

Telluride News Letter

The following letter from Stuart Walcott was received by Grant Moore too late for publication in the last News Letter. On December 11th, Stuart was killed while flying in France. The reports are that he pursued a German machine over the line and got his man, but was over-taken and shot down by two Germans who followed him. By Stuart's death the first gold star is added to the forty-odd regular stars in the Telluride Service Flag.

In the following letter, the Association members who knew Stuart will recognize familiar characteristics. He spent fully one-half his space in belittling the part he is taking in the war, and yet ended his letter by saying how well he is satisfied with his place in the service. Later events have shown the part he was really taking in the war, where Stuart got into the work in exactly the way the Association men who knew him would have expected.

The Association recognizes a very grave loss to the service and to itself in Stuart's death. We regret that we can do no more at this time, than to assure his family, every member of which is now in the service, of our appreciation of Stuart, and of them, and of our sincere sympathy.

His letter follows:—

Morgan Harjen & Company,
31 E. L. D. Haussmann, Paris.
October 9th, 1917..

Dear Jennie:—

Your letter from the wilds of Wisconsin came to me here at Pan like a hand stretched out from the past I had though never to see again, for Pan, France, seems an awfully long way from Telluride Association.

But to answer your question; my permanent address in France is the above which will last till something happens to me, or Kaiser Bill. My permanent home address is: Care C. D. W., Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

To get down to autobiography: Easter Sunday was my last day at Princeton, but when graduation day came along, they tell me my name was read off with the rest. After a few weeks deciding what to do, loafing, making plans, saying good-bye, traveling, sailing the high seas, seeing Paris and signing papers, I found myself on the 10th day of June at the Ecole d'Aviation Militaire of Avard, France, a second-class soldier in the Foreign Legion of the French Army, about to learn to fly. Bennett Molter, who may be known to some of the old timers, was just finishing there and has since completed his training as a pilote de chasse and is now, I believe, at the front. Descriptions of French aviation training have been so often published—notably Jim Hall's "High Adventure" in the Atlantic Monthly—that I will not try to picture it. After an interesting if uncomfortable summer, I was breveted on the 6th of September and thereby became a corporal and pilot. Shortly after I left Avard and the seventy-five Americans there who are learning to fly in the French Army. They are gradually transferred to our own army with a prospect of a commission when breveted.

At Pan, one is changed from a flyer into a military aviator. There is a great deal of work on machine guns, conferences on conditions at the front and advanced flying, including aerobacy. All this marvelous work in the air is terribly hard to contemplate doing, but once it's done, there's not much to it. Like everything else, it is hard to do really well and everyone can't be a Navarre. But my former, and the general, impression that an aviator is a superman with an iron nerve, is quite wrong. For if you could see some of the specimens that are going to defend France in the air! To be very conservative in my statements, some of us are decidedly ordinary persons. It's true that they, that is flyers, get killed now and then, but it's war time, so why not? A flyer in time of peace is a bit of a reckless fool like a racing driver, but now he's just got a very good job in the army.

Best regards,

B. STUART WALCOTT.

Telluride News Letter

JANUARY 15th, 1918.

Vol. IV.

No. 7

Compiled at Provo, Utah, by J. B. Tucker

FOREWORD

Our first word is a warning. Because we come out in a blue cover and with regular printers' ink is to be taken as no indication that we have also added dignity to the sheet. There are two reasons for the change from the old mimeographed form: First we have received such a quantity of good material that it would be awkward to make a mimeographed booklet of sufficient size to contain it, and second, if such a booklet were made, the heavy mimeograph paper would weigh so much that first class postage would be expensive.

With such a number of the members shifting from place to place in the service, and with many over-seas, it is necessary to send mail first class. Therefore, we found it cheaper to print than to mimeograph, and you will find the News Letter to be the same old sheet, composed of two short reports from Association officers, and the entire remainder in letters and information from the fellows themselves.

We might go further and say that in our opinion, you will find some mighty good reading in the following pages, and that few papers have an editorial or reporting staff in positions where they can get the first hand information in the way that our staff of "specially trained correspondents" get it. And if we go further along this same strain, we should sincerely thank the contributors to this number. Most of them are in a position where it is inconvenient, if not difficult to write, and we certainly appreciate the messages they have sent.

There have been many requests to the editor of this number for copies of the preceding number of the News Letter, which was gotten out by Grant Moore. Jenny mailed a copy of this issue to each member of the Association, but he had no copies left over. If you have not received yours, you are out of luck, and can only cuss the postal service and hope to borrow one from some other member. I have already loaned mine. We are having a few extra copies printed for this number and can furnish a copy to members who have theirs lost in the mails.

—o—o—o—

THE NEXT NUMBER

The next number of Telluride News Letter will be compiled and edited by Paul Jones, 1410 Vigo Street, Vincennes, Indiana. Mr. Jones expects to get this number out about March 15th, 1918. He is entirely dependent upon Association members for material and re-

quests that contributions, letters or any information of interest to Associatoin members be sent to him before March 15th.

Following Paul Jones, David Wegg, 706 Walker Bank Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, will edit a number. Any contributions which are too late for the issue gotten out by Paul Jones, should be sent to Dave Wegg at the above address.

—o—o—o—
A SERVICE FLAG

A movement has been started toward procuring a service flag for Telluride House at Ithaca, New York and one also for Deep Springs, California. No appropriation has been made for such purpose and contributions up to the sum of one dollar may be made by any member or any alumni member, to W. L. Biersach, Provo, Utah.

—o—o—o—

HISTORIAN'S RECORD

Mr. David Wegg, Historian of Telluride Association, is making a systematic effort to keep an accurate and reliable record of the whereabouts of Association members—especially of those members who are now in the service.

This is a work of importance, it being very necessary that the Association keep in touch with each member and that they be able to get in communication with him if the need should arise. Such a record, while always desirable, is practically indispensable under present conditions—with about half of our membership scattered over America and Europe in the service. The only way in which such a record can accurately be kept is for each member to drop a card to David Wegg immediately upon a change of address, and Dave requests that this be done. His address is 706 Walker Bank Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. Dave has been refused admission to the service because of his rheumatism, and his address will be permanent.

A compliance with his request will assure each member that all issue of the News Letter and all announcements will be mailed to him—and it will certainly be in the line of duty to the Association and to other members.

—o—o—o—

F. C. NOON CHANCELLOR TELLURIDE ASSOCIATION, PROVO,
UTAH, JAN. 3rd, 1918.

The 1917 convention made only three appropriations for scholarships, namely: J. R. Numbers, Jr., Allan Curtiss and A. E. Flowers. The custodians have since made appropriations for R. F. Hamilton, Benson, Landon, Jr., and F. L. Ogorsby, and in addition have appropriated a small amount, not in excess of \$200.00, for educational assistance to prospective members. Landon took up the

study of law, but withdrew to enter the navy, so that, on January 2, the following members were carrying on regular school work.

