and like the work very well. Of course, continuous traveling grows tiresome, especially on French trains with their crowded compartments. There are three classes of coaches; the first and second are nearly alike and are very comfortable; the third class, which I am supposed to travel in, are all right on the direct express trains, but otherwise they're not very attractive. I try them all and generally take the ones which are crowded least. The third class are generally overcrowded with French soldiers. Every soldier or civilian carries nearly a trunk full of baggage in bundles or boxes, so just picture me with seven other French men or women pecking out from among the boxes. It's so pleasant to look at your friend just across from you, too, while they are chewing at a loaf of bread or sucking a bottle of wine. Every man, woman or child has the bottle of wine with them.

I wish that time and space would permit me to tell of the many beautiful things that I have seen in my travels. I have been over much of this country and I am beginning to feel at home. I haven't decided to

Stay after the war is over, but I think I would enjoy living here under normal conditions, especially in gay Paris, where I spend many enjoyable hours strolling up and down the beautiful boulevards. It is a grand city. This doesn't sound much like battle, does it? Well, my battles are of a different nature than those of the 'dough-boys.' I've had to dodge a few shells from the German long range guns, or bombs from the raiders and I've done some good dodging to date. I have jumped a few times, but nothing serious. It is very interesting to watch a barrage at night when the raiders are attempting an entrance; almost like fireworks. The other day I was up where the old German line used to run and sure enough the planes made a day-light raid on the camp, but no damage resulted.

The French people, as a rule, are quite courteous to us. They do like our money and succeed in getting most of it. The men will do most anything for one if they are given a cigarette or a package of Bull Durham. Whenever I want a real service I offer a Frenchman a cigarette; it means more to him than a 25¢ cigar would to an American. I don't smoke, never-the-less I always carry tobacco in some form. The French women are very polite and I've had more than one push over her friends or strangers at her side in order to make room for 'le soldat Americaine.' I'm not on speaking terms with many French people, for when they hear a few of my stock expressions they start out like an express train and sit there grinning and when they have finished I add 'oui' (wee, meaning yes.)

I must stop or you will treat this as you do any of those sample copy newspapers that come to you. Things are looking pretty good for us just now and with the grand co-operation of the civilians which is now existing in the states, I think we can now feel quite hopeful.

I still retain my good health, so to speak, and haven't been sick a day in the army yet. Best wishes to all who may enquire about me."

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Corp. Ernest R. Klassy, son of Mrs. Henry Klassy, of this village, who spent something over a year in the service overseas, arrived home Sunday morning, having received his discharge at Camp Grant the last of the week. Corp. Klassy was connected with the ordnance department during his sojourn 'over there' and spent a great deal of his time in Paris, although his work was of such a nature that he traveled much of the time and consequently saw much more of the country than did most of the others from this vicinity. Some of his experiences were related in letters which were printed in The Messenger some months ago, and no doubt he has a plentiful supply of stories in stock which he will now be able to pass along to his friends in verbal form. Ernest's numerous friends are pleased to note that he is looking 'fit as a fiddle' and are glad to welcome him home again. July 1919.

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### Letter From "Razzy" Peterson

Julius T. Peterson, with the 13<sup>th</sup> Veterinarian Hospital unit, Camp Lee, Va., writes the following letter to Jake Schultz, under date of October 6:

"How are you by this time? Have not heard from you for some time. I expect it is hard to get help nowadays, but presume that the busy spell must be about over. How are my paint brushes out there in the shed? If you have time you might put a little water on them and maybe some of them would be of a little use yet. Some time ago I didn't think much of using them any more, but now it looks as if one may come back. Of course, it will be some time before that happens.

We have been rather unlucky here all the time. There is so much sickness around that I don't think we will ever get out of quarantine. The Spanish influenza is about the worst thing we have. I don't know how many cases there are here, but it is pretty well scattered. That disease in itself is not bad, if one doesn't get pneumonia along with it, he would hardly know he was sick.

How is the weather up there now? Down this way it is pretty warm yet. The sun is pretty strong and it makes matters worse because we have no hats to wear. We are ready to go any day and must wear the overseas uniform, and it's ---. We stay in tents and during the night there is surely some change in temperature. Everything one has to keep warm with is brought into play, even to overcoats and blouses. It doesn't rain a great deal here, but the crops look pretty good. Corn, of course, is much later than in Wisconsin. Farming seems to go rather slow here, as most of the people seem to be very lazy. Seems like nearly half of them were 'coons.'

We don't get around much lately. We formerly took hikes once in a while but since the quarantine has been in effect we have been kept in camp pretty much of the time."

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"Way down south in old Virginia; There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow"—

Also there's where 'Razzy' Peterson is training for the sole purpose of going 'over there' and assisting the other Yanks in giving the Kaiser and his bunch a walloping that they will remember to the end of their days. We thought that 'Razzy' was in Georgia, but he isn't. Last week, through The Messenger, we asked someone to kindly supply his address and it was Willie Disch, of Mt. Pleasant, who came across with the desired information. His address is Private J. T. Peterson, 2<sup>nd</sup> Co., Vt. Training School, Camp Lee, Va. 'Razzy' says he is very fond of reading, so it might not be out of place for his friends to remember him occasionally with a post card or letter.

He enquires about the crops in this section and adds that he doesn't know much about what is going on in 'his neighborhood' as regards the agricultural game because he hasn't had a chance as yet to do a great deal of exploring. Still, he says, Friend Tanz and I recently took quite a walk through the country and across the old battlefields of Virginia, where the north and south had the great rounds. On the way there we got to talking with an old farmer and from him we gained the idea that it is rather slow business here. They don't care to do much, as the cold weather interferes but little. Nearly half of the population are blacks and you know how much they will do.

Ed. Gmur was down here, but I don't know where he is located now. Two fellows from Monroe and one from Brooklyn, with myself, make up the bunch from Green county and all are in different companies. They will probably leave for France this week. I think I will remain here for awhile yet, but it is hard telling how long.

Do you ever hear from Duke? I haven't heard from him at all; don't even know what camp he is at. Perhaps he is in France by this time."



## Adolph Schmid

Private Adolph Schmid, son of Mr. and Mrs. Christ Schmid, Sr., of Washington township, who sailed for France some little time ago, is now with Co. L, of the Provisional Motor Transports. Adolph was one of the last of the boys in khaki to set sail across the big pond and it may be that he will be among the last to return, judging from his present duties. It wasn't so long ago the Private Schmid enjoyed some reputation in this section of the jungles as an amateur boxer and wrestler. While he landed 'over there' too late to send a 'left jab' to the Kaiser's jaw, or to get a half-nelson on the crown prince, any news from him will be welcome to his many friends, never-the-less.

The following are extracts from three letters written by him in December and January, to his parents and one to his brother Christ. Schmid, Jr.

"We are in one of those old villages where the only modern things you see are the roads and canals. We are up on a plateau here and still have a canal running through the town. At one place the canal passes through a tunnel about two or three kilometers in length. The roads here are sure good and are made of crushed blue lime rock. Heavy traffic, however, gets away with them the same as in the United States. If one wants to see what real traffic is, it is only necessary to get on one of the main roads running to the front any time of the day or night.

They have flowing wells in town, also a well at every house. The community watering troughs are hewed out of solid stone and are probably several hundred years old. There is one in this town that is eighteen feet long and a meter wide and deep.

The soil here is clay (red) and a lime stone subsoil (no flint) and runs alike in the hills and valleys. The living rooms, chicken coop, rabbit hutch, cow barn and hay loft are all under one roof. The buildings are all built out of stone with red tile roofs and some of them must be 200 years old.

This surely would be a good looking country if the sun would shine once in a while. One thing that is very noticeable is the absence of young and middle-aged men. You see only a few boys; the rest of the population seem to be all old men and women. The French girls you hear about must all live in the next town, for I have failed to see many of them thus far.

As soon as you receive this letter please let me know the address of my aunt at Neuchatel, Switzerland. If we stay here many months there is a possibility that I may get a furlough and a pass to go there and then I could visit the home where you (his mother) was born. As I said before, the distance is so short as to not be worth while considering and I will never get as good a chance again. As far as our welfare is concerned, don't worry. I am saying this because I know when a good storm comes along you will be apt to imagine we boys are without enough food, clothing or shelter but such is not the case. On the contrary we are getting as fat as woodchucks. We have clean, dry billets and plenty of blankets, also good old-fashioned straw ticks which we stuff full and we sleep as warm and comfortable as we could wish for.

We have a bath house where we can get a hot shower bath and there are two wash houses where we can wash our clothes, but I hire my washing done as the cost is not much. In that way we keep clean and so far are free from 'cooties,' for which I am more than thankful, for the little beasts seem to have a particular fondness for me. In fact, about the only thing we miss (aside from being home) is reading matter. While I think of it you might send me the Monticello Messenger if it is not too much trouble, but be sure to get the address just as I give it to you. That is very important, for we have very good mail service coming this way and any mail properly addressed will get here O. K. don't know how my letters are reaching the states. So far I have heard of only one of my letters reaching its destination but then it is hardly time enough for more."

"Have been here (Brest) about two weeks and like it much better than at the other place. We have good barracks, with electric lights and stoves. Also, we are getting plenty to eat. Conditions generally are much improved over what we have experienced heretofore. We are now in the Motor Transport division and our work consists of driving trucks, although thus far we have had very little work to do.

We get a pass to go down town about once a week. I cannot say that Brest is a very nice town, but at the same time there are a lot of interesting things to be seen here. While down town Sunday night I ran across a fellow I met at Knapp two years ago. He is a sailor and the first acquaintance from the states I have met since reaching France.

I can't understand why I have never received a blessed word from Green county since I left Camp Colt. I have written regularly every week or two. In my last letter I asked you to send me the Monticello Messenger; if you have, please notify the editor of the change in address.

It has rained every day since we hit France and it does not look like any let-up yet. The weather, however, is not as cold as it is in Wisconsin. We may be home by the Fourth of July, but there is nothing certain about it. It may be fall before all of the troops are home.

Address: Private Adolph Schmid, Co. L, Provisional Motor Transports, New Motor Park, A. P. O. 716, American E. F."

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Corp. Adolph Schmid, son of Mr. and Mrs. Christ. Schmid, of Adams township, who is still located at Brest, France, with the 824<sup>th</sup> Motor Transports company, writes the editor of the Messenger a very interesting letter under date of June 4. Prior to the signing of the armistice, Corp. Schmid was a member of a tank corps and was just about ready to drive a baby whippet 'over the top' when hostilities ceased. He writes that the Messenger is now reaching him with surprising regularity and says that he appreciates the home town paper now more than ever. His letter follows:

"Wish to let you know that I appreciate The Monticello Messenger more than ever before. It has been reaching me with surprising regularity; in fact I know just about when to expect it.

Thus far I have not been fortunate enough to see any of the Monticello boys on their homeward journey, as I did not know where they were nor with what organizations they were connected. And, of course, not all of them go through Brest. I know that Fred Aebly is at Le Mans, but he does not know I am here. Will try and see him in case he comes through here.

I will not say anything about the mud, rain and the other unpleasant features of a soldiers life. They are inevitable in any army and more so in the A. E. F., which by this time has developed into a great organization.

Camp Pontanzen is now the greatest camp of its kind in the world, having accommodations for 100,000 men, besides a personnel of 15,000. Where there was a sea of mud a few months ago, now stands a city of tents and barracks laid out in neat squares and connected by duck-board walks and macadam roads. Commissaries are established throughout the camps and the city of Brest and the soldier that is lucky enough to have 'francs' can get all sorts of things that make life a little pleasanter.

The various welfare organizations are doing their best to keep the soldier entertained and to break the monotony of his enforced stay over here.

When my organization was sent over here in October we were sent up behind the lines near Metz, not far from the Swiss border. Due to the armistice I missed going over the top in the tank to which I was assigned, the same being a two-man or whippet tank of the improved French type, armed with a 3.7mm rapid-fire gun and equipped with a 60 h.p. Renault motor.

Along with about 2500 other men I was transferred from the tank corps to the Motor Transport corps. This took place about Christmas time and we were distributed in the S. O. S. from Coblenz to Brest. I have charge of the tire end of a fleet of twenty-seven White trucks. These trucks are equipped with 36x6 and 38x7 pneumatic cord tires, which I keep in repair.

Fort Federes, where I am stationed, is a model camp and is probably the best of its kind in France. I will not take up your time by trying to describe any of the wonderful sights that I have had the privilege of seeing, chief among which is Paris, or about the devastation at the front as the boys now returning will probably tell you all about that.

One thing of interest lately is the steady stream of soldiers leaving for home every day and the great ocean liners that carry them.

The seaplane, NC- 4, which made the first trans-Atlantic flight, passed over Brest on it's way to Plymouth.

Owing to the unsettled condition regarding the peace treaty it is of no use to make predictions as to when I will return. We are all waiting and hoping that the time will soon arrive when we can walk up the gang plank and leave this land of Vin Rouge and wooden shoes and return again to God's country.

Once we are home among our friends again we will look at the time spent over here as a great experience, our only regret being that so many have been wounded and that so many of the bravest are resting forever in France. But the best we can do is to remember their many heroic sacrifices and to continue to live in the same spirit in which they fought and died over here.

Will close now with the wish that it will not be long ere I will see all of my old-time friends and neighbors."

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Corp. Adolph Schmid, son of Mr. and Mrs. Christ. Schmid, of Adams township, arrived in Monticello Saturday evening, having received his discharge at Camp Grant the last of the week. He spent several months in the service overseas, first with a tank corps and later with a motor transports unit, remaining with the latter organization until he sailed for the states. He did not escape a tussle with the flu during his stay on the other side and has not as yet recovered from the effects of his illness, although he appears to be in good health. It goes without saying that Adolph is mighty glad to be back in God's country and that he is meeting with the glad hand among his friends in general. He left the first of the week for Knapp, this state, where he was engaged in the auto business prior to entering the service. "Keep the home paper coming; I don't want to miss a single copy," was his parting shot at the Messenger man.

## **Clyde O. Wells, Monticello Boy on “Lucia” When Craft Was Torpedoed and Sunk**

Clyde O. Wells, a Monticello boy, who has been in the service of Uncle Sam as radio operator for some little time, was on duty on the S. S. Lucia when that ship was struck by a torpedo on October 17. The craft, long heralded as the unsinkable ship, went to the bottom on the following day. When the news of the sinking of the Lucia was first published in this country, the fate of the crew was unknown, but later information revealed the fact that but four of the crew were lost and that Clyde was among the survivors. In a letter to the editor of The Messenger, dated at Norfolk, Va., November 3, he tells of his experience as follows:

“Friend Earle: As it is some time since I have written you a letter for the paper, I will take this opportunity to do so. While I was on the ‘Lucia’ it was a hard matter to write letters, for we didn’t dare tell where we were nor where we were going. But now that the Lucia has been sunk I can tell you all about it.

No doubt you have heard by this time that the Lucia was torpedoed and sent to the bottom. Most of us were lucky enough to escape, however, all being saved but four men who were on watch in the engine room. They were killed instantly, as the torpedo struck the very part of the ship where they were on watch.

We left New York on Saturday, October 2 and everything moved along in the usual way until the following Thursday, the 17<sup>th</sup>. I had the four to eight watch and one of the operators relieved me at 5:20 for supper. Just ten minutes later, while I was eating, the torpedo hit us. The lights went out instantly and the first thing I knew I was on my back on the deck, with dishes falling all over me. Also other boys were unknowingly using my form for a ‘door mat’ for the time being, but I soon regained my feet and hurried to the radio room for I was in charge of the wireless and it was up to me to send out the call for help.

When I endeavored to start the set going I found that it had been broken in several places as a result of the explosion and I worked for fully ten minutes before I could get a sound out of it. I finally got my call out and repeated it several times but received no answer. I sat at the key from the time we got hit at 5:30 in the afternoon, until we abandoned the ship at 2:45 the next afternoon. The boys brought my meals to me and about every two minutes someone would appear to enquire if I had received an answer. But not a single answer did I receive.

The civilian crew left the ship in life boats immediately after the ship had been torpedoed but the armed guard crew and the captain remained aboard until about half an hour before she went down. The captain, the chief of the armed guards and myself were the last men to leave the ship.

From the time she was hit, until she sank twenty-two hours later, she kept settling slowly, the aft end first, for she was hit a little aft of mid-ship, in the engine room and in just a few minutes the engine room was full of water.

We put to sea in life boats at about 3 o’clock, the sea being very rough at the time. We remained near the ship until she sank and it didn’t seem so bad until that time. But when the water closed over the old boat at about 3:30 we began to realize the position we were in and to feel rather lonesome. The waves were terrible and we had to keep rowing all the time in order to keep the boat head-on into the waves. Had one of these waves hit us broadside it would have swamped us sure. The waves kept splashing over us all the time and we were drenched to the skin. At times the life boat was half full of water. I pulled an oar all the time we were out, while some of the boys were kept busy bailing water. We kept this up for eight hours and were just about played out when we sighted a destroyer coming toward us at a good rate of speed. We immediately flashed a signal to them and what a happy bunch we were when an answer was flashed back. The destroyer soon drew near and it was not long ere her crew had us aboard—five life boats and one raft, eighty-six of us all told.

They gave us hot coffee and lunch and we soon went to bed, for we were very tired. During a talk with one of the wireless men on board the destroyer I was informed that he received every message I sent but that he was unable to answer for reasons which I dare not tell. So they just came and rescued us. They heard my call two hundred and fifty miles distant and made thirty knots an hour in coming to our assistance.

We were treated fine by the crew on the destroyer and were with them four days. We were then transferred to a big cruiser, where we were fitted out with a few clothes, for we lost everything we had when the Lucia went down, with the exception of what we had on. We were on the cruiser for two weeks when we were again transferred to another boat and again treated royally by the crew in charge.

We were twelve hundred miles from our coast when the Lucia was torpedoed and the boat that picked us up was on her way to France. We then went to France with this ship and just arrived back here in Norfolk on November 2.

We expect to draw the rest of our clothes now and expect to be given a furlough as soon as we get straightened around. So if I should happen to pop up there in Monticello some of these days don’t be surprised.

Say, Earle, send me two or three back numbers of The Messenger, if you have them. Haven’t been getting any papers on the trips across, but now that I am here at this station I will get them all right. Must close now, for it is chow time and I hope to be with you soon. As ever, your friend,  
CLYDE.

Address, Camp Dewey, Norfolk, Va., care of Armed Guard Radio.

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Clyde O. Wells, erstwhile mail carrier on route No. 4 out of Monticello, now numbered among Uncle Sam’s wireless operators, is still ‘extracting’ a fairly satisfactory degree of enjoyment out of his life in the navy. He is still in Baltimore and is looking forward to more pleasurable times as soon as the spring and summer outings get under way in full swing. Clyde has been silent for a long, long time; so long, in fact that he feared his friends back in the old home town would get the idea that he was out of commission altogether. Whereupon he immediately got busy and ‘wirelessed’ the following message to the editor of The Messenger:

“I guess you are beginning to think that there is no such fellow as Wells any more, for it has been a long time since I have written you. But I am still sticking around and feeling fine, so I guess that is the reason for my not writing more frequently.

I have been having a great time here in Baltimore all winter. I came up here a few days after I returned from my furlough and am operating at the Baltimore wireless station. We sure have it easy here and it is a swell city for enlisted men. The dances and theaters are free to men in uniform and the people are very sociable. There will be a big military ball here Easter week for men in uniform only and I am sure going, for it will be some swell affair. I have attended some dances where there were as many as 2500 soldiers. Of course there was a girl for each and some had two or three, but one was enough for me. (Ha!)

Well, Earle, the way things look now I guess I will have to finish out my four years in the navy. I put in a claim to get out but no action was taken on it. It is hard to get out when one is stationed on shore and they are not discharging many men who have had sea service as wireless operators. As long as they leave me here in Baltimore I don’t care so much, but I don’t care about going out to sea any more. It’s too lonesome a life for me. Of course, when I was on the seas before we had submarines to keep us from getting lonesome but now there is nothing at all for company. I will put in another claim if they transfer me to sea service again, but as long as they leave me here it will do no good.

I hear several of the boys have returned home from overseas. I can imagine how glad they are to get back for I never saw anything about France to like. Of course, I never got to see the good part of France. I would like to have visited Paris when I was there, but there was no chance. I hope to be able to visit that city should I ever hit France again.

But what is going on in the old town, Earle, and how are the mail carriers behaving themselves. I suppose they are glad to see spring come, although I guess they didn’t have a very hard winter this year. We have had fine weather here all winter and it has been just fine out of doors the past two weeks. I am anxious to see nice weather this spring, because I was at sea last year and didn’t get a chance to enjoy the spring and summer weather. It was always very cool on the water.

There are many swell parks in and around Baltimore and they will soon be opening up for the season and then is when I will have my fun. They have large passenger boats and take the people down to the parks and along Chesapeake bay, which has some very beautiful scenery. I saw some of these parks last summer when the Lucia used to load here. The people gather in parks on a hot summer night like a bunch of bees gather when they swarm.

I want you to send me the Messenger for three months. If I am still here at the end of that time I will continue to take it. Send the two back April numbers if you will, please. Give my regards to everybody, especially the post office bunch. Will be home for another visit whenever they give me another furlough.”



### **Corp. Reuel Barlow Writes Interesting Letter From Germany**

? know if I lived two lives as civilian. I can enjoy myself for a whole evening thinking over some of the funny things that have happened over here. One night at Montfaucon, just before we were relieved, the moon was shining as bright as moons ever shine. Very soon after dark the air was throbbing with aeroplanes, German and American. All of us who were not on night detail at that time sort of edged over toward a dugout. Pretty soon there was a 'crump' and then another and pretty soon we could hear the swish, swish, swish,' as the German dynamite drops came down through the air. During a quiet spell one of our men ran out in the open, with a little white flag, yelling, 'nuff, nuff.' On another occasion one of our fellows got up in the night and began swinging his arms wildly and yelling. When they got him woke up he said he dreamed he was beating it across a field at night, a German aeroplane after him and he with a lighted candle stuck on top of his helmet and he couldn't put the candle out.

While we were at Avocourt, after three weeks at Montfaucon, we were camped near several companies of negro engineers who were constructing a temporary P. G. pen. One day a black angora cat (where it came from in that desert no one could figure out) started toward a big, shambling negro called 'Nightingale.' The negro began side-stepping and shadow-boxing and exclaimed, 'Git away from heah, cat, git away. Lordy, lordy, I ain't never goin' to git home nohow now.' Another negro held up a piece of corn willy one day and exclaimed, 'They is Hoverisin' in de states awright. They's savin' de po'k chops and sendin' us de grease.' Another was quite a singer and his favorite ditty was 'Uncle Sam Sho' Am Murderin' Me-e-e.'

Everything from the sublime full of it that I had probably better not relate any more or I won't know when to stop. Ha! Like someone has said, 'It is worth a hundred thousand dollars to me, but I don't want another nickel's worth.'

Just now we are all expecting that the order to leave will come before the end of another month, and that we will go down the Rhine to Rotterdam and sail for the Glorious United States of America. You can imagine how we feel at the thought of it. In two more weeks we will sew on our second gold service stripe, meaning that we will have cast our orbs over this European landscape for just one year. And it is nineteen months that we have been in uniform. The dope is pretty strong here and no doubt before you receive this letter you will know more than we do about it. If we are released by June it will come up to all my expectations, but this last rumor makes me want to believe we may be civilians again in April.

Events here are of little interest. We are being inspected every few days by everyone—from generals to majors. The other day two colonels from the Inspector General's department inspected us. We have a fellow who is quite simple-minded and is used as a sort of scullery maid around the kitchen. He is a sad looking sight at his best, poor fellow, and just before the inspection the mess sergeant told him he had better go out in the woods and not show up at inspection. Jimmy went down in the cellar and hid in the coal bin. The colonels, however, found him sitting on the pile of coal in a corner and pulled him out. Jimmy's face was as white as a sheet, in spite of the dirt that enveloped him. He finally explained that he couldn't get ready to pass the inspection, so he just came down there to be out of the way. Both the colonels and our major had to laugh in spite of the very serious (?) nature of the affair.

Rengsdorf is crowded with soldiers. We can buy post cards and near beer here. There is a 'Y' which sells a few cigars occasionally and it has a circulating library of about twenty-five books for 1,000 or more men. Outside of that, the only thing of interest is the scenery, for the natives are failures when it comes to be up and doing. The scenery consists of a fine view of the Rhine and the Rhine valley at this point and of numerous high peaks and deep valleys and castles, both new and ruined and also plenty of forest. The main thing is the forest. The other day I walked for two hours through it. Finally I saw a couple of snow birds, called enuff and returned home.

Yes, the good old days are gone. No more do we feel Fritz's iron rations; no more do our ears hear the whistle and bang of a shell, nor the soft purr of a Hun plane, nor the saw-mill snore of a Liberty motor; no more are the skies at night beribboned from every horizon by powerful searchlights piercing the heavens; no more sleeping in the mud, or in a truck on a cross roads that is under fire, because your truck is stuck there; no more going without water for three weeks because you can't get water fit to drink, so you let that O. D. water known as coffee satisfy you; no more the shady villages of France for us and their little 'epiceries' and their 'vin rouge;' not even cooties anymore, for the armistice brought their doom; nothing but near beer and our daily ration of corn willy and stew and a wooden-legged German to look at once in a while. And so we just sit and sigh for the day to come when we can eat ice cream and apple pie.

I received a letter from Royal Barlow the other day and he had three questions he wanted answered. They were "When do we eat? Where did the M. P.'s win the war? And When do we go home?" Wendell is still just across the river here. I got his battalion on the phone tonight and left a call for him. Perhaps I will hear from him sometime tomorrow. I would write to Stanley and "Peg," but they may be on their way home by this time and I will wait until I can see them.

I am hoping to celebrate the Fourth at home. You can expect to see the price of cheese go up when some of us Green county boys get back and attempt to satisfy our starving appetite for that article. Best wishes to everyone."

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Corp. Reuel R. Barlow, who served during the 'big noise' over there with Field Hospital 127, 32<sup>nd</sup> Division, is now turning his attention to 'making hay while the sun shines,' having been fortunate enough to get a transfer to Paris, where he is taking up university work under the army educational commission. In a recent letter to his father, J. H.. Barlow, dated at Paris, March 6, he says in part:

"Well, I am in Paris studying under the army educational commission. University graduates may attend French universities and I applied and was accepted. The school work lasts about three and a half months, or until about the middle of June. The government pays us our regular pay and \$3.00 a day extra for room and board. I am living with Getzloe, who graduated in journalism with me, and Loverud, whose father is a lawyer in Stoughton, in a nice room that overlooks a garden. The room costs us each 90 cents a day. Our board costs us 40 cents to \$2.00 a day, depending on where we eat. At the Red Cross our meals for an entire day cost 40 cents. At other places, including the Y. M. C. A. hotel, they cost about \$2.00 and they are better meals.

I have met several fellows here whom I knew at Madison. They rank all the way from privates to captains.

I'll begin real work Monday, March 10. I am taking French and French life at one school and sketching and drawing at another. I expect to be quite a cartoonist when I return. Ha!

There are five men in our company who came to Paris. Out of the eight companies in the 107<sup>th</sup> sanitary train, our company was the only one which had any applicants accepted, so you see we had quite a smart bunch in Field Hospital 127. We left Rengsdorf, Germany, Feb. 27, and it was the first time I had left my company during the twenty months we were together.

Tuesday was Mardi Gras here and the people celebrated by masquerading on the streets. It was a lively time and we danced with French soldiers and joined in the parades, which pleased the French men very much.

I will be home around the Fourth of July and will certainly be glad to get there. Regards to everyone."

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### **Corp. Reuel Barlow Returns**

Corp. Reuel R. Barlow, mention of whose return from overseas was made in these columns recently, received his discharge from the service and came from Freeport Saturday evening for an over Sunday visit with his father, J. H. Barlow and other Monticello relatives and friends. He went to Madison Monday morning, but expects to return here later, accompanied by M(?) Barlow, for a more extended visit. Corp. Barlow served with the Field Hospital of the 127<sup>th</sup> infantry, 32<sup>nd</sup> Division and was with that organization from the time it left Waco, Texas, until the armistice went into effect. He was with the army of occupation in Germany and from there went to Paris for a special college course of three months before sailing home. All told he spent about seventeen months on French and German soil. He is looking none the worse because of his experiences 'over there' and it goes without saying that he is meeting with cordial welcome among his friends in general. (1919.)

### Group of Sergeants with Co. H, 127th Infantry



Photo caption: **The Bravest of the Brave**

These boys lead the infantry charges of their unit when the command is given to go 'over the top.' Sergt. Sam Amstutz, of Monticello, stands third from the left in the half circle. The boys have been at four fighting fronts and all have been wounded in action one or more times.

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Sergt. Sam Amstutz, another Monticello boy, who was all through the scrap with Co. H, 127<sup>th</sup> infantry, no doubt landed at Newark at the same time, although no word has been received from him as yet. It is reported that all of the boys of Co. H—originally in a Green county unit—arrived on Monday aboard the George Washington. (May 5, 1919)

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### **Sergt. Sam Amstutz Arrives**

And maybe there wasn't some demonstration in Monticello when it became known that Sergt. Sam Amstutz, one of Co. H heroes and twice wounded in action 'over there,' arrived in the village shortly before 11 o'clock p.m. The automobile in which the returned soldier arrived from Monroe pulled into the garage of the Monticello Auto company and within less time than it takes to tell it the garage was fairly swarming with villagers and country folks—all anxious to get a glimpse of Sergt. Amstutz and to extend the glad hand. It was some handshaking stunt that Sam was called upon to perform and even though he brought both hands into play, he was hardly equal to the occasion. The handshaking continued as he worked his way across the street to the hotel and it was some little time thereafter before the welcome home session came to a close.

Sam is looking unusually good, although he is about the same weight as when he entered the service. He was all through the thickest of the fight and has many interesting stories to relate to his friends.

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### **From Sergt. Sam Amstutz**

This week The Messenger has the pleasure of presenting to its readers a group picture of the Sergeants of Co. H, 127<sup>th</sup> infantry, the first picture of its kind to appear in any Green county newspaper. Inasmuch as Co. H was originally Green county's own unit, we feel that likeness of the boys whose duty it was to 'take the men over the top' will be greatly appreciated by our readers in general at this time. The picture was contained in a letter written by Sergt. Sam Amstutz to John Lengacher, of this village, and it was through the courtesy of Mr. Lengacher that we were enabled to have a duplicate of the picture made for this issue.

Sergt. Amstutz is a son of Mrs. Sam Amstutz, of Monticello. He was twice wounded in action. His brother, Sergt. Fred Amstutz was killed in action several months ago. Reading from left to right, Sam stands third in the half circle. He looks as natural as the day he left Monticello. To the extreme right of the picture is Max Voelkeli and next to him is Arthur Jaggi, both of Monroe and both well known to many in this vicinity.

Sam's letter was dated at Selters, Germany, Dec. 30, and is as follows:

"I have just got located now so that I can find time to write to some of my old friends. I have never written to you yet, so will drop you a few lines to let you know that I am still on the go, although I have been stopped a couple of times by Boche bullets. Am now O.K. again, however.

Well, John, how are you, anyway? Suppose you are still in the same old business. I notice that the saloons in the states are going to be out of business before very long. I sure wish you had your saloon over here; you would have some work to do. These people over here don't know how to make money—they are too damned slow to keep warm.

The war is over now, but we may see action again if they don't quit raising h—l in Berlin. I hope that such will not be the case, however, as I have seen all the fighting I want to see for the rest of my life. And I sure saw some country. I was once about twenty miles from Switzerland and have been on four fighting fronts.

