CORRESPONDENCE

EDEN VALLEY

By a Staff Correspondent

Mrs. Will Marsh and Mrs. Ray Marsh were callers at Mrs. Earl Smith's last Wednesday.

Miss Lovel spent Wednesday night at Mr. James Sheppard's.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Myer and Miss Forsthe took dinner at Mr. W. W. Keltner's Thursday.

Mr. Lee Stutsman spent Monday and Tuesday at Ray with Mrs. Stutsman and children.

Miss Lucy Sheppard was a caller at Mr. Earl Smith's Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude McCoy and two children spent Thursday at Ewald Nelson's.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sheppard and Mrs. Bessie Moorfield were callers at Earl Smith's Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Kauffman and family were guests of Ben Frank's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Myer and family also Goldie Joyce spent Sunday at Mr. Keltner's.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Marsh returned to town Friday.

Mr. Earl Smith was a caller at Mr. Keltner's Thursday evening.

Mr. Hans Frederickson sold nine head of his cattle to Mr. Smith Friday. He moved the rest out to his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Frank and daughter were callers at I. M. Kauffman's Saturday.

Mrs. Bessie Moorfield returned to her home at Wolf Point, Montana, Wednesday.

Miss Frona Sheppard spent Sunday at Mr. Keltner's.

Mrs. O. A. Myer and Miss Forsthe were callers at Ben Frank's Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Jack Pankowski spent Saturday evening and Sunday in the city.

Word was received this week that Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Brown are the proud parents of a baby boy born Jan. 19.

We have heard of boys trying to feed girls taffy, but never before did we hear of crackers as a substitute.

SUNNYSIDE

By a Staff Correspondent

February 2nd was an ideal day for Mr. Groundhog to see his shadow, and according to a tradition that has been handed down from our forefathers we are in it, for six more weeks—perhaps he is like the rest of us, he is going to enjoy all this summer weather in the winter time here in North Dakota he can get.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed McMillen and children Harold, Nellie and Johnnie were callers at M. E. Webb's last Sunday P. M.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Fredrickson spent the evening last Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shanks.

Mr. Frank delivered a load of hay in Williston last Friday to Mrs. Etta Zimmerman.

Harold McMillen was a business caller at E. I .Webb's last Thursday.

Judson school No. 3 was some surprised last Monday morning when school director M. C. Webb hung on the wall an 8 day wall clock; the purchase which was made possible through a community gathering in the form of a basket social.

Oats selling at 80c a bushel and rye selling at $1.34. Mr. Farmer be careful, rye is the cheaper horse feed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Pippenger and Miss Emogene Grey took dinner last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Webb.

Now is a good time to oil those harness and have those plow shares sharpened for spring is not far off.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shank royally entertained last Sunday afternoon the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Ewald. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Webb and daughters Ethel, Viola and Florence, Mr. and Mrs. Don Shanks and two daughters, and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Shanks, the latter, Guy Shank who just a couple of days ago had returned from Camp Custer.

Those that enjoyed the music last Sunday evening at Mr. and Mrs. Pippenger's were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shank and children and Mr. and Mrs. Don Shank and children, also Mr. Guy Shank and wife.

E. I. Webb and J. B. Pippenger were callers at M. C. Webb's home last Saturday morning.

Mr. Victor Anderson of Zahl was a pleasant caller at Ewald Nelson's Sunday evening.

BONETRAILL

By a Staff Correspondent

If anyone sees a stray sheep with a bell on, please notify Mikel Harstad, Bonetraill, R. 1.

Frank Williams, Dick Alberts, Albert and Otto Hintz, Bert Aspland and Cyrus Sites spent a very pleasant evening with H. C. Kaetzel Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hanson spent Monday evening at Mike Harstad's

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams and son spent Sunday at Bert Aspland's

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Azar and children were seen on our streets Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mikel Harstad entertained Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Christensen and children, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Alberts and son, K. C. Kaetzel and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Aspland and children at a card party Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams and H .C. Kaetzel were Williston shoppers Thursday.

