

Letters from France

France Feb. 28, 1919. Editor of The Clarion:

It has been my intention to write you ever since I landed this side of the pond, but it seems as though I have never found time enough to write anyone much, except the homefolks. But now that I have a little leisure time will write you.

I have had only about eight or ten home papers since arriving over here, and I'll say that those few papers have comforted me very much. Take a boy from St. Landry and send him over here and if he doesn't wish for a Clarion—Oh, well, he's not a very good citizen. Don't you think so? I know that has always been my thought, longing to see what was going on around the little old town.

I met Henry Carson here a week or so ago, and say, you should know that it is a very pleasant feeling to meet someone from the old town. He and I are the only two Opelousas boys in this camp, and you can just bet we are having some time, too!

We witnessed a darn good burlesque show last night. It was as good if not better than any that was ever put on at the opera house. They were out of the twenty-ninth division and all professional talent. The cast included forty-five members. As there is a scarcity of girls—Americans—over here, some of the boys had to don petticoats to make the show full of pep and up to the minute. They were some class, too.

Well, I presume that I will be about the last one to drift into old Opelousas and that time will be about July or August, just when the court house square is in full bloom and the "Hook Worm Club" is at its best. When I get back I guess the membership will be complete. First, I will take in the show at the Princess, then over to Durio's for a feed, from Durio's to the square for a nice, cool chat with my old friend, "T. A." See?

Well, I didn't get to drive a truck to Berlin as I expected; but I have one consolation and that is that I was over here with the gang. I know that I would have seen active service but the armistice put an end to all of my dreams of glory. You see we were bogged to go up the very week it was signed. But I guess I haven't anything to regret. What do you think? I have been practically all over

France and I like it very much. France is a beautiful and interesting country. One appreciates viewing the old historic places over here. For instance, the city of Langres, where we are situated, was, or I should say has history behind its odd looking walls. The city is completely surrounded by a large wall, which was built by the Romans in the eleventh century. The cathedral was started in the year 1165 and at present it is not completed I have been through it twice. And Langres has numerous underground forts. They were built for primitive warfare, the old days of the spear and arrow.

I guess some of the boys that have returned have told you of the sweet and fascinating airs of the French mademoiselles, haven't they? Well, I will say that I have met some real girls over here, girls that were enterprising and good looking, too, and the most of them speak enough English to make themselves understood. I have spent many a pleasant evening in the company of a nice French girl. I know that many of the boys returning have the wrong idea of the people over here. No doubt some of them sought and went with the wrong class; but I have been in some of the best homes and I find them very interesting and sociable people.

Well, old scout, I think I have bored you enough with my nonsense and I hope you will be interested enough in this to answer "lout-de-sulte."

And, say, you might see that my dad sends me the Clarion weekly. I have been having lots of trouble receiving my mail and I'll tell you it would be appreciated very much if you will give a little of your valued attention to the mailing of my paper.

With my regards to old St. Landry, Opelousas and the Clarion, I beg to remain,

Yours truly, PVT. GUY TATMAN.

From John H. David, Paris, France, Jan. 3, 1919.

Dear Mother:

I'm in Paris for the holidays and enjoying life once again.

I am in the best of health and hope you and the family are the same.

I received your Xmas box o.k. and was highly appreciated, assure you, also a letter. I am late writing to you only "putting off" was the sole reason why.

This is the most beautiful spot on earth. I will have a lot to tell you and the family on my return, which I hope will be soon, from what I learn and hear we may leave about March or April this year.

Will leave Paris tomorrow evening about 9 p. m., going back to where I am stationed with my company.

I am tired tonight from walking all day to see the great things. Spent about two hours in Napoleon's tomb and brought a souvenir for remembrance. I am also sending you two books of views of the city. You may show them to the family, but be sure to keep them for me, as I want to have them on my return. I also mailed you some of my pictures a short while back. Give some away, but keep about three for me. They are not good, as I look too poor, but time was short and could not have more taken, so I had to take them, but they will be a remembrance from France.