I am sending you a picture of all of the sergeants of Co. H that we have now. These fellows have been through all of this war and they have all been wounded. They are the boys that take the men over the top. Some job. Arthur Jaggi sends his best regards. He is on this picture; I guess you know him. Some bunch, but they are all broke. It's nothing new to be broke in the army. One day a fellow may have lots of money and the next day not a cent.

We are now marching into Germany and it is some country, with plenty of hills to climb. We have passed through many German towns—some nice ones, all right—but give me the good old U. S. A. I am looking for my orders to come home, but it may be some time yet before I get them.

Well, John, I will ring off for this time, hoping to hear from you soon. Give the fellows my best regards."



## John S. Richards

John S. Richards, one of the last contingent of Green county boys sent to Camp Grant, Ill., in a letter to his mother, Martha J. Richards, under date of May 7, says in part:

"We are under double quarantine at present and this will continue for about two weeks. That means that we must remain in the barracks or out in the company streets. We can go no further without permission from one of the company sergeants. The lights go out at 9 o'clock, after which no talking is allowed in the room. We must be in the room at that time unless we are on some special duty, or doing our washing or some other thing considered of importance.

Am going to tell you of a few of the things I've done while here. On Monday I spent the day from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. scrubbing the floor in the wash room and giving such other things as needed cleaning a bath. There were three of us on that job, so it didn't take us long to finish the work and we were then at liberty to sit down until something demanded another cleaning.

Tuesday morning I didn't do anything, for I had received a 'shot' in the arm the day before and couldn't do much. In the afternoon about twenty of us went down to the rail road tracks and raked, shoveled and hauled away the rubbish that had accumulated there. We also were present when fifteen to twenty wagons full of hay were unloaded. This latter work was a little on the heavy order.

Wednesday a bunch of us invaded the woods north of the camp and spent our time in gathering up twigs and leaves which had been left there when the brush was cut out. It must have been barberry bushes, for it was full of small and large thorns. I grabbed off a good-sized handful of them.

Thursday we policed the camp, or rather a part of it. We went hither and thither along many streets and picked from the gutters, or any other place, sticks, cigarette 'butts,' paper and other refuse which happened to be in evidence. This is an everyday occurrence. The entire camp is thoroughly policed and rubbish of every description is gathered up. They sure do their best to keep the camp clean and in a sanitary condition.

Friday morning and afternoon we reported for duty at the warehouse where we spent many glorious hours moving heavy cases of certain equipment quite necessary to an army. It was quite as strenuous a day as I have put in this far.

Yesterday and today I was on guard duty at one of the brigade canteens. Never before have I seen so many Negroes; some black as the blackest ink and then less and less black until some were almost white. My duties consisted of seeing that no paper was thrown on the ground—no rubbish of any kind—and to halt anyone who attempted to step on the lawn, upon which I was able to discern only a few spears of grass, these all in one little clump.

Many amusing incidents occurred during the periods I was on guard. The Negroes are sure free with their money, the canteen being crowded all the time I was there. Some job watching them. They're mostly all southern Negroes. One big fellow threw a steel spring down as he entered the door. I called him back and had him pick it up. He said: 'Ah thank yuh very kindly, suh, that moah than valuable tuh me.' Had to make some of them pick up ice cream they had dropped. Most of them would ask: But whah'll ah put it aftah ah picks it up?' A gay life.

Don't know what I'll do tomorrow. Will write more later. Awfully busy during the week."

The following notes are taken from a letter written by John S. Richards on Monday:

"I worked all day yesterday and almost missed seeing the folks from Monticello. We didn't get back to our barracks until after 6 o'clock and almost missed our supper. 'Doc' White and Fred Aebly were with me on the job. It sure seemed good to see the folks from Monticello. It was the first time I have seen anyone from home, while the other fellows have been more fortunate.

The Monticello boys from our barracks were down at the depot when the new bunch from Green county came in. They are located about a mile from our quarters. Their barracks are much more comfortable than ours, the mess hall being in the same building. If the weather permits we are going down to see them tonight.

Four or five Chicago fellows took 'French leave' last week and returned to camp last evening. They were put in the guard house. The quarters there are not overly pleasant, for there are always a number of armed guards in and around the place. Whenever a soldier is permitted to leave the guard house he is always accompanied by one or two guards and he can't go anywhere without that sort of company.

Elmer White and Fred Aebly are still here, although the former may get orders to leave for another training camp almost any time."

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Writing to his mother, Mrs. Martha J. Richards, from Camp Mills, New York, under date of June 9, John S. Richards has the following to say:

"We arrived at New York at about 10:30 yesterday morning and were ferried across New York harbor to Long Island, which we reached at about 1:10 o'clock. We took a train after leaving the ferry, which brought us into camp at about 11:30 a.m.

We had but two meals yesterday, one early in the morning and the other at about 5:30 p.m. We carried our packs and heavy barrack bags for about a quarter of a mile before reaching our quarters and, not having eaten for so long, most of us were all in.

We are experiencing a different sort of camp life here. Camp Mills is a new camp—an embarkation camp—and everyone lives in tents, the officers included. We eat out of doors or in our tents, usually in the former. Our 'eats' here are almost better than those we had at Camp Grant; our beds however, are regular canvas camping affairs, and are much more comfortable than the cots we had at Camp Grant.

As we approached Camp Mills we were greeted by the purr of large aeroplanes—as many as thirty of them were in evidence—often in groups of five to ten machines.

We can't be more than fifteen or twenty miles from the ocean. It is very warm during the day and cold at night. I nearly froze to death last night. We have shower baths—cold water baths—but the water is soft and never very cold.

We are near a small city of 8,000 population which, in evening, is often increased by as many as 20,000 soldiers.

I have been assigned to Battery E, 341st light field artillery. The old men are from Camp Funston, Kan., and have had about nine months training. There are sixteen new men here who came from Camp Grant. 'Peg' Lynn and Earle Foster are among them. We are all in different batteries, but don't think any of us are far from each other.

We had a nice trip from Camp Grant to New York. Passed through five or six states. The first state we passed through after leaving Illinois was Indiana and the first large city after leaving Chicago, where we ate supper, was Elkhart, Ind. The Red Cross at Chicago was not aware of the fact that we were coming, so we were not met by members of that organization. At all other stops we were met by the Red Cross and treated in a royal way. At Elkhart they distributed post cards and gave us four large tubs of ice cream. The post cards were stamped by the Red Cross and forwarded by them. We passed through part of Ohio during the night and arrived at Cleveland at 5:30 a.m.

Here we changed to eastern time. Then we passed through Erie, Pa., and arrived at Buffalo, N. Y. at 12:10 p.m. Friday. There we received post cards and candy.

Our next stop was at Rochester, where we received popcorn and cards. From there we went to Syracuse, where the Red Cross distributed cigarettes and home made cookies, cakes and sandwiches. We had some feed at Syracuse, reached there at 6 p.m. From there we went to Newark, N. J., leaving for Long Island at about 8:30 Saturday morning. And we are here at Camp Mills, just 45 minutes from Broadway and only a few miles from the Atlantic ocean.

We saw large numbers of ships when we crossed the harbor in New York City. Passed within one-fourth mile of the Statue of Liberty and also under the Brooklyn bridge on our way here.

Having got this far on my way to Berlin, I sure would be disappointed were the journey to be cut short.

We crossed the Alleghenies and traveled along the Hudson river during the night, so we missed some of the most beautiful scenery. Saw the river during the evening but couldn't make out very much.

We passed through mile after mile of grape vine yards in Ohio and New York states. Saw some orchards in New York, but only a few large ones."

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Writing to 'ye editor' on the 15th inst., John S. relieves himself of the following, in addition to the message above quoted:

Received money at 1:30 this afternoon. Was sure glad to get it but you sent too much. It may not be, however, as I don't know when we'll be paid.

I went down to the regimental post office and enquired if there was any Camp Grant mail there for me. There were two letters there, one being from Elmer White, mailed about fifteen days ago. He didn't seem to think much of the country where he is now located, but thought he would like it better after a while.

I washed all of my clothes this (Thursday) afternoon. Yesterday nearly all of the company filed down to the cold showers and partook of the pleasures to be derived therefrom. Freezing when we enter the showers but exhilarating when you get out from under. Makes one feel years younger.

Yesterday we had our hair cut as per regulations. The hair on any part of the head should not be longer than one and one half inches.

I haven't seen 'Peg' Lynn for over a week. Still one Green county boy with me, a fellow from Brodhead named Arthur Olmstead. There are sixteen of us together, all from Camp Grant. We will be split among the different sections when we take actual drill.

It seems that I'm going to have a different job. One of the buglers came down day before yesterday and brought me a bugle, so it may not be long before I'll be blowing the calls on the bugle. They are pretty hard to blow, but I am able to get a pretty good tone. Will probably write again before leaving."

Stanley Richards, one of the three Monticello boys with the 89th Division, all of whom are now safely overseas, wrote his mother, Mrs. Martha J. Richards, a brief but interesting letter under recent date while making the voyage across the big pond. The date of the letter was erased by the censor, but otherwise it reads in part, as follows:

"We are in one of the prettiest little bays, all surrounded by fair-sized hills, covered with the prettiest little pine trees you ever saw—dark green mixed with the light.

Riding on the ocean is much worse than riding on 'ocean waves' at a county fair. The ship raises as high as twenty feet at the ends and one experiences a sinking of the stomach with each sinking or falling of the ship. Saw waves that were as high as the highest hills at home. Was seasick for only a short time. Have been on deck all the time since leaving port, with the exception of the time spent in bunks.

There is no occasion for worrying. Nearly everyone is feeling fine and there are only a few who are now suffering from sea sickness. I wouldn't miss being aboard this ship for the world.

Can't write much now, but will write as soon as I can. It may be a few weeks before you hear from me again."

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The editor of The Messenger recently received a letter from his brother, Private John S. Richards, with the 89th division, 'somewhere in France,' which in part is as follows:

"Received your letter dated June 28 among the batch I received yesterday and was sure glad to receive every letter that came. You had some trouble sending me the wrist watch and I have been wondering where it is. It didn't reach me at Camp Mills, so it was either returned to you or is over here somewhere. If the latter is the case, I may get it yet, as we have received nothing but letters here thus far.

I went down to the post office at Camp Mills and got the letter Elmer White sent, but we departed so soon after I received his letter that I didn't have time to answer it. I also received your letter and the enclosed letter from Reuel.

I suppose all of the bunch that went to Camp Grant in June have been sent to different camps by this time. Perhaps some of them are over here by this time.

I didn't see 'Peg' Lynn during the last days I was at Camp Mills. I don't know where he is now. He, too, may be over here. Tell Roswell to write. He promised me a letter as soon as I got to my new camp—at Mills—and he forgot about it. I'll answer if he does.

There's a band concert here every evening. Heard them play some piece a few nights ago—'On Wisconsin.' It's a piece that sure seems full of spirit when played by a good military band. It made me think of old Wisconsin and the people I care so much for.

Some nights I go and sit on the porch of a house back of our barracks and visit with an old French lady who has a little notion shop and lives there all alone. All her male relatives of military age are at war. She is one of the nicest old ladies I have ever met. We talk mostly of the war and she asks me many questions about the states.

The reports concerning the war are not so bad now, are they? Will write again soon.:

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Stanley Richards, who recently landed in France with Battery E, 341st Field Artillery, 89th Division, writes his mother, Mrs. Martha J. Richards, the following brief but interesting letter under date of July 16th:

"Am in some pretty country—here 'somewhere in France'—among some of the most beautiful, quaint, old fashioned, picturesque (and lots of other adjectives expressing admiration for the scenery) scenes imaginable. That is a jumbled up sentence and not nearly expressive of the beauties which France has shown me thus far.

One could write on and on about the old houses, built so many years ago, often covered with ivy. Then, when one passes through the country side, he sees the many, many small farms, all so different from the large farms we are accustomed to seeing in the United States. The French surely cultivates his land in a most intensive manner. Everywhere you see wheat and other crops growing on every foot of tillable soil. Not an inch seems to be wasted. Crops grow on land here that weeds would consider unworthy of adorning in the states.

And there are many old people who are as quaint as the buildings and seemingly as old, many of them. I don't think it would be possible to find a better, more kindly people than those by whom we are surrounded. They show the American soldier every courtesy. They are proud to have him here. Last night I was talking with an old man who had two sons in the war. He said the American soldiers had come to repay the debt we owe France and Lafayette.

Until I have been here for some time I will not know what to write about. I do know that it is the hottest place and that the flies are the most annoying of any place we have struck yet. It seems warmer, perhaps, because our other camps have been so much cooler by comparison.

I haven't received a Messenger since I left Camp Grant. I did get two letters yesterday—one from you—a big, long letter written on the 9th of June.

We have fairly good quarters here, better than I expected. We bathe in a creek which must have its source in some spring near here. The spring water sure is cold and takes my breath away almost entirely, but one certainly feels much refreshed after the plunge.

My French comes in a little handy. I can carry on some sort of a conversation and may get to speak the language fairly well before I leave."

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In a letter to his mother, Mrs. Martha J. Richards, written 'somewhere in France,' August 10, Private John S. Richards tells of a pleasant little incident which occurred over there a short time before, when he had the pleasure of meeting two other Monticello boys who are members of the 89th division—Melvin E. Lynn and Earle W. Foster. It was the first meeting of the boys since their division left Camp Mills, New York, several weeks before and it is needless to remark that the 'reunion' afforded them a whole lot of pleasure. The letter follows, in part:

"I am now located in a camp where sand seems to be the only soil. I do not see how anything can grow here and yet there are pine trees in abundance. We are living in wooden barracks again; not like the American barracks I know about. These buildings have cement floors and our beds are built in two tiers, one above the other. The climate is dry here, although it has rained several times. The sand absorbs moisture almost as soon as it falls.

We are required to go to bed earlier now than formerly—10:00 o'clock and the hour for rising has been set at 5:00 a.m., instead of 5:45 as was the case formerly. This means that we are 'on the job' for a longer number of hours than we were before. You see we are not particular about observing union hours in the army.

I received a couple copies of The Messenger the first of the week. Nothing could have pleased me more. They were the first copies I had seen since leaving Camp Grant. Met Earle Foster at the 'Y' a few days ago and he gave me a few clippings that Zoe had sent him. Had two very pleasant surprises this week—one when I met Foster and the other when 'Peg' Lynn dropped in three evenings ago. There are four of us together now from Monticello or near there. Earle is just across the way from my barrack and 'Peg' is in a direct line with us and about one block in front. We can see each other as often as circumstances will permit. There are lots of fellows here that I knew at Camp Grant, most of them Wisconsin boys.

I went down to the gates of the Camp last night and bought some oranges and tomatoes. The oranges were dry but the tomatoes were good. They don't let the fruit ripen because of the big demand for it here.

I am quite well and hope that you are still well and not overworking yourself. I know you take pleasure in doing that sort of thing, but it isn't necessary. It's awfully hard to think of anything to write. You know that we've got the Germans on the run—perhaps better than I do. Will try my luck at writing later when I can think of something interesting."

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During the past week Mrs. Martha J. Richards received three letters from her son, John S. Richards, with Battery E, 341st Field Artillery. The letters were dated somewhere 'over there' on August 18, August 23 and September 3. Notes from the three letters follow:

"August 18—Arthur Olmstead, the Brodhead fellow, is still with us—in the same battery. I have been with 'Peg' Lynn almost every night since he came here ten days ago. Foster isn't with us just now, but we expect him back almost any day.

I don't see how anything grows where we are now located, yet there are hundreds of pine trees and thickets so dense that you can hardly get through. I know, because I followed a fellow home who knew a short cut through the woods from a small town near here. But he failed to make good. We made two complete circles before starting off in the right direction and even then we didn't know we were on the right trail until we entered camp near the officers' quarters. The regular trail to camp was only a half mile and we walked at least three in making the 'short cut.'

We are now located where we can hear the shells whiz by as they go on their errand of destruction. They whistle all the way until they burst at the point desired.

August 25: I heard from Reuel Barlow yesterday. He says that Edwin Barlow and himself are both well. The 'well' proposition includes me, for I never felt any better than I do now. The eats are not bad and we have good quarters to sleep in.

I see 'Peg' almost every night. We were over at the 'Y' last night and he wrote a letter home to his folks in which we told of our impressions of the country and the people hereabouts. Sort of rhyming swing to it; really a charming little thing to read. Better look it up.

Tell Roswell that I haven't had an opportunity to pick up any German relics yet, but should I be able to locate any such thing I will certainly remember his request. It sure does seem good to see the Germans run, doesn't it?

September 3: Still 'somewhere in France' as I write this letter. I don't seem to be as fortunate as Ernest Klassy in that I can't tell you where our camp is located. I noticed in a Messenger that 'Peg' got that he was permitted to tell the names of different places near his camp. I received one paper and 'Peg' received two—one the same date as mine and one a week later. They came this afternoon, the issues of July 17 and 24. It takes longer for second class mail to reach us.

It hadn't ought to take so awfully long to make the Germans realize definitely that they are beaten. The food proposition must be awful in that country. That much must be evident to them. A scarcity of food is one of



the first thing that strikes the hardest. Of course the German militarists would never dare publish an account of a defeat, so it seems that they are turning their repeated retreats into strategic retreats. They may come to, though, in the near future.

Last Sunday, a week ago, I indulged in my first horseback ride. The start was not made with the grace of an experienced rider but before the day was over I seemed to get along quite nicely. Galloped, trotted, walked, jumped ditches—in fact, did everything imaginable—everything except dismount via the horse's neck. Perhaps the 'beast' hadn't the energy required to turn that particular trick."

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A couple of letters—the first in a month or more—were received from Private John S. Richards, with Battery E, 341st Field Artillery, 89th Division. Extracts from the letters will probably prove of more than passing interest to his friends in this vicinity. The first letter, dated Nov. 9, just two days prior to the signing of the armistice, was written to his niece, Miss Bernice Richards. It follows in part:

"In the last letter I received from your grandmother she asked me if I had forgotten my niece. I think that by this time you will have received several letters from me. I have not forgotten you but conditions have been such that it has been impossible to write to anyone. I hope that these conditions will soon be a thing of the past and that I will have sufficient time to write more frequently.

Things are buzzing along the whole long front now, aren't they? First Bulgaria figures that she can't hold out any longer and surrenders—unconditionally. Then Turkey feels that she has had enough of it and decides that peace is more desirable than war. Thus two fairly important allies of Germany signify their willingness to make peace. Then, better than either of these two armistices, we get the news of Austria's unconditional surrender and even now the Germans are considering the advisability of accepting an armistice based upon terms laid down by the allies. The fortunes of war are sure turning our way.

I went over to the Salvation Army hut this morning and got six whopping big pancakes. They filled me up so that I gave part of my last batch to a 'doughboy' who claimed to be amply capable of downing my unfinished portion. With the pancakes—and they sure tasted good—we got a cup of nice, hot cocoa. When you consider the nasty, rainy weather we're having over here now, the hot cakes and cocoa act as a tonic and warm a fellow up in no time. They must have fed pancakes to about 500 soldiers this morning.

Nothing too good can be said for the salvation army. Their canteens are always near the front lines. It seems peculiar to me that more isn't said concerning the good work they are doing over here. Everyone who comes in contact with any of their work says that when he gets back to the states he will never miss the opportunity of assisting the Salvation army workers whenever they apply to him for aid. It's the wise thing for the people back home to help them along financially now, when they are doing their best work."

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Another letter, written to his nephew, 'big' Ed. Kennedy, under date of Nov. 6, runs in part as follows:

"That was sure some letter you wrote; just full of news in a very few sentences. You must be some wonder at writing. Still I knew you were pretty darn smart and that if you continued going to school—I heard that you had quit for a few hours—you would soon be some educated.

And I'm still over in France, 'lil' boy, but wishing more and more that I could be back home and come down to your house and eat dinner or supper with you. I can't imagine anything that I'd like better than that to have you sitting beside me while I tell you stories about the Germans. It won't be long now before the war will be over.

The Americans and the French, the British and Italian soldiers are making the German Kaiser realize the fact that he has been surely licked. Wouldn't you like to give the old boy a punch in the jaw, Ed? You're big enough to make him feel it, aren't you? You'd make him yell and holler and if you got a few cracks at him he'd know something had struck him.

It rains nearly every day over here. When night falls a heavy mist always covers everything in sight and in the morning and often during the entire day, that mist hangs on and makes things appear gloomy. That's the kind of a day today is, misty and gloomy.

A few weeks ago I played on a German piano which the enemy left in their mad flight from here. It was a good piano once upon a time, but before they left they removed the damper felts and the music was far from beautiful. That's the way they have of doing with everything. They always destroy what they leave behind them, whether it's their property or belongs to someone else. There would sure be some gnashing of teeth if we Americans floated up the Rhine destroying everything in sight. Then wouldn't they beg for mercy?

Tell grandma and Bernice that I'll write to them soon and tell Roswell that I've written to him two or three times. Hope he got all of them."

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The notes appearing first are from a letter to his niece and nephew, Bernice and Roswell Richards, dated Nov. 24, while those bearing date of Nov. 14 are from a letter to his mother, Mrs. Martha Richards.

"We have always heard of sunny France in the states. I think what was meant was the sunny part as concerns the disposition of the people, for the clouds hide the sun more often than it shines. This wasn't the case when we first landed and were located in the southern part of the country. There I thought it would never rain, but with our appearance way up in northern France we experienced a change of weather and have had almost incessant rain. But even the rain was forced to give way to sunshine when the armistice was signed and up to yesterday, we have had almost two weeks of perfect pre-winter weather, with lots of frost and sunshine.

Up here in northern France the Germans have sure raised havoc with the towns and country in general. Before the war with Germany, international law forbade the firing on or destruction of churches. But go where you may in any of the smaller towns hereabouts, you will find the remains of a church—always the workmanship on these buildings was beautiful—with the steeple invariably shot off. Many of the churches were robbed of ancient tablets, bronze as a rule, which were carried away to be melted for shell casings and the like. I entered one of these churches and there remained, where the bronze tablet had been, the same inscription, sometimes carved on a granite or marble tablet.

It would be uncommon, indeed, to walk through any of the nearby towns and find one single building that had not been damaged in some way. Great holes in the buildings, to buildings entirely razed to the ground, tell the tale of the cruel destructive power of German shells.

A Salvation army canteen was opened in an old chateau near our gun positions. This was a building at least three times as large as the court house at Monroe and it was destroyed beyond the possibility of rebuilding. Small paintings were laying around which had been destroyed by the fires which had broken out. You can imagine what a lovely time the people had when these works of destruction were being perpetrated were any of them unfortunate enough to have been present.

On the other hand, the Germans must have lived in ease and comfort if the many small German villages hereabouts can be taken as evidence. In the two or three that we have visited, or lived in, there was every indication of good living, at least on the part of the officers. Plush chairs, davenports, pianos—everything to make living worth while. Not only were these comforts present in the home, but in the rear were always gardens full of vegetables—turnips, cabbages, tomatoes and every thing good to eat. Then, too, we found electric light plants, planing mills, outside of which were the most beautiful oak logs you ever saw and charcoal kilns; at least a carload of charcoal was in evidence."

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Letter of Dec. 14: "The war is over; that is, the part in which the fighting is concerned. Of course, it is impossible at this time to say just when we will embark for the United States. It may be soon and it may be some little time before we take the big trip home. You folks across the pond are undoubtedly as thankful as we are that the Germans have at last seen the light and surrendered.

We have had regular Fourth of July celebrations since the armistice went into effect, 11, 11, 1918. On the first night the sky was illuminated nearly all the time by the great white illuminating rockets and rockets of every other description when we were fighting in real earnest. These displays have continued for the past few evenings, until now I think it quite possible that the greatest part of our fireworks are exhausted.

And with the end of the war the weather has changed. Where before it was rainy or nasty every day, the sun permits itself to be seen most of the time during the day and we are experiencing some of the clearest, moon-lit nights I have ever seen. This, all in contrast to the rainy, foggy days and nights we have been having ever since arriving at the front some time ago.

Our brigade has made quite a name for itself—in fact, a very big name—for the accuracy and precision of its firing or shooting. And our own battery—the very best in the entire outfit.

Our opportunity for hearing the bursting of more shells is a distinctly remote one, but we sure were royally entertained up to 11 o'clock on Monday when operations ceased. Just about two minutes before eleven the Germans sent two big shells over, landing somewhere near our buildings, which were 'duds'; that is, they failed to explode. That was, for us, their final little splurge before hostilities ceased."

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Mrs. Martha J. Richards received a letter the first of the week from her son, Private John S. Richards, with Battery E, 341st Field Artillery, 89th division, which was dated at Oberkail, Germany, Dec. 25th. His last previous letter was dated Nov. 24th, just a few days prior to the time when the 89th division—a part of the Third army of occupation—started on its advance into German territory.

For the first time since he has been overseas he tells of the part he has played in walloping the ex-Kaiser, stating that he has been connected with what is called the B. C. detail service—building lines of communication and keeping them in working order. The work was exciting; 'much more than our present existence,' he writes. The letter follows:

"If you have been reading the papers closely you will have noticed that the 89th Division was one of those divisions chosen to make up the Third army, or army of occupation. That accounts for my not having written for more than two weeks, for on the march we never had an opportunity to write.

Our march lasted eleven days, on two of which we rested. We were billeted in different towns along the route, so we were never obliged to use our 'pup' tents. We slept in churches, school houses, private houses and barns. We must have traveled about 150 miles.

The contrast in appearance—both in the country and in towns—is very marked as you enter Luxembourg and the German towns look almost as good. As we traveled further north in France the work of destruction consummated by the Germans became greater and greater. Many towns were completely destroyed and in none of them did there seem to be a building which could possibly be repaired.

In Luxembourg we passed through the city of Luxembourg, one of the prettiest cities I have seen over here. The buildings were nice and everything about the place had a prosperous appearance. It was the only, or rather the first, place in which we saw civilians who looked like those whom we were accustomed to seeing in the states. It seemed good to see crowds of civilians on the streets after so long a period away from signs of civilian life.

You probably know that our battery was on the firing line in the Mihiel sector for almost two months. Was eating breakfast one morning when a gas shell burst just a little ways from where we were eating. Of course, we put on our gas masks and I thought I had lost my breakfast for fair, but I was able to get something to eat after the affair was over.

You have often wondered what I have been doing. I have been with what is called the B. C. detail service since arriving overseas. The duty of this organization is to affect communications between the different units of the battery. The telephone was the only means of communication we used and we strung telephone wire everywhere. On several occasions, when we were out stringing wire, German heavy shells were bursting all about us. You could hear the burst and then fragments of the shell whistling by. It sure was exciting—much more than our present existence here in southern Germany.

Hardly a morning passed without someone having to go out over the lines to repair breaks caused by shell bursts. Some of us did the repair work while others operated the phones. The operators worked in shifts, four hours on and eight off. In addition to the operators working at 'central,' we had them at the guns and at our observation posts. Since starting this letter we moved from Oberkail to Dudeldorf and we expect to leave here very soon."

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There was some Christmas doings over in Speicher, Germany, on the 25<sup>th</sup> of December, 1918, according to an account of the festivities which were related in a letter from Private John S. Richards, Battery E. 341<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery, who figured in the joy fest to the extent of contributing a batch of what he terms 'nutty' piano solos. Not only did the boys have a real Christmas program, but it was also their good fortune to get outside of an Xmas dinner that would compare favorably with the annual spreads they have been accustomed to back in the states. The letter was written to his mother, Mrs. Martha J. Richards and was dated Dec. 26. It follows:

"The year is still 1918 but it will soon be gone. Since writing last we again moved and we labor under the impression that Sunday will see us on our way again. The town in which we are now located is called Speicher. It is a fairly large town, the largest we have been in yet—that is, to stay for any length of time. We are billeted in houses, most of the boys having nice feather beds to sleep on.

My delay in writing was due to the grand and glorious Christmas exercises and the activities attendant thereupon. Each battery had an Xmas program which was given in the different halls in town. The halls were nicely decorated, details having been sent out into the woods to pick evergreen which was used in giving the halls a real holiday appearance. And our artists were sure there in shaping the evergreens into all sorts of pretty things. Truly we had one of the most artistically decorated halls that I've ever seen.

For two days prior to the Xmas exercises a bunch of us got together and arranged for some musical and dance numbers. I officially opened the program with a bunch of nutty piano solos. This was followed with numbers by a battery chorus, after which there was dancing and 'jigging', interspersed by little talks by some of the army officers. The fellows enjoyed the doings immensely, for it was the first time in many months that any of them had heard music or seen an entertainment of any sort. The first day I practiced with them I was at the piano for about five hours; the second day for at least nine hours. My back was nearly broken.

The various battery programs were given in the afternoon. In the morning a battalion program was given, during which the chaplain and colonel gave short talks. According to what the colonel said, I may be home soon to take charge of the stove for you. Following the talks mentioned the Xmas packages were distributed. I was unfortunate enough not to receive mine then, but did get it the following day and sure was glad to get it. Thought perhaps someone had swiped it. However, there was some consolation in the fact that the 'Y' handed out Xmas packages to everyone, so none of us suffered for a lack of Christmas cheer. Candy, chocolate and tobacco were included in the 'Y' packages.

I gave some of my candy to the little 4-year-old girl at the house in which I now make my home. Her mother said that it was the first time in the four years of her earthly existence that she had indulged in chocolate or sugar. There is no chocolate in Germany.

Dec. 29: This is the third or fourth day I've spent in writing this letter. Always some interruption—the kids or some prune 'comrade' has butted in on each occasion I've attempted writing. Right here I mustn't forget to tell you that we had a wonderful Xmas dinner. We had all we could eat of roast pork and the best dressing I've ever tasted; heaps of mashed potatoes and nice brown gravy; oodles of tasty apple sauce (apples are worth two marks per pound here) bread and butter and coffee and pickles. It was some dinner and I was filled plumb up to the limit.

We are billeted—I and another fellow—in a house having one small room downstairs which is used for general purposes by a family of six, with three sleeping rooms upstairs. Through some misunderstanding some Battery F boys got our room upstairs. The family has been making a bed for us downstairs in the one lone room the downstairs possesses. We were slated for other billets the very day we landed here, but the children made such a fuss at the prospect of losing me that their father intervened with the sergeant who was to show us our new billets. His attitude was so threatening that it was thought best to stick around and this makes our eighth day here. They've got a cute little four-year-old girl and were about to move and papa's ire was aroused with the results above mentioned.

The head of the house has seen four years service. He said it was too long. He was wounded in the shoulder and can hardly use his right arm. He blames the military clique who hovered about the Kaiser for continuing the war. He thinks the Kaiser is a good man and his son, the crown prince, a swine.

The Germans in the smaller villages and throughout the country seem to have plenty to eat, but the population in the cities suffer because of a lack of food. Rioting seems to be prevalent in Berlin. Many hundreds were killed there recently.

We had a white Xmas, but it is raining now. It's an awful damp country. This is a rather long letter—enough for this time. I'll try to write one equally long the next time. The head of the house presented me with a sheet of foolscap and told me to write it 'full' to you. I may use it later."

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Private John S. Richards, Battery E, 341<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery, in a letter written on a series of postcards at Speicher, Germany and mailed January 20, relates a few of his experiences while at the front which will undoubtedly prove of interest to his friends in this vicinity and elsewhere. The following notes are taken from the letter:

"Nothing particular exciting takes place here. We do much the same thing day after day, the routine being varied sometimes by a ride, which never agrees with me. Such a thing occurred twice last week—on Monday and Wednesday. The first ride was a long one. We went out into the country for 15 or 20 kilometers, starting at 8 o'clock and returning shortly after four o'clock. Just two days later, I had the pleasure, so to speak, of going after a couple entertaining mules, riding one of them back a distance of about 20 kilometers. I've lost all interest in horses; mules take the cake every time. I needed every possible assistance in getting on the animal. Alone, I couldn't raise my left leg high enough to reach the stirrup, so one of the fellows had to place my foot therein. That task finished, I could scarcely reach the top of the saddle and a friendly boost was required ere I rose to the required position. From that time on I was sometimes at ease—more often uneasy—at ease when the parade proceeded at a walk and bouncing like a jumping jack when double quick time was in order. The stirrups were a trifle too long and we made only one stop, when I dismounted and shortened them.