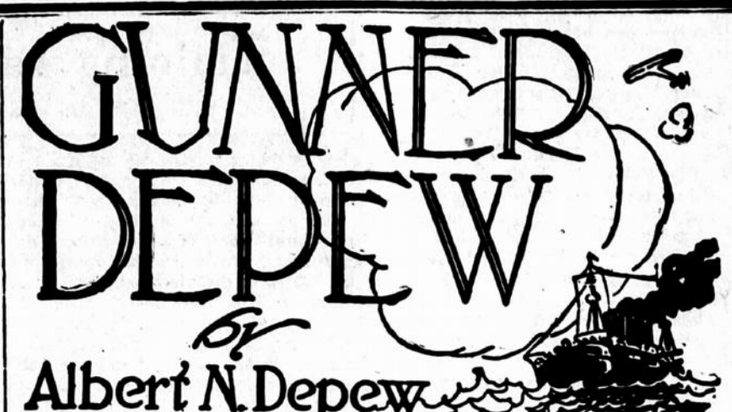
John Kulseth, Bert Aspland and Cyrus Sites were Williston callers Friday.

Fred Kruger entertained a number of neighbors at a card party Sunday evening.

Chas. Aspland spent Saturday night with H. C. Kaetzel.

The Bruce Christensen and Dick Alberts families, Pete Rasmussen, H. C. Kaetzel and Chas. Aspland were visitors at Frank Williams on Saturday night.

GUNNER DEPEW



by Albert N. Depew

EX-GUNNER AND CHIEF PETTY OFFICER U. S. NAVY
MEMBER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION OF FRANCE
CAPTAIN GUN TURRET, FRENCH BATTLESHIP CASSARD
WINNER OF THE CROIX DE GUERRE

(Continued from last week)

The bread was hard and dark, and I really think they made it from trees. It had just exactly the same smell that the dirt around trees has.

We filed past the sentries single file to get our ration of this mud, and there was no chance of getting in line twice, for we had to keep on filing until we were out in the road, and stand there in the snow to eat it. We could not go back in the barracks until every man had been served.

Our meals were like this: A can of barley coffee in the morning; cabbage soup, so called, at noon; a tenth of a loaf of bread at 3 p. m. That was our menu day in and day out, the kaiser's birthday, Lincoln's, May day, or any other time.

This cabbage soup was a great idea. We called it shadow soup, because the boys claimed they made it by hanging a cabbage over a barrel of water and letting the shadow fall on the water. We pretended, too, that if you found any cabbage in it, you could take your dish back for a second helping. But I never saw anybody get more than one dishful. All it was, was just spoiled water.

We tried to go to sleep that night, but there were so many sentries around us—and those of us who were not sick were wounded—that I do not think a man of us really slept. After a while I asked a sentry if I could go outside for a minute, but for some reason he would not let me. I had different ideas about it, so I stood around near the door, and when he turned his back out I went and around the corner of the barracks.

They Tied Me, Face to the Fence.

But one of the sentries there saw me and blew his whistle, and a guard of eight came up from somewhere and grabbed me. I tried to explain, but it was no use, because every time I said a word it meant another swat over the ear, so finally I gave it up.

Then they drilled me across the road to the officers' quarters. There were three officers there, and each of them asked me questions about all kinds of things, but never once mentioned my running out of the barracks. Then they gave the sentries some commands, and four of the sentries took me out and over to the barbed wire fence. There they tied me, face to the fence, arms over my head, and hands and feet lashed to the wire, and with a rope around my waist, too. I thought, then, that my hunch had come true, and that I would be crucified, like Murray and Brown.

They posted a sentry there in addition to the regular guards, and every time he walked past me he would kick me or spit on me, or do both.

One time he kicked me so hard that a prong of the barbed wire gashed me over the left eye—the only one I can see with—and when the blood ran into my eye it blinded me. I thought both eyes were gone then, and I hoped they would shoot me. It seemed to me that I had got my share by this time without losing the other eye, and if it was gone, I wanted to go too.

I could not put up my hand to feel where the prong had jabbed me, and it kept on bleeding and smarting. I had on practically no clothing, you remember. The wounds in my thigh had opened, and it was bitter cold and windy. So you can picture to yourself how gay and carefree I was.

