

TELLS OF LIFE AT FORT DOUGLAS, UTAH

Lee Ottaway Writes Interesting Letter to His Mother—Seems to Like the Service

Mrs. A. Ottaway, 210 East Third street, is in receipt of a letter from her son, Private Lee W. Ottaway, Co. G., 20th Regiment, who is stationed at Fort Douglas, Utah. The letter will be of interest to many as it details the work the boys at that place have been doing. The letter follows:

Monday, 8:30 p. m.—Thought I would write you a little story of what I am doing this week. The first thing we did today was to get up at 5:45 to stand reveille. We stood reveille then came back and swept up around our bed. If we got done with that before breakfast we lay around on the bunk until we hear our bells ring. Then you ought to see them hop around here, washing their face, combing their hair, for breakfast. Then we all try to get into the mess hall door at the same time.

Then comes the big feast. After breakfast we police up (clean up around the barracks, in other words). We work about 30 minutes on policing up. Then we go back and lay around the barracks until drill call, which is at 7:30 a. m. Then we go out and drill until 11:30 a. m.

When we got out there they gave us exercises. We took them for 30 minutes. Then they put us into trench digging. We worked 15 minutes and lay off for an hour. So there isn't much to do. Well, they kept us at that until 11 a. m. Then they came in and got cleaned up for chow (which is the name we call our meal).

By the time we get in from drill and get cleaned up it is time to eat. We started out at 1 p. m. for drill, but did not go out with our rifle and packs on, but went out with picks and shovels, just as we did in the morning. We only drill two hours in the afternoon—from 1 to 3 p. m. Just as soon as I got in I rounded up all my dirty clothes and gave them a good washing. By the time I had my clothes washed it was time for retreat, which is at 5:45 p. m. Then right after retreat it is time for chow again. Just as soon as I got chow I went over to my bunk again and rounded up my clean clothes and took a bath, and when I was done with that, that was the end of the day's work.

From 7 p. m. we fooled around the barracks, some trying to sing, some boxing, others wrestling. That is the way we put in the evening at Fort Douglas.

Tuesday was the same as Monday. It was a little cool in the evening. Went out on a little hike this afternoon, about 3 miles up one of the canyons. After I got back I went to town and took in a show.

Wednesday we got up as usual, but it was sure cold. They have us in the wooden barracks. There are cracks in it big enough for a fellow to crawl through. You ought to see the boys snap out of it when we get up. After reveille we all went into the basement of the brick barracks where it was good and warm. It was sure some ja when about 100 fellows get into a room about 50 x 30 feet.

After breakfast they took us out and ran us for about a mile and back. On returning they took us into the brick barracks into the squad room and had us pile bunks on top of each other to make more room for drilling. We had bayonet exercise. We had on head and body scabbard, so we wouldn't hurt one another, and also had thick gloves on so we wouldn't hurt our hands. We sure had fun watching some of the other fellows fighting with the bayonet. About 11 o'clock it started to snow but did not last long, for it was too cold to snow much.

After dinner we went on another hike down to Liberty Park, which is about 3 miles. Got back about 2 o'clock, still looking for a warm place to play cards in.

At 3:30 p. m. we had to go out for regimental parade up on the 20th Regiment parade grounds. Lasted about 30 minutes.

After that we went up and watched them give guard mount. After guard mount is retreat for the rest of the regiment. After retreat is time for mess, which nobody missed. Then after supper we ran around the barracks to keep warm. I will call this the end of another day.

Well, I haven't much to say about Thursday only it was the same as Wednesday except that we had a parade. The parade was for Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo. That is all for today. Will write another letter later on. Yours as ever,

Your son,
LEE W. OTTAWAY

If anyone wishes to write me from there I will send my address: Private Lee W. Ottaway, 20th Reg., Co. G., Ft. Douglas, Utah.

BRIDGEPORT WILL CO-OPERATE ON ROADS

(Continued from page one)
The county commissioners have kept the big road grader going where it has been needed the most, but because of the fact that the county is crossed both north and south and east and west by two great highways the north and south highway crossing the roughest territory of western Nebraska, the limited funds in the hands of the commissioners have been wholly inadequate to make even a fairly good showing on the roads as a whole.

Alliance and Box Butte county have been suffering from the abandonment of the north and south highway by tourists, and Secretary Fisher of the Alliance Community Club makes a proposition of co-operation between Morrill and Box Butte counties in the following letter:

Alliance, Nebr., Oct. 15, 1917.
Secretary Commercial Club,
Bridgeport, Nebr.