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|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. R. R. Crichton | 8. J. R. Numbers, Jr. |
| 3. C. W. Dunn | 9. John W. Olmsted |
| 3. C. W. Dnuu | 10. F. L. Osgerby |
| 4. R. F. Hamilton | 11. T. F. Stacy |
| 5. Ralstone R. Irvine | 12. G. O. Whitecotton |
| 6. Goodwin Knight | 13. W. D. Whitney |
| 7. J. E. Meehan | 14. Merrill Wrench |

National service has drawn heavily upon the membership and I am not certain that a complete list is available. Without attempting to classify, the following will give an approximate idea of those in the various branches.

ARMY

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Bonnett, E. C. | 17. Lamb, H. R. |
| 2. Bonnett, Stanley | 18. Larson, O. L. |
| 3. Burlase, L. H. | 19. Lathop, L. H. |
| 4. Clark, D. A. | 20. Maguire, W. H. |
| 5. Clark, O. R. | 21. Monroe, H. P. |
| 6. Cone, W. L. | 22. Owen, H. P. |
| 7. Culbertson, W. B. | 23. Parker, M. R. |
| 8. Edwards, L. R. | 24. Pollock, G. B. |
| 9. Evans, R. J. | 25. Ross, A. A. |
| 10. Fournier, L. n. | 26. Scott, B. G. |
| 11. Fruit, R. W. | 27. Valantine, V. W. |
| 12. Graessle, H. D. | 28. Van Etten, J. C. C. |
| 13. Grandy, C. C. | 29. Walcott, S. S. |
| 14. Johnson, E. M. | 30. Warneke, P. N. |
| 15. Johnson, O. V. | 31. Whitecotton, J. A. |
| 16. Kinney, W. C. | 32. Wight, E. T. |

NAVY

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Draper, J. T. | 3. Landon, Benson Jr. |
| 2. Houtz, E. L. | 4. McHale, M. A. |

AVAIATION

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Beck, D. H. | 3. Sweeney, L. A. |
| 2. Buckler, D. A. | 4. Squires, J. C. |

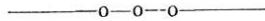
To this list should be added B. Stuart Walcott, who gave himself for "the one great cause" on December 11, 1917.

Rumor reports that others are in the service and an effort is being made to compile a complete and accurate record. If you have information regarding others please send it to David Wegg. Every effort is being made to secure and maintain an accurate address list and a post card sent to Wegg whenever you change your address, will insure delivery of the News Letter.

Educational work under the direct control of the Association is being conducted at Deep Springs. A cottage and dining hall are com-

plete and the library end of main building has been temporarily fitted up to serve as sleeping quarters and library, pending the completion of the structure. School work under the direction of Dean Thornhill was started January 2nd with W. G. Burgin as instructor and the following students:

- 1. Ashley, Carlyle
- 2. Davis, Sherlock
- 3. Dunn, Chester
- 4. Holmes, James
- 5. Jefferies, Verdi
- 6. Mecham, E. J.
- 7. Reish, Herbert
- 8. Welti, Walter
- 9. Whitecotton, G. O.
- 10. Winship, Charles
- 11. Wrench, Merrill.



W. L. BIERSACH—TREASURER, PROVO, UTAH, JAN. 23, 1918

The one important business transaction which has occurred since the 1917 convention was the purchase by the Telluride Association of a one-half interest in the Wyoming Electric Company property at Casper, Wyoming, which was accomplished last August, and in September Mr. E. P. Bacon was appointed manager and immediately took up his duties as such. Recently the power plant of the Natrona Electric Company, the competitive company at Casper, was destroyed by fire, since when the system of the Wyoming Electric Company has been carrying the entire load which is under restrictions of a public safety committee. Our system is handling the situation splendidly and can continue to do so until the Natrona Company has succeeded in getting its plant into service.

The Custodians have granted scholarships as follows:

Robert F. Hamilton	\$150.00
F. L. Osgerby	300.00
Benson Landon, Jr.	175.00
Goodwin Knight	100.00

In December Landon notified us that he had dropped school work and joined the naval reserve training school for officers of the navy. He had received but \$75.00 of his scholarship up to that time, therefore the remaining \$100.00 of it reverted back to the general fund for reappropriation by the Custodians.

Thus far the income of the Association has met the amount which was anticipated it would during the year 1917-18. The properties in which the Association has interests are operating in a satisfactory manner, all things considered.

I would urge that all members keep us informed as to their addresses from time to time. There is scarcely a day goes by that a communication is not held up because of uncertain address of some member.

Greetings to all of you,

W. L. BIERSACH,
Manager and Treasurer.

PROFESSOR GEORGE L. BURR—ITHACA NEW YORK, DEC. 22

Cornell University,
Saturday, December 22, 1917.

Dear Telluriders:

It is now two or three weeks since I promised Mr. Tucker to write you something for the News Letter. Alas, I have been so busy with the war work—first the "war chest," then the Red Cross "Christmas Drive," then the newly organized "Civilian Relief" of the Red Cross—not to mention the incidental duties of teacher and librarian or the lofty functions of a corporal of the Home Guard (now the State Guard), that it is not 'till this minute, on the first day of vacation, that I actually take pen in hand. Happily, Mr. Tucker absolved me from any thing more serious than a letter of news and chat.

News is the cheapest commodity going nowadays; but, ah me, it is all war news. Even the Telluride men still here are here on war errands. Oh, no, there's Stacy. His instructorship at Sibley has, I think, no relationship to the war except that it was the war that created the need of him. Short-handed enough they are at Sibley this year, even with his help. Worn, who was there until two or three weeks ago, has now completed his work for graduation and has hied him back to the ship yards at Wilmington, Delaware, whither "Red" Diedrichs had gone before him, and where John Collyer already was. Othus is still here, but as an instructor in the "Cornell School of Military Aeronautics," which occupies Schoellkopf and the great Drill Hall, and one sees him about resplendent in uniform. Percy Clark was there, too (since his return from the ambulance work in Europe) till the other day; but he has now followed his brother, "Pink" to the Aviation School in Texas, from which, I fear, they will soon send him over-seas. Carroll Whitman, too, is here, an uneasy ghost, working hard as a speaker for Liberty Loan and War Chest and other war activities, and still pondering as to whether he will go to the Pacific Coast with his mother or get somehow into the war. He alone (with Burnt and Burnt's nephew) is still at the Telluride House. I am not quite sure even as to Burnt; but I think the figure in overalls I saw yesterday shoveling snow out of the porte cochiere must have been he.