Dear mother, as I will soon be in the army a year and things didn't go the way I thought, so I suppose you will have a good chance to see me again, for I will come on my way back to San Francisco. I am thinking deeply about taking you with me, but we will decide that when I come. Was very sorry to hear about poor Warren's death. There are lots of things that happen unexpectedly.

Well, dear mother, tell the family that they have my good wishes and appreciation for their loving kindness to me in sending those little presents. Give them my love and best regards that we may meet again in the land of the free and liberty.

Goodnight and goodbye, mother. Your loving son,

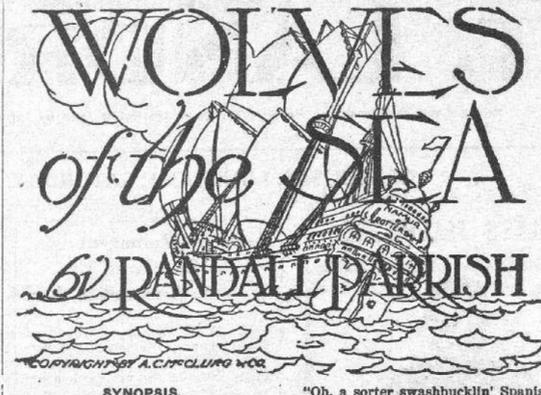
WAGONER JOHN H. DAVID, A. P. O. 737, cr. R. T. O., Cosne, Fr.

From Corporal Louis Savoy, Leutesdorf, Germany, March 12, 1919.

Dear Uncle: Your letter of February 17th was read and I was more than glad to hear from you as it was the first letter that I've received from you since I landed in Europe and I certainly do hope that it won't be the last one that I will get from you, for I'll certainly answer every letter that I get.

Well, you want to know I've taken part in this great war. Well, I've taken part in several battles. I was in the Chateau Thierry fight and also at Soissons and St. Mihiel and Blanc Mont and Argonne-Meuse, and also the march to the Rhine, for the march to the Rhine was about as bad as any battle that I was in.

But every since we arrived here we've been having it pretty soft, for there isn't very much to do here, but a little guard duty and make the Hunns stay in their place. Although (Continued on Page Six)



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Geoffry Carlyle, marine, sentenced to twenty years of servitude in the American colonies for complicity in the Marston rebellion, is put aboard ship. He sees among the passengers Dorothy Fairfax of Maryland and a Spaniard calling himself Captain Sanchez.

CHAPTER II—Life on the prison ship. CHAPTER III—Carlyle meets Dorothy, who informs him her uncle has bought his services. Carlyle and Sanchez clash.

CHAPTER IV.

Black Sanchez, Pirate. I rested in my berth for a long time, staring blankly up at the dark deck above, unable to sleep, and endeavoring to figure out the true meaning of all these occurrences. I felt that I



"I Had Eight Months of It, Mate."

could understand the interest exhibited by Dorothy Fairfax, and, greatly as I already admired her, I was not egotist enough to even imagine that her effort to serve me had basis in any personal attraction. But what about Lieutenant Sanchez? Why was this unknown Spaniard already so openly my enemy? Could it be because of Dorothy Fairfax? I felt finally that I had the clue—Jealousy, the mad, unreasoning jealousy of his race.

I had no false conception as to this; no vagrant thought that her interest in me was any more than a passing fancy, born of sympathy and a desire to aid. Nevertheless, as she had thus already served me, I now owed her service in return, and here was the first call. If conditions made it possible it was my plain duty to place myself between these two.

In the intensity of my feelings I must have unconsciously spoken aloud, for a shaggy head suddenly popped out from the berth beneath where I lay, and Haley's interested voice asked solicitously:

"Hy, thar; what's up, mate? Ye was muterin' 'way thar an' not disturbin' me none, till ye got ter talkin' 'bout sum feller called Sanchez. Then I sorter got a bit interested. I know'd thet cuss onct," and he spat, as though to thus better express his feelings. "The d—d ornary pirate."

