

LETTERS FROM BOURBON COUNTY SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

The following letter from France, written by Private Oliver Hazelrigg, of Paris, has been handed to THE NEWS with a request for its publication. Before his induction into the service of Uncle Sam, Private Hazelrigg resided on High street between Twelfth and Thirteenth, and is well-known here. The letter follows:

"Wormhoudt, France, Sunday Eve., December 29, 1918."

"Having arrived on the Western front on August 3, 1918, known as Alsace-Lorraine, we began our first work as ammunition slingers, and sling it we certainly did. I was a driver, so I did not sling any of it. Every truck had three men, driver, assistant driver and rear guard. We worked on the Loraine front for about six weeks, encamped in a forest about three-quarters of a mile from a neat little town called Bacarat. This town had been shelled at one time during the war, but was not seriously damaged.

"We went from there to the famous old Verdun battlefront. It must have been the most horrible of the whole war. We saw some excitement there, many dying and wounded Yankees, bad roads, muddy, slippery and hard to get trucks loaded with ammunition over them, working at nights to avoid sight of the enemy made it all the harder, because we couldn't see what we did, and it was very dangerous at times going along under heavy enemy shell, fire and gas, and the 'night hawks' (enemy aeroplanes) bombing our lines, machine guns 'pingping' all the time, our boys lying here and there, heads mangled, legs off, bodies blown away, groaning and dying, surely did make it a scene of horror.

"After a few weeks of this horrid warfare and successful drive, we were ordered to the St. Mihiel salient, where it was not so rushing on us. We only remained there a short time, and then went to a town back from the lines called Foug, remaining there over night and getting a pay-day. We then took our auto trucks and turned them in at Toul, and entrained for the Flanders front in Belgium, riding a couple of days in box cars, and arrived at a rail-road and ration dump in No Man's Land, the latter part of October. As we were not drawing trucks any more, we had to hike to the front and were attached to a truck company for the remainder of the war. We saw some fierce battles here, too. The level country made it more convenient for the German machine gunners to get a whack at us. The boys had no trenches to crawl into, so it was open warfare most of the time. The German machine gunners would just mow down the Yanks like weeds, but all the same the drive continued, with Old Glory in the lead, and it still leads.

"We had hard work hauling ammunition here, but finally the long-looked for time came, when, on the 11th day of November Germany surrendered. The roaring, howling and barking of the big guns, whistling shells, gas bombs and machine gun bullets ceased, and from that on it seemed that every day was Sunday. Then we began already to think about coming back to America, but we spent Thanksgiving Day at Wielsbeke, in Belgium, and Christmas Day in Wormhoudt, France. There was a rumor continually bobbing up about us going back home, then again we would hear that we were destined to remain for possibly two years longer. What awful rumors can gain such wide circulation! But we think now that it will be just a matter of time or transportation as to when we sail for the good old U. S. A.

"We were on four different fronts during the three and one-half months of active service, and were cited in Flanders twice. We are entitled to a star for having been cited on five fronts. Maj.-Gen. Farnsworth gave the Thirty-seventh Division Ammunition Train high honors for the bravery shown by them in the heavy resistance of enemy shell fire, etc. What it takes to drive the Germans back on the run the Yankee boys surely have it, and they are not all dead yet, either. No nation, however great, had better not meddle with Uncle Sam any more. What do you think about it? What we want to see now is home, and that real soon, too.

"OLIVER K. HAZELRIGG."
"Private Oliver K. Hazelrigg,
"Co. A., 112th Ammunition Train,
"American Expeditionary Force."
The letter was accompanied by a copy of a pamphlet, "Knights of Columbus Activities," published at Dunkirk, France. It contained on one of the pages a copy of the official order from Gen. Dana T. Merrill and Chief of Staff, rehearsing Maj.-Gen. Farnsworth's congratulations to the 37th Division for its brilliant conduct under fire.

The following letter from a charming young Paris woman who is doing splendid work in the re-education and restoration of blind soldiers, is reproduced in THE NEWS from a desire to show our people what Uncle Sam is doing to help our disabled soldiers. This young woman, well-known to Paris people, should her name be rendered, hides her identity under the non de plume of "A Modern Cinderella." Her message, splendidly told, will give us the proper conception of how the wards of Uncle Sam are being taken care of in the U. S. General Hospital No. 7, near Baltimore, in a beautiful place called Roland Park:

"Dear NEWS:
"You see by the signature that the day of fairies has not passed, even though the coach and four have

been supplanted by the great whirling bird, the aeroplane.