That's all there are left of us here; but Irvin Scott, if he passes at Salt Lake his examinations for the School of Aviation, will be here before long. He was to take them just about now, and I think there will be no trouble about his being ordered here, since he wishes it. He has been very busy since leaving Deep Springs Valley, getting everything into order for his mother's comfort at Provo. But you will all have heard from him.

The last from whom I have heard is Jack Hoyt. He writes me (Dec. 11th) from the "Camp Ordnance Depot" at Charlotte,

North Carolina, to report his success in the Ordnance Department. He is now Ordnance Sergeant, the highest position to be reached by an enlisted man in the Ordnance Service, and with a salary large enough to live wholly "on his own," and only fears the end of the war may find him beyond the age limit for candidacy to the Association. It is he who tells me of the success of our boys at the Presidio—how Clark and Whitecotton and Benson Scott are now lieutenants, and Lamb their ranking officer. He wants to be remembered to all the boys who are here or within reach of my pen.

Oh, but I must tell of Christmas greetings just received from Captain Parker Monroe, now at Camp Dix in New Jersey, from Lieutenant and Mrs. Sidney Walcott, who write from Washington, D. C., and from Lieut. W. Carleton Kinney, who like Monroe, is at Camp Dix. Yes and here is a letter from Sid Howell—you all know Sid—now a First Lieutenant in Co. "I," 48 Infantry, guarding the Norfolk and Western railway near Norfolk, Virginia, and likely to be there until late spring. I hear, too, from the boys beyond sea—from Clayton Grandy and Elmer Johnson and Harold Owen—but their letters are weeks old now, and you doubtless have later tidings. Harold, of course, is with the engineers, and I am wondering if he could have been among those who gave so fine an account of themselves—and at such cost—before Cambrai a week or two ago. I wonder, too, if Clayton and Elmer stayed with the ambulance corps after its taking over by the United States army. How fast things move, when one only stops to think. Stewart Walcott's fate, how sad and yet how inspiring—I wish I had known hem. That reminds me, though, how we must hustle to get our census of the men and nurses from this county and to see that their applications for allowances and for war insurance, are in before the casualties multiply. Already the families of two soldiers—one ran away to enlist in Canada—are on our hands for help.

Peace seems quite as far off as ever, so far as I can see, though this is the season when dreams of it are most in evidence. Germany's "Christmas Terms", as reported, are more moderate than I expected; but the mailed glove is somewhere underneath. Yet on both sides I believe one can detect a growing willingness to listen.

A letter just received from Judge Putnam sends warm greetings to all the boys. How many such a greeting I have had for you in these months! Well, we are all very proud of you—of you who fight and of you who as yet plant or only "stand and wait". A man's work any where is only what a man makes of it. It is much to find a job worth while, but more to make the most of what one finds.

Heaven bless you all! Faithfully your friend,

GEORGE L. BURR.

TELLURIDE NEWS LETTER

9

GILBERT ANDERSON, 5819 HADFIELD STREET, PHILADELPHIA

The following letter from Andy was written to Mac Parker on October 4th, 1917—and Mac sent it on to the News Letter.

My Dear Mac:—

I was very glad to receive your letter of the third and to hear what you are doing.

I should like very much to join you, but am still working on my invention. At present I am making up drawings for a model and am in hopes of interesting a party to build this model if it does not cost too much. (An invention to cope with submarines.) I will have these drawings completed in a few days and will know whether or not he is going to take it up. If he does, of course I will be busy for some time to come ;otherwise I may be in a position to join you and may write regarding this within the next few days.

I cannot just call to mind any M. E.'s to whom I could refer you, but will call up Bob Edwards in the morning and see if he happens to know of any of the men at the Club who would like to go. I suppose you have written Davy.

I have not much news about myself to tell you, except perhaps that since you left I have changed jobs again and also my place of residence. While I was at the Midvale Steel Company I had a good position offered me with the Standard Roller Bearing Company designing automatic machinery. I accepted this position and found it very interesting work, but left there about two weeks ago to take up this work of my own.

I saw Fats, Davy and Butch some time back. At that time Butch spoke of going back to school. * * * *

Sincerely—ANDY.

—o—o—o—

LYNN H. BORLASE—CO. A III FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION CAMP,
BOWIE, FORT WORTH, TEXAS—OCT 4, 1917.

My Dear Moore:—

Of late I have heard very little of or from the Association or its members. I was rather surprised to hear from you but was very glad to hear that you were in a position to get out a News Letter.

On the seventeenth of last June I enlisted in Houston in the Signal Corps, Radio department. On August 5 we were called into service. We spent our first month in Houston and then were transferred to Camp Bowie, Ft. Worth. Since that time we have been learning all the tactics of soldiering. The experience that I got while with Mr. Nunn and Telluride Association has been of service to me with Uncle Sam and I have been appointed company electrical mechanic. I am now trying for master signal electrician.

We have had all of our equipment issued, and are becoming wireless experts. We expect to leave this country in the next two

or three months. Prior to my enlistment I was with Clark in Teague, Texas.

In a few days I expect to go to the Base Hospital for an operation, but will be on my feet in a month.

Sincerely,

LYNN H. BORLASE.

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STANLEY F. BONNETT—34th CO., 9th REG. MARINE BARRACKS,
QUANTICO, VA., DEC. 21, 1917.

The following letter from Stanley Bonnett was sent to Mr. Biersach, who has kindly allowed the News Letter to use it.

Dear Mr. Biersach:—

Received your letter and the minutes of 1917 convention, for which I thank you. I have not received a copy of the News Letter. If the News Letter could be sent to me I would appreciate it very much, as I would like to know where and what the different Association members are doing.

Probably you would be interested in knowing how we fellows in the Marine Corps are being cared for and what they are doing.

In many respects the physical and moral needs of the men in the service are being better looked after than is the case in civil life. Every day for a period of seven or eight hours we have been going thru a series of rigorous exercise, marching, maneuvering, manual of arms and other disciplinary practices. The camp has its Y. M. C. A. building which provides recreations and pleasures, when off duty. We have access to good reading material, music, lectures and entertainments of a variety. So you see, the lot of a soldier isn't as bad as it is supposed to be. (Especially on this side.)

As I stated, we have been training hard and now we are ready to enter the fight across the pond. We are scheduled to leave for France the first part of next month, and the way we now feel, we shan't fail to help "make the world safe for Democracy."

With best wishes for a Merry Xmas., I remain,

STANLEY F. BONNETT.