I laughed, my whole mental mood changed by this remark.

"Do you refer to 'Black Sanchez'?" I've heard of him; were you ever in his hands?"

"Was I?" he laughed grimly. "I had eight months of it, mate, and a greater demon never sailed. The things I saw done ye'd never believe no human being could do. If ever thar was two people in one skin, sir, it's thet Black Sanchez. When he's playin' off fer good he's as soft an' sweet as a dandy in Piccadilly, an' when he's real he's like a devil in hell."

"Were you a prisoner—or did you sail under him?"

"Both, fer the matter o' that. He give me the choice ter serve er walk the plank. I was eighteen, an' hed an o' mother at Deal."

"I see; but later got away?"

"Ay, I did thet," chuckling over the recollection. "But I hed ter wait eight months fer thet luck." My neighbor went on to tell at great length the story of his escape.

"I had a shipmate once," I observed, interested in his story, "who claimed to have seen the fellow; he described him as being a very large man, with intensely black, hawklike eyes and a heavy black beard almost hiding his face."

"Maybe he looked like that when he saw him, but he ain't no bigger man than I am; he won't weigh as much by fifteen pound. Fact is he mighty seldom looks the same, fer thet's part o' his game. I've seen him in all sorts o' disguises. It's only his eyes he can't hide, an' thar's been times when I thought they was the ugliest eyes ever I saw. He's sure an ornary devil, an' when he gets mad, I'd rather be afrent of a tiger. Besides fightin' his trade, an' no weaklin' ain't got ter control the sort o' chaps he's got ter handle. Most of 'em would murder him in a minute if they dared. Oh, he's bad all right, but yer wouldn't exactly think so, just ter look at him."

"What, then, does he really look like?"

"Oh, a sorter swashbucklin' Spaniard don—the kind what likes ter dress up an' play the dandy. He's got a pink an' white complexion, the Castilian kind, yer know, an' wears a little mustache, waxed up at the ends. I heard he was about forty-five; I reckon he must be thet, but he didn't look older than thirty."

Haley dropped off to sleep, but my mind continued to wander until it coagulated once again this West Indian pirate. His name and the story of his exploits had been familiar to me ever since I first went to sea. While only one among many operating in those haunted waters his resourcefulness, daring and cruelty had won him an infamous reputation, a name of horror. In those days, when the curse of piracy made the sea a terror, no ordinary man could ever have succeeded in attaining such supremacy in crime.

Black Sanchez—and Haley pictured him as a dandified, ordinary appearing individual, with white and red complexion, a small mustache and flashing dark eyes—a mere Spanish gallant, without special distinction. Why, that description, strangely enough, fitted almost exactly this fellow on board, this other Sanchez.

The suspicion which had crept into my mind was so absurd, so unspeakably silly and impossible that I laughed at myself and dismissed the crazy thought. Chuckling over it I finally fell asleep.

CHAPTER V.

The Namur of Rotterdam.

The brig, with all sails set and favored by a strong wind, drew rapidly in toward the point of landing. The great majority of the prisoners remained on deck, chained together and helpless, yet surrounded by armed guards, while the few who had already been purchased by passengers humbly followed their new masters ashore the moment the gangplank touched the soil of Virginia. There were five of us altogether thus favored, but I was the only one owing allegiance to Roger Fairfax. The rude landing wharf along which we lay was already densely crowded. Altogether it was a bustling scene, full of change and color, the air noisy with shouting, voices, the line of wharves filled with a number of vessels, either newly arrived or preparing to depart. It was with no small difficulty we succeeded in forcing our way through this jostling throng until we attained to an open space ashore. I followed closely behind the three composing our party, Roger Fairfax and Sanchez, with the laughing girl between them for protection. Fairfax was evidently well known to a number present, for he was being greeted on all sides with hearty handshakes and words of welcome.

We boarded the Fairfax sloop. The baggage was transferred. I worked with the Fairfax servants and it cut my pride to the quick. Out in the bay I was sent to the wheel.

