



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr. Earl Reed Silvers  
Faculty House  
Rutgers College  
New Brunswick  
N.J.

I have arrived safely  
overseas.

Dean C. Jenkins.  
33rd Engineers  
American Expeditionary Forces

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



EARL REED SILVERS

ALUMNI HOUSE

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

Dover, N. J.  
Oct. 24<sup>th</sup> 1917

My son's rank and address is as follows.

Lieu. Dean Carter Jenkins  
Company 2. Eng. Officers Reserve Camp.  
American University  
Washington D. C.

Yours truly  
George E. Jenkins



Franklin New Jersey  
December Thirteenth  
Nineteen Seventeen

War Service Bureau  
Rutgers College  
New Brunswick N.J.

Gentlemen:-

I note in your bulletin #3 that positions are open for chemists in the War Department under Special Call #2 and #3, and beg to ask for further information on this subject. Does this call offer a position for entrance in the Officers Reserve Corps ? If you so desire, the following information may be furnished to the Ordinance Department.:

Mr. D. Jenkins, Graduate of Rutgers College 1906, Chief Chemist, Franklin Plant of the New Jersey Zinc Company, for ten years, engaged in General Analytical and Reasearch Work and Water Control.

Mr. Lawson Bauer, Graduate of LaFayette College 1911, Assistant Chief Chemist, Franklin Plant of the New Jersey Zinc Company for Five years, engaged in the same work as above.

Very truly yours,

*D. Jenkins*



December 17, 1917.

Mr. D. Jenkins,

Franklin, N.J.

Dear Sir;-

I have sent your name, and also that of Mr. Bauer, to Lieut. Col. Dunn, Broadway and 24th Street, New York, N.Y., who is in need of chemists for the Ordnance Department. This refers to Special Call No. 3, of Bulletin No.3. In the letter, I also asked for information concerning entrance in the O.R.C., and shall advise you as soon as a reply is received. In regard to Special Call No. 2, full information will be given if you will write to Chief Inspector of Small Arms Ammunition, Office of Chief of Ordnance, Small Arms Division, 1801 I Street, Washington, D.C.

Very truly yours,



February 21, 1918.

Lieut. Deane C. Jenkins,  
33rd Engineers,  
Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Dear Dean:

I was mighty glad to get your letter of February 19th and to know where you are. Someone told me that you had gone across and I was just about to write to your father. Remember me to George Whisler and ask him if he wishes any copies of the Quarterly containing his article. I am sending you under separate cover a copy of the Quarterly and forwarding a number of the Targues.

Good luck to you.

Cordially yours,

ERS/MVH



CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

# WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM



NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

RECEIVED AT

411 GEORGE STREET, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.  
TELEPHONES 101 AND 102

18NYBN

9

CAMP DEVENS MASS 909P MAY 12-18

EARL REED SILVERS,

ALUMNI AND FACULTY HOUSE, RUTGERS COLLEGE  
NEWBRUNSWICK NJ

WHEN IS SENIOR HOP WIRE COLLECT 33 ENGINEERS

D C JENKINS

732AMAY13

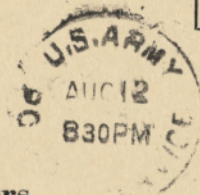


H. Sean C. Jenkins  
Co C, 33rd Engrs.  
A.P.O. #713  
Amer. Z. F.

POST CARD

Officer's Mail.

Place Two  
Cent Stamp  
Here

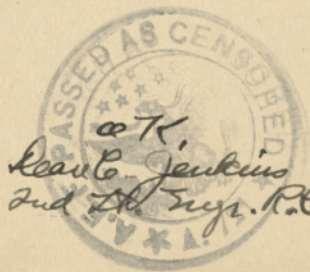


1918

Earl Reed Silvers

Rutgers College

New Brunswick, N. J.



Lieut. Dean C. Jenkins  
Co. "C", 33<sup>rd</sup> Engineers

→ A.P.O. #713

Subject to change.