—o—o—o—

HAROLD COLE—851 CASS AVE., DETROIT, MICH, OCT. 15, 1917

Among other things, the Senator says:—

I am still employed by the Detroit-Edison Co. in the office of F. O. Reyneau, distribution engineer. I tried to get into the Second Officers Training Camp and was called in the first draft, but was turned down both places as physically unfit (defective eyesight), so must remain civilian and lend only moral and financial support to Uncle Sam to "make the world safe for democracy." Not to be entirely inactive, however, I have joined the Machine Gun Co., 50th Regt., Michigan State Troops (Home Guards) and can now sport a

khaki uniform at least. I am now saving up my pennies to go to the Cornell-Michigan game in Ann Arbor Nov. 10th. That's the big event of the year for Detroit-Cornelliens. I am very anxious to get news of the Telluride men in the service and also to hear of the progress of the Deep Springs project.

Sincerely,

HAROLD COLE.

— o — o — o —
WM. L. CONE, CO. 132, 33rd DIV., 166th DEPOT BRIGADE, CAMP
LEWIS, WASHINGTON, OCT. 17th 1917.

The following is quoted from a letter from Bill Cone:—

I left Park City the morning of Oct. 4th and have been here ten days. Jack Townsend is in my company, and I have also run into Bob Edwards, Warneke and Bonnett.

I'm feeling fine, but the change in climate has given me a bad cold. This company has just been issued part of our uniforms today. Until now we have been drilling in citizen's clothes, which were not picked with the idea of such use.

We have had continual foggy weather until yesterday, when it blew all day. This unpacked soil blew into our faces and stayed there and we looked more like miners than embryo soldiers.

It has reached the late hour of 8:30 p. m., so I must prepare my bed and get into it.

Sincerely,

WM. L. CONE.

— o — o — o —
BURNETT CULBERTSON—RECEIVING CO 25, BLOCK J 11,
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, DEC. 15th, 1917.

Since writing the following note, Cub has enlisted in the Quartermasters Corps, along with his younger brother, Lewis. From last reports he is in Jacksonville, Florida, and is strong for his work.
Dear Jim:—

Nothing at all interesting about myself. At present I am home on a short vacation, getting fattened mostly, prior to my enlistment in the army. I intend to enlist in the Engineering Corps.

Was in Casper, Wyo., recently. It looked like "Ye Olde Days" to see "Speed" Squires around a power station. From general appearance, the Wyoming Electric Co. will move to the top and prove a good investment.

Sincerely,

BURNETT CULBERTSON.

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H. N. DIEDRICHS—906 MADISON AVE., WILMINGTON, DELE-
WARE, JAN. 6th, 1918.

My Dear Jim:—

Have you anything to offer a couple of poor bums who are

far from all sources of information. Butch and I would like the last two issues of the News Letter.

He and I were graduated about a month ago and sent out into the cold, cruel world to carve out three squares a day, plus a place to flop our weary bones at night. Up to date we have been able to do that same, as Butch is now Superintendent of the Trade School for the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, which is building ships for the U. S. A. This school is turning out riveters, chippers, caulkers and shipfitters—all nice, gentle fellows. Butch likes to be known as the Dean of the College of Hard Knocks. I am the Employment Manager for the same outfit—another job where I come in close contact with these nice gentle Grizzlies.

By the way, how are you getting along? Have you your summer home and your brace of twin sixes, or is it still necessary for you to work?

Anyway, drop me a line and the News Letter.

Yours.

"DIED."

— o — o — o —

N. B. DINKEL, CARE DU PONT HOTEL, CITY POINT, VIRGINIA
NOV. 15, 1917.

My Dear Jim:

I guess I am the Last of the Mohicans. Of the little band which came to Virginia last year, I think I am the last of the "Old Guard" section of it who has not entered the service for Uncle Sammy, and I know I am the last to be left in Virginia.

After a brief sojourn in New York, where life doesn't exist under a temperature of \$50,000 per annum, I decided to get out before I froze to death, and just about that time the DuPont Company down here offered me something that looked good and I grabbed it and journeyed back to the sunshine of Virginia, where I have been ever since. We have a wonderful plant down here, Jim, said to be the largest guncotton plant in the world. It is not a "finishing plant," that is, no ammunition is made here, but only guncotton, the explosive constituent of nearly all shells, shrapnel, etc. Some idea of the size of the place may be obtained by its enormous production, something like three-quarters of a million pounds a day being made, and there were times when they were making ten million pounds a week. Frankly, I wish I were in a position to join the boys at the front, and possible I will soon, for the government doesn't believe my class of work is sufficiently vital to warrant my exemption from military service.

However, this is just a word to let you know where I am, in case you should be getting out that issue of the News Letter, which I hope you are. I miss the "boys" and the old days awfully, but it's

the fortunes of war—and other things.

As ever,

DINK.

—o—o—o—
JAMES DRAPER U. S. S. RICHMOND, NAVAL STATION, BOAT
SLIP, NORFOLK, VA., NOV. 20th, 1917.

Dear Jim:—

I today received the letter suggesting that I write the News Letter my impressions of the navy and life therein, so here goes:—

I haven't been in active service very long, only since August 10th, and haven't been to sea yet, but just the same, I have a bundle of ideas about the subject pro and con, and sometimes even think I could suggest improvements on some of their methods of doing business; to date, however, I have sedulously refrained from any and all advice to my superiors. If every man here aired his opinions, there would be "muttony."

I decided to go into the service while in Hopewell last spring, and went home to Chattanooga for the purpose of enlisting on June 15th, intending to go into the yeoman branch. I wanted to have a short visit with my people before leaving, so put off signing up for a few days, with the result that when I went up to be sworn in, they had that day received word to take no more yeomen. I enlisted as Apprentice Seaman then and was sent back home to await orders—and waited seven weeks, drawing my monthly \$32.60 meanwhile. Was called out August 8th and went into training at Camp St. Helena, Berkely, Virginia. After three weeks, I was rated Seaman 2d Class; November 1st, was made Seaman 1st Class, and day before yesterday I passed the Yeoman examination and received my appointment today. If nothing happens will leave here next Friday on a destroyer for the war zone.

I am told that life on a destroyer is very attractive, and am, therefore, looking forward to it with a great deal of pleasure. On those boats, the regulations are very lax as compared to those on a battleship: the crew is small, and one gets the opportunity to get acquainted with every one on board. Then, you don't hang around much. They are on the go most of the time, and when they start they don't lose any time. Some of them make over forty miles an hour.

Life here in the station is very dull. I had an opportunity to spend two years here, but didn't think I could stand it. One month of it was enough. There is small chance for promotion and one easily stagnates. I have been stationed on the U. S. S. Richmond, which is the receiving ship for this base. All sailors transferring from one ship to another, or from coast to coast, pass through here, and the personnel of the bunch often completely changes within the course of a week, with, of course, the exception of the regular crew.