Not another sail appeared across that surface of waters, not even a fisherman's boat, the only other vessel visible along our course being a dim outline close in against that far-away headland toward which I had been instructed to steer. I stared at this object, at first believing it a wreck, but finally distinguishing the bare masts of a medium-sized bark, evidently riding at anchor only a few hundred yards off shore.

The Spaniard presently pointed out to Fairfax the position of the bark. "Surely a strange place in which to anchor, Lieutenant," said Fairfax. "Bark rigged and very heavily sparred. Seems to be all right. What do you make of the vessel?"

The Spaniard twisted his mustache but exhibited little interest, although his gaze was upon the craft.

"Decidedly Dutch, I should say," he answered slowly. "The beggars seem quite at home there, with all their washing out. Not a usual anchorage?"

"No, nor a particularly safe one. Travers' place is beyond the bend. We'll put up with him tonight. D—n me, Sanchez, I believe I'll hail the fellow and find out what he is doing in there."

Sanchez nodded, carelessly striking flint and steel in an effort to relight a cheroot.

We came about slowly. The distance to be covered was not great, and in less than ten minutes we were drawing in toward the high stern of the anchored vessel.

No evidence of life appeared on board, although everything looked shipshape aloft and aloft, and a rather extensive wash flapped in the wind forward, bespeaking a generous crew. A moment later my eyes made out the name painted across the stern—Namur of Rotterdam.

Fairfax leaned far out across the rail as we swept in closer, but the Spaniard exhibited no particular interest in the proceedings. A hundred feet distant I held the dancing sloop to mere steerage-way, while Fairfax halted.

A red-faced man with a black beard thrust his head up above the after rail and answered, using English, yet with a faint accent which was not Dutch.

"We ran down to see if you were in any trouble. This is a strange place to anchor. What are you—Dutch?"

Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. Includes the text 'WOLVES of the SEA' and 'BY RANDALL PARRISH' at the top. The main text reads: 'Look for the name: WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM IN PEPPERMINT FLAVOR'. Below that is 'WRIGLEY'S' in large letters, followed by 'Helps appetite and digestion. Three flavors.' and 'IT'S not enough to make WRIGLEY'S good, we must KEEP it good until you get it.' The bottom part says 'Hence the sealed package—impurity-proof—guarding, preserving the delicious contents—the beneficial goody.' and 'The Flavor Lasts'. It also features 'SEALING TIGHT' and 'KEPT RIGHT' with a 'UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE' logo.

Advertisement for Fordson Tractor. The main text reads: '..The... FORDSON Tractor Is the Tractor for St. Landry Farmers'. Below that is 'Besides having the recommendation of being the product of the brains of HENRY FORD, America's greatest automobile genius, the fact that THE FORDSON is a light, powerfully built and easily operated tractor should prove conclusively that this is the best machine for the farmers.' It also says 'Louisiana farmers are already using this tractor to advantage. Thousands of tractors have been ordered for the South and by spring your next-door neighbor will likely be the proud owner of a FORDSON.' At the bottom is 'Boudelon Garage Main Street, Opelousas, Louisiana' and 'PRICE F. O. B. FACTORY, \$385.00'. There is an illustration of the tractor.

(Continued from Last Week.) The arrogant tone assumed by some of the German officials ignores the possibility that a meal ticket may yet be cancelled. Grove's Tasteless chili Tonic restores vitality and energy by purifying and enriching the blood. You can soon feel its strengthening, invigorating effect. Price 60c.

Advertisement for Vinol. The main text reads: 'Tired, Overworked Mothers What You Need is Vinol'. Below that is 'War conditions have made the demand upon a mother's time and energy unlimited. In their zeal to do all in their power for their loved ones, they continually overwork and are soon in a nervous, run-down condition. Vinol, the non-secret cod liver and iron tonic, will build you up and make you strong. HERE IS PROOF'. It includes two testimonials: one from Whitman, Mass., and one from Cleveland, Ohio. At the bottom is 'Vinol Creates Strength'.