"Since the fairy prince, 'Uncle Sam,' has made it possible for many of us to visit strange lands and stranger places, I, too, decided to visit 'Evergreen,' near Baltimore, where our dear returned blind soldiers are being helped to become the same normal useful men they were before the scourge of war and pestilence swept over the world. To decide is to act, and, shutting off the motor, my winged servant settled lightly and easily upon the grounds of Military Hospital No. 7.

"I am at once in the midst of various recreational and reconstructive work. This is the hour for bowling, and amid laughter and good-natured competition, two, entirely blind, are making 82, 84, 115 and 140 points. The man setting up the pins having two-thirds the sight of one eye.

"Next are the Braille rooms, where men read as truly and as quickly with a series of raised dots as they formerly did with the eye.

The click of typewriters caused me to pause, and going inside, I find the boys answering their letters, business as well as social, and without any mistakes. As many as 82 words per minute being written by the more advanced.

"The class in book-binding is an advanced one, and many beautifully bound books are here displayed, the result of the work of the wholly blind.

"There is the piano-tuning room with the blind instructor; the manual training room, the most popular room and the most needed of all work. Here are baskets, pink, blue, green, brown and grey—waste baskets, flower baskets, work and scrap baskets, serving trays, jardinières, hammocks, fringed, tassled and beautifully made. They will last a lifetime. Hand woven rugs, hand-caned chairs, settees and other furniture. And here our boys, blind, are at work upon these various articles, whistling, singing, joking and making their way to the various parts of the room, to get their own materials and selecting the different grades and numbers.

"If there is a picture in your mind of 'poor blind boys,' discounted, weary and tired, get rid of it. Truly, as Sir Arthur Pearson says, 'We are not blind, but normal men who see through the nerves of the fingers instead of the nerves of the eyes.' And so they do and so they want others to know that they do.

"There is a class in English, where a 'real black-board is used, and as the instructor writes, he spells each letter aloud. As he reads 'Knowledge is Power,' they see the picture mentally. The one command is 'See, See, See,' (never feel), get a picture. It may not be an absolutely accurate one, but it is his picture, it is something seen.

"As I listen I hear, 'We want none of this sympathy stuff.' Tell everybody to cut it out. We are going to do things, and be men just as we ever were. They dance and play and work and walk. Overhead is the blue of the sky, and the sun shining. Around are wonderful old trees and formal gardens, and lawns and flowers. And in the trees are birds, and on the lake are snow-white swans. Blue-gowned, white aproned reconstruction aides, scarlet-capped Red Cross nurses and strong, valiant men are here to teach the boys to forget the hate and horror of war, and to remember the love and goodness of God, and man, (when guided by God) as loving and kind. And as I slowly and reflectively guide my steps toward my bird of passage, I utter a prayer of gratitude for all the love and goodness that is yet in the world and what it is meaning to these men who will go out—not the poor blind seller of shoe laces, the tin-cup beggar—but strong, determined, useful, able-bodied men, 'Who are not blind but who see through nerves of a different medium than the eye,' and I realize the truth of an oft repeated statement, 'Sight is not of the eye, but of the mind.'

"A MODERN CINDERELLA."

The following letter was received a few days ago by Mrs. Carrie F. Stone, of Paris, from her son, George M. (Tommy) Frakes, who is in France with the American Expeditionary Forces. The letter, which was written under date of January 17, follows:

"Chambley, France, Jan. 17.
"Dear Mother:—Received your letter to-day, January 16, and was certainly glad to hear from the good old U. S. A. again. I am now right up on the German border, at Chambley, France. It is on the St. Mihiel front, and, like all the rest of the towns around, it is all shot to pieces. It looks like our next move will be to Germany, for it doesn't look like we will get back to the United States before the last of March or the first of April, or even later than that. There is a lot to be done here yet in readjustment work, and that will, of course, require the presence of a large number of soldiers.

"I don't know whether you can read this letter or not, for the boys, my bunk-mates, are making so much noise that I can hardly hear myself think. All they do is to talk of home and their mothers, their sisters, their sweethearts, and of course, that makes me homesick, as it does all the other boys. I have become such a hardened campaigner that when I get home I could sleep the sleep of the just on a pile of coal in the coal house and eat slumgullion or any kind of old handout, and feel that I was doing very well. I'll tell you

this army life takes the kinks out of fellow, and if there is anything of the 'sisy' in his make-up, he loses it after he has been through the mill in the army. I am glad I have had my share of the experience, and am sorry for the goody-goody boys who were too soft to get into the service. I would not take anything now for my experience. I am in the best of health and certainly feeling very fine, and hope to continue so all through the journey of life after I get out of the service.