We have plenty to eat, but it seems that every sailor in the station is afraid he won't get his share, and at meal time, every chap grabs his portion and growls. Once a week we have cabbage and I lay off one meal. I like my coffee with cream and without sugar. Here I get it with sugar and without cream. There was a time when I'd turn up my nose at beans or goulash, but not now. Anything looks good to eat to the general run of "gobs," which euphonious cognomen the vulgar public has dubbed us with.

We get liberty from three to five times a week and ever and anon, several hundred of the boys get on a rampage and clean up the town. A gang of a few hundred sailors is well nigh irresistible, too, believe me. As a rule, they are a pretty harmless lot, if given their own way.

It's mighty easy to get into trouble. The brig (jail) is full all the time. A man will get thirty days restriction from shore leave for being a few minutes tardy in returning from the same. One man here got five years for sleeping on watch. Two others got a year apiece for drinking the alcohol out of the compass. They were indicted on seven charges for this offense. It is almost impossible for a man to get promotion if he is in the habit of getting on report or serving time in the brig. So far, I've kept out. It pays. Sometimes they make you "take 'em and break 'em" and give you plenty of good wholesome bread and clear water. And then again, they will fine you three or six months' pay and put you on probation for the rest of your cruise.

I think there is only one other member of the Association in the navy and that is Marty McHale. I think he is on the Oklahoma as an electrician. I have tried to get in touch with him there, but have failed so far.

My health has been the best ever since I came into the service, and I have taken on some twenty pounds of flesh. A sailor thinks nothing of falling overboard in any kind of weather, and he is known as a "Boot" (rookie) until he is cold proof. Most of the boys go barefoot at their work in cold weather and don't seem to mind it in the least.

I have never received a copy of the News Letter, so if you will kindly mail me one, I shall be under lasting obligations to you. I heard a great deal about the last issue through other members, and if possible I should like to get a copy of it also.

If I am in France this winter, as I fully expect to be, I am going to make an effort to visit some of the boys in the trenches.

Well, Jim, I hope this finds you well and prospering. If any part of this is fit for publication in the News Letter, you are welcome to use it, but I shan't be mortally offended if you commit it to the waste basket.

Sincerely yours,
JIM DRAPER.

L. R. J. EDWARDS, CO. H, 362nd INFANTRY, CAMP LEWIS,
WASHINGTON—DEC. 9th 1917.

Bob is supply sergeant under Captain Bob Evans. He wrote an article on "Life in a Training Camp," in compliance with our request. We have been forced to withhold this article, because there is not sufficient room in this issue. It will appear in the next number.

—o—o—o—

ELWOOD HOUTZ—ON BOARD A TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER
IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL OR THEREABOUTS
DECEMBER 9th, 1917.

My Dear Reddo:—

Your letter of November 10th is flattering, to say the least, and I can see that you are laying the foundation for a successful career. You ask for what you need and since you have ordered it I suppose it is up to me to give you a weak line of heroic naval action.

To begin with, I would like to warn all Association members against sailing, or rather strafing, boats, on a coal-burning ship, Take an oil-burner. Coal will not run aboard in French ports, and French lighters are very deep.

My diary tells of days, and some notes count for minutes, of maneuvering, but after six months, a review of our work is one continuous round of strained back and strained eyes. At sea we are expected to get Fritz before he gets our precious "Sammies" and in port we are supposed to get coal before our next transports are ready to come thru the "zone."

So far our record has been good. We lost the Antilees and had the Finland hit, but we balance that score with one U-boat sunk and good reasons for believing that we laid a second in Davy Jones' locker.

On our return trip to port some time ago we picked up some Frenchmen who had been floating around for sometime looking for land. They told wild stories of U-boats with "tres-grande" cannon, and we saw one of their shells ricochete over the horizon a short time after. I should say it was a five inch gun and as usual they were heroically battling with a defenseless fishing boat. Fritz is brave, but he is careful, so he went below when he saw us and we could not reach him with our mines. We heard their friends' radio continuously and the captain decided we were just in the right area for some big game hunting. Fritz seldom breathes excepting at night, so we burned our precious coal and nosed about until after dark. After dark the air was full of German code, but there was nothing in sight when I turned in at 10 p. m. I had just gotten used to my sweaty hammock when some kind shipmate came forward to tell us that the captain had ordered a "sub" rammed and to suggest

that we had better get on deck if we didn't care to wake up in a German camp. I am not ashamed to say that I was half way up the ladder before the "Kid from Texas" could finish his "hand 'em down."

I was in time to see the first shot burst against a conning tower. Fritz dove and met two of our depth charges. C'est fini. Nothing left but the filth of Fritz's bilges.

The above is one of a few exciting moments we have had to relieve the monotony of four-on and four-off watches. As for the life or daily routine aboard, it is one battle after another. We fight the cooks for food, fight to keep it on a plate while we eat and fight to hold it after it is ours. Not an easy thing to do.

I enlisted as seaman, second class, and have been promoted or rated twice. I am now coxswain. The captain has recommended me for a commission, but that as yet is very uncertain. If I am fortunate, I will be back at Annapolis the first of February; if I am not fortunate—well it just means that Uncle Sam needs me to lift coal baskets and cuss the hard luck of an enlisted man.

Very sincerely,

HOOTS.

P. S. Please try to read the above and if there is any part of it you care to use, do it at your own risk. There are thirty men in this compartment, all trying to sing a different song, and we have all the comforts of a large family. The phonograph starts off accompanied by a cornet, mouth organ and bones. Marsh, the pride of Princeton, is doing a dance and the lights go out in ten minutes.

Much love to you, Jimmy, and best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I hope you will not have to see France.

Sincerely,

"SALTY HOOTS."

— o — o — o —

A. R. COTA, HOTEL CASA BLANCA, MEXICO CITY, MEXICO,
DECEMBER 5th, 1917.

In addition to a letter from Keet Cota, from which we quote below, we are in receipt of a menu card from a banquet given by the American Manufacturers Export Association in the Biltmore Hotel, New York City. This menu card has the following announcement.

"The purpose of this occasion, which has the cordial approval of the Department of State in Washington, and of His Excellency, the Mexican Ambassador, will be to provide an interchange of information respecting trade conditions and future possibilities between the United States and Mexico. Mr. Cota, who has formerly spent many years in the United States, and whose engineering degrees were conferred by Cornell University, has kindly consented to supplement his address by lending his aid (in which he will be assisted by Mr. Sa-

vinon), to an "open forum," etc.

Dear Red:

* * * Last June I went home to Fuerte, Sinaloa, Mexico, to visit my folks. As it was six years since I had seen them, I decided to remain about six weeks. Then I left for Habana, Cuba, where I had been offered a position as assistant chief engineer in a sugar factory. On my way to Habana I stopped at Mexico City and the result was that I accepted an appointment of President Carranza and gave up the Cuban job. I was appointed Inspector of Industries and Manufacturers and of Heat, Power and Light Plants of the United States of Mexico. Some title, Jim; but the salary is much shorter.

