

# MAMES OF BOND SLACKERS TO BE PUBLISHED

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Fourth Liberty Loan organization held in Cooperstown last Friday evening, Oct. 4, a Grievance Committee, consisting of R. S. Lunde, R. L. Jones and John Berg, was appointed.

It will be the function of this committee to hear the complaints of those who feel that their allotment in the Fourth Liberty Loan was not just, because of being too high or too low.

This committee wants to meet any person in the county who for any reason refused to buy his quota of Bonds or who refused to buy any Bonds at all.

The Committee will be in session at the Court House in Cooperstown, on Tuesday, October 15—all day.

The allotment committee in Griggs County has endeavored to be fair, and each person has been assessed according to his net worth, as near as the committee could arrive at the net worth of each individual.

Perhaps you have been assessed too high. If so, the Grievance Committee wants to hear your side of the story—and make satisfactory adjustment.

There are some persons in the county who have refused point-blank to buy Liberty Bonds. There are others, who by their treatment of the solicitors have indicated that their allotment was too high. It is these fellows that the Grievance Committee wants to see—and it is up to these fellows to see the Committee.

The man who has refused to buy Liberty Bonds, or who has refused to take his allotment of Bonds—unless he has some mighty good reason for doing so—is a slacker of the rankiest kind, untrue to his country—and ought to be ashamed of himself.

The names of those who absolutely refuse to buy Bonds after conferring with the Grievance Committee, or WHO REFUSE TO SEE THE COMMITTEE BECAUSE THEY DO NOT WANT TO BUY BONDS, WILL BE PUBLISHED IN ALL THE PAPERS OF THE COUNTY SHORTLY AFTER THE LIBERTY LOAN DRIVE OFFICIALLY CLOSES ON OCTOBER 19th.

Have YOU done YOUR SHARE in the Fourth Liberty Loan?

Do YOU want YOUR NAME TO BE PUBLISHED—and do YOU want to be branded by your neighbors as a SLACKER?

Again—and finally—if you have any kick to make—make it to the Grievance Committee at the Court House, Tuesday, October 15. They will be in session ONE day.

It is your duty to see them, or else have your name bandied about the county as one who failed in his duty to himself, to his county, to his country, and to humanity in general.

The names will be published in LARGE TYPE on the FRONT PAGE OF EVERY PAPER IN THE COUNTY.

Better think it over.

O. G. Arneson Writes

Spokane, Wash., Oct. 4, 1918.

Blanford Times,  
Dear Sir:

Since I promised to give you some dope as to our encampment at American Lake, Wash., and you have signified your desire to have same, it is up to me now to make good or be branded as a slacker, which, by the way, is a very undesirable classification at this stage of the game.

On the night of Sept. 14th at 10 p. m., we (Co. K and L) entrained for our camp, known as Camp Murray, but the correct name is "Camp Geo. D. Robertson," named in honor of a man who gave a life on the operating table. This man underwent an operation in order to fit himself for overseas service, otherwise the operation would have been superfluous. He knew that the operation was an extremely hazardous one and that the chances were against him, but he thot of his country and the other countries with which we are linked in bonds of fidelity and brotherly love, and so he thot of what value he might be, should perchance the operation prove successful, he being a trained military man with the rank of Colonel.

Our destination took us thru Everett, Seattle and Tacoma. We arrived in camp Sunday about 3 p. m. The first thing on the program was to pitch our tents, each tent to house a squad, or eight men. After that task had been completed, each man had a tick to be filled with straw, and before me was a scramble of straw. Some of the ticks were come back with their faces radiant, and their ticks bulging, while others only had a sample of straw and again others never got a look in. Bales and bales of straw disappeared like magic. The final outcome was that some of the boys had a hard time remaining on top of their ticks the first night, while others had to be satisfied sleeping on old

mother earth, unless they happened to have a platform in their tent.

The first night, at least, I suspect that we all thot more or less about the nice soft beds we left behind us, and possibly for the first time commenced to realize the advantages and comforts of a real home. The straw proposition was gradually adjusted, so that in the course of 3 or 4 days everybody was made fairly comfortable, everything considered.

At 6 a. m., the next morning, the reveille sounded, which meant roll out, and in 15 minutes stand in line for assembly or roll call, then we were marched out in the open for setting up exercises, and after 30 minutes we would be marched back again, when we would wash up and get ready for the big eats or morning mess.

At 7:30 the Fatigue squad would get busy cleaning up the streets, etc. Everything had to be spick and span, not even a cigarette stub was allowed to remain in the street. A new squad was selected for each day, so we all took a shot at it.