I always imagined Germany as a land of snow. Up to now it has been a land of rain and cold dampness. We had an inch of snow Christmas day—enough to make it a white Christmas and today it is snowing again.

Did I ever tell you we were located first at Castleman, in southern France and then at Camp Souge, where we got our final workout before going to the front. After reaching the front we visited several small French towns, all in ruins such as Panne, Benney, Essey, St. Benoit, etc., towns which have been mentioned in the newspapers at various times. During our residence at the front—a period of several months—we lived in dug-outs; beautiful little holes in the ground which we heated with German stoves.

Our first gun position was a road leading into Biney. There we remained for about two weeks, until one day it became rather too warm for us and a short time later saw us in a new position near a small German village, or group of officers quarters. It was here we found the German piano, mentioned in big Ed's letter. It was here, today, that we started living in wooden quarters.

Our next gun position was near St. Benoit, where we were firing when the armistice was signed.

I've spent many joyous hours doing the flopping stunt when I hear the big shells whizzing overhead. The country was very much webbed with German narrow gauge railroad tracks. It was often my painful duty to prance over one of these narrow gauge tracks, with huge German sausages situated at either end and see to it that our wire was in working condition. One morning I made this trip when the German guns were unusually active. On returning in the afternoon I found that a large portion of the little track had been blown up. A large shell had been planted directly between the rails, twisting them and throwing them to the side and tearing a huge hole in the ground fully ten feet across.

Another time we were out at the edge of some woods observing artillery fire from the top of a huge tree. Suddenly a shell whizzed directly over the tree and burst a short distance out in the open. This was followed by two more shots, each of them seeming closer than its predecessor. The order was given to dismount and we beat a hasty retreat. We could still hear them firing as we tripped merrily on our way. The tree was a tall one and the Germans had a nasty habit of shooting at tall trees.

This concludes the series of cards, so I'll conclude also."



Following are extracts from a couple of letters received this week from Private John S. Richards, with Battery E, 341st Field Artillery, 89th division. The letters were dated at Speicher, Germany, April 10 and 11.

"For the past week we have been having beautiful weather here. The sun has shone every day, with scarcely a cloud to be seen. Today the sun and rain alternates in furnishing entertainment. We have more than enjoyed the wonderful weather, for it is the first good weather that has continued for any length of time.

Yesterday we had a big inspection by the corps commander, the entire regiment passing in review before him. From Dudeldorf, where we stayed for a week, came the 1st battalion to participate. The review took place about one kilometer north of Speicher. As the different batteries and companies of the regiment passed in review, the band struck up a march, starting anew as each organization passed. The result was very pleasing and he had very little fault to find with us.

The next review takes place some time after the 25<sup>th</sup> of this month at Trier, the reviewing officer being General Pershing. This will very likely be the final inspection, as the entire 89<sup>th</sup> division will take part in it. After this inspection all our equipment will be turned in and we will be ready for sailing.

The 42<sup>nd</sup> division is very likely on the water by this time—part of it, at least—for returning tourists from France claim to have seen the tail end of the division on its way to Brest, the port of embarkation. The 32<sup>nd</sup> division is to follow about the 16<sup>th</sup> of April. They are to be followed by the 33<sup>rd</sup> division, which will sail about the 26<sup>th</sup> of this month and the 89<sup>th</sup> will follow closely on the heels of the 33<sup>rd</sup>, with perhaps a division or two in between. This means that we will probably be on the way home by the middle of next month and be mustered out of the service sometime in June.

Many of the people here in Speicher have no love for their burgermeister. They accuse him of playing only to the rich and of making an unfair distribution of the food sent here, favoring the wealthy in the matter of quantity. Quite justly the lesser numbers of his flock are incensed at many of his proceedings. During the war, so they say, many rich man's son was relieved from doing military service through the payment of a certain amount of money. A poor man when he became burgermeister, he is now considered wealthy. He was fined 250 marks about a month ago for requesting a couple of American soldier tenants to vacate. He has since been quite the prince in his attitude towards the soldiers. Even Speicher boasts its Reds and it has been noised about that some one is going to bounce the burgermeister off when the American soldiers leave the city.

The 'Y' dry canteen in Speicher has been superseded by a regimental commissary. The 'Y' still continues as a wet canteen, serving cocoa and cakes three times a week. In addition, they have charge of entertainments, of which we have had very few lately. Had a motion picture show last evening; a lecture tonight. Things are picking up somewhat. The commissary seems to carry a much more extended stock than did the 'Y.' They have a very good variety.

Will enclose some more views in this letter. I sent a package a short time ago, but don't know whether you'll get it or not. Don't open it until I get back. Regards to all."

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Because of his ability to manipulate a piano, Private John S. Richards, with Battery E, 341<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery, 89<sup>th</sup> Division, has been able to 'break into high society' over in Speicher, Germany, which city has been his 'home' for a period of nearly four months. His initial stunt along that line netted him nothing less than one of the most gorgeous feed he has 'enveloped' since leaving the states; a spread so radically different from the regulation army 'chow' that it was actually something to jubilate over. But regardless of the occasional bright spots in connection with army life, he—like all the other boys in khaki—is most anxious to evacuate German territory and embark on the journey homeward. Extracts from two of...

"I am breaking into high society here in Speicher. Day before yesterday I went into a Jewish emporium to buy some candy. The cook for the officers' mess was there and he informed me of the fact that the people owned a piano and begged me to perform on the instrument. I accepted the invitation and found an exceptionally fine instrument in the parlor. It was covered up in such a way that it was evidently very little used. The girl who plays it when at home is a teacher in a large German city.

I officiated at the piano and the cook, who has an excellent voice and speaks excellent French, sang songs in French and English. The girl who lives here—at the Emporium—speaks fairly good English and good French. She spent a number of years in Belgium where she learned both languages. She is quite familiar with American popular music and knew the words to some of the songs. They asked me to come back again in the evening, at which time I had the best supper I've had since leaving home. We had French fried potatoes, browned most beautifully; hamburger steak, rice a la tomatoes, bread and butter and coffee, milk and cream. It sure was fine. Then we went into the parlor and I played and the cook again charmed the people there assembled with songs. He said that he made his living singing on the stage until Caruso appeared on the scene, when competition became one-sided and he was forced to give way to the Italian.

Last evening we were nicely entertained at a smoker here in Recreation hall, during which several boxing bouts were pulled off. Two of them were rather tame affairs. In one bout a little fellow spent most of his time in trying to push his opponent through the ropes. The last match was the best. It was between two big fellows and the way they slugged at each other would impress one with the idea that they had been enemies for life. The band furnished an orchestra, so we had music between bouts. Cigarettes, tobacco and chewing gum were passed at various times during the evening and two small bars of soap were included in the layout. All were donated by the Knights of Columbus.

Then a few days ago a friend of mine, Patrick Quinn, hailing from Chicago, received a box from his sister, living in England, containing a fruit cake, jam, candy, tea, salmon and cigarettes. Believe me, the home-baked cake tasted good, even though it was filled almost to overflowing with currants. I never cared for currants, but in this particular instance I didn't mind them in the least. Had a can of pineapple he received for dinner and we're going to have jam for supper. Once in a while we live high, but only once in a while. Ordinarily our food is quite plain; no trimmings unless it's fat. Our main means of subsistence consists of beef and potatoes for dinner; rice and bacon for breakfast. This morning I had French toast, hamburger steak and coffee—a very good breakfast."

#### **From a Previous Letter**

"Quiet as regards going home reigned supreme for several weeks, but for a few days past ships have been sailing almost daily—imaginary, of course. Now we are booked to go home at almost any time. Rumors of this kind always fill our hearts with joy until the time for sailing passes and we remain. One of the fellows, with an Irish name, was asking me if it didn't make me seasick to cross the ocean so many times. It makes me sicker when I think of not crossing. Oh, we'll get home some day. I'll probably be the last 'prune' back to Monticello, though.

Things have been quite lively here during the last few days. Last evening we had a movie show—the first in a month. The night before we had the 353<sup>rd</sup> Infantry minstrels with us. They put on an excellent show, including some real good stuff. According to them, after Gen. Pershing has been home a year or two, he will suddenly remember that he has forgotten something. 'Why,' he will say, 'I forgot all about the 89<sup>th</sup> division being in Germany.' Thus it will come to pass that, when we are old and gray, we may have the privilege of once more visiting our native land.

I see by the New York Herald that they intend shipping 300,000 soldiers home monthly and that it will take about six months to complete the task. Well, I hope they don't delay the program long, for we may not be in the first 300,000. I am willing to terminate my little sojourn in Europe at any time—the sooner the better.

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#### **WRITES ON EVE OF DEPARTURE FROM GERMANY**

Writing from Speicher, Germany, under date of April 23, Private John S. Richards, with Battery E, 341<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery, says;

Just a few lines to let you know that I am still in Speicher, but expect to be on the way in another week. Last night we hauled the guns up on the street and headed them in the direction they were to go. This morning the guns left for Coblenz, hauled on their way by tractors from the 342<sup>nd</sup> F. A. Two or three men from each section accompanied them. Yesterday morning Olmstead and a few others left with three 'fourgon' wagons for the same city, Coblenz. In a day or two we will have no more horses. We expect to leave here about the 3<sup>rd</sup> of May and may be on the boat by the 10<sup>th</sup>.

Went to church last evening and heard the chaplain talk on the 'Average Soldier.' He said he was neither a brute nor a saint—evidently a happy medium between the two. Last evening the chaplain from the 356<sup>th</sup> infantry gave a very interesting lecture on "The Deeds of the Old 89<sup>th</sup>."

The sector we took over from the French seemed to have an understanding as to the exact time each little thing was to happen. In the morning the Germans would trot out to a small lake which separated the two lines and would take their daily bath, do their washing, etc. The French, meanwhile, refrained from shooting and watched with friendly interest the operations of the Germans. In the evening the French took their turn at the lake and the Germans, in their turn, calmly refrained from pulling the trigger of their guns.

At certain times during the day the Germans would fire a few high explosives over on the French lines. A Frenchman would look at his watch. 'Well, it's 7 o'clock; a shell due in two minutes.' Action of seeking shelter in a dug-out. And, sure enough, in two minutes over would come a German shell. Then at regular intervals the shells would come over, the firing ceasing at a certain fixed time. The shooting was merely a reminder that the enemy was still in existence. After the Germans had staged their stunt, the French would emerge from their underground shelters and go through a similar performance.. Of course, the Germans resorted to the 'safety first' methods of the French and thus another uneventful day of the war would pass away.

However, this beautiful state of almost perfect monotony was to pass, for the Americans came along in September, 1918, and introduced a new method of passing away the time. The Germans came down to take their daily bath and were immediately fired upon by the Yanks. In pained surprise they fled to a more sheltered place, leaving a number of fallen by the lake's edge. Thus they came to learn that some one other than the French had pulled into the sector. A French officer who witnessed the shooting fray protested against shooting during the German's bath.

*End of page 25*

ing your, but the Yanks retorted with an 'Oh, Hell, what are we here for?' or something as strong or stronger.

Then American Major-General and his entire staff went to Nancy and made plans to attack Metz by swinging in from two flanks. These plans were so placed that a spy—whom the authorities could have put out of existence had they so desired—could obtain easy access to them. He did and was permitted to pass in perfect safety through the American lines and place the information before the German general commanding at Metz. He had eight divisions held in reserve to throw into a battle which he knew was about due. Of course, new plans were made and the Meuse-Argonne Forest drive was the result.

Here's where the 89<sup>th</sup> happens along. I might have known just when it happened but I lost my book of events on the march up to Germany. Anyway, one night about 11 o'clock, we started the guns speaking and continued during the entire night. Parts of our infantry advanced for ten kilometers and came back again, only to be sent off on a raiding party. The all-night barrage, the advance of our infantry all had the desired effect on the General at Metz. Immediately he sent two crack divisions to meet us and had others on the way when the drive began through the Argonne forests. Before the German reserves could be recalled our objective had been attained and further enemy troops were useless. Thus the 89<sup>th</sup> division pulled the greatest fake battle in the history of the world, drawing the German reserve divisions away from Metz and making it impossible for them to get to the Argonne in time to participate in the fight and in that way making the task of freeing the Argonne of the enemy a much easier task than it would have been."

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Privates John S. Richards and Melvin E. Lynn, who were with the 89<sup>th</sup> division, reached New York Saturday and will undoubtedly be home within the next ten days. They made the trip across the big pond in just eight days after leaving Brest, according to a letter received from the former. (May 1919)

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### **Leon A. Voegeli**

Mr. and Mrs. Baltz Voegeli received a letter yesterday from their son, Corporal Leon A. Voegeli, dated at St. Dizier, France, on New Years day. Corp. Voegeli has been 'over there' for a number of months and this is the first letter from him that has appeared in The Messenger since he entered the service. That it will be read with interest by his numerous friends is a foregone conclusion. The letter follows:

"Well, today is the first, so I am going to start the new year by writing you a letter. I am feeling just fine and dandy and hope you can say as much. Last night I received two letters—one from you and one from Gertrude; also a nice card from Matt and Adell. I sure was glad to hear from you all.

Have heard of a great many people dying around home. Was sorry to hear of Burnett Skuldt's death. Have heard of so many deaths that I can scarcely believe it all. I heard about the boys in Co. H. They were in the 32<sup>nd</sup> division and certainly had a hard time of it, having figured in some of the biggest battles of the war. I would give anything if I knew where Fred Amstutz is buried, for he always was a good friend of mine and was a good and brave soldier.

It sure makes me feel sad when I drove over No Man's Land and see all the graves of the American boys. Walter Lewis also died over here. I was surprised to hear of his death, for he also was a friend of mine.

I am still driving a Dodge car, as it is much easier than driving a big truck. I sure can drive them. I am still doing the same work—taking officers around the country. Just got back from a trip to Germany, but as the war is over there is nothing that would suit me better than to return home. That's the way all of the boys feel about it.

I suppose a lot of the boys from the camps in the states have beaten me home, but I have certainly seen and experienced a whole lot more of the war game than they have. It will be a happy day, though, when we can sail across the big ocean again on our way home.

I am glad you sent me Jake Schilt's address. I like to correspond with him and will write him a letter as soon as I get time."

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Corp. Leon A. Voegeli has returned to the old home town, after having spent a year in the service overseas. He received his discharge from the service at Camp Grant and arrived here Monday evening. Corp. Voegeli is somewhat heavier than he was when he entered the service fourteen months ago and is looking unusually good. Mighty glad to be home again, he says, and certain it is that he is meeting with cordial welcome among his circle of acquaintances. (July 1919)

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### **Otto A. Bontly**

Otto A. Bontly, with Battery F, 331<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery, Camp Mills, New York, writing to his mother and sisters under date of September 10 has the following to say:

"We arrived at camp at about 12 o'clock today and it was a fine trip we had—all Pullman coaches and sleepers and we had all of our meals served on board the train. We left Sparta at 3 o'clock on Thursday and reached New York at 4 o'clock Sunday morning. We got out and marched in Battle Creek and Port Huron, Mich., Sayre, Pa., and at New York. We passed through Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, into Canada and then through Pennsylvania and to New York. We had Negro porters all the way.

We were served with a Red Cross lunch at Portage, Milwaukee, Chicago, Flint and Port Huron, Mich., Sayre, Penn., and in New York City.

Friday morning at 4 o'clock they took us to Niagara Falls and I also saw the Statue of Liberty. The trip to Camp Mills was by a boat. Saw Jacob Schilt and Ray Schoonover this afternoon.

I never saw as many mines in my life as I did when we passed through Pennsylvania. It is a mining country and you ought to have seen the coal piled up in that state. It really seemed to me that there was anything but a shortage of coal.

While in Flint, Mich., I saw the plants where the Buick and Chevrolet automobiles are made. There were girls working there in overalls. At one place I saw girls on the sections and street cars attired the same way.

We passed over some mountains from which you could look down thousands of feet. This is getting a long ways from home in a week—last Sunday at home; this Sunday in New York. At this camp today I saw about twenty aeroplanes in the air at one time. Well, this is about all for this time. I am well and happy and hope you are the same."

### Ernest Wirth

Ernest Wirth, who has been located at Winchester, England, for a number of weeks, writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Wirth, the following letter under date of April 23:

“Will drop you a few lines to let you know that I am still well and hope this letter finds you all the same at home. We are still in England and I guess we are here for the duration of the war. I don’t know much of anything to write about, because I haven’t received a single letter since we have been here. How are all of my brothers and sisters? I hope that they are all well. Say hello to all of them and give them my love.

I had my picture taken with a couple of American soldiers and some English soldiers and am enclosing one with this letter. We have an American canteen over here now, where we can buy Camel cigarettes and they are a lot cheaper, too, because there is no revenue stamps on them. We pay nine pence for three packages, which is about eighteen cents in our money. A pence is just two of our pennies at home.

News is most awful scarce and my only object in writing is to let you know that I am still well.

Address: Winchester, England, A. F. C., A. E. F., Casual Co. No. 2.

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Ernest Wirth, former member of Co. H, but who has been located at Winchester, England, since crossing the big pond a number of months ago, writes that he is just beginning to receive letters from home and adds in effect that it sure does make a fellow feel a whole lot better. In a letter to his brother, Leslie Wirth, dated May 16, he says:

“Received your most welcome letter today and sure was glad to get it. I had only received one letter before and that was from Anna. The day your letter arrived there was also one from Wilbert Wichser and another from an Albany girl. It certainly seemed nice to finally get some mail from home.

I guess that we will not be here very much longer. I expect to be transferred to another company and we will probably be sent to another camp about twelve miles from here. Address my mail the same, though, because I will get it just the same.”

Ernest’s address in Casual Co. No. 2, A. E. F., A. R. C., Winchester, England.

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Private Ernest Wirth, who for some months has been stationed at Winchester, England, with Casual Co. No. 2, A. E. F., A. R. C., writes the editor of the Messenger that he has received a couple of copies of the paper recently and states that it sure does seem good to get news from home right out of the good, old home paper. His letter, dated June 3, is as follows:

“I want to drop you a few lines to let you know that I have received the good, old Monticello Messenger twice since arriving here and I thank you very much for sending it. It sure does a fellow good to get news from home right out of the home paper.

We are having splendid weather over here at the present time and I hope that it will continue. Well, how are you and everybody else back home? I am fine and I hope that this finds you all the same. How is Dick Coffey? Tell him ‘hello’ for me and give him my best regards.

I had a pretty good time Decoration Day, on which occasion a bunch of us boys visited the big city of London. It sure is quite a burg and I saw many interesting sights. The first thing we did after arriving there was to go to the American Y. M. C. A. headquarters. From there a ‘Y’ man, who had a Ford, took us all over London and told us a lot of interesting things. It was a fine trip and I enjoyed it very much.

After we have been here for four months we are entitled to a seven day furlough, at which time I expect to visit the big city again.

Well, I expect that a lot of other boys from Monticello have joined the service by this time. If they all like it as well as I do they will get along fine.

As news is rather scarce, I will draw my letter to a close for this time. I want to thank you again for sending me that good old paper.”

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Mr. and Mrs. John Wirth received word the last of the week to the effect that their son, Ernest, had landed safely in New York city from overseas. Ernest was originally a member of Co. H, 127<sup>th</sup> infantry, but was transferred after reaching the other side and has been stationed in England most of the time. (May 1919)

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### Jake Schilt

Private Jake Schilt, former agent at the Illinois Central depot, failed to experience any active service ‘over there,’ but that it is evident that he will no doubt have much of interest to relate to his friends after his return to the states. This week The Messenger prints its first story from Jake and it will no doubt be read with much interest by his numerous friends. The letter was addressed to his sister, Mrs. Joe J. Voegeli, and was dated at Les Montils, France, Nov. 24. It runs as follows:

“As we are now allowed to say where we are and where we have been located, will write you a letter and try and tell you something about where I have been spending the past two months.

We left Camp Mills at about 2 a.m. on Monday, Sept. 16, and took a boat across the Hudson river to New York City, where we were loaded onto the Empress of Russia at about 11 o’clock and remained there until Tuesday morning at about 8 o’clock, when we pulled out into the river and past the Statue of Liberty on our way to France.

It took us just twelve days to make the trip across, as we traveled very slow. There were fifteen boats all told in our convoy, but a couple of days before we landed I noticed that there were only thirteen left, as two destroyers had left us on the way over. We traveled north and east most of the time and on Saturday, the day before we landed, we could see land on both sides of us all day—Ireland on one side and Scotland on the other—as we passed through the north channel and Irish sea, reaching Liverpool, England, at 8 o’clock Sunday morning. Saturday afternoon about eight ‘sub’ chasers came out to meet us and protect us through the danger zone. It was sure some sight to see them show up in the distance and we all felt much better when we were surrounded by all those chasers.

We spent a great deal of our time on deck watching for submarines and watching the different kind of fish that were visible in the clear water. I for one did not get sick at all, though the boat rocked very bad at times and made me feel rather dizzy.

After reaching England we hiked through Liverpool and saw a great deal of the city on our way to the rest camp, which is located about three miles out. There we spent a couple of days and then took a train to Ramsey, England, another rest camp where we remained another couple of days and then hiked several miles to South Hampton, where we took another boat and crossed the channel. The next morning we were in Le Havre, France, where at 6 p.m. we were loaded into box cars and traveled two nights and two days before we reached our next stop. This was St. Andrea, a small village in southern France, about twelve miles east of Bordeaux, where we spent five weeks.

There was a great deal of the Spanish ‘flu’ on some of the boats in our convoy and in England they had it on all sides of us. By the time we reached southern France we had several cases in our company, but luckily did not lose a single man, although I am unable to say as much for some of the other companies in our division. Wardas had a bad attack of it, but was getting along fine when I last saw him. Also think Otto was on the list, as they left him in England. Do not know how he is, as I have been unable to hear from him since arriving here.

We made the trip to the depot when we had orders to leave St. Andrea, but were sent back to camp. The third time we were loaded into box cars and traveled two days and two nights, passing through Bordeaux and Bloise and finally landing in this small town, which is about seven miles south of Bloise. We are again quartered in billets, which are not very pleasant at this time of the year as it is very cold. The temperature is about the same as back home, I should think, as the water in the river where we wash usually has ice all along the edge and the ground is covered with a heavy frost every morning.

I am sure a happy man since this terrible war is finally over and will have a lot to tell you when I get back home. Some of our boys no doubt saw the front lines and I think we would have been there ourselves had it not ended when it did.

We do not have much to do these days; usually go on a short hike and have exercise. Have Wednesday and Saturday afternoons off, also Sundays.

I wish that I could tell you just when I will be back, but its a hard proposition—something we all want to know ourselves. If we don’t make it by Jan. 1, it won’t be long after that, as I don’t see much around here that we can do unless they move us to real barracks and put us to work somewhere.

I spent yesterday afternoon down at the river washing clothes. Another fellow and I had a fire and heated water, shaved, bathed our feet and did fine work on the clothes. Today we are just lounging around and trying to kill time in any way possible.

I am in hopes that I can get back before spring, but still there are some who seem to think that they may send us to the front lines to put up telegraph and telephone lines.

Well, as I am just about out of news, will close for this time. Will write again in a few days.”

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First Class Private Jake Schilt who sailed for France with the 311<sup>th</sup> Field Signal Battalion, 86<sup>th</sup> Division, is the third Monticello boy who accompanied that particular division overseas to reach the states on his way home. He was aboard the battleship, Nebraska, which docked yesterday at Newport News, Va., according to a telegram received here this morning. He goes to Camp Stuart, Va., and will probably be transferred to Camp Grant in the near future to be mustered out of the service.



## **We Shall Not Sleep**

**In Flanders fields  
the poppies blow  
Between the Crosses,  
row on row,  
That mark our place;  
and in the sky  
The larks still bravely  
singing fly,  
Scarce heard amidst  
the guns below.**

**We are the dead.  
Short days ago we lived,  
felt dawn,  
saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved,  
and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.**

**Take up our quarrel  
with the foe,  
To you from falling hands  
we throw the Torch-  
be yours to hold it high;  
If ye break faith  
with us who die,  
We shall not sleep,  
though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.**

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## **OVER IN FRANCE**

“Over in France where the death shells scream  
The boys are fighting as in a dream;  
A glorious dream of blood and hell,  
While I stay home and prosper well.

Over in France they are dying now  
Like green grass turned by a giant plow;  
They are going across with a smile for me,  
While I stay home in security.

Over in France the gas clouds roll  
and the shower of steel is taking its toll;  
The flag drives on, but the boys lie still,  
While I live on and eat my fill.

Great God in heaven, in whom we trust,  
Turn the food in my throat to dust  
If I miss one chance that may come to me  
To help bring them home in Victory.”

## How Crushed Germany Pays for the War

The following is a digest of the treaty of peace:

Restoration of Alsace-Lorraine.

Temporary internationalization of Saar coal basin.

Permanent internationalization of Danzig.

Territorial changes toward Belgium and Denmark.

Cedes Silesia to Poland.

Removes all territorial and political rights outside Europe.

Renounces "especially" her rights in Morocco, Egypt and Siam.

The ex-Kaiser is to be tried by an international high court.

Other violators of laws of war to be tried.

Holland to be asked to extradite the ex-Kaiser.

Germany is responsible for delivery of other violators of international law.

International labor body created.

All Hohenzollern property in Alsace-Lorraine goes to France without payment.

Commissions created for plebiscites in Malmedy, Schleswig and East Prussia.

Disposition of former German colonies also left to allies.

Germany cedes to Belgium 382 square miles of territory between Luxembourg and Holland.

Germany's cession to Poland isolates East Prussia from the remainder of Germany.

Germany's cession to Poland comprise 27,636 square miles; to France, 5,600 square miles (Alsace-Lorraine).

Germany consents to the treaty establishing Belgium as a neutral state.

Germany cedes to Japan all rights in the Shantung peninsula.

German army must demobilize within two months after peace is signed.

Accepts league of nations in principle, but without membership.

All German munitions establishments must be closed within three months after peace is signed, except where otherwise specified by the allies.

Germany recognizes total independence of German Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland.

Allies reserve right for Russia to obtain reparation from Germany.

Germany must restore French flags taken in Franco-Prussian war of 1870.

German army reduced to 100,000 men, including officers.

Conscription with German Territory abolished.

All German forts for fifty kilometers east of the Rhine razed.

All importation, exportation and nearly all production of war materials stopped.

Allied occupation of parts of Germany to continue until reparation is made.

Any German violation of conditions pertaining to the Rhine zone constitutes an act of war.

German navy reduced to six battleships, six light cruisers and twelve torpedo boats, with no submarines.

German navy personnel to consist of not over 15,000.

All Helgoland fortifications must be demolished.

Kiel canal to be open to all nations.

Germany must surrender her fourteen submarine cables.

Germany to accept full responsibility for all damages to allied and associated governments and nationals.

Germany must reimburse all civilian damages, beginning with an initial payment of 20,000,000,000 marks.

Germany must pay shipping damages, ton for ton.

Germany must devote her economic resources to rebuilding devastated regions.

Germany must agree to build 200,000 tons of shipping annually for the account of the allies for five years.

Allies will retain German hostages until persons accused of war crimes are surrendered.

Total of German indemnities to be determined by an interallied commission before May 1, 1921, after a fair hearing.

Germany's initial indemnity payment (20,000,000,000 marks) shall be made in gold, goods and ships.

Germany must pay for maltreatment of prisoners.

Germany must pay damages for enforced labor of civilians for levies or fines imposed.

Germany accepts abrogation of the Brest-Litovsk treaty.

Germany must pay entire cost of armies of occupation from date of armistice.

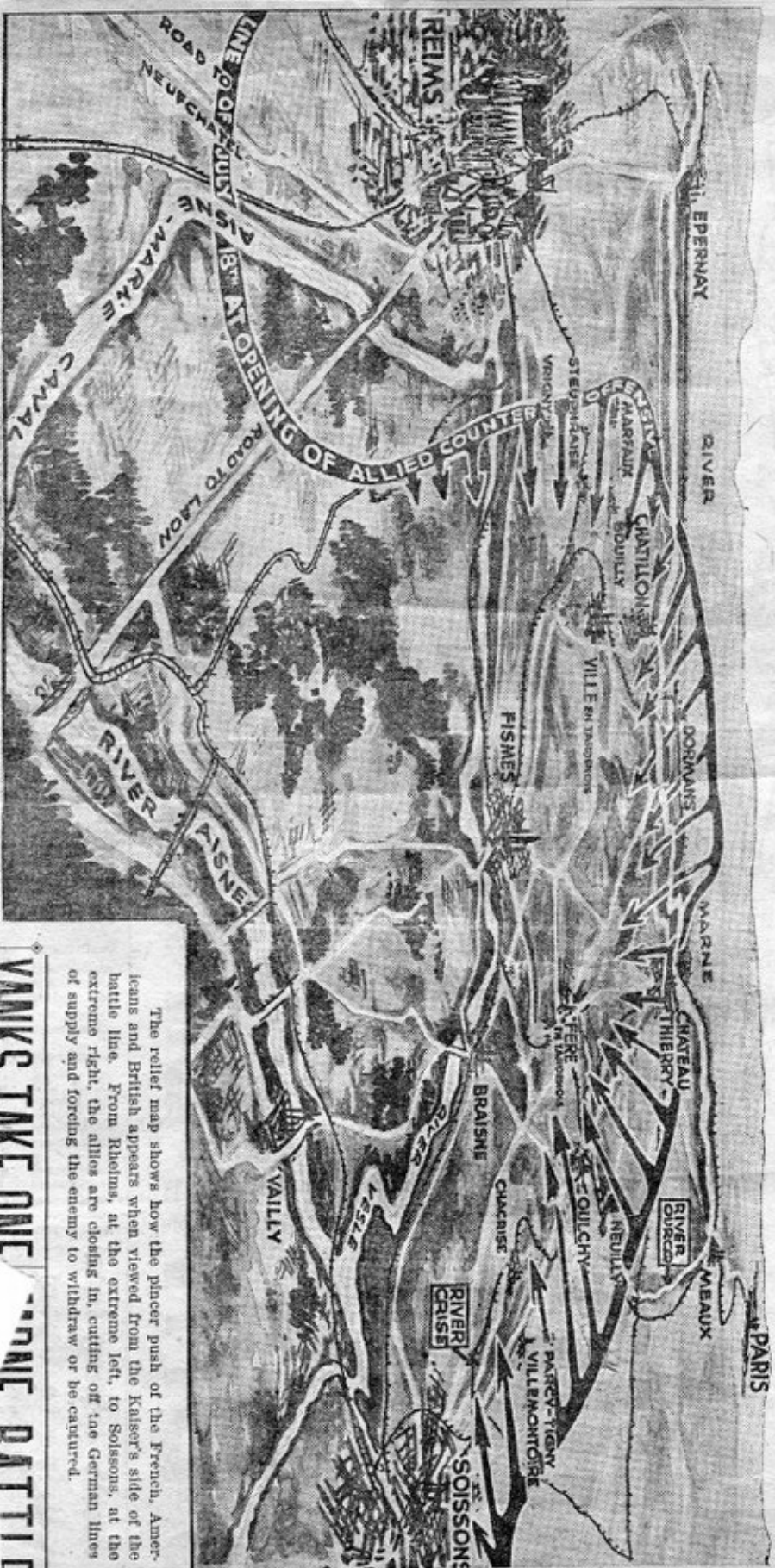
*End of page 29*

CHICAGO EVENING AMERICAN, JULY 25, 1918.