I started work in the Mexican metropolis on Sept. 1st, and on the 14th, I was given orders to come to New York and attend the Chemical Exposition and study some Electro-Chemical problems. While here my commission was extended to purchase \$50,000 worth of apparatus for the Laboratory of Industrial Research of the Mexican Government. I have just finished doing that and expect to leave for Mexico within a week.

While here I have been thrown in contact with prominent men. I have been in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Buffalo and Albany. Here in New York I spoke before the American Manufacturers Exporters Assn. at a luncheon given at the Biltmore Hotel in honor of my partner and myself.

I have a carload of clippings from the newspapers commenting on this speech. My subject was the coming Industrial Development of Mexico.

In the new laboratory our object will be to do research work on the raw materials of Mexico, helping Mexicans with inventive turn and acting as information bureau for all industries in the republic.

Good luck, old fellow. Merry Christmas.

Ever sincerely,

KEET (A. R. Cota).

—o—o—o—
DAVID R. JOHNSTON—3705 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
PA., OCT. 10th, 1917.

Since Davy wrote the following letter, Fat Othus has left Philadelphia for Ithaca, as more fully explained in Fat's letter—later on.

I am now working under industrial exemption from military service as engineer of power plants for the Bell Telephone Co., of Pennsylvania, having come here from Ithaca the middle of last May to accept the position. Although military exemption was fairly well assured right from the start, it is only very recently that it was definitely decided in my case. The Bell Telephone Company is performing so important a government service, that the government

has granted military exemption to those primarily responsible for the maintenance of that service. The principal feature of my work in this connection is the operation and maintenance of all emergency power plants used for supplying electric power for telephone service when the outside sources of power fail. My work also includes the operation, maintenance and improvement of all mechanical and electrical equipment installed in the thirty or more office buildings in the Philadelphia division. I have found the work very interesting and profitable, largely because of the variety involved.

Fat Othus entered the employ of the Telephone Company, in the outside plant department, at the same time that I did, and we have been together in Philadelphia up to the present time. We have been fortunate enough to see several of the old bunch during the summer, including Butch Worn, Captain Parker Munroe, Lieut. MacRea Parker, Mr. Noon and Keet Cota.

My heartiest greetings to all Telluride; those on the California ranch, those abroad, and those scattered throughout the country in the various military and industrial pursuits. May the Telluride Association attain distinction in the world crisis through the conduct and influence of its members.

Best regards,

DAVY JOHNSTON.

—o—o—o—

W. PAUL JONES—1410 VIGO STREET, VINCENNES INDIANA,
NOVEMBER 25th, 1917.

My Dear Jim:—

I have noted that you are the editor of the News Letter this month, so I write to give you the little information that I possess. Most of it comes from a letter just received from Jack Townsend, and it is possible that you are familiar with it already. However, it will do us no harm to repeat it.

Townsend writes from Camp Lewis, Wash., on the stationery of the 316th Engineers, of which he was a member at the time. It seems that he has been transferred around from one company to another and from barracks to base hospital and back again until he was finally rejected; and, at the time he wrote me (Nov. 19th), he was waiting for his rejection papers, though he didn't know just when they would come. Apparently he expected to return to the Beaver job when he was released.

In addition he says: "Dean Clark, Bonnett, Warneke, Garn, Evans, Edwards, Cone and I represent the T. A.'s contribution to the camp, and I believe Fournier is here, too, although I haven't seen him yet. Clark in Infantry, Bonnett and Warneke are in the Field Artillery, and so is Garn. Evans is captain of Co. A, 361st Infantry, and Edwards is Supply Sergeant for him. Cone and I are in the 316th Engineers. Fournier, if he his here, is likely in some

company of the Depot Brigade. There are 46,000 men here, and, believe me, they are some bunch of huskies. God help those Dutchmen when this crew is turned loose on them. I watched a bayonet practice this A. M., and, man, you should see those boys roll their eyes, yell and jab! It made my blood turn cold just to watch them. There will be some 'hellapoppin'' one [of these days 'somewhere over there.'"]

I had a letter the first of the month from Cy Ross, written on the seventh of September, so its news is probably rather stale. He and Owen are together in Co. C, 11th Regt., U. S. Engs. R. R. Cy is a corporal. He says they have heard from Grandy, Johnson and Ebaugh, who are also among those present. He says further: "Wish I had been afflicted with a year or so of French instead of German. Whenever I go into a shop I attempt to make my wishes known in French and the shopman thinks he can handle English, and the struggle is on. Neither language stands a show, and we end up by resorting to the primitive method of using our hands."

My own experience is somewhat similar to Townsend's. I was completely outfitted down at Camp Taylor, and had a steady job as Co. clerk; when, one morning, like a thunder bolt out of a clear sky, my discharge papers dropped in. So I turned in my uniform, got paid off, and went home almost immediately. Then I learned that the position in the English Department in Vincennes University—the place which I had previously arranged to fill—was still vacant; and so Mrs. Jones and I came to Vincennes on the 8th of October, and are now comfortably installed in a bungalow situated at the above address, enjoying life in almost a shameful manner. * *

With sincerest regards, I am,

Fraternally yours,

W. PAUL JONES.

—o—o—o—

LIEUT. W. C. KINNEY—309th INFANTRY, CAMP DIX, N. J.,
DECEMBER 19th, 1917.

Cap is lieutenant at Camp Dix, and is apparently happy. S. Army, in accordance with our request. We are obliged to reserve it for the next issue, however, to provide room for the current messages from the fellows, which will not keep.

Cap is lieutenant at Camp Dix and is apparently happy.

—o—o—o—

DAN C. LINDSEY, CARE CARRIER ENGINEERING CORPORATION,
BUFFALO, NEW YORK, DEC. 18th, 1917.

Dear Jim:—

Since The Original News Letter editor is on the job again. I am anxious to receive a copy of the forthcoming edition. About all I have to contribute is that my address is the same as announced in the last edition, and as you see it above. The rest is that I am very much interested in, and progressing in, the work. I suppose

that the News Letter is to appear again as only a "Where's Who."

If you have no information concerning O. L. Larson, I can say that I saw him frequently while he was at the officers' training camp at Ft. Niagara. He received a first lieutenant's commission and was ordered to report at Yaphank, L. I., on Dec. 15.

I also take this opportunity of extending the season's greetings to you.

Very sincerely,

DAN C. LINDSAY.

—o—o—o—
T. G. MOORE, 830½ ASTOR STREET, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
NOVEMBER 20th, 1917.