Dear Sir:—
I will appreciate it if you will take

up the following with your road committee at once.

Is your city and Morrill county interested in fixing the road through from Bridgeport to Alliance? There is only one bad place in Box Butte county and we have repaired this at three different times and also about five miles in your county at our expense. When I went through Sidney the other day, I talked to some of the hotel and garage men and they informed me that there wasn't a day that some two to half a dozen tourists didn't inquire concerning the roads to the potash fields, but when they found they were in such bad shape most of them gave up the trip, which means a loss to us and undoubtedly to your garage and hotel men and others.

If a committee of your business men will go up through Morrill county via Angola I am quite sure that they will realize that the present roads are a disgrace to any community and that there isn't any doubt but that Bridgeport and Alliance have been receiving a great deal of abuse and a great many tourists are disgusted with the roads we are asking them to travel. A good many of us are interested in securing industries instead of improving our own community first and our road committee is more than willing to assist your organization in lining up a good road between the two towns. When I was secretary of the Alliance commercial club some two years ago the roads were very well marked and we are willing to co-operate in the marking of the roads again, or, in fact, do all the work ourselves if necessary; but I personally am ashamed to mark another in its present condition.

I will try and be in your city within the next week or ten days and wish you would go into this matter and if possible try and arrange for two or three auto loads of your business men to make a trip over this route and if you will let me know when you will come we will be glad to arrange a little dinner and talk this matter over.

Hoping to receive a favorable reply from you at an early date I am,
Very respectfully,
W. D. FISHER, Sec.

In the foregoing letter Brother Fisher draws the long bow to a certain extent, but back of it is the fact that Bridgeport has to wake up on the road proposition or we will soon be isolated from cross country traffic. There is a plan on foot right now to build a highway from Sidney to Bayard by way of Redington, which would cut off what few tourists are now coming here from Sidney; and if this should be followed by the building of the Platte Valley highway on the north side of the river, we will be left entirely out of the highway proposition.

It is true that we have had our hands full with affairs of great importance—the Red Cross and Liberty Loan drives, and have established a reputation in these things; but we will have to give attention to the roads, cost us what it may. A meeting should be called at once and some definite work should be done on the highway matter. The offer of Alliance to help should receive immediate response, and we should make use of all the help we can get from that town, or any other place, to get our roads in condition. There is yet time to do some good work on the roads this fall, if we "get a move on"; and it has reached a point where we have got to do it or be put off the map.

EVERY DAY LIFE AT CONCENTRATION CAMPS

Letters to the Home Folks Contain Many Items of Interest That Deserve Publicity

While the newspapers, particularly the daily press, are teeming with stories being written by reporters and regularly employed correspondents, many of the most interesting items that are written are contained in letters written by the soldier boys themselves to their friends and relatives. These letters to the home folks contain a human interest not always found in the ordinary newspaper stories.

The Herald desires to print extracts from such letters that will be of general interest and that will help to arouse enthusiasm and a patriotic spirit. Preference will be given to extracts from letters written by boys from western Nebraska.

Paul W. Thomas, who is now at Camp Cody, is from both Alliance and Chadron, having lived for a number of years in this city where he graduated from the High school, and more recently in Chadron, where he was a instructor in music at the State Normal school at the time of his enlistment last summer. The following extracts from letters to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Thomas, give briefly an insight into the soldier boys' experiences after leaving home and before arriving at the battle front:

Sept. 19th.—We left Chadron Thursday evening, the 13th, and arrived here Monday about 10 a. m. We stopped only for water and several times to get out and exercise and drill a little. We took the Missouri Pacific from Omaha and the Santa Fe from Kansas City.

We came through the big oil field at Eldorado, Kans. Thousands of oil towers for miles, also miles of oil cars.

Camp Cody is a couple of miles from Deming, which is about the size of Alliance, I believe. This is the most rocky, sandy, forsaken looking country I have ever seen, but several mountain ranges within fifty miles give us a sky-line and improve the landscape quite a bit. The altitude is 4,333 feet.

I have been over to visit Company G and the band several times.

It has rained ever since we came—they say September is the rainy season. The mornings are quite cool.

Each company has a street to keep clean and use for assembly. A regiment occupies a space about a block and one-half square and the company streets run alphabetically.