THURSDAY.

# BROUGHT CLOSER AS TWO FOE BASES ARE

## HOW FOCH DRIVE LOOKS FROM GERMAN SIDE



The relief map shows how the pincer push of the French, Americans and British appears when viewed from the Kaiser's side of the battle line. From Rheims, at the extreme left, to Soissons, at the extreme right, the allies are closing in, cutting off the German lines of supply and forcing the enemy to withdraw or be captured.

### YANKS TAKE ONE GERMAN DATTLE



## Melvin E. Lynn

‘Somewhere in France,’ under date of July 13, Private Melvin E. Lynn, with Co. E, 314<sup>th</sup> Ammunition train, 89<sup>th</sup> Division, has the following to say:

“Just a few lines to let you know that I am in the best of health and enjoying the trip, as it is all very interesting and new to me. Had a nice trip coming across and know what it is to be sea sick, but it didn’t last long in my case.

The country over here is very much different than in the states and the people back home don’t realize what war can do to a country. Many of the people are very poor and when we march by the kids are all asking for a penny and it’s all the English they can speak. I would like to make a trip through this country after peace is declared.

While stopping at one camp the other day I was very much surprised to see one of the home boys go by, but couldn’t get his attention. It was the kid (Ernest Wirth) living next door to us in Monticello. He was looking healthy and didn’t seem to mind it much. Would like to meet and visit with some of the boys from back home, as mail is scarce and as yet I have met nobody from home to talk to. However, there’s a bunch of fellows in the company from towns nearby and we’ve got some trips and some time planned for after the war.

Have had quite a few talks with soldiers who have been at the front and are resting now. It gives a fellow something to think about and impresses one with the idea that war is not play, but a regular job.

Have had a lot of history brought back to memory as we have passed through many places and am sorry I haven’t one with me.”

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In a later letter, dated July 221, he says in part:

“At the present time we are billeted at a villa only a short distance from a small town and it is a nice, quiet rest place. And a little rest is certainly most welcome at the present time. We get five hours of drill every day and it makes one pretty tired after not having done anything for a month. It won’t take long, however until we are again back in good condition.

You will have to excuse this pencil and writing, as I have no ink and no chance of getting any. For a table I am using the steps of the villa and you can imagine how comfortable it is. We will soon be where there is a ‘Y’ and then it will be a little more convenient to write letters.

Yesterday they issued us some trench caps and we are supposed to turn our hats in. I hate to see the hats go, as it gets hot through the day and we will miss the protection the hats afforded us.

I have been separated from the fellows from home, but expect to see them in the near future. One of the fellows was out hiking this afternoon and I found out from him where I can find Richards and Olmstead, so when I get a chance I’m going to hike over and see them.

This is sure a healthy life and I am beginning to feel like a new man. Somehow, though, I can’t get it thru my head that we are at war and that we are over here to fight, but it’s true. Military life is better than I thought it would be, although there are lots of things a fellow doesn’t like. To expect to find everything to one’s liking, however, would be just a little bit unreasonable.

The captain announced tonight that we would get paid some time this week and he was sure cheered by the fellows, as money is getting rather scarce.

A person can get a pretty good meal here if he so desires, but there is a limit to everything and it is seldom that you get more than you can eat. We went down the other night and got a nice steak, ham and eggs, potatoes, bread, jell, string beans and soup. It was only a simple meal—not what we used to have—but it tasted good.

Last night we bought a cake of sweet chocolate and a can of milk and had some milk that was issued to us. We asked the cook if we could use the stove to boil it on and he said, ‘go to it.’ So we took our mess kits and made some candy. The finished product was not what one would call first-class candy, but it was sweet and tasted good to us, so it didn’t last long. If I ever get a chance to buy some candy again, I will certainly lay in a plentiful supply.

The French are very nice to us and they do everything they can to help us, but the war has made them suffer and they are to be pitied. It is very hard for us to converse with them, however, for they are about as familiar with the English language as we are with the French. We have to show them what we want out of a French book we carry.

I wish that I could write a letter the way I want to and then it would be full of news, but, you see, we have to be very careful about what we write, so I guess I will have to remember it all until I get back.”

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Under date of August 26<sup>th</sup>, ‘Peg’ Lynn, with Co. E, 314<sup>th</sup> Ammunition Train, flashes the following brief wireless to The Messenger via the post card route:

“Just a line to let you know that I have received through John three copies of The Messenger and they sure were a treat to me. See John real often and we have some real good old-time talks of home. We train hard every day and will soon be fit for action, but don’t know when we will get there. Supposed to meet John at the ‘Y’ tonight, but he hasn’t got here yet. Best regards to all. Presume Roswell is lonesome since ‘Pat’ and Leon left.”

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Private Melvin E. Lynn, with Co. E, 314 Ammunition Train, 89<sup>th</sup> Division, writes an interesting letter from France to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lynn, under date of Oct. 30. At the time of writing the letter ‘Peg’ was driving a medium-sized German tank which was put in running order by him after the machine had been discovered lying on its ‘back’ in a ditch. His letter follows in part:

“The note I wrote you of sending the Xmas label was written rather hurriedly and was necessarily brief, as I was due to go out in the tank with the officers. At the present time I am in charge of a medium-sized German tank which one of our officers found turned turtle in a ditch. With the permission of the captain, some of us men went out and righted the machine, after which I got the motor in running order and brought it back to where we are camped. It was sure some bunch that gathered around the tank when we pulled into camp and we certainly were complimented by our officers for the work we had done. I take it out nearly every day and do all kinds of stunts with it. I wish that we could keep it all the time, as it gives me a good chance to keep in practice with my line of work. When we have to turn it over I am going to try and go with it, as the captain said he would do all he could to help me. It certainly is a little wonder when it comes to tearing down barbed wire entanglements and crossing trenches and a shell would have to hit direct to do any damage.

When the folks at home talk about muddy and sloppy weather they do so without knowledge of what the real article is like. It has rained here for the last four days and you can just bet that it is some job getting around in this clay. It is impossible to keep clean, no matter how hard a fellow tries.

I ran across an old friend yesterday whom I had not seen since I left southern France and I found out through him that John Richards is only a mile from me. I hope to be able to see him soon, as I guess we have been through some hardships since we last met.

I offered a fellow 120 francs the other day for a pair of boots he had and he wouldn’t take it. If I get back to where there is a store I will get a pair of some kind.

There has been lots of rumors of peace, but no signs of any yet. But I believe peace will come by Christmas, as by that time the Huns will be sick of everything and will be only too glad to accept anything we offer them, rather than face our lead and steel any longer. Won’t it be a big day when we can say there is peace and that we make them get down on their knees. Then the old song of ‘Homeward Bound’ will again be very popular.

I suppose you all watch the papers very close and I wish that I could let you know exactly where I am located, as at times it is an interesting and exciting place to be.

The last few days I have gone to get the papers from the Red Cross as it goes to the front, but don’t care to ride over every day in the mud, as it is too much of a job to clean the horse, so we go without and have to be satisfied with the rumors we hear.

How I would love to be at home and sit by the fireside and take things easy for a while; that’s where a fellow could really rest in peace and comfort. When I get back I don’t think I will be wanting to gad every night, but will be satisfied to stay at home. That’s one thing of many that the army does for a fellow, because here we are cut off from all civilization and are mighty glad to be able to sit around and talk and not think of going out for a good time.

Got some chocolate from the Salvation army yesterday and I don’t think I can say enough for them, when I get back and they ask me for money I will never refuse, but instead will think of the nice hot chocolate and biscuits with which they served us here at the front.

When a fellow gets out of the army he will have had a nice trip through different countries with all expenses paid and good spending money besides. In addition to that he will be a whole lot wiser than when he started, as it has been a good education to me in various ways. Uncle Sam is sure doing his level best to treat us the best he can and the people at home are certainly holding up their end, we all know and appreciate that fact.

This Xmas will not be as merry as the last, but we will have to make the most of it. By that time the Yanks will all be back from the front and waiting for the time to come when the old boat is ready to sail and bring us back.

In your next letter to me by all means send me Pat’s address also Woelffer’s and the rest of the fellows, if possible, as I would like to get in touch with them. Hope this letter reaches you all in as good health as it leaves me.”

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Spencer Lynn received a letter the other day from his brother, Private Melvin E. Lynn, with Co. E, 314<sup>th</sup> Ammunition train, 89<sup>th</sup> Division, a few extracts from which will prove of more than ordinary interest to “Peg’s” numerous friends hereabouts. The letter was written on Nov. 14, three days after the armistice went into effect. After a few preliminary remarks, Private ‘Peg’ starts off thusly:

“The Huns thought they would take while the taking was good, but I still think we will have quite a few months over here. And in....

*End of page 31*

maybe I will, for a fellow can never tell what the next day will bring.

I was talking with a good friend of mine who had a conversation with some Italian prisoners that had just been liberated by the Germans. He said that they were half starved and ragged and looked as if they had been through h---. They told him that the conditions existing where they came from were far from being 'comfy.'

Met a fellow by the name of Rice who is a good friend of John Richards and he told me that John would be back to their camp tomorrow; so, if possible, I am going to try and get over there tomorrow, as it is only about a mile. Have not seen John since we left southern France. Maybe we won't have some old chat when we meet.

I am not a bit sorry that I have gone through what I have and I expect there will be a lot more to face us in Germany as there are all kinds of uprisings and no doubt the division I am in will get a chance to do some M. P. guard duty there. The division has certainly made a name for itself.

This is far from being a comfortable life, but considering everything, we are well taken care of. We get plenty to eat, smoke and wear and that's all that is necessary.

Well, I think the auto game will pick up from now on, as by spring the fellows will be coming back and they will want to burn all the gas and wear out all the tires in sight.

It sure is hard to sit down and write a letter at the present time, unless one wants to write about the weather and the country, for the last week or so has been very quiet. On the 11th they started a barrage at eight-thirty and kept it up till eleven and it was just a steady roar. But the Huns sure hit the dugouts or any place they thought would be safe, for when the shells light they sure raise havoc.

From now on I will send you a paper whenever I get hold of one that is of any account. I don't get the Stars and Stripes any more and suppose the daily we get is about the same as those in the states. What I want to get hold of is a paper printed in Germany and one of the allies papers to send to you. You would have to get someone to read them to you but that ought to be easy.

Talk about a fellow feeling ice; well we sure do these cold nights. There is ice every morning and everything is frozen stiff. Must close now, but will write more when there is more to write about.

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In the following letter to his father, John L. Lynn, dated Nov.??, Private Melvin E. Lynn tells of his trip across and of some of his experiences since his arrival over there. 'Peg' is also with the 89th Division, being a member of Co. E, 314th Ammunition train. His message runs thusly:

"Tonight my mind wanders back to the day that the anchor was hoisted and the old Cedric steamed out of the New York harbor and the black waters of the Atlantic. And how the people on the ferry boats cheered us as we passed them into what we knew not, but like all good Americans we were willing to take whatever came our way. There were many seasick days and nights passed on board. At night not a light was to be seen and the thought that we might encounter a 'sub' at almost any time, sure gave one a creepy feeling. But after having been on the water a few days we forgot all about the 'subs' and devoted our time to feeding the fish.

Through the day it was very nice to see the ships ploughing their way through the deep black waters, for there were fourteen ships in all, the lead ship being the battleship San Diego. I cannot recall the names of all the others, but I will sure not forget the old Cedric, for I was sure some sick.

When we drew near the English coast the 'sub' chasers and planes came out to meet us and I must say that had a sub appeared upon the scene at that time it would have been good night for the 'sub.' The chasers can sure travel some and remind one of a streak of lightning.

Well, it sure seemed good to set foot on old mother earth again when we landed at Liverpool. Our stay there was limited, for we soon boarded a train and moved on to South Hampton. Then came the trip across the channel, which was comparatively brief. England is a very prettily laid out country and we got to see quite a lot of it.

When we landed at Cherbourg, France, we were told that from then on we had to soldier as we were no longer in a training camp and we soon realized it when we had to ride in a box car from that city to a small town named Eysenes, near Bordeaux. Never-the-less, our spirits were high and box cars or not, we thoroughly enjoyed the trip. We remained at Eysenes awhile and were then transferred to Camp Desauge, an artillery camp. From Desauge we came direct to Toul and then up to the St. Mihiel front, where we have been hitting the hammer on the head ever since.

Believe me, it has been far from pleasant. But I cannot complain, as I have had a taste of war and came out alive so far, for which I am duly thankful.

About a month ago we got ours while loading ammunition in the dump. Fritz got a direct range on us and sure did slaughter some of the caissons and mules and horses. After that we turned in everything and helped out the motor truck companies. I am now about eight miles from Metz, awaiting orders that will take us on our journey into Germany. We are supposed to get all new equipment, just as though we were going into a battle and who knows but what we may have to quell a few little riots before we get back.

John Richards is camped just a short distance from here and Foster is around here some place, but don't know just where. Was over to see John and he is in the best of health, but don't like the idea of having to go into Germany. I am not really stuck on it myself, but anything for a change.

About the only thing that seems scarce in and around camp, at the present time, is lights at night, as candles are almost a minus quantity. But we manage to get along somehow. We have always had the best that we could get, even the Huns shot their best shells, gas and everything else at us. Rats? Yes we have well fed rats here and they are of some size. They are not the kind that scamper away at a little noise, but stand pat and look right at you.

The nights sure are some cold, but I have enough blankets to keep me warm. Don't know what I will do with them, though, if I have to pack them on my back when we move forward. Will be glad when I get out of the army and back to civil life where we can have some good times as of yore.

Well, I guess I will have to close for this time. As you probably know, although there isn't war, there is lots of work to do. don't expect I will be home for five or six months. Best regards to all."

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### **More Monticello Boys On Way Across Atlantic**

Three more Monticello boys, who have been overseas for nearly a year with the 89th division, are due to reach the states within a few days. They are:

Private Melvin E. Lynn, of the 314<sup>th</sup> Ammunition Train, and Private John S. Richards, of the 341<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery, aboard the Agamemnon, due in New York next Saturday, May 24.

## Otto Keller

Corporal Otto Keller, one of the Monticello boys who sailed for France with the 86<sup>th</sup> division and who was second to score on the trip home, is now at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, awaiting his final discharge. In a letter to Mrs. Keller, dated Jan. 23, he tells of many incidents in connection with the journey home which will be of interest to his friends in and around Monticello. The letter follows in part:

“On the morning of Dec. 30<sup>th</sup> we had orders to pack up and be in readiness to board a train for the seaport on our way home. We did some real hustling after receiving the orders, for there was a lot of work to be done and we were all mighty anxious to get started on the homeward journey. Had to give the billets and surroundings a thorough cleaning and then get our pack ready, which is some little job in itself. A pack weighs from 80 to 100 pounds. It doesn't feel heavy at the start, but with me the weight seems to increase with every step I take. I'll bet there isn't a person in Green county who could make up a pack that would pass inspection unless he was shown how, for they must all be made up the same way.

We had just finished the job of cleaning up when somebody yelled, 'come and get it,' and you should have seen the stampede. There was a wild hunt for mess kits and then a scramble to get over to the 'chow.' I was fifth in line. How's that? The chow was in steaming cans lined up across the entrance in the kitchen. A man stood behind each one and ladled out the portions as we filed past. I came away with one big potato, a chunk of roast beef, some jelly and two thick slices of bread. Of course, I was careful to sit down as close to the chow line as possible and I went to work without any delay. I've seen men put away feed mighty fast during the threshing season, but those stunts were as nothing compared to the record I made in this instance. By the time the first line had been served I was back for my second helping and I saw others going for the third time.

After we had all had our fill we went back to the billets, put on our equipment, lined up on our company street and away we marched to the depot where the lovely box cars awaited us. I say lovely, because they were U. S. cars and had room for 68 men, 68 packs and rifles and food rations for four days. The French cars are about half as large. Our destination was Brest and we were on the road four days and four nights. Instead of going aboard ship when we arrived, however, we had to march with full equipment to a camp about six miles from the station.

It was after 1 o'clock in the afternoon when we got there and all we could see was soldiers standing in deep mud and waiting in line for their turn to get chow. I saw there was no chance of my getting fifth place again.

The camp at Brest consisted of barracks and tents and about 180,000 men were quartered there at that time. To feed these men they only had ten kitchens. The kitchen I ate in fed 24,000 men and believe me that was some kitchen. The chow line was only about two miles long. Lots of the boys only went once a day for chow because it was necessary to stay in line so long before they were served.

We received our pay on Jan. 5<sup>th</sup> and the next day, at about noon, we boarded the ship at Brest, after a two hours' march to the city. After that we soon were on our way to the good old U. S. A. and I don't believe we were on our way more than six hours before half of the 3,200 men aboard were seasick. We had stormy weather for seven days, but the last two days were fine and warm, which seemed rather funny to us, as we all expected cold weather. Some of the boys slept on deck all night without any blanket.

On the morning of Jan. 16<sup>th</sup> we sighted land and it was around ten o'clock when we pulled into New York harbor, where we were met by the Red Cross, the band and a delegation of New York citizens. We were transferred from the Belgic to small boats which carried us across the channel to the railroad station. From New York city we went to Camp Merritt, arriving there at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Here we were put through the 'renovating' process which is required of all soldiers returning from overseas. There were over 300 men in our bunk and all were put through the mill within one hour.

Next day we got orders to pack up again and be ready to leave at any time for Ft. Leavenworth. It took six special trains to bring the first and second battalions of the 49th regiment to this Fort. I was in the last train and we left Camp Merritt at 2 o'clock p.m. on the 19<sup>th</sup> day of January, arriving here early on the morning of the 21<sup>st</sup> after a ride of two days and three nights through the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and into Kansas. On the way we made two big stops and a march through the cities of Toledo, Ohio and Trenton, Mo.

The fort here is only about a half mile from the depot and is a fine place. The buildings are of brick and are like large hotels. It sure does feel fine to sleep on a good bed and in a warm room. This was the first time since we left the states last year that we have had a decent place in which to sleep. It is five months now since I left Camp Grant and I don't think I have undressed a dozen times during that time. I certainly appreciate the change.

Kansas City is only about twenty-five miles from here and I sure would like to go there before I return home. I saw on the bulletin board yesterday that they were going to discharge 50 per cent and hold the rest of the men for some time. Married men are to be given the preference, so I expect to get my discharge before long.

Would like to have you send me The Messenger and a great big letter, with lots of news. Have only received one letter since I left for France. I've got to take charge of a clean-up detail tomorrow, which is some job. Best wishes to all of my friends.”

Otto's address is as follows: Corp. Otto Keller, Co, G, 49<sup>th</sup> infantry, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

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The two Otto's—Corporal Keller and Private Bontly—who sailed for France some months ago with the Blackhawk division, are both greeting their friends on the streets of the old home town, having arrived here last Wednesday evening. Keller received his discharge at Ft. Leavenworth, Kan., and Bontly at Camp Grant, Ill. While neither of the boys saw active service 'over there' they have many interesting stories to relate concerning their life in the army. (May 1919)

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## Rudy Maurer

The editor received a brief letter last week from Rudy Maurer, brother of Mrs. John Tschanz, of this village, written at Le Mans, France, June 8. Rudy mentions two other Monticello boys in his letter, the three having originally belonged to the Blackhawk division, which sailed for France in September. His letter, which follows, will be read with interest by his many friends in and around Monticello:

“Received two copies of The Messenger, April 23-30. It sure seems good to have a home town paper to read for a change and I thank you ever so much. We have reasons to believe that we will be home by the latter part of July.

There are still quite a few Green county boys in this camp. A. Wardas and A. Ammon are in Paris now. Corp. Wardas with a track team and Ammon as cook with the 21<sup>st</sup> Engineers.

A crew of nine men, counting myself, are cutting tons of meat every day and have been doing the same work for almost four months now.

I am in the best of health and all I am waiting for now is the order to fix pack and move toward the port of embarkation.”



## Earle Foster

Mrs. Earle W. Foster received a letter the other day from her husband, Private Foster, written from 'somewhere in France,' under date of September 23, which is of a decidedly interesting character. Mr. Foster is with the 89<sup>th</sup> Division and his letter brings to Monticello for the first time the news that the 89<sup>th</sup> is now and evidently has for some little time, been actively engaged in battling the Hun. With the 89<sup>th</sup> are two other Monticello boys—Melvin E. Lynn and John S. Richards, also a Brodhead boy by the name of Arthur Olmstead. These four are Green county's only representatives in this particular division, as far as The Messenger knows.

Mr. Foster's letter differs from many which have appeared in The Messenger the past few months, in that it tells of real action. "We're on the other side of the old Hindenburg line," he writes, "and don't expect to fall back. They tried to drive us back last night, but our infantry sure did give 'em hell.' His letter follows:

"Really I don't know how to start this letter as I have a lot to write and then, again, I may be interrupted, as the Germans are putting over the shells at present. Haven't written for over a week, as I have been busy night and day. Our guns just started talking back, too. It is sure hard on one's ears. Wish I had some cotton, but I haven't so use paper.

Well, to begin with, we are on the other side of the old Hindenburg line and don't expect to fall back. The Germans sure had some line there and some home. One hill we passed they had tunneled into and they say there are still 8,000 Germans in the hill. They captured fifty girls with them there. Some of the rooms were real swell. I slept in a German-made bed the first night I was on the front and it wasn't so bad, either. Didn't get any cooties, like some of the boys did.

Well, the Germans shelled the town we were in and now they are farther back. The first day I saw our aeroplanes bring down a German observation balloon and today they shot down a German plane behind our lines. Just fixed his engine for him and made him land. (Gas alarm. Writing with gas mask on and in the dark, too, so excuse mistakes.)

I have been busy digging dug-outs since I've been here. Been with the guns all the time and don't know when I will get a chance to mail this. 'Y' men bring us chocolate, cigarettes and matches once in a while.

The German lines are about one-half mile ahead of us. They tried to drive us back last night, but our infantry sure did give 'em hell. Saw several air battles today. Shells burst all around us, killing men and horses, but we are used to that now. We don't get anything warm to eat in the day time, but get two meals at night. One night the Germans hit our ration cart and smashed it to smithereens, but it didn't hurt the driver and only cut one horse.

Too dark to write more tonight. Set a German town on fire this afternoon and it is still burning.

September 24: Yesterday a German aeroplane made one of our observation balloons come down twice and both times the men came down in parachutes. Regular airmen stunts; no damage done, but he got away.

They gassed some towns behind us last night. My feet are wet and nearly frozen.

This was sure fine farm land at one time, but now we find barbed wire entanglements every few rods and trenches all over. It sure looks wild after four years of devastation. Nothing but weeds and grass in the fields. Along the roads are apple trees about two rods apart and they sure have some roads over here.

In the day time all is quiet, but at night the traffic is like a busy city street, with cops at the corners directing the traffic.

Saw two air fights this forenoon; also the Germans shot down an observation balloon for us, too.

September 26: Just a line before I send this out. Was working again last night on the firing line. Hope we killed a few Huns."

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Mr. Foster's address is Private Earle W. Foster, Battery B, 342<sup>nd</sup> F. A., American E. F. A letter or brief post card message from his Monticello friends would no doubt be appreciated by him more than anything else.

To reach the other home boys in the 89<sup>th</sup>, address your letters or post cards as follows:

Private Melvin E. Lynn, Co. E, 314 Ammunition Train, 89<sup>th</sup> Division, American E. F.

Private John S. Richards, Battery E, 341 F. A., 89<sup>th</sup> Division, A. E. F. Arthur Olmstead, same address as above.

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That the people in the states are but slightly acquainted with the full meaning of the H. C. of L. (high cost of living) is plainly evident when a comparison is made with the lofty cost of the necessities of life in many places on the other side of the Atlantic. Private Earle W. Foster, with Battery B, 342<sup>nd</sup> Field Artillery, 89<sup>th</sup> Division in a letter to his brother-in-law, Orville Pierce of this village, dated at Badem, Germany, December 11, states that ordinary sheeting is selling there and in Belgium and Luxembourg now at \$12.50 per yard. Before the war it was 12½ cents. Shoes that used to sell at four dollars are now \$35 per pair. And candy? Well, when one invest in anything in the line of sweets 'over there' he is most likely to realize the fact that he has actually bought something. His letter names the cities through which they have passed and describes many interesting incidents in connection with the division's march into the ex-Kaiser's former domain thus far. The letter follows:

"Am in Germany at last and do not know how long we will stay here. After the armistice was signed we moved to Hattonville, where we stayed with the guns until Nov. 25, when we moved back with the rest of the battery near the town of Vigneulles. Thanksgiving day we had a false alarm to move, but on Nov. 29<sup>th</sup> at 3 a.m. we were called out to get ready to move to the Rhine.

We left at 9 a.m. and hiked to Bugenville the first day. After one night there we renamed the place 'Ratburg,' as the rats ate everything eatable that we had with us. Nov. 30<sup>th</sup> we hiked to Bouligny, crossing the fighting line of Nov. 11. Bouligny proved to be a genuine introduction to 'Cootieville' for some of us. On Dec. 1<sup>st</sup> we hiked to Mercy Le Bas and on Dec. 3<sup>rd</sup> to Hancourt. On Dec. 4<sup>th</sup> we moved to Messancy, crossing the Belgium border at about 11 a.m. Dec. 4<sup>th</sup> we remained over night at Brouch, the first town we had struck that was not hospitable. We had crossed the Belgium border again into Luxembourg. On Dec. 5<sup>th</sup> we reached Warken and found that not all the cities of Luxembourg were hard-boiled.

We came through the city of Longuay (Longwy) on our entry into Luxembourg and it has the longest and steepest hills of any I have ever seen. Can be compared somewhat to Duluth as far as the hills are concerned. The second day in Luxembourg we just touched the city of Arlon and the third day we passed through Vianden, where we met an old veteran of the Civil war. We also saw a castle that is 1300 years old at Vianden. It is on a rock that covers perhaps twenty acres and stands 200 feet above the rest of the city. Certainly a very good stronghold in olden times. Here, also, we saw two women fighting. One finally gave up and went into the house, while the other continued to give vent to her feelings by throwing rocks at the steel shutters which covered the windows and doing a lot of yelling which we did not understand.

Dec. 6<sup>th</sup> we crossed into Germany and stayed at Lichlingen, passing on the next day to Brecht, where we rested for a day. Dec. 9<sup>th</sup> we came through Bitburg, where the U. S. Army headquarters are at present and on to Badem, where we are located at present.

The night we stayed at Barken, Dec. 5, was St. Nicholas eve and it happened to be my privilege and duty to go to the city of Ettelbruck, a city of six or seven thousand population, for rations for the horses. They were celebrating alright and I think that every man, woman and child was following the band around singing and carrying flags and Japanese lanterns. Flags and signs were up here as well as in all the other towns in Belgium and Luxembourg, some of which read, 'Honor to Our Liberators', 'Long Live the Americans,' 'Glory and Honor to Wilson,' etc.

They sure were a happy lot and then, again, there is the other side of it. Many of those who were celebrating did not have proper shoes and clothing. Prices here have soared much more than in the states and in consequence the people are suffering. Can't say that I sympathize with the Germans here, but with Belgium and Luxembourg it is different. For instance, cloth for sheets that before the war cost 12½ cents a yard, now costs them \$12.50 per yard; shoes that used to cost them four dollars now cost \$35 per pair. And candy? I tried to get some of that at Ettelbruck myself and for a price of chocolate two inches square and three-eighths of an inch thick they want \$1.25. We don't care much for the expenses, as we have had a couple of chicken suppers where the chickens cost us between four and five dollars a piece, but that chocolate stopped us.

Well, I hope this enlightens you a little or perhaps has aroused your curiosity enough to look up some of these places. All houses and barns are in the same building in this country and you can imagine the results—the women do most of the work. Well, I must close with the hope that you have all escaped the 'flu'. After you have read this letter you can give it to Earle Richards if you care to."

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Private Earle W. Foster, of the 342<sup>nd</sup> Field Artillery, aboard the Prinz Frederick Wilhelm, due in New York next Tuesday, May 27. The boat on which Private Earle W. Foster sailed was due to dock in New York yesterday.

Later,—Mrs Foster received a telegram from Private Foster this afternoon stating that he had arrived safely.

## Wendell Barlow

Writing to Cashier ‘Terry’ Babler, of the Bank of Monticello, in which institution he was formerly employed, Wendell Barlow, one of the last bunch of Monticello boys to leave for Camp Grant, expresses himself as being highly pleased with what little he has experienced of army life thus far. His letter was written Sunday evening, May 26 and in part is as follows:

“I suppose Selma will tell you more before you get this than I could write in a week, for we all saw them this afternoon. We haven’t done anything since we were here, except to be measured for uniforms. We will all be glad when we get them and look like real soldiers.

We had a nice trip down here and everyone treated us fine. All of the Green county boys are bunked in our barracks. Fred Blum has the bunk next to mine and Wardas is on the other side. All of the boys are near each other. The feed is fine and so is my bunk. We are not required to be in bed until 11 o’clock, but all lights must be out by 9 o’clock and it must be quiet inside the barracks after that time.

It is a great experience to be here and I wouldn’t take a great deal for the benefit I’ll get out of it. I like it fine, but believe it will be still better when we get to training.

Give my regards to Albert and all inquiring friends and tell them that forty head of oxen couldn’t pull me out of the army until the gates of Hell close over the Kaiser and his infernal system of militarism.”

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In a letter to the Messenger, dated at Camp Grant, Ill., June 14, 1918, Wendell Barlow writes as follows:

“I have been intending to write you long before this, but opportunities to write are not plentiful just now. We are kept busy, for it is some job for the officers to take a bunch of ‘rookies’ as we are called and make a company out of them that look like real soldiers. I have been working in the company office a good deal of the time, but we get plenty of drill practice and that is what makes a soldier out of a fellow. Our drill field is about two miles from our barracks and to be marched over there twice a day and drill eight hours is a good days work. We get all kinds of setting up exercises and food that a hungry man could not complain of. When we fall into our bunk after a day on the field it doesn’t take long to fall asleep.

We are still under quarantine, our time having been extended two additional weeks on account of two cases of measles in our barracks. It is tough to be compelled to stay within the barracks border for a month, leaving only when ordered or with permission. But we should feel thankful that it is measles instead of small pox or some worse disease. We’ve got to smile and bear it. It doesn’t pay to be a pessimist in the army. The bigger smile you can wear the better you feel.

All of the fellows are taking in an open air concert on the drill field tonight. I attended one a few nights ago and it was fine. There were about 10,000 soldiers seated on a side hill that forms a natural amphitheater, overlooking a large level space, where a large platform was erected and a moving picture screen placed. We had music by the band and the 10,000 soldiers sang every patriotic song in print, I believe. And you can bet that good old ‘On Wisconsin’ was among the most popular. Soldiers from all companies gave exhibitions of jiggling, vocal solos, quartet songs and acrobatic stunts. There surely are some real artists in a bunch of men of that size. I tell you we enjoyed it and when one looked at that bunch of ‘full of pep’ fellows, it made him feel that he wouldn’t be anywhere else than in the army as long as our country’s future is at stake. I am a corporal in charge of our quarters today, so I couldn’t go along tonight. My job is to act as guard and see that my six men keep the place clean. It isn’t hard, for the men do all the work. It’s one place where the corporal has a snap.

We have visitors from home real often and anyone from Monticello will surely find a hearty welcome at Barracks 618 S. I want to thank you for the copies of The Messenger that you sent me and to assure you that they are appreciated by all the boys. Best wishes to you and all my friends at home.”

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Wendell Barlow, who left Camp Grant a few days ago with the 86<sup>th</sup> Division, now enroute ‘over there’ writes ‘Terry’ Babler the following letter from Camp Tipton, L. I., New York, under date of August 23:

“Well, here I am, a long ways from Wisconsin and feeling as fine as a fiddle. We had a wonderful trip coming out here and traveled in style in Pullman cars. We left Camp Grant Monday noon and reached this camp day before yesterday at eleven at night.