Jenny has not contributed a regular article for this issue, but we learn that after being ordered to report to a camp of the National Army, and after having made all preparations so to do—including the appointment of J. B. Tucker as the editor of this number—the examining board turned him down as being under weight.

—THE EDITOR.

—o—o—o—
J. C. OTHUS—CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, NEW YORK,
NOVEMBER 27th, 1917.

Dear Jim:—

The News Letter pleased me very much, so I am going to contribute my bit to the next issue. I shall mix up some others of "The Old Guard" in my account.

Johnston and I left College in May to go into the Engineering Dept. of the Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania. Davy went into Mac Parker's job as head of all their buildings—Chief Janitor, I call him. I went into writing specifications for their line construction—standardizing same. Our jobs were quite to our liking and we were given exemptions after being drafted into the National Army. About Oct. 1st I got a call to the Aviation School at Ithaca, to become an instructor. Our old friend, Prof. Barnard of Sibley College, who is president of the academic board of that school made the call so urgent that I saw that I could be of more direct service in the capacity of instructor than I could as telephone engineer. I gave up my exemption, accepted the draft and was detailed to this school about Oct. 11th. I am a private in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps with rank of Acting Second Lieutenant. I expect to get a commission before long, even tho I was unable to pass the color test.

I am instructing in Machine Guns and have charge of the Rifle Range and target practice. The work is very interesting, and I like it fine—especially being in Ithaca. It is great here—even tho I am living under entirely different conditions than we have been

accustomed to. I room with one of my colleagues in Cascadilla Dorms and am eating around. I seldom get on the campus and when I do I see no one whom I know. All of my friends are gone.

Registration here is 70 per cent normal with Frosh class a little larger than usual, so you see the upper classmen are few. 70 Seniors in Sibley, where there were 180 last year. The girls seem to be over-running the place.

The Aviation School helps keep Ithaca going normally. The enrollment now is about 500 and we expect it to be twice that size in two months. The University is sparing no expense to keep this school the best of nine which are scattered over the country. The school is located in the New Drill Hall and it fills same to overflowing. It is a ground school for pilots who become commissioned after a couple of months' flying, training at a flying school in the United States, France, Italy or Egypt.

The cadets are the highest type of young fellows, 19 to 30 years old, and it is a pleasure to be in on the training of them. The entrance requirements are very stiff as regards physical and mental qualifications—two years college being the usual standard.

At the ground schools the men are trained in military law and tactics, telegraphy, gas engines, machine guns, landing and rigging of airplanes, signals, etc. We bust 25 per cent of them and many who leave here never get commissions, for this is the highest branch of the service.

I expect to stay here until the end of the war, tho I am subject to call any place at any time.

Telluride is dark and barricaded against wintry winds. "The Swede" is there, working around, keeping enough fire up to prevent pipes from freezing. His nephew is rooming with him I believe. Whitman is living at the house and eating around like the rest of us. He is the proud possessor of three automobiles.

Stacy has an instructorship in the Drawing Dept. of Sibley with Prof. Kimball. He has a room at the University Club, and seems to be happy. He will get his A. B. at midyear, and M. E. in 1918 (June).

Butch and Red Diederichs have been instructing in the same department, but John Collyer came up the other day from Wilmington, and arranged for them to go to building ships with him, so they are leaving college. Both will get M. E. degrees at midyears. Their work is for the government's good and they will be exempted from military duty. Their address will be 906 Madison Ave., Wilmington, Delaware.

Percy Clark is back from France after completing his services with A. R. C. there. He is instructing with me in the Military Department, but expects to go to a ground school in Texas before long, as a cadet, in line for a ground officer's commission. He is also color blind. He tells some great tales of his experiences

abroad and says they are invaluable to him. I shall get him to write of them to you.

A letter from Ben Lanson says he wants to go to Third Training Camp with the Cornell Contingent. He has passed the exams.

A letter from Doc. Welch tells us he is architect in charge of building a city for an oil company in Texas, being on leave from his teaching position. He has Mrs. Welch and Jane with him.

Mac Parker has given up his position with the Bell Telephone Company and is a First Lieutenant in the Engineering Corps in training camp just outside of Washington, which he expects to leave about January 1st for France, where his regiment will be detailed on machine shops reconstruction.

Davy is still in Philadelphia and tells me he frequently sees Captain Parker Monroe of the Field Artillery, and First Lieutenant "Cap" Kinney, Infantry, who are at Wrightstown, N. J. (Camp Dix.)

Andy Anderson is in Philadelphia, working around and designing machines of destruction to use in the war. Airplanes are his favorites, I think.

Prof. Burr is at his old job and home. He is enthusiastically enrolled in the Home Guards which takes the place of the N. Y. N. G.

That's all—Best wishes from—

FAT OTHUS.

—o—o—o—

LOUIS A. SWEENEY—176 AERO SQUADRON, GERSTNER FIELD,

LAKE CHARLES, LA., JAN. 18th, 1918.

After leaving Salt Lake, soon after I saw you in Provo, I went to Kelly Field, Texas, where I stayed about ten days. I was then transferred to this squadron and left immediately for here. In all I have been here a little over three weeks.

This is a new Aviation Field. Some of the buildings have never been used. We are pretty well housed and most everything is passable. However, we have not the "eats" that we would like.

I have had to do some things that make me feel disgusted with the army and everything else, but aside from that I like the life pretty well. In time I expect everything will run along very smoothly.

About all we do now is drill and we can say that this squadron is the best drilled of any in the field.

We are due to go to Mineola, N. Y., most any day now. They were to issue more warm clothes for the trip there tomorrow. As far as I can tell now we are bound for Egypt some time, but do not know how soon. As I understand it the Allies have a large flying field in Egypt somewhere and that is where we will eventually go. Of course, there are lots of rumors flying about but no one knows anything definite.

There are three or four hundred flying cadets here, most of them from Cornell Training Camp. After they go to school there for six or eight weeks, they come here for the actual flying and other advanced work. It is nothing to see twenty-four machines up at one time, the air seems to be full of them. I went up the other day with one of the instructors and it was quite a sensation.

The people in the country treat us fine; they do all they can to make us feel at home, and believe me, it is great.

Well, Jim, this is not much of a letter, but it will have to do for this time. I shall write occasionally for the News Letter. I would like to hear of the other fellows. Also send all others to me here until I advise you of my change of address.

With best regards, I am,

Sincerely,

LOUIS A. SWEENY.

—o—o—o—

LIEUT. JOHN C. VAN ETTEN—SPECIAL RESERVE CORPS, UN-
ASSIGNED, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, VIA
NEW YORK CITY, JAN. 15th 1918.