When I had been there for an hour and a half they untied me from the wire, and I keeled over on my back, kicked me until I had to stand up, but I fell down again, and all the kicking in Germany could not have brought me to my feet. I was just all in. So they blew their whistles and the sentries in the barracks awakened two of the boys, who came and carried me in.

All the time the sentries were yelling, "Gott strafe Eng'and!" and "schweinhund!" until you would have thought they were in a battle. What their idea was I do not know.

The boys had a little water in a can, and one of them tore off part of the sleeve of his undershirt. So they washed the gash and bandaged it. Believe me, I was glad when I could see again. I was so tired and worn out that I went to sleep at once, and did not wake up until they were giving us our barley coffee next morning.

CHAPTER XIX.

German Prison Camps.

A few days after I had been lashed to the barbed wire fence some of the German officers came to the barracks, and one of them who spoke very good English said: "All of the neutrals who were on unarmed ships step out." Only a few stepped out.

Then he called for all the neutrals, and the Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Brazilians and Spaniards stepped out. But when I did, he said, "No, not Americans. Americans are not neutral. America supplies our enemies with food and ammunition." He raised his fist, and I thought he was going to hit me, but instead he gave me a shove that caused me to fall and get a little cut on the head. Then the sentries pushed me over with the British and the French.

After that they took the Norwegians, Swedes and Danes to separate barracks, and gave them clothes and beds and the same rations as the German soldiers. When I saw this I made a kick and said I was a neutral, too, and ought to get the same treatment as the Scandinavians. They took me to the officers again, kicked me about and swore at me, and the only answer I got was that America would suffer for all she had done for the allies. Then I was sent back to the barracks again.

The next day at about one o'clock they took us from the barracks and drilled us through the swamps. The men began to fall one by one, some crying or swearing, but most of them going along without a word. Those who went down were smashed in the head with rifle butts or belts.

Finally we arrived at a little railroad station, and had to stand in the snow for over an hour while the engine ran up and down the tracks hooking on cars. When we finally got in the cars we were frozen stiff. I could hardly walk, and some of the boys simply could not move without intense pain.

They loaded twelve men into each compartment, and detailed a guard of six men to each car. The windows in the cars were all smashed, and everything about the cars was dirty.

Finally the train stopped at a town named Alt-Damm, and there was a mob of women and children around, as usual, ready for us with bricks and spit. They stoned us through the car windows, and laughed and jeered at us, but by this time we were so used to it that we did not mind much. Only, every now and then some fellow would get all he could stand, and either talk back or make a pass at somebody. Then he would get his—either a bayonet through the arm or leg, or a crash on the head with a gun butt.

After an eighteen hour ride, without food or drink, we arrived at Neustrelitz. It was raining as we pulled in. As we went up the grade to the town we could see lights about a mile away, and we figured that that was the camp. The rain stopped and we remained in the cars for some time. Then, after a while, we knew our new guards were coming; long before we could see them, we could hear the racket they made. Somehow a German cannot do anything shipshape and neatly, but always has to have a lot of noise, and running around, and general confusion. Four-footed swine are more orderly in their habits than the Huns.

When they came up, we were rousted from the cars and drilled up the road to the camp. When we got near the German barracks we were halted and counted again, and made to stand there for at least an hour after they had finished counting us, shivering like leaves. At last they placed us in barracks, and those who could went to sleep.

There were about forty barracks in the Limey group at Neustrellitz and two large Zeppelin sheds. The barracks were just about like those at Swinemunde—at least, they were no better. Along the sides of the rooms were long shelves or benches, and every three feet were boards set in grooves. The shelves were what we had to sleep on, and the boards in the grooves divided them up so that only a certain number of men could use each bench.

The following morning we nearly dropped dead when the Huns pulled in a large wagon full of clothing. We thought we never would have anything to wear but our underclothes. They issued to each man a pair of trousers, thin model, a thin coat about like the seersucker coats some people wear in the summer, an overcoat about as warm as if it had been made of cigarette papers, a skull cap and a pair of shoes, which were a day's labor to carry around. Not one of us received socks, shirts or underwear.