It was fine traveling and everyone along the way turned out to cheer us. It makes one mighty glad they are to represent their country when you ride through it and see what a wonderful place it is and see the attitude of the people you are going over there to fight for.

We went by way of Chicago, through Ohio, Pennsylvania and the mountains, then into New York and New Jersey. We got off the cars at Jersey City and were marched onto a big passenger boat and away we sailed across the Hudson and out into the harbor, past the Statue of Liberty, under the Brooklyn bridge, passing several men-of-war and finally landing at a Long Island pier. Here the Red Cross served the whole bunch with sandwiches and coffee. We loaded up with candy, pie and cones.

We then boarded the train and were taken out to this camp, which is about six miles from the ocean. It is a fine place and we enjoy the ocean breezes. The prettiest homes I ever saw are on Long Island; just the kind you read about and dream of in the Sunday papers. No matter how fine or how modest a home was, there were always flags waved from the windows for the boys. I could hear the cheers and see the crowds all night in my sleep after we got to our barracks.

I ran across several Monroe fellows on the boat while we were in New York harbor. And when we boarded the Long Island cars, there was Roy Woelffer with his head out of a window. He is here in camp somewhere, but I haven’t been able to get away long enough to look him up.

I am on guard tonight and tomorrow. I dressed up and polished my shoes so that I was picked out as a majors orderly. That means that I will not walk a solitary post all night like the rest.

We don’t know how long we will be kept here or where we will embark to go across. I look forward with pleasure to the trip across the water. I am wondering just how long I will be sea sick.

I wish you could see me in my oversea togs. Woolen clothing, wrapped spiral leggings and a little Scotch cap. Some outfit. I wouldn’t take a lot for this experience. I can only say that I feel sorry for any of the boys at home who can’t be with us. Wilbert Dick is with me, being located in the next barrack.

A lot of fellows got passes to go to New York tonight. I am hoping my turn will come tomorrow when I get off guard. Say hello to everyone and give them my best regards.

Letter of Oct. 13.--This is a beautiful Sunday and this afternoon I find that I have lots of time for a wander, so I am going to write a great, big letter. Paper is very hard to get here, for we have no ‘Y’ and the soldiers soon cleaned out the supply which the stores had here. But I begged two sheets from the company clerk and if my ‘supply’ runs short before I finish this letter I’ll use sheets from my note book.

I don’t worry ahead, for it seems that every condition turns out O. K. by itself. There is one exception; tobacco and candy are impossible to buy, but I should worry.

After dinner today I met Wilbert Dick and walked down along the river with him, climbing bluffs and he said: “don’t this remind you of home?” the country here reminds one so much of Wisconsin, excepting that it is all vineyards here, instead of corn fields and grain.

We passed a woman doing washing and her methods were surely primitive. Kneeling before a pool, on stones, she was scrubbing away on a stone slab. I believe one of our electric washing machines. Another lady was driving home with a donkey hitched to a two-wheeled cart. She had her week’s ration of bread—a loaf about three feet long and a foot wide—standing up in the seat beside her.

One sees some queer sights. The native girls and all, wear big wooden shoes on week days and on Sunday they dress up in black, mostly, and wear leather shoes. On Sunday their dress is really American in appearance. In the big cities the people all look like Americans and every French person is a friend of the boys from the states. When you pass them on the road they tip their hats or shake hands with you. They are very intelligent about making you understand by motions, so we get along fine.

I am getting tired of grapes. I never thought that I’d get enough, but now a bunch that half fills a peach basket doesn’t tempt me. English walnuts and figs grow here, though, and I do fine. Like them. A ripe fig is awfully sweet—so sweet, in fact that three or four are about all one cares for.

The people are very free with what they grow, but cheese costs about four francs or 80¢ per pound. Sardines are 40¢ a can. Two or three little cookies, like sweetened pie crust, sells at 20¢. A piece of hard summer bologna, about four inches long, costs about 80¢. Some prices.

Wilbert said today that it almost made him crazy when he thought of all the shelves in their store which were loaded with ‘eats’ and the candy cases, too.

Sometimes one will start talking about what he is going to eat when he gets home, etc., but it doesn’t last long, for the rest of the bunch starts throwing things at him.

Oh, we will celebrate when we get home, won’t we? And I think it won’t be long now. I may get home in time to go skating. Who can tell? Today’s news looks fine. It says that Germany will accept Wilson’s terms and will evacuate at once. I hope it is so and they send this battalion home at once. I don’t care if I don’t wear a service stripe when I get home.

Letter of Nov. 3—It has been two long weeks since I last wrote to you and I little thought then that I would not be able to write you for so long a time. You remember me saying that I was to be transferred and that I would write to you as soon as I was able. Well, we were transferred to one of the oldest divisions then at the front and after a three-day ride on the train in those ‘lovely box car specials,’ we were near enough to the front to hear the guns roar.

"We went direct to the front lines that night and spent two days and two nights up on the front and, believe me, I have seen the meaning of war. I dodged shrapnel and shells with the rest of the men, saw a German blown into three pieces and passed up enough souvenirs to fill a trunk. Had enough to think about without collecting Boche trinkets. But we were lucky, as the division we joined had been on the line a long time and two days after we got to the front they were relieved by another and we are now on our way to the rear for a rest which we hope will last all winter.

We spent about a week a short distance behind the lines and the dirty Germans were always dropping their big shells around us or making night air raids. I am glad it is all over and you had no news of it at home.

At present I am waiting in a little town with all the company stuff—waiting for the outfit to come through and pick me up. Five of us from the battalion drove down with a mule and a two-wheeled cart two days ago. So you see how it happens that you get a type written letter. I have the machine set up in a barn and it is raining to beat all, but I am mighty glad to have a roof over me.

I am trying to qualify as company clerk, as this company has had none lately. I like the work and you can bet that it makes me think of the time when I will again be back in Monticello at my old work.

I'll write you more as soon as we get located in billets and it will be more comfortable to write. Don't worry about me, for I am much more fortunate than most fellows when they reach the front. It is luck to be going back to rest two days after we reached the front. Tell everyone 'hello' and let father have the news."

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Mrs. J. Wendell Barlow recently received a couple of letters from her husband, Corporal Barlow, who is with Co. C, 9<sup>th</sup> Machine Gun Battalion, a few extracts from which will no doubt prove of interest to his friends in and around Monticello. Mr. Barlow sailed for France with the Blackhawk (86<sup>th</sup>) division, but was transferred to another division shortly after landing 'over there,' reaching the battle front just a day or two before the armistice went into effect. He is now in Germany with the army of occupation. His letters were dated Nov. 20 and 28. Extracts from the last letter follow:

"It has been two weeks since I last wrote you and it surely has been a real two weeks for me. We have been on the march a big share of the time, with no opportunity to write and with no way of mailing a letter if it were possible to write one. But today is a holiday and for the past several days we have been at rest in this little village.

We have experienced some real hiking of late, carrying full pack and making about twenty-five or thirty kilometers a day, with scanty rations due to lack of transportation facilities. Some days we ate once and some days twice while on the march. Now we are getting our regular meals again, but how I wish I could be at home today and we could sit down together and just feel 'thankful.' Couldn't I do justice to a turkey dinner and all the other things that go with those Thanksgiving dinners that are a far-away dream to us here today. It's torture to think about it.

We are now at a place where food is very scarce with the natives, so it is impossible to buy a feed as we did in France. I have been able to buy milk and apples and even jell at prices one wouldn't believe a sane man would pay. A dollar in our money for a hatful of apples and about eighty cents for a tumbler of jell. Milk is quite reasonable at a mark a liter, or about twenty cents a quart.

We have seen some real cold weather in the last two weeks. Everything was frozen up tight and one day the water in my canteen froze. At the present time it has softened up and is raining in a continual drizzle. It is not like the Thanksgiving days I think of in connection with Monticello, where we invariably see good skating and cold, clear weather. I can just imagine the old pond with its ice and mob of skaters. Oh, if I could only join in.

Letter of Nov. 20: "Haven't received a word from anyone, not even you, since the letter you dated Sept. 27. I know it is no one's fault, for we move before your letters can be forwarded from my old address to my newer and (verily I say) better one. But I shall not kick, for were we not homeward bound? It is just a matter of completing the tour we are to take that will bring us to the seaport some time in the near future. It may be two or three months from now, but I am game to bet that Feb. 1<sup>st</sup> will see this division in the states.

This was one of six honored divisions picked by Gen. Pershing to go into Germany and we are on our way. It ought to be a big experience and, though it means a lot of hiking, it ought to be worth it to one who saw no more of real war than I did. Every town we go into has German stuff galore left behind by the German troops who have evacuated in the last couple of days. Among other things that the Germans left in plenty are signal lights. They are shells resembling shotgun shells, only larger and are shot from a pistol with a barrel about fifteen inches long. The boys have a regular Fourth of July celebration with them every night.

This is our second day in this town and we have the company's orderly room set up in what used to be a bar room for the German soldiers. They must have spent a big share of their time drinking, for we threw out a wagon load of empties before we could find room to set the typewriter. I wish that I could take along all the souvenirs I have laying around me. A few I am going to carry are a German canteen, a leather cartridge case and a little cup with the iron cross and German lettering on it. Helmets are plentiful but they weigh too much and are too bulky. I have a big German beer mug with the inscription, 'Metzer Brauerei' and 'Metz' underneath in inch letters. I'll bet John Lengacher wouldn't take ten dollars for it if he had it standing in his window.

Have you heard anything from Reuel? Here I am, within a few miles of him sometimes, I'll bet and have never heard a word from him since I left the states in September. All I can do is to hope he is O. K., and expect to see him in the good old U. S. A. in a short time. Won't it be a great experience to see you all and also the rest of the boys from home who are over here. Hope they are all alive to come back. Many a night I have sat and wondered where Pat and Peg and Woelffer and all of the fellows were. I know they are all over here and that is all.

Must close now, as I have a weekly report to make out. Give my regards to all and say hello to Terry."

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Three months or more in a strange land, during which time he was without the slightest 'morsel' of news from the old home town, is part of the experience which Corp. Wendell Barlow relates in a letter to the editor of The Messenger, dated at Niedermendig, Germany, Jan. 9. Wendell was one of the Monticello boys to sail to France with the Blackhawk division. In October he was transferred to Co. C, 9<sup>th</sup> Machine Gun Battalion, 3<sup>rd</sup> Division and since then his division has moved from one place to another so frequently that mail matter failed to reach him until just a few days prior to the 9<sup>th</sup>, upon which eventful occasion a belated copy of The Messenger reached him in a roundabout way. Next to the letters from home it was the best thing he had taken a slant at for a long, long time. His message follows:

"Today I received the first Messenger I have received in four months and it reached me through very odd means. It was a trifle old but mighty welcome and I read every word, ads and all and then started over again.

When we marched into this town on Dec. 16<sup>th</sup> I noticed a sign with '127<sup>th</sup> Field Hospital' inscribed upon it; the company my brother, Reuel, is with. As soon as I got assigned to a billet I wrote him a letter to find out his exact location. A few days ago I received an answer and find that we are only about fifteen miles apart—he on the north side of the Rhine and I on the south. His company conducted a hospital in this city from Dec. 9<sup>th</sup> to 13<sup>th</sup> and he said he knew the place from one end to another. It is quite a coincidence that we should meet at this time and I am anxious to get over to Rengsdorf and see him and Edwin. He is also trying to get a pass, so there ought to be a reunion of Barlow's on the Rhine river in the near future. And this accounts for the paper, for Reuel received it and then passed it on to me. It is needless to say that I was thankful for it, for since I was transferred to the 3<sup>rd</sup> division in October I had been without a word from home or Reuel, until the past week, when letters began to catch up with me. Of course, they were pretty old after chasing all around France and part of Germany, but that made no difference to me.

I think I can say that I have been pretty fortunate in this war, for I was lucky to get transferred to a fighting division just in time to get a little of it myself. It would have been a disappointment to spend six months in learning to be a soldier and then not experience what the front means, or hear the 'beautiful' whistle of a 'Boche baby.' And no doubt I was lucky in not having to spend but a few days at the job of ducking shrapnel, for, from what I saw, I can swear that Sherman was right.

We had a wonderful time the night we moved up to the front. There were fifty of us in all, under command of Captain Taylor, who was at one time Wilbert Dick's company commander. It was dark as pitch. Our guide lost us and ran us right into a battery of German artillery and their second shot caught four of the men. None of them were killed, however, and the rest of us reached the line at 1 o'clock in the morning. It rained nearly all the time we remained there and I had one chance to use my gas mask. Two fellows got gassed the last day, just before we were relieved to go to the rear for a short rest. We were in the rest camp only a few days when the entire 3<sup>rd</sup> Division was relieved. During that time we had plenty of excitement—nights especially—for the German air craft seemed to have a grudge against us and bombed the valley three nights straight. I could fully appreciate what the fellows have gone through who have been in active service all summer. They deserve all America can give them when they get back.

After the armistice was signed we got orders to move into Germany and we spent about a month on the road, making in all about 250 miles, with our nice little pack on our back. We surely tested the army shoes.

But now we are comfortably billeted in German homes. I enjoy a fine room, with a bath, all to myself. Quite a luxury for a soldier.

Now that the war is over there is one topic of interest among the soldiers; it is, 'When are we going home?' rumors are plentiful and it will be a mighty happy day for all of us when the order comes to pack up and move towards Brest. It takes a few months absence from the good old states to make one fully realize the liberties and rights we enjoy under our flag. Is it any wonder that the American army is composed of patriots? We have all learned by comparison the difference between a democracy and a country where a burgermeister is ruler imperial of a town and a Kaiser boss of the whole.

It is getting late now and I had better get out of the orderly room and into my billet before taps. If I don't some M. P. will show me the 'jug' and it is pretty cold now to sleep there."

*End of page 36*



## Wilbert J. Dick

"We have finally left England and are now located 'somewhere in France,' says Wilbert J. Dick in a letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Dick, under date of October 6. It is the first letter from Wilbert to appear in The Messenger and also the first from any of the Monticello boys with the 86th Division which recently landed 'over there.' That it will be read with much interest by his many friends roundabout is a foregone conclusion.

"The town where we are located is a small town in the heart of the grape and wine country," he continues. "We are living in an old stone house that has probably stood here for hundreds of years. It sure is a lovely spot and a place I will never forget. The people here are very glad to see American soldiers and they give us anything we want. They come out with great, big bunches of grapes and you are welcome to all you can take care of. And such grapes; they are, the sweetest I have ever tasted. There are also lots of fig trees here and the fruit is just ripening. English walnuts are also plentiful. To us it seems to be a beautiful country and we can't say enough in praise of the people here.

I will sure have something to talk about when I get back home. And don't worry about my not coming back, because I sure am going to make the return trip. I am in the best of health and hope that all of you are well and happy.

Today is Sunday and the church bells are ringing. They can be heard from nearby towns quite distinctly. It's pretty hard for some of us to realize that but a few weeks ago we were in America and that now we are in France. Will write just as often as possible."

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In a later letter, dated October 14, he says his company is still located in the same place. Extracts from the letter follow:

"There is plenty of wine and fruit of all kinds in this country, but not much of anything else; what there is here comes awful high in price. Imagine me paying twenty cents for three little cookies about the size of our ginger snaps. A few of us bought some Swiss cheese the other night and it cost us \$1.80 for about three-quarters of a pound. It is impossible to buy anything excepting a few canned goods and things of that sort.

A few days ago we received our first mail since leaving the states and you can bet we were all glad to get it. I was fortunate enough to receive several letters. Don't get nervous if my letters don't reach you as regularly as you think they should because we never can tell how long we will stay in one place.

The way things look now Waldo will never see this side of the water, because the Germans are mighty close to being licked. It's pretty tough luck that we both had to leave you, but you know that we are not doing a bit more than millions of others, we are simply doing our duty to our country.

I just had a fine talk with Wendell (Barlow) a few minutes ago. It makes both of us feel good to think that there are at least two of us from the same town who are close together."

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## Back From Overseas

Corp. Wilbert Dick, who sailed for France last September with a machine gun unit of the 86th division and Private Thorval Peterson, who sailed from a southern port a month later with a veterinarian unit, are both home from 'over there' the boys having been given their discharge at Camp Grant last Friday and having arrived home the same evening. While neither of the boys saw active service during their sojourn in Europe, they nevertheless have much of interest to relate to their friends concerning their army experiences. After reaching France Corp. Dick was transferred to the 83rd division and was subsequently transferred to the 40th division with which he remained until leaving for the states.

Private Elmer White is another Monticello boy who received his discharge from the service a few days ago. Elmer has been in the service nearly a year but got no farther than Camp Travis, Texas, on his way to Germany. He was connected with the Headquarters company of the 35th infantry. Private White was former mail carrier on route No. 3 out of Monticello, but has decided not to resume his former occupation for the present, at least. Instead he will manage his father's farm, near Browntown, the coming year.

All three of the boys above mentioned are looking unusually good and it is needless to remark that their numerous friends are more than pleased to welcome them back to the old home town.

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## Barlow Boys Meet "Over There" For First Time In Months

Some little time ago Wendell Barlow who sailed for France with 86th division, but who was transferred to the 3rd division shortly after arriving there, made sort of a prediction that there might be a reunion of the Barlows on the Rhine in the not far distant future. Well, the reunion materialized not long ago and the 'gathering' was some event, according to letters received by the relatives of the boys here. Reuel reports as follows in a letter to his father, J. H. Barlow, dated at Rengsdorf, Germany, Feb. 17, 1919.

"Well, Wendell and I got together at last. We met in Coblenz last Thursday, Feb 17, and it was one of the biggest events of my life. Over a year and a half since I had seen him and the pleasure of being with him again was more than words can tell.

He called me up the night before and the next morning I hopped an ambulance for Coblenz, after going to division headquarters for a pass. I met him at the 'Y' and he is getting to be a big fellow. He can't quite top me in height, but his face is like a round ball. At a German shooting gallery we stepped on the scales and both tipped the beam at the same notch—78 kilos. I told Wendell the machine was a fake; that it would go to 78 kilos no matter who was on it. So I called a German boy over and weighed him before I was convinced that my little brother weighed as much as I.

We saw the sights, saw a vaudeville show in the afternoon at the 'Y' and spent a lot of time in the rest room just talking things over. Right after dinner we had our pictures taken together in two poses. They will be finished in a few days and you will all get one.

I took the tram-car far over the river at 8 o'clock in the evening and rode to Sayn, which is the end of the line. I intended to spend the night with the Milwaukee field hospital company and ride up here with the courier in the morning. but it was a bright moonlit night and I started walking to Rengsdorf, 10 miles distant and up hill all the way. After 9:30 the guards all stopped me but my pass was good. Landed 'home' in Rengsdorf at 11:30, after which I took a climb up the dumb waiter from the cellar to the kitchen, got some bread and condensed milk and sugar and 'et.' It was quite a day all around for me and I didn't mind the hike at all.

The paper work is terrific now and I hope the pressure will be relieved by our pulling out for the U. S. A. It is hard to tell whether we are going in a month or in three months. Everything points to our leaving very soon, however.

The letter I wrote you from Luxembourg was in the Madison Democrat. I suppose Mr. Brandenburg saw it in The Messenger. Edwin is fine. He is in another house near here and I spent last evening over there. The Messenger comes regularly now and the papers you sent, also the Freeport Standard.

Edwin is talking of joining the Overseas Theater League and getting into the theater business again while over here doing nothing. I have applied to study a couple of months in a French university. Students will receive \$1.00 a day for room and \$2.00 for board, besides the regular pay. It's a great opportunity. My application has gone through and whether I will be chosen or not, depends on the number that applies from the division. I would like to take a little sketching and cartooning and study some French journalism. It would be a profitable way to spend my time until I can come back."

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## More Boys Reach Home From Abroad

Corp. J. W. Barlow finished the last lap of his homeward journey from 'over there' last Thursday morning at which time he reached Monticello, after receiving his discharge from the service at New York. On Monday of this week he resumed his former position as assistant cashier at the Bank of Monticello, a task which is no doubt much more congenial than the daily routine which he experienced in Europe. Corp. Barlow sailed for France with a machine gun unit of the 86th division, but was transferred to the 3rd division after landing in France and reached the front just a day or two before the armistice was signed. Since then he had been engaged in doing office work. Wendell annexed about twenty pounds of additional weight during the time he was in the service.

Corp. Wendell Barlow, who also sailed for France with the 86th division, is now on his way to the states, according to a cable message from a French port which was received here Monday morning and subsequently forwarded to Mrs. Barlow at Melrose. Corp. Barlow was transferred to the 3rd division after arriving in France and reached the front just a day or two before the armistice was signed. He was a member of a machine gun battalion.

Corp. Wendell Barlow, who reached New York a little over a week ago, is expected to arrive home tomorrow morning. Mrs. Barlow went to Freeport on the afternoon train and will meet him there this evening. (May 21, 1919)

## Ray H. Schoonover

Private Ray H. Schoonover is one of the Monticello boys who recently landed in France with the 89th Division. 'Pat' figures with heavy weights in that he is with Battery B, 33rd Heavy Field Artillery. He evidently takes to the war game as kindly as a duck does to water and says he wouldn't miss it for anything. "I feel sorry," he says, "for the young fellow who does not have or take advantage of the opportunity." His letter was addressed to his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Edwards, dated in France October 20, which was several days prior to the recent events which resulted in transforming Kaiser Bill in to plain Mr. William Hohenzollern. The letter follows:

"Well, this is Sunday a. m. and so I decided to come down to the 'Y' and write a letter. The 'Y' is different than the one I was at before and I am welcome to all the paper I can use. You are no doubt still in bed at this time, as we are six hours ahead of you and it is now around 10 a.m.

I hope you received the Xmas slip I sent you the other day, which entitles me to one box. Candy is sure a scarce article here and I certainly will be awaiting the arrival of that box.

I am feeling great and still eat like a horse, so don't worry about me, as everything is O. K. as long as Uncle Sam has charge of the camp. Am writing where there are lots of soldiers who have been at the front and a few of them have slight wounds. They have many interesting stories to tell.

This war won't last much longer, I know, for the artillery can't keep up with the infantry in lots of places. Those Huns sure are running and it is only a matter of two or three months when this war will have seen its best days, I believe.

We have bed ticks filled with hay now and take it from me I sure did sleep last night although I was getting used to sleeping anywhere and on almost anything. They certainly do toughen a fellow in some and when we get home anything will be good enough. I wouldn't miss this for anything and feel sorry for the young fellow who does not have or take advantage of the opportunity.

I have seen hardships and expect to see more, but after this is over I sure will be glad I went through it. It rains here every day, but we change shoes and socks just as frequently and thereby manage to keep healthy. I had a bad cold but am all over it now. Believe me, I take better care of myself than I ever did before.

I have received twelve letters since I arrived here and have read them all three or four times. Mail is certainly welcome to all the boys. Otto B. isn't with me yet, but I hope he gets here soon, as it would sure be great to have some fellow from home to bum around with. I have lots of good friends with me now, but a fellow from home would be different.

Well, news is more scarce here than at home, so guess I will close and write a couple of cards. Best regards to everybody and tell them that I am perfectly contented while the war is going."

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Roswell S. Richards received a brief post card message this morning from Private 'Pat' Schoonover, now in France with the 86<sup>th</sup> Division, which runs thusly:

"Well, how is my old pal, anyway. I sure am feeling great and getting fat. This country certainly agrees with me as far as eating is concerned, so guess I will stay after the war. Ha! Ha! Try me and see. Get my address and write. Otto Bontly hasn't arrived here yet, but Dan Bridges is here. Say hello to Spencer L. and the rest."

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Private Ray H. Schoonover, with the 333<sup>rd</sup> Field Artillery, 86<sup>th</sup> Division, which sailed for France the latter part of August, reached Hoboken, N. J., last Saturday aboard the transport Siboney, according to a telegram received by his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Edwards. The 333<sup>rd</sup> Field Artillery regiment and the 161<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery brigade headquarters were aboard the transport—the first two units of the 86<sup>th</sup> to return to American soil. The two units are now at Camp Mills, but it is expected that they will be transferred to Camp Grant within the next two weeks to be mustered out. (Jan. 4, 1919.)

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Private Schoonover is the first Monticello boy of the Blackhawk division to reach the states, although it is probable that others of the same division are now on their way across.

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Private 'Pat' Schoonover, who recently reached the states from overseas and was subsequently transferred to Camp Grant to be mustered out of the service, was given his final discharge papers on Sunday and returned home the following day. Private Schoonover is the first of the Monticello boys who sailed for France with the 86<sup>th</sup> division to return home, having made the round trip in a few days less than six months from the time he first entered the service. 'Pat' says he was within four days of the fighting line at the time the armistice was signed. He is looking first rate, is mighty glad to get home and has much of interest to relate to his friends concerning his experience in the army.

## Roy W. Woelffer

Roy W. Woelffer, who departed for France in September, with the Blackhawk (86<sup>th</sup>) division, has covered a whole lot of territory and has been seeing much that interests him since his arrival 'over there,' according to letters recently received by Mrs. Woelffer. His numerous friends back home will be interested in reading a few extracts from some of his letters, which follow:

"Nov. 26—Well, I'm mighty glad the war is over with and I think Uncle Sam is, too, because he gave us (30 fellows) a seven day pass and sent us down in southern France to a small summer resort called Aix les Bains. This is only thirty miles from Switzerland and Italy. There are lots of good hotels here for travelers and the scenery is beautiful. To see the snow-capped mountains is something new to me. It is nice and warm in the valleys now.

We are staying in a hotel and the eats are great. The U. S. pays the bills.

Will tell you of some of the places I have been in France and I was never in one place longer than two weeks. We landed at Brest and from there we went to Le Mons, then to Tours, Dyon, Epinol, Issure Tillie, Cornimont, Gerrardiner, Aprimont. St. Mihiel, Verdun, then way down south to Aix les Bains. Maybe you can follow up these places on a map. I can't think of all the places we touched. Will tell you all of them when I get home, which I think will be very soon. The report is current that we will be home for Xmas.

I am sending you a helmet which I found in No Man's Land on the Meuse-Argonne sector at Aprimont. I think a lot of it and hope it reaches you. I also have a lot of German coins which were given to us by French prisoners who came from Germany after peace was declared. The prisoners are a sight and some haven't had a shave for a long time.

Have a red six-cornered star on my left arm. This represents the 6<sup>th</sup> division. Have been all over Verdun, where the big fighting was done. There are no people living near and the buildings are all shot up.

Nov. 28—Tomorrow we intend to take a trip up in the mountains on a train. One can see St. Blanc in Italy and also see Switzerland.

Our Y. M. C. A. is in the Casino building. It is a million dollar structure. It was once a gambling house, the second largest, next to Monte Carlo. The report is around that we may be home before Jan. 1, 1919. We will be in Aix les Bains until Dec. 4, when we will return to our company. Then I think we will be moved to a seaport.

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In another letter he tells of the trip to the mountains and states that they will receive all new clothing before leaving France. He adds that they expect to go back to northern France and take a boat at Brest, the report at that time being that they would sail for the states about the middle of December.

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Private Roy W. Woelffer, of Monticello, who sailed for France in September with the 86<sup>th</sup> division, reached New York on his homeward journey the first of the week, according to a telegram received here Monday morning and which was immediately forwarded to Mrs. Woelffer, who with Roy W., Jr., has been spending a number of weeks with Monroe relatives. Mr. Woelffer will undoubtedly be transferred before the end of the week to Camp Grant, where he will receive his discharge from the service. After reaching France Private Woelffer was transferred to the 6<sup>th</sup> division, being a member of field Hospital No. 40, 6<sup>th</sup> sanitary train.

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Private Roy Woelffer, whose arrival in New York from overseas was mentioned in last week's issue received his discharge from the service at Camp Grant the last of the week. He returned as far as Monroe Saturday, where he joined Mrs. Woelffer and had the pleasure of an introduction to his son, Roy W. Jr., who 'registered' three or four months prior to his dad's arrival from 'over there.'

Private Woelffer arrived in Monticello Monday morning and spent the day in getting a line on things at the drug store and in greeting his numerous friends. Yesterday, accompanied by Mrs. Woelffer and the baby, he went to Lake Mills for a short visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Woelffer, after which he will resume the management of his business. Walter Buckrucker, who has had charge of the business during Mr. Woelffer's absence and who has proven a most efficient manager, expects to leave Monticello in the near future. (May, 1919)

Private Woelffer sailed for France in September with the Blackhawk 86 division. Shortly after his arrival there he was transferred to the 6<sup>th</sup> division and assigned to service with Field Hospital No. 40. His unit was at the front a couple of weeks before the armistice was signed, hence his war experiences were a little more varied than those of many of the Blackhawk boys. Roy is looking his best, glad to get home and there's nothing lacking in the cordiality with which he is welcomed by his friends in general.

## John Ammon in Frisco

John Ammon, one of the Monticello boys who were sent to Ft. Stevens, Ore., a number of weeks ago, sends The Messenger a brief wireless from San Francisco, via the post card route, under date of June 26. John displayed so much unusual ability as a cook after reaching Ft. Stevens that he was sent to Frisco some weeks ago for a special course in cookery at the cooks and bakers school. John says:

“I am having a fine time with all the girls here in Frisco. Please send me The Messenger here for four weeks and will advise you later as to where to send it after that. Will write letter when I get a little more time.”

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Cook John Ammon, brother of Mrs. G. Zimmerly, of Monticello, who has been stationed at Ft. Stephens, Ore., for a long, long time, recently left the western coast on the first lap of the journey ‘over there.’ John penned his letter to the editor of The Messenger a few days in advance of the recent peace developments and consequently he will do very little, if any, cooking for the boys on the other side. There isn’t a bit of doubt but that John is some cook by this time. He was some handy at the game before he anchored at Ft. Stevens, but after that his Uncle Samuel sent him down to Frisco where he was given three months of instruction in addition to his original knowledge of the art. He is now at Camp Eustis, Va. His letter is dated November 3 and is in part as follows:

“I arrived here all O. K. at about 2 o’clock p.m. today, Sunday. I am awfully hungry, because the battery we all ate with did not feed us very good and I would not cook on the road, as I wanted to see the country. And I saw it. I enjoyed the trip very much and will tell you about it from start to finish.

We left Ft. Stevens on Sunday, October 27, over the Oregon Short Line enroute to Astoria. From there we proceeded to Portland through rough lumber tracts, saw mills and ship yards. At Portland we were served by the Red Cross with cake, cigarettes, etc. They waited in the rain for us, as Oregon is a wet rainy country at this time of the year. Our next stop was at LaGrande, where we were again treated royally by the Red Cross. After chatting with a few pretty girls our train pulled out and our next stop was at Nampa, Idaho, where we stopped long enough to get acquainted with some of the prettiest girls it has ever been our pleasure to meet. After that we invaded a section of the country where in there were long stretches of sage brush. It wasn’t so pleasant. Pretty girls were few and far between.

We awoke the next morning in Wyoming and the sage brush was still in evidence. It seemed more desolate than Idaho. Our first top was at Rawlins, where we got out for a little exercise and then again boarded the train and headed for Colorado. We touched but one town in Colorado, our next stop being at North Platte, Neb. Here the girls were again in evidence and it was with great difficulty that I was able too keep them away from my window. (John must have suffered terribly.—Ed.) They even went so far as to shove pictures into my hand.

In Nebraska we saw acres and acres of fine farm land and crops looked excellent. Also met a sociable class of people. I am having lots of fun on the trip by buying cigars and cigarettes and selling them to the boys who can’t get off. Of course, I make some profit for myself. Leave that to John.