American E. F.  
Via New York



Co C, 33<sup>rd</sup> Regt.  
American E. F.  
Sept. 8, 1918.

My dear Reed,

Just a short personal letter to you to let you know how much I appreciated your sending me the Rutgers Alumni Quarterly for July. As you've probably heard our mail comes in batches. As I came in at noon you cannot, emphasis on the negative, realize how de-lighted I was to see seven letters and the Quarterly lying on my table. We have a long noon hour so I immediately perused the whole lot and then went up to see Ralph Filer, who is only a couple of hundred yards away with the Dad Pioneers Inf. I chuckled my copy at him and catching it he held it up in one hand and in the other his own copy. Our copies had come over together just as did we. Ki and I both landed the thirteenth day of July and came here two to three weeks later. We moved down here - one night after 'Dismiss the Company' I was coming in when someone called. There was Ki. I surely was surprised.

I have been greatly shocked by the news of the deaths of Red Reese, Jimmie Scarr, and Sherrin Conklin. All were such fine boys. It makes us just ache to get in and clean up



those Huns properly. It ought not to take long for all of us want to get back to the good old U. S. A. soon, and are not coming until it's all over, over here.

We have had much rain lately. I wonder if the rainy season is setting in already. I hope not for I expect to go to Paris within a week or so and should like fine weather for a trip like that. If I'm in luck I may have a few hours to spare while I'm there and can do a little sight seeing.

Will the college be able to keep open now the Man-Power Bill has been passed? We young chaps ought to be mighty glad we came along when we did, for such a chance will never come again. I am optimistic about the result of the war; and I believe and hope that big things will come of it.

I wonder if Dandford is with you this fall! Are you going to have another 'big team'? Good luck to them. We have Princeton, U. of P. and Cornell among us here. I'd like to see them clean up all three, - I haven't seen a schedule so, of course, I'm ignorant as to who we do play.

Please note fourth word of this letter. Give my best regards to Boney Seale and any '16 men you meet. One of our sergeants - John D. Maguire knows Dr. Demarest. Best wishes, as always.

OK  
Dean C. Jenkins  
and W. Engle

Yours,  
Dean C. Jenkins



September 27  
1 9 1 8

Lieut. Dean C. Jenkins  
33rd Engineers  
Co. C. A.P.O. #713  
Aie. E.F.

Dear Dean:

It was fine of you to write your letter of September 8th. It is always good to have news of our Rutgers men who have gone across the seas. I am wondering if you have ever met Bubbs Durand who is in the same company as Seiler. Please remember me to both of them and tell Saito send me one of his literary in the near future. I don't think I have heard from him since he left Spartanburg. The college is very much alive at present with 500 students and 275 freshmen. We have established here an S.A.T.C., the members of which are privates in the United States Army. So you see there is no danger of our closing. Sandy is still with us and promises to have one of the best teams in our history. Tomorrow we play Ursinus, and after that Lafayette, Lehigh, Fordham, Colgate and West Virginia. Possibly we may be able to fill in our vacant dates with the three colleges you mention. Let us hope that we can.

Cordially yours,

G



From Lieut. Dean C. Jenkins '16

6 g  
2 g last letter

France 1918

November 11.

Today has been a day which will long be remembered. We heard over the telephone that Germany has signed the armistice and the whole country has gone wild. If the end of the war is here our work has to a great extent been completed. We will have to fix up the prisoners here in good shape and then will probably be shipped somewhere else. When we left Gievres I hadn't worked with this company long enough to know the men so McIvor picked them out for me and he certainly did give me a good bunch. Authorization went through to make this camp larger - to hold two thousand German officers, six hundred and seventy German enlisted prisoners and the necessary guards. If we had gone on fighting we would have had a real camp here. Now they are trying to find out how many officer prisoners there are in France and then we will build accordingly. I had several orders for lumber made out today and when the news came, I cut down on two of them, which were for future growth.