At 7:40 an officer would make the rounds to examine all the quarters. Everything had to be in ship-shape by that time and everything done in a systematic order. If you had an extra pair of shoes, they must be stood just so, with toes together and so on, and if these regulations were not complied with, it meant "K P" for you. "K P" means kitchen police and kitchen police means to wash dishes, scrub floors, saw wood or the like, mostly "the like."

At 8 o'clock the roll would be called for squad drill, when we would be given squads right and squads left, right face, left face and about face, until one would be alone in the face and left would be right, and right left and the stars would shine with unusual brightness, when a couple guys with a red cross on their coat sleeves would wander along

with a stretcher betwixt them and pick up the remnants and lug them off to the hospital. It's a great life, if you don't weaken.

About 12:30 an observer would see about twelve different files of men lined up in front of their respective mess halls for noon mess, and as a rule they were a hungry bunch, but always in good cheer, and if anything ever went amiss, just damn the Kaiser. If you don't get butter more than twice a week and have to drink black coffee and the bacon looks like a postage stamp, just damn the Kaiser.

Assembly again at 2 o'clock and then for two hours we would have battalion drill, which required four companies, since it takes four companies to make a battalion. We would be given extended order and skirmish work and fighting an imaginary foe. This was carried out in precisely the same manner as if in actual battle, only we were not given shells nor did we see the foe.

At 5:30 we assembled for regimental drill. This was for the whole regiment. A regiment consists of three battalions or twelve companies. Each company would be under the leadership of its respective captain and officers, and to the tune of the military band would march in review of Colonel McClure and other state officers.

At 6:30 we would fall in line again for mess, and after mess the time would be our own until 10:30 when all the lights had to be put out and the camp in peaceful slumber. The evenings would be spent as a rule writing letters or at the Y. M. C. A., unless one would be out on pass, in which event he could be found at one of three places: Camp Lewis, Tacoma, or Seattle. If perchance one should be caught outside of the camp streets after 10:30 without a pass, he sure would not allow him to pass.

This will give you an idea of the daily routine. On the second Sunday at camp we were honored by the presence of Governor Lister. No drilling on that day, except the regimental drill, which was reviewed by the Governor. Yours truly, however, had the fortune or misfortune to be on guard duty that day, but as everybody behaved nicely, it was fine and dandy.

Now just a few words about our company. Outside of the young men, it consists principally of business men, representing various kinds of businesses, including bankers, lawyers, merchants, real estate, etc. We also have in our company Stedward King, the man who wrote "The Long, Long Trail."

Camp Lewis is only about three miles from Camp Murray, so took a trip over there one day and watched the boys drilling. It was a sight to see that, something like 50,000 soldiers maneuvering back and forth as far as the eye could see and then some. These boys are preparing for the Kaiser's reception and they are in earnest too. They are a fine bunch of fellows, the cream of the country and every inch a man. It would seem that every one of these husky lads are good for several Hunns apiece.

During our entire stay at the camp we were under the eye of a federal officer. What it all meant, I won't venture to guess, but it is evident that we will be federalized in the near future, and after that "who knows?" I heard all kinds of rumors at camp, and everybody had "inside information." We were told that when we left Camp Murray we would go straight to Camp Lewis instead of to our homes in Spokane. Others again had the same "inside information" that we would immediately take possession of Fort Wright upon our return home, Fort Wright being in the city limits of Spokane. Others insist that we will soon embark for Honolulu or the Philippine Islands, but it is quite evident that no one has the desired "inside information." However, I think it is a fair guess that Uncle Sam will make use of us somehow and somewhere, at least all those of us that are able bodied and otherwise fitted for actual service.

We arrived in Spokane last Sunday at 1 p. m., Sept. 29th and shortly after we stepped off the train we formed in line for the Fourth Liberty Loan parade. The two weeks spent in camp, I feel, did us all much good in various ways, but I must admit that Spokane never looked so good to me before. In going to camp, it meant that I had to close up shop and allow deals pending to take care of themselves and then we got fifteen whole bucks apiece from Uncle Sam the day we broke camp, so that helps some.

This letter, I fear is getting too long already, so will now cut it out. Hope this letter will find you all well and happy. With kind regards to yourself and family and friends, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours,  
Pvt. O. G. ARNESON, N. G. W. L.

The Greens of the Nations.

The Italian when in pain he lies,  
"Of Oi Gewart—as tut mis wet."  
A German when he's sick or lute  
Will groan—"Ach Himmel!—Lieber Gott!"

And when a Frenchman is in pain  
Then "Oh La La" is his refrain.  
So think they do mean and cry,  
"Oh Gewart—as tut mis wet."

Some of our nation has his own  
Way of saying things and special tones,  
And when he groans and yells,  
You can't understand what he says.