We arrived in Omaha at night and are now on our way to St. Louis. In Missouri the crops all looked good; so did the girls, especially at Hannibal, where we took some more exercise and also partook of Red Cross apples and candy. At St. Louis we remained fully an hour and yours truly became acquainted with two sisters; very nice looking girls. Oh, boy!

Our next stop was at Indianapolis, Ind., and from there to Cincinnati, Ohio. From the latter place we crossed the Ohio river to Covington, Ky. Here we found plenty of Negroes, distilleries and tobacco. From there on the country began to get rough and small crops only appeared at long intervals, which made the scenery seem disinteresting. We next invaded old Virginia; that is, West Virginia. Here in this state I almost cashed in my checks. We were going about 45 miles an hour through Cabin Creek Junction, when the train was derailed. Eleven coaches out of fourteen left the track. It happened at about 10:30 p.m., shortly after I had crawled into my bunk. The sensation was something like riding in an empty wagon over a corduroy road. One car almost tipped over and another was across four tracks. No one was hurt seriously. The wreck delayed us eight hours.

We next passed through the Allegheny mountains and ‘encountered’ a coal mine about every 100 yards. Mountain towns were scarce and so were the people, so I was not bothered any more with the girls. Occasionally, however, one tried to break into my thoughts by a wave of the hand from the porch of an old farm house.

Hit Richmond this (Sunday) morning and it seemed dull, but nevertheless we enjoyed a nice trip. Can’t tell you how I am going to like it as yet. I expect it will be necessary for me to hire a stenographer in a few days in order to answer all the letters from those troublesome girls.

I like the army life; it agrees with me. Robert Wyss is here, having come on the same train. He is from New Glarus. Don’t know when we will sail, but will keep you posted. Anyway, I am in fine health and still fat and sassy as ever. It is getting late and therefore I will close for this time. Hope to hear from you soon.

Wyss is with Battery B, 27<sup>th</sup> Artillery; my address is Cook John Ammon, 27<sup>th</sup> Supply Co., C. A. C., both at Camp Eustis, Va.” JOHN

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Cook Adolph Ammon is home from a stay of several months with Uncle Sam’s fighting forces overseas, having reached the old home town the last of the week. Adolph was one of a bunch of several Monticello boys who sailed for France with the Blackhawk division, hence his sojourn ‘over there’ covered a period of about nine months. He is looking unusually good and is no doubt as glad to get back as his friends are to greet him. He states that Rudy Maurer and Alvin Wardas, two other Monticello boys who crossed with the 86<sup>th</sup>, were due to leave for the states soon and are probably now on their way across the big pond.



### **Fred Aebly, With Seventh Division,**

in all his war experiences, witnessed a barrage equal to the one the Yanks put over. Some barrage, he exclaimed.

The total number of motor vehicles used in the war was 120,000 and they were invaluable in transporting food, munitions and supplies.

"The Germans were extremely systematic in everything, even the trenches being equipped with all kind of conveniences. In many places they had running water, up-to-date bathing facilities, electric lights, modern living rooms with fine furniture, etc. These rooms were all underground and built of reinforced concrete, making them shell proof to a certain extent. Some were thirty feet below the surface of the earth. The Yanks didn't spend much time or energy in providing such quarters; if they had the war would not be ended for a long time to come.

The machine gun is an effective weapon for keeping 'em from coming over. They are geared up to 500 shots a minute and one man can do the work of 200 men armed with the ordinary service rifle. You can imagine what one is up against when he attempts to capture one of them.

I am still with the 64th infantry of the 7th division, which is a regular army outfit. Have been with the same division ever since joining it at El Paso, Texas. To the extent of my knowledge there are only three Monticello boys in this division—'Noldy' Zumkehr, George Armstrong and myself. We were all in the same company up to a short time ago, but Zumkehr and Armstrong have been out on detached service with the division supply train. I think they will both be back in my company. I see them occasionally and they are both well and looking good.

I see that some of the boys are back home and are again enjoying civil life. All of the boys are naturally anxious to get back to the states and you can't blame them for I think they have all fulfilled the part that was asked of them. I don't know when we will be home, but trust it will be soon. This is a regular army division. I see that the regular army will make up the army of occupation and it is hard to tell when we will get back home, unless they relieve the drafted men and return them with some other division.

We are located here in a small town about thirty miles from Nancy. We sure have plenty of 'bookpo' or rainy weather here. I sure would like to get acquainted with the chap who invented the phrase, 'Sunny France.' I think most of the boys from the states would call it something else, as it rains almost continuously. The winters are very mild, with but very little snow and it seldom freezes more than six inches."

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Private Fred Aebly, son of Mr. and Mrs. Melchior Aebly, of this village, doesn't expect to get home before some time next summer, according to a letter recently received from him by his sister, Mrs. Alfred Wittwer, of Arena, Iowa county. Privates Aebly and Arnold Zumkehr and George Armstrong, all Monticello boys, are with the 7th division (regulars) which has been designated as one of the divisions which will constitute the army of occupation after the national guard and national army units have been withdrawn. The boys all experienced considerable action 'over there' and Fred states that he and 'Noldy' each had a number of close calls, but escaped without a scratch. His letter follows in part:

"As I now have a little time of my own I will try and drop you a few lines to let you know that I am getting along O. K. I received your letter some time ago and was very glad to hear from you, as a letter from home always looks good and is almost a recreation, as you could well imagine, if you were 5,000 miles from home with no source of pastime, especially during the long winter evenings.

Of course, the days are now getting longer and spring weather is in full swing. The 'frogs' have been plowing since the 20th of February; now they are about ready to plant. The early flowers are starting to bloom and the buds on the trees are bursting. I see by the way the folks write that you have had a mild winter. Well, no matter how mild the winter is in the states the winters here are only a joke in comparison. The ground here freezes only about six inches and we had only about an inch of snow. The weather was cold only about a week and then it opened up.

I am glad mother is not worrying so much about me any more. I guess you folks are all anxious to have me come home, but I think we all ought to feel thankful that we are alive, after having gone through all these hardships and everything imaginable without getting a scratch.

I had several close calls, but it must have been the Lord's will to spare us. 'Noldy' had a few close calls, especially on the last front we were on. He was in a shack with a bunch of men and shortly after he had left a shell dropped right through the roof and killed or wounded several of the occupants. I haven't seen 'Noldy' for quite a while, as he has been out on detached service ever since New Year's. I just heard he had the mumps but was getting better.

I just received those copies of The Messenger that you sent me; was sure glad to read them. I wish that I would get it every week, as it sure always looks good to me.

I see that several of the boys are home from the 86th division. I don't expect to get home before next summer, as we are in the 7th division, which is a regular army division and as the Regulars will constitute the army of occupation we still expect to move up to the Rhine. I think, however, that the drafted men will be taken out of these divisions, as the government is now recruiting men for the regular army. The boys are all anxious to get home, which is easily understood, as there is no use of their staying here any longer. It is only a waste of time and the conditions under which we are living are in no way similar to those in the states. We all thought it was anything but pleasant in Camp Grant, but now the old camp would look like heaven to us all.

The people here are only existing. All they raise is grapes and hops, a few potatoes and a little wheat for a mere living. I had an examination here yesterday on German, as they want some interpreters when the division moves to the Rhine. I passed the examination O. K."

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show the regard in which the division has been held by the enemy.

The weekly summary of information for Oct. 9, 1918, of the German group of armies, which held the front from the Argonne to the Meuse, enumerates the American units on its front and makes the following statement.

"The engagement of the Forty-second division is to be expected soon. It is in splendid fighting condition and is counted among the best American divisions.

In the course of its service the division has taken prisoners from twenty-six enemy divisions, including three imperial guard divisions and twenty-two separate units."

This quotation from German army headquarters shows officially for the first time the great respect the Germans had for the Forty-second division. They had good reason to hold it in awe.

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Private Fred Aebly, son of Mr. and Mrs. Melchior Aebly, of this village, reached New York on Thursday last after several months of service overseas. Private Aebly was a member of Co. E, 64th infantry, 7th division. He will no doubt be sent to Camp Grant to be mustered out of the service and will probably reach home within the next week. (June 1919)

## **GOLD STAR BOYS TO BE HONORED**

Monroe, Aug. 18—Among the features of the parade arranged for Victory day will be the county service flag, which was completed by the ladies of the local Red Cross Saturday. The monster flag bearing 942 service stars for Green county will be carried in the parade by thirty school children dressed in white. In the same division of the parade the Woman's Relief corps will march and delegates are expected here from the Brodhead, New Glarus and Monticello corps to take part. The Green county Red Cross chapter, with representatives of all branches, will form another section.

Ladies of the local Red Cross chapter will march in the Gold Star section carrying pennants bearing the names of deceased soldiers with memorial wreaths and flags. These wreaths will later be placed opposite the names of the gold star heroes on the honor board as part of the memorial service. The honor board will be on the south side of the square near the roll of honor board and will carry names of the following deceased soldiers:

William E. Albright  
Fred Amstutz  
Garnet Butler  
William Bartlett  
John Gerald Caradine  
Alfred P. Chappell  
Jay W. Clayton  
Stanley Coryell  
Ralph William Gorham  
Arthur Willis Haren  
Ralph Holcomb  
Herbert Jones  
Cecil James Jones  
Walter C. Lewis  
Thomas W. McDermott  
August Gottlieb Martin  
William Frederick Maso  
Ernest Grover Mueller  
August A. Odermatt  
Leonard W. Rhyner  
Alfred Ruchti  
Leroy A. Stauffacher  
Edwin G. Grube  
Walter W. Stuessy  
James Lee Swann  
Wallace Wendorg  
Emil Wichser  
Glenn R. Zilmer  
Victory Zimmerman  
George William Giese  
Frank Sheldon Hartwick

List of soldiers who died after date of discharge.

Charles Anderson  
Peter F. Burke  
Spencer Morton  
William Speich  
Frank Pope



**SERGT. FRED AMSTUTZ**  
**Co. H, 127th Infantry**  
**First Monticello Boy to Make the Supreme Sacrifice**  
**on the Battle Fields of France**  
**Officially Reported Killed in Action July 24, 1918**

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**FRED AMSTUTZ GAVE HIS ALL**

**First Monticello Boy to Make the Supreme Sacrifice "Over There"**

The full realization that war is nothing short of what Sherman said of it, was brought forcibly home to the people of Monticello and vicinity yesterday afternoon, when Mrs. Maria Amstutz received a telegram from the war department conveying the sad information that her son, Sergt. Fred Amstutz with Co. H, 127th infantry, had been killed in action on July 24. It was the first news of the kind that has been received here since the many boys from this vicinity have responded to the call of their country and that it had a saddening effect on the entire community, goes without saying. The telegram reads as follows:

"Mrs. Maria Amstutz, Monticello, Wis. Deeply regret to inform you that Sergt. Fred Amstutz was officially reported killed in action on July 24.

Harris,  
Acting the Adjutant General."

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**American Casualty List**  
**Army**

Washington, Sept. 4.

The following casualties are reported by the commanding general of the American expeditionary forces: Killed in action.

Sergeants  
Fred Amstutz, Monticello, Wis.

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**SERGT. FRED AMSTUTZ**

Sergt. Fred Amstutz, the first Monticello boy to make the supreme sacrifice on the battlefields of France, mention of whose death was made in these columns last week, was born at Argyle, Wis., on April 18, 1897. The early days of his life were spent at Dill, McConnell, Winslow and Browntown, to which his parents subsequently moved, in the order named. In '09 his father, the late Sam Amstutz, purchased and assumed the management of the Grand Central hotel and since that time the subject of this sketch had always made his home here, with the exception of the time he had been in the military service of the country.

Sergt. Amstutz had been a member of Co. H for more than two years. He enlisted when but nineteen years of age and was with the boys in Texas during the Mexican trouble. When this country became involved in the present world war he was one of the first to rally to the defense of the colors. He was a young man who was full of life and action and never lacking in enthusiasm and courage. That he was minus none of those qualities which are appreciated in a soldier is evidenced by the manner in which he performed his every duty. In the states he was promoted to corporal and after arriving 'over there' he was advanced to sergeant. In his last letter to the folks at home he made mention of having been in the trenches several times. He mentioned the fact in a care-free way, always characteristic of the red-blooded American. In one part of his letter he said, "Why it isn't half bad." In another place he remarked, "It sure is great sport for us." Think of facing death in the trenches over there and still taking such an optimistic view of the situation. These two little sentences from his last message home will not so soon be forgotten by the writer nor by his scores of friends in and around Monticello. Sergt. Fred Amstutz has given his all—life's sweetest treasure—for the preservation of democracy throughout the world. No one, no matter how exalted their position in the life, could give more. The people of Monticello and vicinity deeply deplore his death and sincerely appreciate the unswerving devotion he displayed in behalf of his country—and the flag he loved—up to the very last.

He was officially reported as having been killed in action on July 24th, and the disheartening news has since been confirmed by his brother and other Monticello boys.

He is survived by his mother, two sisters, Mrs. Henry M. Marty and Miss Anna Amstutz and four brothers, Herman, Walter and William, of this village, and Sergt. Sam Amstutz, in France with Co. H, 127th infantry. Both boys belonged to the same company. Their father passed away last September when the company was enroute to Texas and neither of the boys were able to return home for the funeral. The bereaved mother and other members of the family have the sincere sympathy of all in the great sorrow that has befallen them.

Memorial services for the departed soldier were held at the German Reformed church on Sunday morning last, conducted by the Rev. A. Muehlmeier. The services were most impressive and a large number of sympathizing friends of the family were in attendance.

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**Sergt. Sam Amstutz Tells of Brother's Death**

Writing to his mother, Mrs. Sam Amstutz, from 'Somewhere in France,' under date of August 13, Sam Amstutz, Jr., tells of the death of his brother, Sergt. Fred Amstutz, officially reported as having been killed in action on July 24 and also of he himself having been wounded in action. Sam's wound was not serious, however, and he reports himself as again feeling fine and dandy. His letter follows in part:

"I haven't written home for a long time, I know, but the reason is that I have been in quarters where writing was anything but convenient. I am writing you something that I know you will take hard, but it is something that can't be helped. Freddy got killed in action over here and he was well taken care of. He was buried back of the fighting line and the care he received was good as could be expected in view of present conditions over here.

I was shot through the arm, but I am fine and dandy again at this writing. I presume you will know all about this long before you receive this letter; that is, if it gets through.

Our boys from home are all feeling fine and still fighting the old Kaiser, but I think we will soon have him now.

If I ever get home I can tell you a good lot about the war, but not now. Give all the boys around home my best regards. I would like to write to them all, if for nothing more than to receive mail over here, because letters from home are what a fellow appreciates more than anything else.

I was recently promoted to sergeant. I will do the best I can, but don't know whether I can hold the job or not. It is pretty hard at first."

Sam's address is Sergt. Sam Amstutz, Co. H, 127th Infantry, A. E. F., via New York. Why not remember him with a post card or a letter?



## CAPTAIN PRAISES SAM SCHMID

### "Was An Excellent Soldier, Brave and Manly." Says His Captain

Sam A. Schmid, who gave his life for the cause of democracy on the battlefields of France and mention of whose death was made in these columns last week, was a soldier who ranked high in the estimation of the captain of his company, according to a letter received by his bereaved brothers last week. The letter was addressed to Messrs. John and Adolph Schmid, Monticello, Wis., dated June 2, 1918 and is as follows:

"My Dear Sirs: It is my sad duty to inform you that your brother, Private (first-class) Sam A. Schmid, of Co. C, 28th Infantry, was killed in action at Cantigny, France, on May 30, 1918. He was almost instantly killed by a bursting enemy shell at about 6 p.m. We buried him where he fell, for the fighting was furious at that time.

Private Schmid was killed ten feet from my side and in the same shell hole. He was an excellent soldier, brave and manly. I have recommended him for a citation for heroic conduct.

Remember, that there is no death for those who battle for humanity. They merely leap into immortality.

You have my profound sympathy in your hours of grief.

Sincerely, Charles T. Senay  
Capt. Co. C,  
28th Infantry

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### Another Monticello Boy Gives His All For Stars and Stripes

Dan Wichser received a message from the war department a few days since conveying the sad intelligence of the death of his nephew, Corp. Emil Wichser, which occurred at a hospital in France on Sept. 18, 1918, as a result of wounds received while in action on Aug. 30. Mention of Corp. Wichser having been seriously wounded in action was mentioned in The Messenger some weeks ago. He had been a member of Co. H for over four years and was with the boys on the Mexican border.

Corp. Wichser was a native of Switzerland, having been born April 19, 1892. At the time he made the supreme sacrifice for the land of the stars and stripes he was 26 years of age. He was a fine type of young manhood, always full of life and action and the news of his passing was received with genuine sorrow among his numerous acquaintances.

He came to this country when but fifteen years of age and for some little time thereafter made his home with his uncle, Dan Wichser. Later he was employed on various farms in the vicinity, but prior to leaving the states with Co. H he had made his home near Monroe for a year or two.

He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Fred Ziltner, of New Glarus, and Mrs. Harold Hirst, of Sheboygan and four brothers. Private Frank and Lieut. Jacob Wichser, both in service at the front, Rev. Fred Wichser, Rice Lake and Ernest, still living in Switzerland.

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### DIED OF WOUNDS

Lieutenant Colonel

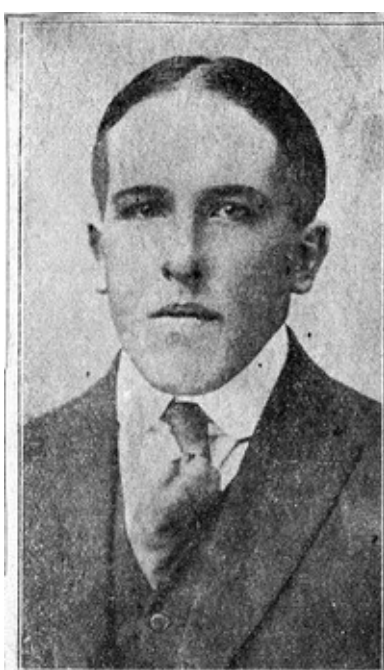
James A. Shannon, Chevy Chase, Md.

Corporals

John J. Butler, Superior, Wis.

Alvin Schroeder, Bellevue, Iowa

**Emil Wichser, Monticello, Wis.**



Walter C. Lewis  
Co. F, 63rd U. S. Infantry, 6th  
Division, whose death occurred  
in France on Nov. 2, 1918

### Walter C. Lewis

Co. F, 63rd U. S. Infantry, 6th  
Division, whose death occurred  
in France on Nov. 2, 1918

Accompanying this little sketch is a likeness of Walter C. Lewis, another Monticello boy who made the supreme sacrifice on the battle fields of France for the preservation of democracy throughout the world. He was the youngest son of John Lewis, of Mt. Pleasant township, and was born on the old homestead farm, about five miles east of Monticello on December 7, 1895. he received his early education in the neighborhood school and later attended the Albany high school, from which institution he graduated with the class of 1915.

Walter Lewis, youngest son of John Lewis, of Mt. Pleasant township, is the fourth boy who registered from Monticello to make the supreme sacrifice for the stars and stripes 'over there.' Mr. Lewis had been in France since early in July and was a member of Co. F, U. S. infantry regulars. His death occurred on Nov. 2 from bronchial pneumonia, official notice to that effect having been received by his father from the war department a few days since. Thus another blue star in Monticello's service flag is changed to golden.

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### SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF WALTER C. LEWIS

After his graduation from high school he spent one year at home and then entered Brown's business college, at Rockford, Ill., where he completed a business course. In April, 1917, he accepted a position at the Illinois Central freight depot in that city as billing clerk, and was later promoted to demurrage clerk. He held that position until February of this year, when he returned home to remain until called to the service of his country.

Had he so desired it would have been clearly within his rights to claim exemption or deferred classification upon agricultural grounds, but he had no desire whatever to be exempted from service and it was with his characteristic willingness that he received his call to the colors on April 30.

He left Monroe on May 4th with a Green county contingent for Columbus Barracks, Ohio. From there he was sent to Spartanburg, South Carolina, where he was assigned to Co. F, 53rd U. S. Infantry Regulars. Early in July he sailed with his division for France, where he passed away on Nov. 2, his death resulting from bronchial pneumonia. His last letter home was written in September, at which time he remarked that he was in good health. While he made no mention of being in action, it is known that the division he was with participated in several engagements and he was undoubtedly with his company up to the time of his fatal illness.

The deceased was a young man of quiet disposition, pleasing personality and fine character. Because of his many good qualities he made friends wherever he chanced to be and it was with a feeling of deep regret to one and all that the news of his death was received. While the aged father, brothers and sisters are enveloped in sorrow over the disheartening news, they must surely find some consolation in the thought that the departed soldier was engaged in so worthy and noble a cause when the final summons came.



**LEONARD W. RHYNER**  
**Headquarters Co., 127th Infantry**  
who died on Oct. 14, 1918, while serving with the colors in France.

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Leonard W. Rhyner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Casper Rhyner, of this village, was the third Monticello boy to make the supreme sacrifice for his country on the battle fields of France. It was his misfortune to fall a victim of disease, yet the price he paid in the defense of Old Glory was just as great as though his life had been snuffed out in the trenches. He was there to 'do or die,' the same as hundreds of thousands of other Americans and that he performed his every duty with that courage that is characteristic of the true soldier is a foregone conclusion. The news of his death was received with deep sorrow by his many friends in and near Monticello, all of whom extend sincere sympathy to the sorrowing parents and other relatives.

The news of his death was received from a nurse in the hospital where he passed away, arriving here a couple of days ahead of the official news from the war department at Washington.

Leonard W. Rhyner was born in the town of Hewett, Clark county, on the 11th of January, 1898, where he lived on a farm with his parents until 1903, at which time the family moved to Mt. Pleasant township, Green county. Since then he had always made his home in or near Monticello.

When this country became involved in the world war, the subject of this sketch was one of the first to enlist for service with Co. H and was with the company while in training at Waco, Texas. While there he was transferred to the headquarters company, 127th Infantry, which sailed for France in March of this year. He remained with the Headquarters company until death overtook him on October 14, 1918.

He was regular in his correspondence to the folks at home and always had a good word to say for the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. In one letter to his father he remarked that when funds were solicited for either of the organizations to never refuse, for it is money well spent. In his last letter to his father, written some time in September, he said: "I am in the hospital and like it here because the nurses are so good." He often remarked how well he liked it over there and that he wanted to stay there until the war was over.

Memorial services were held for the departed soldier at the German Reformed church Sunday morning at 10 o'clock a.m., taking the place of the regular service. Rev. Muehlmeier occupied the pulpit and a number of relatives and friends were in attendance.

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The letter from the nurse was dated October 17, 1918, and was addressed to Mrs. Rhyner. It was as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Rhyner:

I know by the time you receive this letter you will have been informed of your son's death over here and I felt that you would want to hear some particulars. There is nothing much one can say in times like these to make your sorrow any easier to bear, but I hope it will prove a grain of comfort to you, at least, to know that your son was warm and comfortable and that everything possible was done for him all during his illness.

He was only sick a few days and during that time we all grew to love him; he was so sweet and good and did everything we wanted him to. Am sorry I can't give you more particulars as to where he came from to this place, but he was so sick we did not bother him with questions. I imagine he was sent from some evacuation hospital closer to the front.

I am on night duty at present and during the last night he lived I asked him if he'd like me to write to his mother and he said: "I wish you would; I'm afraid she'll worry. I always wrote twice a week. Tell her I'm feeling fine." He was delirious excepting when we spoke to him and didn't seem to suffer at all. This form of pneumonia just seems to be all through their system and the patients don't struggle for breath, but just run a high fever and are delirious until the heart gives out.

It certainly is heart-breaking to we nurses to see such fine young men taken as your son was and you and all the rest of the wonderful American mothers, who are bravely giving their sons to their country have all our sympathy.

If there is anything you would like to know that I haven't told you, please don't hesitate to write. With my sincerest sympathy to you and all of his brothers and sister, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

Alma E. Lighthall, A. U. C.,

U.S. Army Base Hospital No. 50, A. P. O. 798, American E. F.

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Leonard W. Rhyner, with headquarters Co., 127<sup>th</sup> infantry, is still feeling fine and dandy, according to a letter written by him somewhere 'over there,' under date of May 11.

"We are having fine weather over here," he continues, "and I presume it is the same in the states by this time.

I suppose Blanche thinks that she will be over here before long. I hope I get a chance to see her. It would be nice to see someone from home again, as it is something I haven't experienced since I left the states. I thought that I saw Jack Doyle the other day, but am not sure. I was on the train, so did not get a chance to talk to him.

Most of the houses over here look as if they were built centuries ago. We visited a church the other day that was built more than a thousand years ago. We have lots of fun here and get all we want to eat. I have received no letters from the rest yet. I guess they have quit writing since I arrived over here, or maybe they haven't my address.

Don't worry about me. I am well and happy and will write often."

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Leonard W. Rhyner, with Headquarters Co., 127<sup>th</sup> infantry, A. E. F., writes as follows to his brother, Jake C. Rhyner, from 'somewhere in France,' under date of June 6:

"How is everything back in the states? Do you know when you will have to go to camp yet? I hope that you will not have to go at all, but, in case you do, I am quite certain that you will not make the overseas journey. I am getting so I like it over here now. You would laugh if you could hear some of us talk French. Some of us can't speak a word, still we are running around with the French people all the time. Some of the French soldiers can talk good English and the American soldiers are with them all the time.

I haven't received a letter from you for a long time. Received one from Henry Babler the other day and have already answered it. Heard that "Duke" Disch was among those to go to Camp Grant. Have any of Uncle Jake's boys been called as yet? It seems that all of the boys I knew in Monticello are now in training camps.

Have been close enough to the front so that I could hear the roar of the big guns, but am not within hearing at the present time. I feel quite at home here now; have a good job at headquarters and am on duty only eight hours a day."

## **SOLDIERS HAVE A GOOD TIME**

### **Banquet and Entertainment Was a Decided Success (1919)**

One of the most enjoyable social gatherings that has transpired within the borders of the village for many a day was the banquet and entertainment given at the Grand Central hall on the evening of Nov. 11<sup>th</sup> for the servicemen of Monticello and vicinity.

While not all of the eighty or more boys from this vicinity who saw service 'over there' or in the training camps in this country were present, fully half a hundred responded to the invitations issued for the occasion and were present to participate in the good time that had been arranged for them. Many were accompanied by their wives or lady friends.

The banquet took place shortly after 6 o'clock. At the sound of the bugle call the service boys and their ladies entered the hall to the strains of Volunteer's march and took their places at the prettily decorated tables which were fairly groaning under the load of choice viands with which they were bedecked. The serving was done in three courses and covers were laid for 100 guests. Dr. J. P. Zentner presided as toastmaster.

After the serving of the last course an impressive scene took place, when the guests arose and joined in singing 'America' before marching out of the hall.

Immediately thereafter the hall was cleared and the chairs arranged for the program, which was as follows:

Music—Orchestra.

Invocation—Rev. A. Muehlmeier.

Play—'A Model Wife,' given by students of the high school, under the direction of Miss Edyth Blum.

Vocal Solo—Mrs. W. E. Bontly; accompaniment by Miss Bernice Richards.

Tableaux—1. "A Country Courtship." 2. "A Sunday Morning."

Piano Duet—Nona Blum and Marion Burgy.

Tableaux—"Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Grounds."

Selection by Male Quartet—Geo. Steinman, J. W. Barlow, Dr. H. J. Horne, Cloyance Karlen.

Tableaux—"Reaper and the Flowers."

Music—Orchestra.

At the conclusion of the program, a social dance was indulged in, the melody being furnished by Mrs. W. E. Bontly, piano, and Jack Steinman, drums.

The affair was given by the W. R. C. and citizens generally and much credit is due to those who had the arrangements in charge and others who left nothing undone to provide the boys an evening of unalloyed pleasure.

The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion—transformed into a veritable fairy land, as it were. Never has it presented a more charming appearance. The arrangement consisted of a canopy center, with streamers running to the sidewalls which were draped with large American flags. The flowers used were thoroughly in keeping with the occasion, the national colors being represented by red and white carnations and blue ageratum. The decorative scheme in general called forth many complimentary remarks.

The affair took place on the anniversary of the signing of the armistice, which marked the cessation of hostilities in what was the most frightful of all wars since the beginning of time. It seemed hard to realize that many of the boys present were facing the enemy on the firing line 'over there' just a year before. And bringing with it a pang of regret was the thought of the places which will forever be vacant on similar occasions because of the supreme sacrifice made by the Gold Star heroes who are now peacefully sleeping 'neath the waving poppy field of battle-scarred France.

The bouquets of flowers used for the table decorations were presented to the Gold Star mothers at the conclusion of the banquet.

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### **Armistice Day Banquet Most Enjoyable Affair**

Members of the W. R. C. did a very pretty bit of entertaining at the high school building on Thursday evening of last week, when they officiated as hostesses at a banquet which was given for the Civil war veterans, Spanish war veterans and veterans of the World war. The guest included not only the veterans of the three wars, but their wives or lady friends as well, covers being laid for eighty.

Dr. John P. Zentner, commander of Fred Amstutz Post No. 256 of the American Legion, presided as toastmaster. Among those who responded to toasts was Dr. E. R. Lovesee, who told in an interesting way of his experiences during the Civil war; Casper Blum, member of Co. L, dwelt upon the life of a soldier as he found it during the Spanish-American war; J. W. Barlow touched upon incidents in connection with the World war, and Mrs. Amelia Crouch, mother of the W. R. C., was heard in a short but interesting talk. There were other brief talks by members of the W. R. C. and American Legion.

During the session the electric light service was of the 'on again, off again' variety, due to trouble at the power plant. During the dark intervals ensemble singing was resorted to in order to keep the 'current of joy' moving along at somewhere near the right momentum. In this way, instead of being allowed to dampen the ardor of the gathering, the intermittent electric service was made to serve as a real feature.

The members of the W. R. C. are deserving of a whole lot of praise for the delightful manner in which they entertained the veterans and their lady friends, and no doubt the guests of honor fully appreciated the effort which was made in their behalf. (1920)

*End of page 45*



## M. T. Rodda

M. T. Rodda, former principal of the Monticello schools, writes The Messenger the following interesting letter from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, under the date of September 14:

“I have been planning to write before, but just didn’t get around to it. Have been transferred to the supply (or store-keeping) department since my last letter. The Supply department covers a wide scope, when I tell you what my work has been and is at the present time. First I was tallying goods out of the provision cars, then in the third receiving room and the last two or three weeks, since the inrush of lumber for barracks, I have had charge of bunches (15 or 20 in a group) of men unloading lumber. I am still at this and it is a snap. All that I am required to do is to ‘boss the job,’ see that it is properly piled and then check it up. If I continue in this work I think I will be in the lumber business when the war is over.

Several copies of The Messenger were transferred to my present address from Camp Perry and it seemed good to read the news and happenings in Monticello and vicinity. The letters from the Monticello boys were especially interesting to me.

An order has been passed here to the effect that after October 1, 1918, all men who have been at the station six months or more will be sent to sea. My turn will come about November 4, if that is the case. If I had gone in the draft on May 25, at which time my turn would have come, I would have been over in France about three weeks ago. Our boys are sure doing it over there, especially the last couple of days.

I understand school started last Monday and it seemed as if I ought to start in teaching, the same as in previous years. It would seem good to visit Monticello and have an hour or so to visit the Monticello H. S. In our department we have been getting liberty from 4:30 Saturday until 8:00 Monday morning, which isn’t hardly long enough to make a round trip, because it is necessary to leave Milwaukee at 4:05 p.m., in order to get in on the St. Paul line.