The other afternoon I was walking down by the chateau and happened to see a prisoner coming down a ladder with a big bunch of burlap bags over his head. When he was all the way down he took off the bags, under which he had a "tin hat", a pair of boxing gloves on his hands. In repairing a roof they had found a swarm of bees between the ceiling of the third floor and the roof and later dug out about eighty pounds of honey. So we have been eating honey instead of corn syrup on our hot cakes in the morning. The French have no name for hot cakes - they never ate them.

My men have been using their lungs lately. Yesterday we were told that a big bunch of German officers were coming and so the men worked all the morning. When we found out



that they wouldn't be here we sent a note up to the sergeant. They were lined up and ready to march out to work. They are about eight hundred yards from here and with our windows closed we could hear them plainly. Then again today after dinner they came down to work singing and yelling. The papers haven't come in yet to verify the message over the telephone. Wouldn't it be a fine note if the major's dope was all wrong? Haven't the Allies done wonders in the last few months?

November 17.

Colonel Kilpatrick's job at Avouie is apparently (hospital work) held up on account of the armistice. I know that will make a big difference all over the world. What do you think they will do with the Kaiser? I hope they won't give him a chance to start another war, whatever they do. We are also wondering who the next President will be. Wilson made a good one but I didn't like the cry of "he kept us out of the war," for I thought we ought to have been in it a long while before we were. A prisoner was asked what he thought of P. W. (prisoner of War) stamped on his clothes stood for. He replied, "President Wilson".

This is a bad place to spend a life time in, alright. I am sure glad I'm not a Frenchman. The country is fine when it doesn't rain but when it does, which has been so far a big percentage of the time, it is plain miserable. The man who said "Sunny France" could never have been over here.

A truck driver has just came in with the sad news that seventeen more prisoners (officers) have arrived. Now that the war is ended I hate to see them come in - before the armistice it meant the coming of the end and the more that came the better we felt. Now that it's over - I'd like to finish the job and get away from here. There's always the slogan, "Where do we go from here".

November 24.

Today was a big day. The men worked hard and certainly did accomplish a lot. We have been issued the ultimatum that there will be no let-up till the job is finished.



There is still much to be done and I have my fears that we may have to work next Thursday- which should be celebrated by partaking of the much renowned Monsieur Turkey.

The rain has begun again. We have been very fortunate indeed in having two weeks of lovely weather. I suppose it is now at an end. John Doran and I have been robbing together and we have a stove in our room, so perhaps I shall be able to get things dry a little easier than when we had no concentration heat.

A rumor without foundation, was started that Co. F. 33rd Engs. had been ordered home, but of course we didn't believe such a thing. An order like that would be a fine thing alright- we would yell a lot louder than we did when we got our orders come across. My stove pipe is leaking where the stove pipe goes out - it would be really queer if it were the other way round, wouldn't it? If we could only have about a week more of clear weather we would be O. K. for then our outside work would be "tons fini." That work "fini" or "finish" is used by American, French, German and Chinese and is a source of great joy alright.

You could sure get a good hold on my "woolly head" now. It needs some one who classes as a barber. Men of that trade are plentiful but good ones are scarce. Almost every squad has some one in it who tries barbering. You don't see many well-cut heads nowadays.

It sure would be fine to be early on the sailing list but there are so many things to be done of an engineering nature. And these men not in Class A (physically fit for front line service) will surely be the elect to stay.

I'm about due for another shower bath. That is a great luxury here and I can tell you I do enjoy it. A German orderly to help you undress, bathe you and help you dress again - if you would let him. About all we can say is Nein! Nein!

#### December 1

We go to Reignac from here, where we will have heavy work to do when we are busy. The job is to load freight cars and ship everything away. So will only have to work when there are freight cars and they are scarce articles in France. They say a Lieutenant



colonel is here to look over the place - an engineer colonel.