I am feeling good and like it fine. Sept. 24.—We are having nice weather, warm, but not hot, with cool mountain breezes. The mountain ranges look beautiful when the sun gets a certain slant each day. I do not suppose there is a more healthful place in the country. Each company has an incinerator to burn all garbage and waste. There are no mosquitos and practically no flies, so if one gets sick it is likely to be his own fault.

We get up at 5:30 a. m. at the first call of the bugler. The buglers (24) all turn out and play reveille ("can't get 'em up") at 5:40. At 5:45 roll call is taken and each company has setting up exercises for fifteen minutes, and breakfast at 6:15. Our regiment drills from 7 to 11 a. m. The bugle corps has practice and does not drill with the company. I was on guard yesterday and not able to attend services at Y. M. C. A. Our chaplain is a Salvation Army man.

Oct. 1.—The Sixth Nebraska is a regiment of the past. Our battalion (Companies E, F, G and H) has been transferred to the 109th Engineers Corps.

I have been playing baritone for a couple of days with the band. We gave a concert tonight—farewell to the Sixth—and the closing number was the "Dandy Sixth March." It went fine and the band boys, who ought to be the best judges, especially like it. I want to hear it myself some more and revise it before sending to a publisher. It will be dedicated to Col. Phil Hall. Prof. Webb, director, wants a copy sure for the band.

We move to another part of camp tomorrow—it will be a hard day, so I must be going to bed.

October 3.—We are now in Company F of the 109th U. S. Engineers. There was much weeping and farewell speeches and presents to officers when the Dandy Sixth ceased to be. We moved to new quarters and finished grading our company street and cleaning out weeds today. We have 200 in the company now and we're fortunate enough to get our Captain Godsell and First Lieut. Cochran, two of the finest officers I ever knew. The boys of the company were going to transfer to other branches of the service, but when we learned we were to keep our captain—well, the country for miles around knew it also. If I stay with the company I may drop the bugle, for the work of the Engineers appeals to me.

The camp now covers about 25 square miles and is quite a city.

We have beautiful evenings and sunsets. Last night it rained about sunset and the mountain range to the south looked beautiful through the rainbow.

October 15.—I received the cake and preserves in good shape—wish I could tell you how much I appreciated them. The cake was sure fine but it did not last long.

If the war were over and we were discharged I would like to spend the balance of the school year at the State University and live at home, but I suppose my real school days are over, but I am studying French and reading things worth while, and expect to always be a student.

Last Sunday we had service on the parade ground. The Chaplain preached and the Iowa cavalry band played.

After the service, Neal Danley and another soldier boy and I took our knapsacks with spuds, bacon, canned tomatoes, bread, apples, and a pail of water—we haven't our canteens yet—and walked to a mountain eight miles away, climbed to the top and had dinner. It was some climb. We rolled big stones down the mountain—rocks that we three could barely budge—lots of fun.

The soldiers are not to be pitied—for Uncle Sam takes good care of them—better care than many had before enlisting. I am getting fat—also a moustache.

I am arranging a couple of Brigadier-General Harries' favorite songs for the band, at his request. Am too busy to get homesick, but certainly appreciated that cake.

Lovingly,
PAUL
Co. F, 109th Engineers,
Camp Cody, N. M.

FARM AND STOCK FOR SALE—
On November 5th, near Hemingford, Mr. L. L. Price is retiring from farming and is offering his whole works for sale at auction, consisting of nearly one hundred head of cattle and horses and 480 acres of improved land, seven miles southwest from Hemingford, which has over \$7,500 worth of improvements. For further particulars, write the First National Bank of Hemingford.
47-2t-8766.

THE LIFE OF THE TOWN



This busy gent is a Booster and the Life of the Town. Without him and a few others, the Old Burg would be as Dead as a Doornail. He's Jerry on the Job for the Public Good and his name heads every Subscription paper to Raise Money for anything. We couldn't do without him. Long may he Wave!



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A Carload of It Bought at a Low Price Will be Sold Cheap

Buffets, Dining Tables, Dining Chairs, Library Tables, Dressers, Chiffoniers, Kitchen Cabinets, Cupboards, Kitchen Tables, Book Cases, Office Chairs, Wood Rockers, Fibre Chairs and Rockers, Rockers with Upholstered Seat and Back, Large Overstuffed Comfort Rockers, and many other articles for the home, will be sold.

Hold off buying Furniture until this sale opens.

Full Announcement

will appear in this paper next week.

If you needed a Library Table, could you resist buying one made of Solid Oak, at \$4.65, or a Round, Solid Oak Pedestal Dining Table, at \$9.95, or an Upholstered Rocker at \$4.95?

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