We have a good concert here in the Y. M. C. A. tonight by three ladies from Evanston, a suburb of Chicago. We have talks quite often by men who have been over there, ministers, etc. In fact, with the moving pictures, there is something doing every night. This is sure a fine location for a station, with Chicago as close as it is. They certainly treat the soldiers and sailors fine in Chicago.

Could you send me Stanley’s address so that I might write to him? Was very sorry to hear of Fred Amstutz’s death and also of one of the boys in Blanchardville who was in my classes.

Well, it is about time for the ‘Y’ to close and I’ll have to cut this short. Give my regards to all of my friends.”

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## Elmer L. White Writes From Camp Travis, Texas

Elmer L. White, with Headquarters Co., 35<sup>th</sup> Infantry, now stationed at Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas, writes that the boys in his camp are getting along better and are able to accomplish more since the weather has become somewhat cooler. Elmer was formerly rural mail carrier on Route 4 out of Monticello and his numerous friends on the route, as well as in the village and roundabout, will be interested in hearing from him. His letter is dated September 28 and is in part as follow:

“Everything here is progressing in about the usual way. We are all getting along better and accomplish more since the weather has become somewhat cooler.

Our company is scheduled for a little hike next week. We expect to go out to a rifle range, eighteen miles distant, where we will have rifle practice in trenches. We will make the trip with our packs and rifles in one day, according to schedule and remain one week. I am anxious to get out there to see what score I can make on the range. Don’t know yet whether or not I will get the chance, as I have been kept at headquarters at times for special work.

I have read all the letters in The Messenger from the boys ‘over there,’ including Stanley’s and find them very interesting. Haven’t heard from Stanley as yet, but have written him recently. I wish he was with me. I presume it will be some time before he has completed his training for actual service, as I understand it requires more training for the artillery service than for the infantry.

I note from Stanley’s letter that his company has another hour tacked onto each day’s work. We also have an extra hour here. Our general day’s work was formerly completed at 3:30; now it is an hour later, probably due to the cooler weather.

We have a half holiday on Wednesdays and Saturdays. On those days the streets of San Antonio are certainly crowded. Thirty-six hour passes are issued to one-fourth of the company every Saturday noon.

I haven’t much of an idea when we will leave here. Presume we will probably be here at least a month. A person hears so many rumors in camp that one becomes a little inclined to pay little attention to reports regarding our leaving time, unless we know they are official.

I heard a little talk at the ‘Y’ last evening by a soldier who recently returned from France, where he was on the fighting line. He was discharged from the service as a result of the effects of gas shells thrown by the Germans. He told us of some of his experiences ‘over there’ and of some of the awful methods of warfare used by the Germans. An occasional joke added to the interest of his remarks and kept us in good cheer.

I attended a Baptist church service last Sunday at San Antonio, where there was a very large congregation. The pipe organ and the choir made me recall some of the good times at Monticello. There were nearly two hundred and fifty stars on the service flag, representing the number of men from the congregation now in the military service. Among the number were several gold ones.

Here at camp we have entertainments of various sorts every evening, including boxing matches, movies, religious services and lectures, some of which are very good. There are also dances here at camp and at San Antonio every evening, excepting Sundays. All are free to the soldiers. You can probably imagine the crowds which gather at those places. The music is furnished by the different military bands and orchestras from camp. Most of the dance halls consist of a very large floor out in the open, with no roof but the sky. No men but soldiers are admitted to these dances. Most of us get plenty of physical exercise during the day without attending very many dances each week. I have been sitting at a desk nearly all morning and am having the usual half holiday this afternoon, so I may decide to attend a dance or a show tonight.

The Spanish influenza has gotten a start in some of the camps here, but hasn’t reached our regiment as yet. If it does it will prevent all public gatherings and we will again experience something similar to our first days at Camp Grant.”

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## From Elmer L. White

Writing from Nogales, Ariz., June 2, Elmer L. White says:

“You will see from this letter that I am now located in new quarters. I am now on the Mexican border among the mountains, where the vegetation and climate conditions are quite different than we find in Wisconsin. It seems to be my ill luck to be separated from all the Monticello boys.

Wish you would send me The Messenger of the past two weeks, which copies I have not received. Will write to Stanley at Grant tonight. Best regards to all.

My address is Elmer Lee White, Co. G, 35<sup>th</sup> Infantry, Nogales, Ariz.”

*End of page 46*

## **Frank M. Eagen Now Located at Camp Hancock, Georgia**

Frank M. Eagen, who spent a number of months in training at Camp Grant and who was recently transferred to Camp Hancock, Augusta, Georgia, is now taking a course in a machine gun school and may develop into an instructor. In a letter to his brother, Vincent Eagen, under date of June 23, he says:

“I expect to be quite busy for some time to come, as I am attending a machine gun school and expect it will be pretty stiff; four men from our company and two others who were in the 29<sup>th</sup> company are in same tent with me. We will probably have a four weeks course and, as it is about a mile from our company, we moved over and stayed there all the time. We are not required to do any guard or detail duty, nor stand retreat, so it will be all school.

We had a little work on the new Browning gun this afternoon. There are two types, the light and heavy. The gun weighs but 15 pounds 8 oz., and is shot from the shoulder. It is sure a dandy. I feel tempted to steal one when I get out of the service.

If I make good at school I will probably be a machine gun instructor. I was acting fourth sergeant of the platoon in our company until yesterday, when I moved to school. I have seven squads and I don't believe there was a man over four feet in the bunch, most of them Jews and Greeks. I certainly had my hands full during the two days I was handling them. They came on Friday and I didn't have any rest until they left on Sunday.

The lieutenant who is over me went to the school, also. I presume we will both come back to the company when we finish. We get fine eats and can sit down at the table and enjoy the same as at home.

It looks very much like rain tonight, but last night the weather was beautiful. We enjoyed the sight of one of those southern moons they talk so much about. The nights are cool. I wear my night shirt and need two blankets over me. It actually seems queer; the days are warm, but about 8 o'clock it commences to get cool and we shiver at three.

There is an English captain and three sergeants over at the school and we also have an Irish lad in our tent. Mix the several languages together with the southern brogue and you sure have some combination. We are mocking them all, so don't know how we will talk when we get away. It is fun to listen to the Englishmen but the southerners talk very seldom and then very slowly.

The other night a bunch of them were down town and a bird came up and said: “Where do you all find so much to talk about?” I guess they don't talk excepting when it is necessary.

I didn't intend writing much, but when I get started I don't know when to quit. I must go and sign the payroll, or I won't get any cash next month. Guess we will be paid next week and we all need it. I still have enough, but two-thirds of the boys have had to send home. We missed the last pay day.

You can send my mail to the old address, as it gets all mixed at the school and I come over here nearly every night, anyway.”

Frank's address is 22<sup>nd</sup> Co., M. G. T. C., Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.

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### **From Arnold Staedtler**

In a letter to his parents Mr. and Mrs. Henry Staedtler, Arnold Staedtler writes from Ft. Stevens, Ore., under date of May 22, 1918, as follows:

“I am writing this to let you know that I am in the band, but I'll have to work pretty hard in order to hold down my job, as they play pretty hard stuff. My new address is 29<sup>th</sup> C. A. C. band.

Nelson and Feldman go to France pretty soon with a battery that was picked out last week.

I am in one of those big barracks with the large porches. We have regular dishes and our meals are put right on the table like home. We have a trunk to put our clothes in and don't have all of that camp work required of the other soldiers.

Rob is coming down to see me Saturday. He is only about forty miles up the coast from here.”

*End of page 47*

## THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

Along with the tales of hate and horror, of bruises, blood and death that float in upon us so constantly from the war-swept lands “over there,” comes to us a story of another sort—a story of the beautiful influence of human love, the work of a spirit that is quite different from that of the man with the “mailed fist” and the will to “rule or ruin.”

In a pottery up in old Yorkshire there is a workman who until quite recently had in his humble cottage come a little invalid child.

Constantly faithful to the tasks brought by the long working hours, this man never failed, when the closing time came to take home with him each evening to the bedside of the sick “wee lad,” as he called him, a flower, or a bit of ribbon, or a piece of broken colored glass—anything, for that matter, that would lie out on the counterpane and give a little coloring to the sick room and so add to the happiness of a little invalid’s life.

This workman was a quiet, silent man, and not once did he say a word to his fellow laborers about the intensity of his love for the little sufferer at home. He just kept on loving the “wee lad,” and after awhile he had the whole factory in positive, though unconscious fellowship with him.

No matter how busy they might be, the workmen would always find time somehow to make curious little articles—tiny cups and jars, painted with diminutive figures along their sides—which they would stick into the kiln at burning time.

One would bring some fruit in the bulge of his apron and another some pictures and still another some quaint little hand-made toys.

Not a word did these big, burly workmen whisper of what they were doing, but quietly they would put their offerings where the man could be sure to find them when knocking-off time came and he was ready to go home.

Not a word was said, but by a sort of free-masonry of the heart he understood it all perfectly well.

It is unfortunately true that there are cynics in the world—not as many, thank heaven, as some people would have us think, however—and should any of them happen to see this little story, I get them to note the fact that the workmen in that pottery, many of them being of rather coarse fiber by nature, grew quiet and serious as the months passed, dropping their rough-house play and loud talk and becoming gentler and kinder, more considerate, as the saddened, weary look of their fellow-workman told them that the shadow was drawing nearer.

Every day someone helped him along with his task, so that he would be able to leave the shop a little earlier at night and tarry with his sick child a little longer in the morning.

The days passed, and by and by the church bell tolled, the little coffin came out of the workman’s door and “right around the corner,” just out of sight, there stood a hundred stalwart workers from the pottery with their best clothes on, waiting to follow to the grave the body of the little child whom, very likely, not one of them had ever laid eyes on in life.

We waste lots of precious time arguing over religion and much more often trying to find out what is true and what is false in Christianity; but let me tell you that the whole of religion and of Christianity is right here in this little story of the Yorkshire potter.

Love, gentleness, compassion—the living interest in each other’s joys and sorrows—the spirit of helpfulness—the sincere and tender consideration which moves us to bear one another’s burdens.

It is the Spirit of Christ. And the Spirit of Christ is Christianity.

*End of page 48*



## Fred J. Elmer

Fred J. Elmer, who departed some weeks ago with a Green county bunch for Camp Wadsworth, S. C., was recently transferred to Camp Mills, New York, which is an embarkation camp from which the boys start on their voyage to the other side. Under date of June 30th he sends a couple of brief messages via the post card route to his brothers, "Dude" and John C. From the two cards we are passing along the following information to his friends:

"Arrived at this camp safely. It is not far from New York and I can see the sky scrapers from my tent. We passed under the Brooklyn bridge on our way to camp and saw many large battleships. Is 'Peg' Lynn and Stanley Richards still at this camp? If they are, give me their address and I will look them up. Will try and get a pass to go to New York; it is only a fifteen minute ride from camp, either by trolley or on the Long Island railroad.

Well, I am located in a real country at last. You would be more than interested in the sights here; you can look up in the air at any time and see from six to a dozen air ships going through their various stunts. The weather is nice and cool here, just like in Wisconsin. I sure do not want to hear of South Carolina any more.

Address: Pri. Fred J. Elmer, Co. K, 3rd U. S. Inf., Reg, Camp Mills, L. I., New York.

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Writing to his mother, Mrs. Jacob Elmer, from 'somewhere in France, ' under date of Nov. 26, Private Fred J. Elmer, with Co. K, 3rd U. S. Infantry, has the following to say:

"Well, I suppose you know the war is over and suppose the news was as welcome to you as it was to me. I pulled through without a scratch, but certainly have badly used up feet as a result of of all the hiking I have had to do, with a full pack on my back, since I came over. I don't know the name of the place we are at now, but it's a place west of Barladuc, which you can locate on the map.

Will tell you of some of my experience since leaving New York on the 6th of July aboard the steamer, Kastman. Seven other ships accompanied us on the voyage and we were fourteen days in crossing. We came way up around Scotland and the southern coast of Ireland. We landed at Glasgow, Scotland, one fine morning, boarding a train in the afternoon and leaving for Ramsey, England. We remained at Ramsey three days and then marched over to South Hampton one sunny day. It took us five hours to make the hike. We remained there until dark and then took a boat across the English Channel, waking up the next morning and finding ourselves in the harbor of Cherbourg, France. After going ashore we walked to a French camp where we remained two days and then hiked back to town and boarded a train for a ride of three days. We got off at Bologne and from there we took another train for a training camp. After reaching this camp we started drilling and drilled for three hard weeks. We then went over to Alsace-Lorraine and into the trenches, where we had our first fight with the Germans, coming out in the last part of October. After a short rest we were transferred to the Verdun front and was in the last big drive, which certainly was some drive.

We started from St. Menehould and marched as far as Stonne, near Belgium, 10 kilo(meters) from the Meuse river. That was as far as we got and then we started back. In the meantime peace was declared and we therefore turned around and are still marching toward the coast on our way home. Maybe I will be home for Christmas or soon after.

Just received a letter from Johnny and "Dude," dated Oct. 26. Don't know much to write, except that I want you to have a big Xmas dinner ready when I get home. Guess this will be the last letter I will write from France. Will be glad when I see the coast of the good old U. S. A., again."

Fred Elmer, another Monticello boy is still with the 6th division.

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(Sept. 26, 1919)

### Private Fred Elmer Returns Home

Private Fred J. Elmer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Elmer, arrived home last Friday after having spent about two years in the service overseas. He was originally a member of an infantry unit of the 6th division and had experienced about three months of active service at the front, remaining with his unit until some little time after the close of hostilities, when he was transferred to the Third Army Composite regiment which formed the guard of honor for General Pershing in the victory parades which were held in Paris and London, as well as the recent parades in New York City and Washington, D. C. As far as is known, Private Elmer is the only Green county boy to have the honor of serving with the composite regiment, the members of which were of late referred to as 'Pershing's Pets.' Fred says that there wasn't any of the boys who were more anxious to get back to the states than he was before he received his transfer to the parade regiment but after that he was in no hurry at all. He's looking 100 per cent good and it's evident that his army experience despite its hardships, didn't hurt him a bit.

Fred is the last of the Monticello boys to report.

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## SOLDIER LAID TO REST

### Military Funeral for Leonard Rhyner Sunday Afternoon (Jan. 9, 1921)

The remains of Leonard W. Rhyner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Casper Rhyner, of this village, which arrived recently from overseas, were lowered to their last resting place in Highland cemetery Sunday afternoon with military honors, the last rites for the young soldier who died in the service of his country being in charge of the Fred Amstutz Post of the American Legion.

Preceding the burial a short service was held for the family and other relatives at the Voegeli undertaking parlors, the Rev. A. Muehlmeier, pastor of the Reformed church, officiating.

As the casket was carried from the undertaking rooms, Lieut. Schindel gave the command, 'present arms,' the color bearers and soldiers carrying rifles coming to that position, while the balance of the men responded with the hand salute.

The funeral cortege then proceeded to the cemetery, headed by a company of sixty or more World War veterans, practically all of whom were in uniform. Major Mitchell, under whom the deceased served when he first entered the service and several other Monroe veterans, as well as delegations of ex-servicemen from New Glarus and Belleville, were among those who were present to pay their last tribute of respect to their departed comrade. The Relief Corps also marched to the cemetery in a body.

Arriving at the cemetery Rev. Muehlmeier conducted a brief service, which was followed by singing by the church choir. Major Mitchell was also heard in a short talk, during which he told of the excellent character of the departed soldier while a member of his command.

Then came a salute by a firing squad composed of four members of the local post—Keller, Armstrong, Aebly and Legler—which marked the close of the impressive service for the young soldier who was the third Monticello boy to sacrifice his all on the battle fields of France in defense of the stars and stripes.

The color bearers were Ammon and Bontly; color guards, Bridges and Zimmerman; pall bearers, Barlow, Foster, Hauri, Voegeli, Lynn and Schoonover.

The body arrived in Monticello Friday noon, accompanied by Corp. Lightcap, of Co. L, 52nd Infantry, Sixth division, who remained here until after the funeral.

The death of Leonard W. Rhyner occurred on Oct. 14, 1918, while serving with the colors in France and was due to an attack of pneumonia. He was one of the first of the Green county boys to answer the call of the colors, enlisting for service with Co. H, of Monroe, and accompanying that unit to the Mexican border. While in Texas he was transferred to the Headquarters company of the 127th infantry which sailed for France in March, 1918. He was a member of this unit at the time of his death.

The deceased was born in Jackson county on the 11th of January, 1898, although practically all of his life had been spent in the vicinity of Monticello.

## Gilbert Schuler

Gilbert Schuler, who is with the 336th Aero Squadron, Field 2, Hempstead, L. I., New York, writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Schuler, the following letter under date of July 25:

"Will take pleasure in writing you a few lines today, as there is very little to do here aside from waiting to be moved to some other place, perhaps across the water. I think we will get about three months training after we reach the other side.

Left Camp Greene about two weeks ago for Morrison, Va., but only stayed there about forty-eight hours. On our way here we stopped at Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Baltimore and several other places, but only a few minutes at each place. The trip was very enjoyable. The Red Cross at New York gave us some candy.

I went to New York City Saturday afternoon and remained until Sunday night. I registered at a place that is for boys in uniform only. They charge only 25 cents for a bed and serve breakfast, consisting of ham and eggs, coffee, bread and butter and some kind of a cereal, for 30 cents. I attended a private dance Saturday evening, given by the 'Pen and Brush' club. Had a fairly good time. The next day we started out on a sight-seeing trip and visited many places of interest about the city. We went clear to the top of the Woolworth building from whence one can get an excellent view of the whole 'village.'

We also went over to Brooklyn and also took a trip out to Coney Island. The latter is sure some pretty place, being very much like a big fair, with all the side shows, Ferris wheels, merry-go-rounds, etc. We were in swimming while at Coney Island for a while but were not allowed to go out a very great distance, owing to the rough sea. At one time a big wave came along and just buried me. (My, but that water is sure salty.) But as a rule it will just toss you around as if you were a shingle or something of that sort. Before taking our bathing suits off we went in one place and had one glass of beer (real beer). That's all I cared for and it is the only way it can be obtained, as they won't sell to a person whom they know is in the service.

We live in tents here and are only twenty miles away from New York. There are all kinds of aeroplanes here and they fly around all day—as many as fifteen or twenty at one time. At times they fly just like a flock of geese and then again they fly in groups of three or five in a 'V' shape. They go through all sorts of stunts, such as flying upside down, looping the loop, etc.

Went out on a hike a few days ago and found it rather hard. Well, I must close for this time. Be sure and write me a few lines, at least, and send me The Messenger, too."

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Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Schuler recently received a couple of letters from their son, Gilbert Schuler, with the 336<sup>th</sup> Aero Squad. One letter was written at sea and the other after his arrival in England. The first letter is undated and is in part as follows:

"Just a line this evening while I am waiting for bed time. I stayed on deck until it grew too cold for me, although I had on my sweater and overcoat. The air is very damp and it rains almost every day, at least such has been the case thus far.

I have had a nice trip up to the present time, but still have several days more. May be able to see land about tomorrow afternoon or the following day. At least I do hope so, for it gets awfully tiresome to see nothing but water from day to day. I always imagined I would like to take a long voyage on the water, but I've changed my mind. Glad I'm not in the navy.

Had my picture taken in New York before we left and have written the photographer to send them directly to you. Also received a letter from Art Wright about the same time.

Say, why don't you send me The Messenger any more? I will forget everybody I ever knew there without the home paper.

It surprises me somewhat to think that I have never been sea sick. It never affected me in the least, but some of the boys were sick for several days.

I spent the last Saturday and Sunday in New York and had a dandy time. Wish I could write all I would like to, but will not be able to do so from now on. Whatever you do, don't worry about me. I am as safe as if I were in the U. S. A. at present, in the best of health and happy."

The following is from his letter written in England, under date of August 26:

"Reached here O. K. and enjoyed the trip very much. Landed in England in the morning and were taken to a rest camp, remaining there only over night and then being moved again by train to a camp further inland. We expect to remain at this camp only a few days, when we will be sent elsewhere to get our final training.

The scenery is most beautiful wherever one looks. The farms are small but well kept up. The crops are very good—lots of wheat and other grain, also a great deal of hay. Everything looks as green here now as it looks back home in the spring. The roads are all paved but are not very wide. All the traffic is just the opposite from ours—always on the left side of the road. Even the street cars and trains run on the left side.

The trains are rather queer looking. The coaches are divided into small rooms, each of which will accommodate eight passengers. The freight cars are not much larger than a large auto truck, the capacity being only from five to ten tons. Back in the states they are rated as high as sixty tons. They have no air brakes or couplers, chains being used to hook the cars together. The engines are very small, the largest being about the size of the one formerly used on the New Glarus branch.

I visited Liverpool a few days ago and thought it was a very nice city. There are lots of poor people there and more children than I ever saw in any place. They would follow one and keep asking if he had any cents or American coins. They would say 'the Yanks have lots of money.'

Food is very scarce here. One is not allowed to go and eat in any eating place unless he has an eating card. We get very little to eat at camp now, but they say we will fare much better after we go to France. We can get a few things at our canteens, but the cost is very high. One can of pork and beans costs 1 shilling 9 pence, or 42 cents in our money. We can only buy one piece of candy at a time."

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## Back From England

Gilbert Schuler, Monticello boy, who sailed from Camp Mills, New York, last July and has since been located in England, is the first Monticello boy who has thus far returned from 'over there.'

He was a member of the 336<sup>th</sup> Aero squad. He arrived in New York a week ago today and has written his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Schuler, that he expects to be home by Christmas.

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## A Letter From 'Duke' (1918)

William B. Disch, commonly known by his friends as 'Duke' writing from Camp Wadsworth, S. C., under date of June 8, to his brother, J. J. Disch says:

"Received your letter today and was glad to hear from you. This is Saturday and we had inspection this morning; the afternoon we have off. Haven't been down town yet. I saw a Monroe paper today and it certainly looked good to me. Do you hear any news of the boys across the sea. Would like to know how they are getting along.

What are you doing with that cheese, letting it decay? The soldiers would like to get some of it, as it costs like \_\_\_ in the army. We have to wash our own clothes or pay \$1 to have a suit washed.

Fred Elmer is in the 53<sup>rd</sup> infantry and Walter Lewis is in the same Co. All of the boys from Albany are in the infantry and they are at a camp about thirty miles from here.

We have 186 men in Co. D. Our company is the last in the ammunition train to be equipped with cars. A, B, C and D have cars and the balance horses."

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W. B. (Duke) Disch, mention of whose arrival at New York from overseas was made in last week's issue, arrived here yesterday from Camp Grant, where he received his discharge from the service. It is needless to state the 'Duke' is mighty glad to get back home and welcomes the chance to resume his former occupation of 'tilling the soil.' He will spend the summer on the farm of his brother, J. J. Disch, a few miles east of the village. (June 1919).

## Jack Doyle

Corporal John P. Doyle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Doyle, of Exeter township and one of the first Green County boys to land in France, writes the editor of the Messenger a very newsy letter under date of June 18. Jack's letter is unusual because he tells of some of the 'natural' wonders of the country which some of the other boys have not mentioned. The rats are as large as dogs, he says and the lice are about the size of a mouse. He lost his 'angora' on the way over and he wants to cross the big pond just once more—that is when he returns home. After that, he remarks, if the Statue of Liberty, standing just outside of New York harbor wants to meet him face to face, she will have to turn around. His letter follows:

“Dear Friend Earle: Just a line to let you know that I am still on earth and feeling fine. The paper you are sending is being received O. K. Home news is the best received here. Army life is great if you don't weaken. We were all anxious to get over here; now we are just as anxious to get back, but we all want to stick for the finish.

You people back home can't realize what is going on over here. The sights are such as I have never seen before. Aeroplanes above us most of all the time and here below the rats are as large as dogs and the lice are about the size of a mouse. The noise caused by the firing of most every gun made is so tremendous at times that one cannot hear himself think.

It may be quite a little while before we return; that is those of us who are lucky enough to get back. You probably know that there has been quite a number of U. S. boys killed.

That ocean we crossed is some pond, one that no living person can explain and it sure got my goat. I want to see it just once more; that is when I return. You can bet your life if that Statue of Liberty, standing just outside of New York harbor wants to look me in the face after my return, she will have to turn around. I spent fourteen days on the water coming over and that was just fourteen days too many.

It is sure up to the U. S. to finish the war. I have been made a corporal and received my stripes the 15<sup>th</sup> of March. I am now looking forward to and working hard for a sergeancy. It is best for a fellow to stay with his company if he wants to get out of the ranks.

When a fellow transfers out of his company he loses whatever he has earned and must start at the bottom again. So you see, it is best to stick.

I am glad I got into the service I am now in. I did not waste any time at Camp Grant and am not a bit sorry, because my experience has been of the greatest. Our first service bar, which is of gold and worn on the left arm, was earned the 26<sup>th</sup> of May, which meant just six months of overseas service for us. I would like to tell you a great deal more, but it is impossible, as all of our mail is censored.

Well, how are all the folks back there? I hope they are all feeling as good as myself. Give my regards to all of them and tell them to drop me a line once in a while. How is A. B. C.? Tell him to write. As it is about time for taps, I will close for this time. As ever, your friend,

Corporal J. P. Doyle  
Co. D, 503<sup>rd</sup> Engineers Service Battalion, A. E. F.

P. S. If there is any chance, I am going to visit Ireland after we have Fritzie cleaned up.

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Corp. John P. Doyle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Doyle, of Exeter township, one of the first boys from this vicinity to reach France, in a recent letter to his father, says in part:

“I will drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well and hope this finds you the same. I wish you a happy birthday and many of them and hope that I will be with you on your next one. It is nice and warm here; I suppose it is still rather cold in Wisconsin.

Many of the customs of the French people are very amusing to us boys from the states. They do most of their work with oxen and mules and the wagons they use are of the two-wheeled variety. They also make a practice of carrying lots of stuff on top of their heads. I saw one old woman the other day carrying a box full of chickens on her head.

I receive the Monticello Messenger regularly and the news it contains concerning the happenings back home is certainly most welcome.”

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Corp. John Doyle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Doyle, of Exeter township and Ray Zimmerman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Zimmerman, of this village, are two other Monticello boys who are among the recent arrivals from France. They reached the states on the 17<sup>th</sup> and were mustered out at Camp Grant on Monday of this week, reaching their homes the same evening. These two boys experienced eighteen months of service in France, a considerably longer period than most Green county boys. They were connected with an engineer's service battalion and while their duties did not take them near the fighting lines, they never-the-less contributed their bit in giving the enemy an everlasting wallop.

The boys all appear to be in robust health and are mighty glad to be home again. And certain it is that the home folks are glad to welcome them.

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## Private Zumkehr

June 25, 1919. Private Arnold Zumkehr, formerly with Co. E, 64<sup>th</sup> infantry, 7<sup>th</sup> division, mentioned in last week's issue of The Messenger as being a patient at U. S. Debarkation Hospital No. 5, New York City, is no longer in need of 'tonic' from home in the form of letters and post cards from his friends and copies of the home town paper. He no longer needs the 'dope' for the simple reason that he is no longer a patient at that institution.

Just a day or two after the writer had urged his friends to remember him with post cards and letters—and after a half dozen back numbers of The Messenger had been started for the hospital—what the deuce do you think came to pass? Well, it was nothing short of 'Noldy' himself appearing upon the local landscape and looking the part of anything but a run-down hospital patient. In fact, he never looked better in all his life.

He arrived here Friday evening from Fort Sheridan, having been granted a thirty-day furlough. Private Zumkehr had quite a bit of war experience on the other side, the division he was with having been on the front forty-one days. Following the signing of the armistice he was assigned to a motor transport unit and later was under treatment in various hospitals for two months, having returned to the states with a company of casuals.

*End of page 51*



## Clarence A. Bontly

Mrs. C. Bontly, 222 Bassett street, Madison, received an interesting letter from her son, Sergt. Clarence A. Bontly, now with the American forces in France, dated May 11, which is in part as follows:

“Tomorrow is Mothers day and I had intended to write you a letter then, but as I will be busy taking inventory of stock and will scarcely have the time, I had better write it tonight.

I am much more satisfied than I was the first two weeks we were here. We were unsettled then and had no decent place in which to eat or sleep. Now I am living at the warehouse and everything is running along smoothly again. We have a double bed but no mattresses or sheets, although we were lucky enough to have a bunch of blankets for our mattresses.

We go to headquarters three times a day for our meals, the distance being two or three miles. Sergt. McClure and I each have a bicycle, so it is just a nice little ride and a wonderful appetizer. I am eating like a Trojan and weigh 150 pounds at present.

Our warehouse is on the second floor of a large barn, the property being owned by a one-armed man who is quite wealthy and lives with his sister and mother. Yes, the sister is married and her husband is at the front. They are as anxious to learn English as we are to learn French. He can speak English quite well. We were over there the other night teaching each other, but it is rather hard work. Don't know whether I will ever be able to rattle it off or not but I know a few words. They have invited us over a few times and allowed us to sample some of their good home-made wine. It is hard to get sweet wine because sugar is so scarce.

Since mess is being served at headquarters, our meals are much better. There are just about seventy-five fellows all told at headquarters, so we all put in a couple of dollars extra in a mess fund and get little extras that would not otherwise be included in our rations. We feel that the money is well spent.

I certainly wish I would get some mail. There hasn't been any mail in for about a week, so I am expecting a big bunch of letters when it finally does arrive.

I suppose by the time you get this letter Louis will have left and you will be worrying more than ever, but don't worry about me. If it wasn't for an occasional aeroplane, or all the soldiers I see, I wouldn't know there was war going on. Of course, we can't all be at the front, although I think we would all like to be. I know Louis is too young to go yet—just eighteen—but who knows, it might be the best thing in the world for him. If he follows the advice I wrote him in my letter he will get along all right.

I went to a cafe last night, or rather a small grocery store, bought some Swiss cheese and bread and made some sandwiches. The cheese was certainly fine, having large holes the size of a dime and all of equal size. It tasted better than the Swiss we handled for imported stuff.

I haven't wrote Rupert yet because I don't know his address. If I could only run across him on the street here it would be one joyful meeting but I ought to be satisfied that there are a few of us here from Madison.”

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In a letter to the editor of The Messenger, dated 'somewhere in France,' May 18, Sergt. Bontly writes of his trip across and of other incidents which he has experienced since his arrival there. The story of his trip is omitted because it was covered in a letter to his parents which appeared in The Messenger some weeks ago. The letter in part runs as follow:

“Again I want to send a letter to all my relatives and friends through the columns of The Messenger. It is an impossibility to write to each one individually.

Until yesterday I had been connected with the regimental supply warehouse, as my battalion has not been working as a special unit. Two days ago I got an order to report to my new captain and start this office going. As soon as we get organized I expect we will move up to the front.

Mail has been very scarce so far. I have received all told just six or seven letters. Yesterday was pay day and it was the first pay we received since February. We are given our liberty every night from five to nine. You can't drink a city dry in that time, so we all behave pretty well. I bought me a new Swiss wrist watch, as I broke my other one all to pieces before we left the states.

I can't think who of the Monticello boys are over here besides myself, unless it is Reuel Barlow. If you ever see this letter, Reuel, drop me a line. Who knows but what the Monticello Messenger may be the means of us meeting each other here.

New address: C. A. Bontly, Battalion Supply Sergeant, wagon supply train, 23<sup>rd</sup> Engineers. A. E. F.”

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Writing from 'somewhere in France,' under date of April 22, Sergt. Clarence A. Bontly, formerly of Monticello, and son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Bontly, of Madison, writes interestingly of his trip across the big pond and of incidents which have happened since his arrival 'over there.' Following a few preliminary remarks, his letter runs as follows:

“First of all I want to tell you of our trip across. It was simply great and I have never enjoyed anything quite so much. Sergt. McClure and I had a state room together, while the rest of the boys had to sleep down in the hold and had but two meals a day. We had our three meals a day, so you can see how lucky we were. They were a little different from the regular army meals, turkey and all customary trimmings being not unusual on the bill of fare.