The toe was cut from the right shoe of the pair I received, and as my wounds were in the right thigh and my leg had stiffened up considerably and got very sore, I got pretty anxious, because there was nothing but slush underfoot, and I was afraid I might lose my leg. So I thought that if I went to the commander and made a kick I might get a good shoe. I hesitated about it at first, but finally made up my mind and went to see him.

I told him that it was slushy outside, and that the water ran through the hole in my shoe and made it bad for my whole leg, which was wounded. He examined the shoe, and looked at the open toe for some time, and I thought he was going to put up an argument, but would give in finally.

Then he asked me what I wanted. I thought that was plain enough to see, but I said just as easily as I could that I wanted a shoe without a hole in the toe.

"So the water runs into it, does it?" he said. "Well, my advice to you is to get a knife, cut a hole in the heel and let the water out." All the other swine in the room laughed very loud at this, and I guess this Fritz thought he was a great comedian. But somehow or other, it did not strike me so funny that I just had to laugh, and I was able, after quite a struggle, to keep from even snickering. It was a harder struggle than that to keep from doing something else, though!

Our meals were just about the same as at Swinemunde—the bread was just as muddy, the barley coffee just as rank, and the soup just as cabbageless. The second morning after we had had our barley coffee, one of the sentries came to our barracks, which was number 7-B, and gave each of us an envelope and a sheet of writing paper. Then he told us to write

He Chalked on the Door.

to anybody we wanted to, after which he chalked on the door in big letters:

KRIEGSGEFANGENENLAGER

and told us it was the return address. We were all surprised, and asked each other where we were, because we had thought we were in Neustrelitz. After a while, we learned that it means "Prisoner-of-War-Camp." At first, though, many of us thought it was the name of the town, and we got to calling it the Brewery, because the name ended in lager. Whatever beer was brewed there was not for us though.

I noticed that all the time he was writing the word and giving us the stationery, the sentry was laughing and having a great time with his own little self, but I figured he was just acting German, and that nothing was important about it.

We were all tickled to death to get a chance to let our people know where we were, and each man thought a long time about what he would say, and who he would write to, before he ever started to write. Each man wanted to say all he could in the small space he had, and we wanted to let our friends know how badly they were treating us without saying it in so many words, because we knew the Huns would censor the letters, and it would go hard with anyone who complained much. So most of the men said they were having a great time and were treated very well, and spread it on so thick that their friends would figure they were lying because they had to.

One fellow had an idea that was better than that, though. He had been in jail in Portsmouth, England, for three months, for beating up a constable, and he had had a pretty rough time. So he wrote a pal of his that he had been captured by the Germans, but that everything was going along pretty well. In fact, he said, the only other trip he had ever been on, where he had a better time, was the three months' vacation he had spent in Portsmouth two years before, which he thought the friend would remember. He said that trip was better than this one, so the friend could figure out for himself how pleasant this one was. Everybody thought this was a great idea, but unfortunately not all of us had been in jail, so we could not all use it. Which was just as well, we thought, because the Germans would be suspicious if all of us compared this vacation with others.

A few of the men did not have anybody they could write to, and some did not know their friends' addresses, so they would write letters to friends of the other men, and sign it with the friend's nickname.

As soon as a man had finished his letter, he had to go out to the center of the camp, where they had built a raised platform. There the sentries took the letters, and the men formed around the square. There were officers on the platform reading the letters. We thought they read them there in the open, before us, so that we would know they were not tampering with the letters, and we thought the heaven would fall if they were getting so unkultured as that.

Finally, all the men had finished their letters and turned them over to the officers, who read them. And then we saw why the sentry laughed.

The officers tore up every one of the letters. They were anxious that we would see them do it, so none of us would have any hope that our friends would get word.

But we said to ourselves that, if it was information they wanted, they had as much as was good for them, which was none at all, because I do not think one letter in the bunch had a single word of truth in it. But we were all very angry and pretty low after that, because it showed the Huns still had plenty of kultur left, after all, and we knew there was rough sledding ahead of us. Also, some of the men were sore because they had wasted their time thinking up different ways of tipping their friends off to the real state

(Cointinued on page 6)