

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE
STATE BANK OF REVERE

At Revere, in the State of North Dakota
at the close of business May 10, 1918

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$2800 85
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	136 05
Warrants, stocks, tax certificates, claims, etc.	221 15
Banking House, furniture and fixtures	875 00
Due from other banks	5004 39
Cash	811 02
Total	\$6607 46

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	\$ 10000 00
Surplus Fund	1600 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	1149 43
Individual deposits subject to check	15475 00
Time certificates of deposit	1778 00
Cashier's checks outstanding	54 63
Total	\$ 6607 46

State of North Dakota, ss
County of Griggs.

I, L. O. Skjelset, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

L. O. SKJELSET, Cashier

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of May, 1918.

L. R. LARSON,

Notary Public, Griggs County, N. Dak.
My commission expires May 16, 1923

Correct—Attest:

O. E. Thoreson
R. L. Jones

Directors

**A Letter from Edgar Gustafson
Marine Barracks, Paris Island, S. C.
May 19th, 1918**

Ever since I struck this camp a month ago to-day, it has been on my mind to write you to let you know in a general way what life is like in an army camp. I have enjoyed so much the letters sent you by other former Hannaford folks who are drifting around a bit and who let the folks at home hear of some of their doings.

It seems that a person who has become thoroughly acquainted at one or two places in North Dakota is never doomed to be without acquaintances in this big country of ours. I came to this conclusion in New York City for there I met, even on the crowded streets people that I had known in Grand Forks and elsewhere. I now have another illustration of the same thing here in this little isolated island so many hundreds of miles from our prairie state.

Last Wednesday our company was detailed to do police work. Now police work doesn't consist in twirling a night stick nor patrolling a post with a rifle over the shoulder. On the contrary it is the army term for what we in North Dakota would call "doing chores." It happened that the squad I & am in was assigned the job of straightening out the stores in the post quartermaster warehouse at the Main Barracks. Two of us were set to re-wrapping bundles of toweling under the supervision of a private. Now there was something about this private that stirred in me recollections of a youngster I had known some dozen years ago in Hannaford. So when he came back I addressed him, a la Conon Doyle:

"You used to live in North Dakota, didn't you?"

"I surely did."

"Your name is Arestad, isn't it?"

"It surely is."

"Carlton Arestad?"

"Yes, and who the deuce are you?"

This is how I came across a boyhood friends whom I had not seen for at least ten years. We had both served our periods as "devils" on the Enterprise, and that alone afforded a sound basis for reminiscences. Carlton was, I believe, the first apprentice on the paper, having set type under the Arbogast regime.

Our little chat together reminded me of one I had with Hartyig Sonja just a few weeks ago. We met at the Hotel Martinique in New York for an hour of reminiscence of school days in Hannaford. We had both graduated from the graded school in the class of '07 and found ourselves eleven years later working in the great metropolis.

Well, now a little about camp life. What I am experiencing here is probably very much the same sort of thing that the scores of Hannaford boys—and the millions of other American boys—are experiencing in army camps all over the country. We of the Marine Corps, however, contend infinite superiority over "army" men and our officers lose no opportunity to flay us with the stinging assertion "that you might be able to get away with that in the Army but not in the Marine Corps." Be that as it may, the fact cannot be questioned that we of the Marine Corps are being put through a training as rigorous and thorough as any in the country.

Recruits for this service are made up entirely of volunteers. Such recruits are now arriving at the rate of about 250 per day through Port Royal, S. C.—a ramshackle little town surrounded by heavily wooded country. From here we were taken by boat up a sort of bay to Paris Island and dis-embarked at the Applicants' Camp. Here we were routed out at all hours to stand in innumerable lines for innumerable and inscrutable purposes. Our finger prints are taken; we told our life history, we swear allegiance to the United States—in this part of the Camp. Also mess sergeants and police corporals drop around (always at our particular bunk house) to round up a few score of men to pick up refuse or wash out mess halls. I helped wring out mops into soup kettles on two separate occasions!

We left this camp after receiving the greater portion of our equipment and clothing. The group I was with marched the six miles to the Man-

euver Grounds on April 26, carrying heavy marching order and rifles. At the Maneuver Grounds we stayed two weeks and two days—and they stand for 16 of the busiest days of my young life. The amount of work we did and the things we learned seem almost incredible. This is particularly true when it is taken into consideration that here we received two inoculations for paratyphoid and were rather loggy for a day or two each week as a consequence.

At 5:30 a. m. we hear the corporal roar out in obedience-compelling tones "Hit the Deck!!" That is the Marine way of saying "Get up." It means get up in a hurry, too. There is no turning for just one more snooze. Bunks must be folded up and made into compact little bundles strictly according to regulations. Regulations are the bane of a soldier's life anyway—there are regulation ways of doing absolutely everything from saluting to having a haircut. By the way, a private is limited—strictly limited—to two (2) only eyebrows.

After a wash and shave we line up for a warming up run at double time. The sun by that time is thrusting its gleaming head over the eastern horizon. And let me say that the light effects at sunrise and sunset here in the southern country on the sea are the most gorgeous and wonderful I have ever seen. The mist or fog of the ocean hangs low at sunrise and diffuses the sun's rays into a pinkish glow of rich beauty. Morning chow comes along about 6 o'clock. We usually have beans (lo, the army bean!) and oatmeal for breakfast. This with coffee and bread forms a satisfying meal, though in civilian life some folks might insist that oatmeal is more palatable with milk (craem!) and bread with butter—but little things like that don't bother the embryo soldier though; he only knows that he has a powerfully hungry stomach to fill. Judging by the way things disappear, he succeeds pretty well in accomplishing his purpose.

In the morning we have two drill periods, in the afternoon one or two, and in the evening sometimes one. It is pretty warm work marching in the sand of the island with rifles in hand and pack on shoulder for hours at a time. But just when it seems that we cannot take another step, "chow" call sounds and we hasten to our tents to doff equipment and to line up for the steaming meal. Sometimes we wash up for meals and sometimes we don't—that too is another of the inconsequential things.

As a welcome respite in the never-ending round of drill, drill, drill come innumerable inspections—sanitary inspections, clothing inspections, equipment inspections. Everything is done according to regulations. It all seems amusing from the civilian viewpoint. For instance, one form of sanitary inspection requires the men to sit in grotesque attitudes on the edge of their cots while an officer examines feet and hands. The men sit with one foot crossed over the other, arms at side, elbows bent, fingers spread out and extended—for all the world like trained poodle dogs! A man with a sense of humor finds plenty of material for amusement in this life.

A sense of humor is the one saving grace anyway, and anyone who insists on not taking things too seriously can have a fine time in an army camp.

Private Edgar Gustafson,
49th Company, Battalion N
Paris Island, S. C.

The Prussian minister who says Americans could neither fly nor swim, may observe that they can cross the ocean in German steamers.

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