While we were in the danger zone we had but two meals and a light lunch. We were required to wear our life belts, canteens, and all of our clothes, including our shoes, night and day. But we were never in any danger. The nearest thing to a 'sub' we saw was a school of sharks. We had fine weather and none of us were sea sick. I had to do look-out duty three hours out of twenty-four, being required to report every object I saw in the water.

I can't say how long the trip took us, but we went a long way out of our course. We struck some real hot weather during a portion of the trip and it was necessary then to keep the fan in our state room running all night long.

We arrived at a French port at 10 o'clock in the morning and left the boat about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We then marched to a camp outside the city, which is said to have been one used by Napoleon in his days. Supper was served at 10 o'clock. We slept on wooden slats, without any bed ticks or mattresses.

After spending two days there we came to our present quarters. We are staying in an old mill and sleep on a stone floor. I think that regimental headquarters will always be in this city, only our future quarters will probably be somewhat different. We haven't started our warehouse yet, but the supplies are now beginning to arrive. I think I will like it here, but give me the good old U. S. A., as this country is so far behind in everything.

Headquarters was on guard duty last Thursday and I was sergeant of the squad. It was my first experience as a guard. I am feeling fine and you shouldn't worry. I will be home either this next Christmas, or in a year from then, as I am of the opinion that the enemy will not be able to hold out much longer.

We have the privilege of sending a cablegram every week end at six cents a word, so I will cable you now and then to let you know how I am feeling.”

Sergt. Bontly's address is as follows: Sergeant C. A. Bontly, Regimental Headquarters, 23 Engineers, A. E. F., via New York.

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Mr. and Mrs. C. Bontly, 222 North Bassett street, Madison, formerly of Monticello, send The Messenger the following letter which they recently received from their son, Sergt. Clarence A. Bontly, with the 23<sup>rd</sup> Engineers, Wagon Train headquarters, in France. The letter was written August 17 and runs as follows:

“I received your letter dated July 20 yesterday and will answer right away. You must not get a lot of my mail because I write at least two letters every week. Of course I can't number my letters anymore as it is against the censor's rule so you can hardly tell if you miss any. I am getting most all of your letters but not in rotation. Some get here earlier than later letters. None of your mail has been censored, in fact I don't think they censor them at all.

I won't be able to write very many more letters from here because we expect to leave here shortly for the front. I rather hate to leave this place—we have been here so long that it almost seems like home when we think of leaving. I wish I could tell you where we are going, but I don't know exactly myself and if I did I couldn't tell, but it will be somewhere where there is plenty of real excitement. We will get our mules in a day or two and will travel overland. It will be about a ten day trip so you can bet I will be stiff at the end of the trip. We will see a good lot of the country by making the trip across the country.

I am enclosing those pictures I have been waiting for for a month or more. I think they are real good. I can just send personal pictures, but I wish you could see some of the other pictures I have. You know I have a Kodak album here with me and as soon as I get any made I paste them right in the book to keep them in as good shape as possible. I would not take a whole lot for it, either. I weighed myself the other day and tipped the scales at 154 pounds. I had on a sweater, but no coat.

A bunch of us drove out to a town about seven kilometers from here last Sunday to a big base hospital. I ran into a bunch of wounded men from the 127<sup>th</sup> Infantry which is the Wisconsin National Guard. I talked with several boys from Wisconsin but with just one from Madison. He was a Lieutenant in Company G. he said that there was a big bunch of Madison boys wounded at the hospital, but I didn't have time to find any the place was so big. He was leading them in a charge when a big '75' dropped in their midst and killed fifteen and wounded many. Many were shell shock and gas cases. Among the different gases, the mustard gas is the worst. That gas goes right through one's clothes and wherever you sweat it brings big blisters and festers the skin. Finally the skin gets black and stays that way. The tales the boys tell about the way the Germans fight are terrible. They chain men and even women to machine guns and they fight until they see they are lost and then they throw up their hands and shout Kamerad and expect our boys not to harm them after they have killed all our boys they could. And all kinds of other hideous ways of fighting.

I haven't heard from Louis yet.”

*End of page 52*

Is he still in Milwaukee? Do you get the copies of the Stars and Stripes I send? I sent a copy to the Democrat and one to the Messenger.

Thursday one of our men was drunk on duty and couldn't do his work. He was put under arrest and put under my charge. I set him to work on a pile of wood. Once when I had my back turned he got away. So I made the rounds of the cafes near camp and found him in one of them. I brought him back to camp to get his blankets and then took him out to one of the other camps and put him in the guard house. He was then court martialed. He was brought up for trial this morning and I just got through appearing as witness. I don't know what his sentence will be.

Well, I have a truck waiting for me to get some supplies so I will have to close."

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Sergt. Clarence A. Bontly, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Bontly, of Madison, formerly of Monticello, who has been with the 23<sup>rd</sup> Engineers' over there' for a number of months, was recently given a furlough of several days and that he spent the time in a truly enjoyable manner by the tone of his letter. In a letter to the editor of The Messenger he tells of his 'vacation' and also recites a bit of his war experience, all of which will be read with interest by his many friends in this vicinity. The letter was dated October 1 and runs as follows:

"This is a dark and dreary day, so makes a good day for writing letters, as things around the office are rather quiet at present. I haven't received a copy of the Messenger since we left Nevers, France, in the S. O. S. (Service of Supplies), but they will be coming along soon and certainly will be welcome. We have moved twice since we left Nevers. At our last camp, where we remained for a month, we lived in our 'pup' tents, but outside of the novelty of the thing, they are not very satisfactory. There was no place to keep your things and, of course, it rained every day. Hard sleeping the first few nights, but we soon got used to that. Now we are in another camp, about six miles from there and are billeted in barracks.

I wish I could go into details and tell about some of the experiences I have been through and some of the sights I have seen, but it would only be a waste of time to write it, as it wouldn't pass the censor. Briefly, though I have seen flocks of forty aeroplanes flying over together; saw fights in the air between two, three and four aeroplanes; saw aeroplanes attack balloons (the observer jumps in his parachute and the balloon comes down in flames); had big shells whistle overhead and land a couple hundred yards away; had an aeroplane fly over and drop a bomb which lit 300 yards away and come right on towards us and drop another 150 yards away which failed to explode; had shrapnel from our own anti-aircraft shells, shooting at Boche planes directly overhead, fall all around me and a number of other experiences. It is great if one cares for excitement. Somehow I always did crave it.

I just returned last Thursday from a furlough to Aix les Bains. Aix les Bains is an old gambling resort as famous as Monte Carlo. It is situated in the French Alps. It is used now as one of the Leave Centers for the A. E. F. From the tops of one of the mountains you could see the border of France, Italy and Switzerland. I had a wonderful time while there, simply forgot I was in the army for the time being; stayed up as late as I wanted to and got up when I pleased. Also took in several theaters, dances, etc. In all I was gone thirteen days. Spent seven days at Aix les Bains and six traveling to and from.

Recall has just blown, so I will close and get ready for mess."

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Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Bontly received a very interesting letter the other day from their nephew, Sergt. C. A. Bontly, who is in France with the 23<sup>rd</sup> U. S. Engineers. The letter was dated Dec. 29<sup>th</sup> and is as follows:

"Just received a letter from mother telling about Burnett's death from the flu. I certainly am sorry to hear it and assure you that you have my deepest sympathy. The flu casualties in the states must certainly have been terrible; much more so than over here. In fact, we had very few cases in our outfit. I understand that there were more deaths from the flu in the states than there were men killed in the war.

At the present time we are not very busy, but up until the armistice was signed it was different. Then I opened my office at six in the morning and it would be at least eight at night before we got through with our work. Of course, we are all anxious to get back to the states. It hadn't ought to be more than two or three months at the most before we start back. I for one am ready. The 23<sup>rd</sup> Engineers were among the first 300,000 troops in France. The regiment is and has been scattered all over France. The different places Engineer Wagon Train Headquarters has been located are Nevers, Belleville, Reserie on Haye, Mars la Tour and Souilly, where we are now. At present our battalion and regimental headquarters are together for the first time since we have been over here.

We have dry and comfortable office rooms and barracks. When we were at Mars la Tour we had the prize quarters. We were billeted in a house the Germans occupied. Two of the rooms were used for the offices, one for the dining room and the rest were sleeping quarters for the officers and men. Everything was just as the Huns left it. Each room had electric lights, fire places, swell furniture and great big mirrors. But we were due for good quarters as we had our turn sleeping in the rain and mud in pup tents.

I had one furlough of thirteen days which I spent at Nancy, Lyon, Dijon and Aix les Bains. I think I sent you all a card from there. I am due for another furlough the middle of January and intended to visit Paris and Nice but have partly given it up, because if we get moving orders for the states I will have too much work to do getting everybody's clothing account straightened out.

It is raining very hard outside and has been ever since last Sunday. Can't go outside unless we wear our raincoats and rubber hip boots. We certainly have reasons to be thankful for the way the government has taken care of us in regard to clothes and, in fact, everything.

Well, I have a few more letters to write this afternoon, so will bring this letter to a close. Hope this finds you all in the best of health, as it leaves me."

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Sergt. Clarence A. Bontly, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Bontly, of Madison, returned to his home last week after fifteen months of service overseas. He was connected with the 23<sup>rd</sup> Engineers and received his discharge at Camp Mills, L. I. (June 1919)

*End of page 53*

## FRED AEBLY

Frederick Aebly, son of Mr. and Mrs. Melchior Aebly, one of the Monticello boys to arrive in France a few weeks ago, writing to friends here under date of October 8, gives an interesting account of his voyage across the big pond and his impressions of France. He is with Co. E, 64th Infantry, which includes two other Monticello boys, Arnold Zumkehr and George Armstrong. "We are all getting along O. K.," he says. The letter follows:

"Will now try and answer your most welcome letter, which I received a few days ago. It sure always seems good to get word from dear, old faraway home, especially in these trying times. I received seven letters the day yours came, so you see the folks back home haven't forgotten me yet.

Well, it is now almost six weeks since we left the dear old U. S. A. It was quite a trip across the big pond. You haven't the least idea of the size of this sheet of water and it sure isn't very pleasant to be out when there is a high gale, at which times the waves mount so high that they look like good-sized Wisconsin hills. When one of these waves hits the ship, it gives you a feeling as if the whole thing was going to turn turtle. The ship will raise and lower about twenty feet on the ends. I was slightly sick for two days, but never had an inclination to feed the fish. Some of the men were taken sick after being out only a few hours.

I had the honor of sailing on one of Uncle Sam's largest transports. The average person has no idea of the capacity of one of these ships. It is certainly enormous. Wish you could see and explore the insides of one of them; they're so large a person can almost lose himself.

France is a pretty country in some places and the soil is very productive. Good crops are raised as a general rule. One thing I have never seen here is a corn field. I guess the climate is too cool here.

It has rained nearly every day since I arrived here. I used to read and hear quite a bit about sunny France, but I have experienced very little sunshine as yet. I don't know whether it is just because the war clouds are hanging low over the country, or whether it is that way all the time.

People are great for wine over here. No matter where you go, you will see vineyards. Farmers her nearly all live in small villages which are not very far apart. Every farmer goes out in the early morning to do his work and in the evening he returns to the village again. The villages here are all built of stone, many of the houses being several hundred years old. These villages are all surrounded by a high stone wall, which were used in war time as a sort of protection from invasion.

I wish you could see the railroad trains in use here; you would certainly be as amused at the sight as I was. When I saw the first one I thought a peanut wagon was coming down the line. In the states we haul as much on one freight car as they do on ten over here. The country seems to be several hundred years behind the states as far as progress is concerned.

The wagons here are mostly two-wheelers and one horse is hitched in front of the other, the 'driver' most always leading them. I saw plows here with wooden mould-boards on them; guess they must have been used in Noah's time.

I expect you are buying some Liberty Bonds by now. Well, you can all help win in that way, although there is nobody that makes the sacrifices the soldiers do. I have never been at the front yet, but at the same time I could tell you a nice little story of my experiences. I think the war will be over before very long. The way things look now I guess the Kaiser will soon be canned.

Arnold Zumkehr and George Armstrong are still with me and we are getting along O. K. We all send our best regards to our friends back home.

Will send my address, which is:

Private Frederick Aebly, Co. E, 64th Infantry, American E. F. If any of my friends care to write me I would be pleased to hear from them."

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Within the past week the editors of The Messenger had the pleasure of receiving a long and interesting letter from Private Fred Aebly, a Monticello boy, who has been in France since September with Co. E, 64th Infantry, 7th division. In the letter he relates many of his experiences in connection with his army life since landing 'over there,' all of which will be read with interest by his many friends among the readers of The Messenger. The letter was dated at Villers en Haye, France, March 19, and is as follows:

"Will now try and drop you a few lines to let you know that I am still among the living and in good health; something for which we all ought to feel thankful when the hardships and exposures we have experienced are taken into consideration. Recently I received a few copies of your valuable paper and they were certainly most welcome, as news from home is a rare treat when one is 5,000 miles away.

We recently received our first service stripe, which means that we have served our first six months overseas. We landed in the harbor of Brest on the morning of Sept. 4, after which we marched to an old army cantonment about five miles from the city, where Napoleon is said to have trained part of his army. We remained here two days to rest up, as it is called a rest camp. Most of the boys who have had the experience of being there, however, would call it by some other name.

From this camp we hiked back to Brest again on a hot September morn. After a wait of several hours in the hot sun we had our first experience in riding in what goes by the definition of 40 Hommes and 8 Chevaux, or in plain American language freight or box cars with a capacity of 40 men or 8 horses. After riding the cushions for two days and two nights we finally landed somewhere south of Paris, near a place called Anc? La Franc, where we were stationed for a period of three weeks. We received our final training there and were then transferred to Deuleourd, which is in Lorraine. Here is where we got our first real experience in hiking. We arrived at our destination at 11 o'clock at night and then started off for camp with full pack—weighing 80 to 110 pounds—arriving in camp the following morning at 7 o'clock. We remained in this camp two days and then started on a ten mile hike to Avrainville. Here we were greeted by the first whizz-bangs sent over by the Heinies, but we were all fortunate enough to escape being hurt by any of them.

At this place we remained about one week, getting better acquainted with Fritz from day to day, as he kept on sending us greetings almost more regular that one would get his meals.

From Avrainville we were sent into the support trenches, started on our hike at 8 o'clock on the night of Oct. 1 and keeping it up until 5 o'clock the next morning. In the support trenches we relieved part of the 90th division. It was our first lesson in trench life and dug-outs, the latter being a great place to take refuge in when the 'whizz-bangs' begin coming over at frequent intervals. This was on the Metz front, near the city of Pont-à-Mousson. We were in this sector for nearly two weeks—one week in support and one week on the front line. Here we came to know the meaning of real artillery barrage, as Fritz sure tried to slip one over on us. It wasn't much of a success however, as the Yanks sent four shells back to every one he sent over, and as a result the enemy usually had to retreat.

After two weeks on this front we were taken back of the lines for about a week and held in reserve, during which time we received further instructions in the use of hand grenades, rifle grenades and automatic rifles. All very efficient in modern warfare.

On November 9th we started on another record hike, covering a distance of about thirty miles in about twelve hours, finally arriving on what is known as the Thiaccourt sector, about twenty miles south-west of Metz. Arriving on this front on Nov. 10th, our battalion went 'over the top' across No Man's Land on the following afternoon, capturing three enemy machine guns and a number of prisoners. On the next morning, Nov 11, which was the day the armistice went into effect, we were waiting for orders to go over again, but instead got orders to cease all firing at 11 a.m.

Naturally the cessation of hostilities created a better feeling throughout the whole world, for it was the first real step toward world peace and democracy, complete victory for the allied nations and positive defeat for the autocratic Kaiser. And for this favorable ending the whole world has the U. S. A. to thank, for had we gotten into the conflict six months later, I think it would have resulted in a victory for the Kaiser.

The Americans sure played a wonderful part in the war. It was up to them to finish the job and they certainly made good. Our resources and supplies were unlimited and our army second to none, even though the Kaiser thought it would take three years to train an army.

The Americans didn't go to the bother of digging many trenches, which required an endless amount of labor and time. When the Americans made an advance they generally looked for cover in a place which required the least amount of labor, usually by digging a small trench just large enough to protect them from bullets and flying pieces of shrapnel. This is one reason why the Americans advanced so rapidly.

A gas attack is about the most dreaded thing in connection with warfare. In a good many of these attacks they send over what is termed sneezing gas. This causes a sneezing spell so that a soldier is often unable to keep his gas mask on. Then the poison gas gets in its deadly work. The casualties from gas are very large. I experienced but one gas attack and then I was lucky enough so that I didn't have to wear my mask more than half an hour.

I have been in several different artillery barrages, but always came through unharmed. Certainly most fortunate when I consider the comrades who were killed, wounded or gassed along side of me. The average person has no idea of the great destruction caused by a real artillery barrage. I have seen places in open fields where the shells hit so close together that it had almost the appearance of a checker board. In wooded sections I have seen many places where trees all the way from eighteen inches to four feet in diameter were leveled to the roots and large tract of timber where not a tree is left standing with a limb on it. It reminded me of a cornfield in the states, after a hail storm had passed through and left nothing standing but the stalks.

The aeroplane is another implement of warfare that also proved very effective. Thousands of photographs were taken from these planes and many enemy positions were located by studying the pictures. They were also largely used for observing attacks during a battle, for bombing enemy positions and in numerous other ways. I have seen holes made by aeroplane bombs that were large enough to place a good sized building in, some 20 to 30 feet in depth.

The Germans were the first to use barbed wire entanglements with very good results. Millions of feet of this wire is strung all over the invaded portion of France. One would think it impossible for a human being to get through these entanglements. The French thought it was impossible to do so but after the Americans came over here with their superior artillery the Germans, in many instances, had to retreat through their own entanglements. In several instances the Germans gave the Americans high praise for their ability putting over a real barrage. I know of one instance where a German officer, who had been captured said he had never in all his war experiences, witnessed a barrage equal to the one the Yanks put over. Some barrage, he exclaimed.

"The total number of motor vehicles used in the war was 120,000 and they were invaluable in transporting food, munitions and supplies.

"The Germans were extremely systematic in everything, even the trenches being equipped with all kind of conveniences. In many places they had running water, up-to-date bathing facilities, electric lights, modern living rooms with fine furniture, etc. These rooms were all underground and built of reinforced concrete, making them shell proof to a certain extent. Some were thirty feet below the surface of the earth. The Yanks didn't spend much time or energy in providing such quarters; if they had the war would not be ended for a long time to come.

"The machine gun is an effective weapon for keeping 'em from coming over. They are geared up to 500 shots a minute and one man can do the work of 200 men armed with the ordinary service rifle. You can imagine what one is up aganst when he attempts to capture one of them,

"I am still with the 64th infantry of the 7th division, which is a regular army outfit. Have been with the same division ever since joining it at El Paso, Texas. To the extent of my knowledge there are only three Monticello boys in this division—'Noldy' Zumkehr, George Armstrong and myself. We were all in the same company up to a short time ago, but Zumkehr and Armstrong have out on detached service with the division supply train. I think they will both be back in my company.

I see them occasionally and they are both well and looking good.

"I see that some of the boys are back home and are again enjoying civil life. All of the boys are naturally anxious to get back to the states and you can't blame them, for I think they have all fulfilled the part that was asked of them. I don't know when we will be home, but trust it will be soon. This is a regular army division. I see that the regular army will make up the army of occupation and it is hard to tell when we will get back home, unless they relieve the drafted men and return them with some other division,

"We are located here in a small town about thirty miles from Nancy. We sure have plenty of 'bookoo' or rainy weather here. I sure would like to get acquainted with the chap who invented the phrase, Sunny France.' I think most of the boys from the states would call it something else, as it rains almost continuously. "The winters, are very mild, with but very little snow, and it seldom freezes more than six inches."



## **Remaining Members of Co. H Reach Home Saturday**

The returning heroes of Co. H, 127 infantry, who as a part of the 32nd division figured in making some of the high lights in the history of the world war 'over there,' were given a rousing ovation upon their return to Monroe last Saturday evening. The boys received their discharge at Camp Grant late in the afternoon and were conveyed to Monroe in automobiles, the returned soldiers reaching the county seat about 10 o'clock.

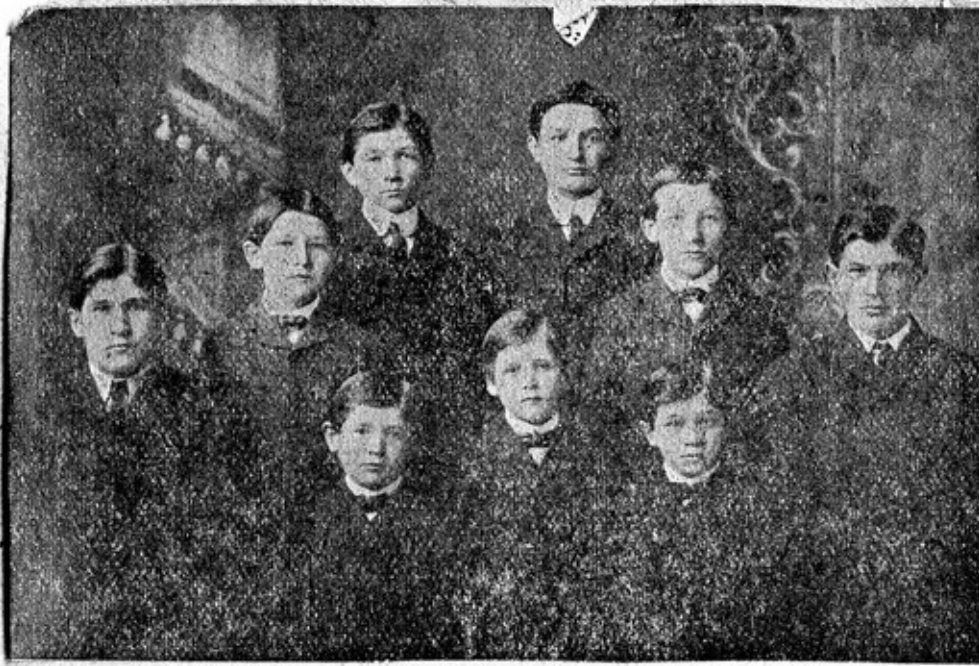
When the veterans reached the city they were met at the East school house by the Eighth Regiment band, Company I, the Monroe Fire department and a large delegation of returned soldiers. Headed by the band which played 'On Wisconsin,' the parade passed up Russell street to the square where the noise of the cheering thousands all but drowned the strains of music.

Everybody was as tickled to see and greet the bronzed warriors from 'over there' as were the heroes to be back to old Green county and the rousing welcome that awaited them on every hand can better be imagined than described.

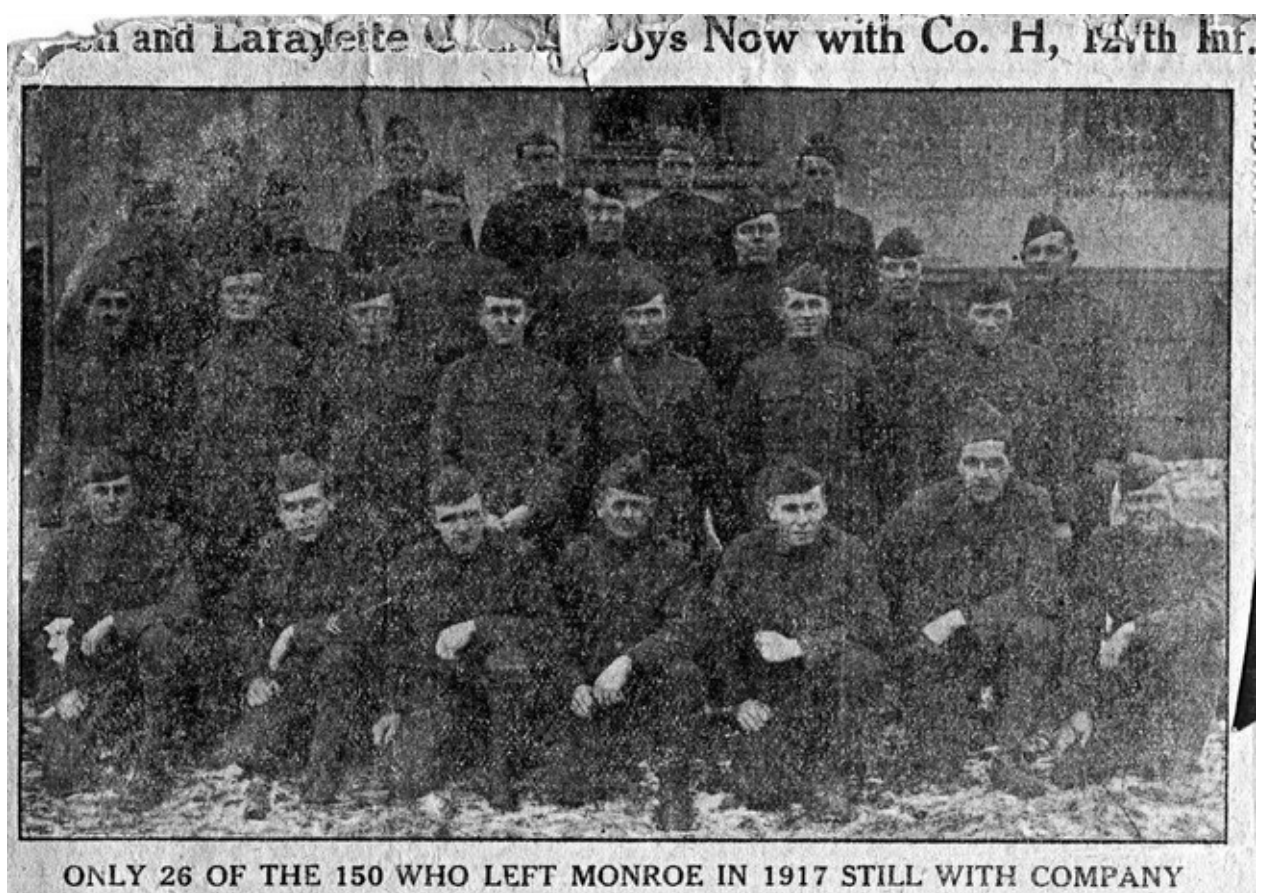
No formal reception was held, as it was known that all the men wanted to get to their respective homes with as little delay as possible.

The roster of the company follows:

Capt. A. E. Mitchell, Monroe  
Lieut. LaVerne E. Deal, Monroe  
First Sergt. Max Voelkli, Monroe  
Mess Sergt. Albert Ryser, Monroe  
Sergt. Charles Buckingham, Blanchardville  
Sergt. Edward Peters, New Glarus  
Sergt. Sam Amstutz, Monticello  
Sergt. Oren Hendrickson, Blanchardville  
Sergt. Arthur Jaggi, Monroe  
Sergt. Abe Ladon, Chicago  
Corp. Garfield Johnson, Blanchardville  
Corp. Jul Dovre, Blanchardville  
Corp. Walter Bell, Darlington  
Corp. Robert Babler, Monroe  
Corp. Fred Mueller, Monroe  
Mech. William Timmons, Monroe  
Mech. Emil Boesch, Monroe  
Mech. Thomas Disch, New Glarus  
Cook Tim Luchsinger, New Glarus  
Private August Lehnerr, Blanchardville  
Pri. Tim McGinty, Darlington  
Pri. Charles Pickett, Mineral Point  
Pri. Lincoln Smith, Blanchardville  
Pri. Edward King, Darlington  
Pri. Calgero Costa, Monroe



1918  
Mrs Magdalena Miller's  
Sons in Service.  
Six sons in France and  
two sons in Camp Service.  
Three sons died in service  
in France. Monroe, Wis.



Of the 150 odd soldiers who left Monroe with Co. H on the morning of August 2, 1917, on the first lap of their journey to Germany, the twenty-six boys shown in the picture are all that are still with the company. Several of the boys were killed in action, others died of disease and still others were transferred to other units for various reasons.

The picture is a reproduction of a photograph taken last month and was forwarded by Sergt. Sam Amstutz to his sister, Mrs. Henry M. Marty, of this village.

Co. H is a part of the 127th infantry, a unit of the 32nd division, which has won unstinted praise on every hand for its gallantry in action.

The barred-arrow symbol of unusually distinguished military service adorns the arm of every member of this renowned division. It was chosen by the commanding general because the 32nd pierced every line the Germans put before it.

The twenty-six soldiers appearing in the picture are as follows:

First row, kneeling, left to right—Sergt. Amstutz, Monticello; Corp. Johnson, Blanchardville; Priv. Lenherr, Blanchardville; Mech. Bosch, Monroe; Sergt. Voekli, Monroe; Sergt. Ryser, Monroe; Sergt. Hendrickson, Blanchardville;

Second row—Mechanic Disch, New Glarus; Priv. McGinty, Darlington; Corp. Doore, Blanchardville; Sergt. Buckingham, Blanchardville; Lieut. Deal, Monroe; Sergt. Jaggi, Monroe; Priv. Pickett, Monroe.

Third row—Priv. Peoples, New Glarus; Priv. King, Darlington; Priv. Smith, Blanchardville; Corp. Bell, Blanchardville; Priv. Lunda, Argyle; Mechanic Timmons, Monroe; Priv. Luchsinger, New Glarus.

Fourth row—Corp. Mueller, Monroe; Corp. Babler, Monroe; Priv. Sullivan, Darlington; Mechanic Albright, Monroe; Priv. Costa, Monroe.

### Many Casualties In Company H.

Mr. F. B. Luchsinger has received a letter from Captain Mitchell, written Nov. 24 which has some interesting information.

He says he figured the casualty list of Company H to be 289 men and 9 officers. The original company numbered 250 men and that figure has seen new men taking the places of those in casualty lists. In a recent letter he stated there were only eight of the original company with him.

He reports the company was in the line of battle and under fire for 18 days in what is known as the Fesmes battle. Captain Mitchell said one afternoon in the battle he established a firing line with one sergeant, one corporal and 11 privates. That night he was given 40 men and two lieutenants.

Capt. Mitchell was gassed and sent to Portiers in Southern France, where he recuperated at a base hospital.

He encountered, after recovery, one of his lieutenant who carried many wounds. The same shell that wounded this officer killed Sergeant Amstutz of Monticello and Corp. McCann of Shullsburg, members of Co. H.

1918—1919

### High Lights in Career of Thirty-Second Division (from the Divisional History)

Six months under fire—May to November 1918—with but 10 days in rest area.

Fought on five fronts, in three major offensives—Aisne-Marne, Oise-Aisne and Meuse-Argonne.

Losses—15,000 men killed, wounded and missing in action.

Met and vanquished 23 German divisions, from which 2,153 prisoners were captured.

Captured 2,000 rifles, 200 machine guns, 100 pieces of artillery and thousands of rounds of ammunition of all kinds.

Gained 38 kilometers in four attacks and repulsed every enemy counter-attack.

First American troops to set foot on German soil—in Alsace; captures Fismes in Marne offensive; fought as only American unit in General Mangin's famous Tenth French Army; twice in the line in Argonne-Meuse offensive, fighting continuously for 20 days and penetrating the Kriemhilde-Stellung.

In action when armistice was signed, marched with Third Army to the Rhine and occupied a sector in the Coblenz bridgehead.

Composed of Wisconsin and Michigan National Guardsmen; insignia, a red arrow, signifying that the division shot through every line the Boche put before it. Commanded by Major-General William G. Hann and Major-General William Lassiter.

H company is now with the Third Army of Occupation. They call themselves "Mahan's Circus." after Gen Mahan, commanding the 32nd Division and 'circus' because they make only 'one night stands.'—Monroe Journal.