The following is taken from a letter sent to Mr. Biersach from the mother of John Van Etten:

* * * As you know John was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant. In accepting this commission he declined a rank of lieutenant in the artillery because as he explained it to me, "They need technical men so very badly, they are appallingly short on electrical men." In doing this he was told before making his decision that he as second lieutenant in the signal corps, would be assigned to immediate overseas activity. He was commissioned fully ten days before the close of the camp—spent three days' leave here with me—reported at Ft. Leavenworth—a few days afterwards was directed to report at Hoboken for sailing—sailed as nearly as I can estimate it the day after Christmas, and twelve days later I received a cable, "Arrived. Love." That is my latest word. His address is John Calhoun Van Etten, Second Lieutenant Signal Reserve Corps, unassigned, American Expeditionary Forces, via New York, N. Y.

The past few months have been a period of tumult and confusion in the readjustment of one's vision to the grim task ahead, but we can all be proud of the record the Telluride Association boys have made even now, and I am glad that on John's part there was no faltering—he saw his duty, and in the face of opposition stepped out fearlessly and assumed his share of the burden that has so suddenly fallen on the shoulders of our young manhood. But pray with me for his safe return. * * * * *

Cordially yours,

CLARA E. VAN ETTEN.

VERNON W. VALANTINE—SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE—CO A,
25th ENGINEERS, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
VIA NEW YORK CITY, NOV. 25th, 1917.

Dear Jim:—

I would appreciate a News Letter and also the addresses of those members who are, like myself, "Somewhere in France;" also a letter from those at home would seem like a treat.

Enlistd as an electrician Oct. 9. Was shipped to Camp Devens, and from there via another place, to here. My work now is hard and not of my trade, but we are being segregated daily. This is about all I can write.

Hoping to have my address on your list and hoping to get a News Letter soon, I am,

Sincerely,

O. W. VALANTINE.

P. S. Hello, everyone! Personal letters are treasures in this country. Send us all a treasure now and then. Personal regards to all.—Val.

Censored:—S. A. Graham, 1st Eng., O. R. C.

—o—o—o—

EXTRA!

Since going to press the following material has come into our hands. It consists of a letter from Stuart Walcott's room-mate at the front and an official report concerning Stuart.

A LETTER FROM STUART'S ROOM-MATE TO C. D. WALCOTT.

December 17, 1917, Escadrille-Spa 84,
S. P. Par B. C. M., Paris.

My Dear Mr. C. Walcott:—

You have by now received the most sorrowful news about your boy Stuart, from Captain Peter Boal, of the Army Aviation; also from Major Edmond Gros, whom I notified immediately, giving them all the details I possibly could, knowing that they would notify you by cable.

I write these few lines to try to explain just what happened, or just what was told to me by an observer and pilot who had seen the combat.

On the 12th of December at 11:30 a. m., there were five pilots to go out on high patrol, including Stuart and myself. But I was prevented from going, because of a wrenched ankle.

Stuart and the other pilots left here at 11:40 a. m. for high patrol, which means they are to fly above the thousand meters. Two of the pilots had to return because of motor trouble, leaving one pilot, whom Stuart was following.

At 12:50 a. m. they ran across a German biplane machine. The

French pilot attacked first, but had to withdraw because of trouble with his machine gun. He reports that the Spad, that had been following him, he last saw a thousand meters above him or the German. Also that the German had gone back over his lines. The infantry and artillery observers report the French pilot's attack and combat, and that six minutes later the German returned over our lines. The Spad that was seen flying at a very high altitude, came down and attacked the German, and succeeded in bringing it down in flames. In doing so he had to fly quite a way over the German territory. The Spad had started to return, when three German fighting machines were seen diving on him, and forcing him down. The Spad was last seen doing nose-dive perpendicular, behind their lines.

That is all the information I have received up to date.

This is what makes all the boys think that Stuart is alive:

A nose-dive perpendicular is used very often in combat, but is very dangerous, as it is very difficult for one to come out of and yet have their motor running; that reason might force him to land; also there was little chance for him to get away from them by flying, as they were above, and the only sensible thing was to land, and as we were only three days in this sector, the French think he might have been mixed up as to the direction for home, or that he was slightly wounded and could not turn his machine toward the French lines.

I have tried every way possible to get information about Stuart. I have sent the numbers of his motor and machine to Major E. Gros, who is trying to trace it through the Red Cross service.

One of the French pilots of this escadrille, and who is a very good friend of your boy, shot down a German biplane on the 13th of December. The machine fell behind our lines. The pilot was dead before reaching the ground, but the observer was only slightly wounded, so the boys of that escadrille have asked the commander of the group, if we could be permitted to go and talk to the German, as he may know something about the Spad that fell behind his lines the day before.

We hope to know whether we will be permitted to do so or not, tomorrow.

It takes two months before we receive the report from Germany officially. In the meantime you will read all sorts of reports in the newspapers. But I will cable or have Capt. Peter Boal do so, if I get any news that is true.

The case of Buckley, the American who fell Sept. 5, was reported as being in flames from five thousand meters down, and fell in German territory. The observers reported that it landed on its back and burned completely up. His parents were notified of his death, newspapers reported the terrible death he died. Well, Sir, on November 25 we received a letter from him, saying he was en-

joying the best of health and was satisfied with his surroundings in the prison camp in Germany.

So we are all hoping the same for Stuart.

I have all Stuart's personal things, and will give them to Capt. Boal the first chance I get.

Mr. Walcott, it is beyond words for me to try and tell you how grieved we all are about Stuart, and how great a loss it is to the escadrille, for him to be away. He was more than liked by every member and officer and gave promise of doing great things. He was always up in his machine trying to better himself in combat flying. There never was a minute that he was idle, if it was possible for him to fly, and never a more generous and kinder boy. Only the night before the patrol he last went out on, he gave me every care in the world, got up during the night to make sure I was comfortable and to do anything he could for my ankle.

I will close, hoping to have the best of news for you, Mr. Walcott, very soon. And if there is any suggestion you can make toward getting information about Stuart, I hope you won't hesitate a moment in asking me.

You have our heart-felt sympathy in your sorrow, Mr. Walcott; I hope that news will be of some relief.

From one who has been with Stuart through all his training, and his room-mate at the Front.

Yours respectfully,

E. J. LOUHRAN.

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OFFICIAL REPORT (Translated.)

On the 12th of December, 1917, about 1 o'clock p. m., a Spad furiously pursued, beyond the lines, a D. F. W. returning from a reconnaissance of the region south of Suippes.

The German aviator was compelled to land in the region of the Grand Bois de Saint Souplet; his descent was followed by several observers, one of whom describes it in flames.

On its side, the Spad was attacked by three D 3 and piqued almost vertically toward the Bois (Wood) on the hill 152.

(Copy of a report arrived the 13th of Dec. at the Group de Combat 13.)

For the escadrille Spa 84.