"I would like to send you a nice lot of souvenirs, as they are easy to get, but moving from place to place so often, can't carry them with us long enough. Such things as German helmets, bayonets, and other things. We have such a load of baggage to carry with us that we could not afford to burden ourselves with souvenirs. It's about all a fellow can do to carry his eighty-five pound army outfit and get along with it comfortably. I think the outfit we carry in this Engineers' Corps, must weigh at least 185 pounds, for it feels that way some time when I am out on the hike with the bunch. Still I am fat, weigh about 150 pounds, and have never had a sick day since I have been in the service, so there is nothing for me to complain of, except a touch of the 'I-want-to-come-home' fever once in a while.

"Well, that candle is about burned out, and my paper is also close to

the end, and I guess I had better close. Hoping to hear from all of you soon, and to get a chance soon to come back to the good old U. S. A., I am,

"Lovingly,
"Tommy"
"George M. Frakes,
"Co. P., 5th Bn., 23d Engineers,
"American E. F., France."

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Medicine was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarrh Medicine is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials free.

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No Indigestion! Stomach Feels Fine! No Acidity, Gas, Souring, Dyspepsia



Belching gas, food souring in stomach, lumps of pain from indigestion and all distress from an upset stomach stops instantly. Yes! At once!

No more stomach-headache,
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Pape's Diapepsin not only relieves bad stomachs but it strengthens weak stomachs. Splendid!
Costs little—Any drug store.



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Personally we have traveled a hundred miles West and fully as far East, but never yet have we encountered a man manicured.

Speaking of economics, what is your opinion of the striver who bankrupts himself to prove he's rich?

Virtue is its own reward. The black sheep of the family generally insists upon having spring lamb.

A woman is a conundrum, and yet a man never seems to want to give her up.

The Independent Tobacco Warehouse Co. of Paris, Kentucky BREAKS WORLD RECORD

We sold Thursday, February 13, 1919, a floor of 79,590 pounds of tobacco for \$59,171.15, a floor average of \$74.36. The baskets sold at from \$22.50 to \$150 per one hundred pounds. The crop of Clarke, Wells & Mitchell, of 2,325 pounds, sold by baskets as follows: 250 pounds at 76 cents, 235 pounds at 80 cents, 70 pounds at 83 cents, 210 pounds at 85 cents, 90 pounds at 85 cents, 40 pounds at 85 cents, 100 pounds at 84 cents, 100 pounds at 83 cents, 190 pounds at 84 cents, 165 pounds at 89 cents, 105 pounds at 84 cents, 105 pounds at 87 cents, 75 pounds at 81 cents, 245 pounds at 81 cents and 345 pounds at 81 cents. Average, \$82.44.

Other crops sold as follows:

	Pounds	Price
Ardery & Brady	1,795	\$78.13
Thomason, Burris & Faulkner	3,415	78.32
Hutchcraft & Hill	2,080	72.02
Wright & Hill	2,120	77.93
Kenney & Whalen	2,890	79.08
Jones & Hatfield	3,655	73.33
McIntyre & Towey	3,125	74.27
Ardery & Gay	2,775	80.25
Clark & Young	1,615	67.81
Harding, Myers & Powers	1,785	75.23
Rice & Johnson	6,695	78.27
Will Stuart	5,395	62.83
Joff & Hinkson	5,395	74.72
Ward & Prather	595	65.48
Clay & Bramel	2,610	77.53
Plummer, McClure & Jones	2,100	79.21
Webber & Whalen	2,180	71.11
Boardman & Bricly	2,215	61.34
Young & Wagoner	6,060	71.74
Clay & Carterson	6,340	78.66
Clark, Wells & Mitchell	2,325	82.44
Harding & Reynolds	2,750	66.99
Ewalt & Kenton	1,340	81.75
Ward & Smith	2,050	78.53
Reynolds & Buzzard	2,215	80.36
McIntyre & Wagoner	3,310	66.25

The Independent Tobacco Warehouse Company, of Paris, Ky., led the Paris market last year. It is in the lead now. There is a reason.

The Independent Tobacco Warehouse Company, of Paris, Ky., last year led the season average, highest floor average, highest basket average and highest general crop average of all burley markets.

The Independent Tobacco Warehouse Company, of Paris, Ky., has sold this season 2,776,415 pounds for \$1,172,092.20 a floor average of \$42.21 and leads the Paris markets for the season average.

We will more than double our floor space for next season and invite Tobacco growers in all counties to share our success.

Independent Tobacco Warehouse Company Paris, Kentucky

COL. J. A. SQUIRES, auctioneer

DAN W. PEED, Manager

C. C. CLARK, President