Lt. Doran is going back to Reignac tomorrow with some of the men. I have just filled my fountain pen and noticed the ink was almost gone. I asked John what kind of ink he used and he replied "the same kind you do." To my question, "Waterman's - where do you get it?" he said, as I was finishing the job, "out of that bottle". So we had quite a laugh.

The ink the French have isn't much good so I don't know what we'll do when the bottle is "fini".

The German prisoners want every little crack and hole closed up tight and when you go in a room where they have been sitting and smoking one can hardly breathe. I can't go into the enclosure without someone, a German officer, coming up and bowing in their ridiculous manner and saying, "I beg your pardon, sir, would it be possible to do this or that." My answer is always the same, to see Capt. King, the prison officer, or his assistants.

December 8.

By Christmas I hope you will have the letter I wrote you from Tours. It was a nice little trip. Can you imagine how it seemed to be talking to men who knew people I knew and to talk to men actually on the way home. A lieutenant I room with knew Clarence -----, of Atlantic City, and others who were Rutgers men and another lieutenant we met knew Dr. Clark, of Dover. We shall probably be away from here some time this week--- here's hoping. I would like very much to have a few days' leave but I'm not going to take any chances on an order coming through for our troops to move to another "somewhere". At last the new dynamo is running in good shape.

This afternoon a Lieutenant Frisbee was going away. He speaks French and German quite fluently, especially the former. His father was an American dentist in Nice and married a French "demoselle". So he bought some shellac for me. You would be surprised at the poor salesmanship in this country. The prices are fixed, however, although I suppose they may change from customer to customer as they are not marked on the article.



What I mean by fixed is that there is no barter.

December 12.

Can you imagine it? Tomorrow is Friday the 13th. I'm sending off a detachment of men to Reignac. I hope they will get there safely and also that the truck will return tomorrow night. Tomorrow everything here should be complete.

We have a new commanding officer now, a regular army colonel, and he is sure fine. He knew Gen. Brown when the general was a colonel back in my Georgia days. I wonder when I'll have some more letters from home. I suppose they are holding the mail to learn where to send it as we will be out of here by Monday or Tuesday next week. Today we got off our final reports. I am going to keep some things as souvenirs.

December 5.

Little did I think a year ago that I would spend today in the city of Tours. I came along with the major to help fulfil all the errands. When the major left, his final instructions were not to come back without the fittings. Tonight a lieutenant is in the same room with me. He is expecting the surgeon's orders to send him home right away. When that day comes that the 33rd Engineers are ordered back to the good old U. S. A. - well! I don't suppose it would do much good to yell my voice out. The new censorship regulations say "there may be free discussion of the activities, past and present, of the organization to which the writer is attached, so here goes:

When we got our word that we were to come, I sent home stuff in the line of packages, etc., so you would know what was going to happen. On June 28th at 4 p. m. we lined up at Devens and marched to the railroad station, leaving at 5 o'clock for Hoboken by way of Springfield, Troy, Albany and down the West shore. June 29th we were in Hoboken and off the trains (in two sections) at 7 o'clock. When we got off the trains we marched down to Pier No. 2, and after a physical inspection and a light lunch we boarded the good ship Calamares. The next day we pulled out, going down into the bay at 11 a. m., and anchored



there while a heavy fog covered everything. Some time that night we pulled out. I was officer of the day and we all had very large guards - or watches. Later when we reached the danger zone I was fortunate in drawing a time for my post when all the troops had to be on deck. We always wore or carried life preservers. On the way over the Henderson caught fire and was escorted back - the second day out, to the U. S., by the von Steuben. The von Steuben set out for France by herself as she is a fast boat and was heavily armed. The next to the last day she passed us going back to the U. S. She had made port, been unloaded, loaded and was off again. We saw land July 12th, late afternoon, anchored in harbor of Brest, where my first letter was written, and disembarked the 13th. We had but one submarine scare. The cruiser Frederick began firing - all the transports scuttled away like a bunch of scared chicks - and soon it was over and everyone back in formation. This kept changing, of course. We took a zig-zag course all the way. General Kuhn - 79th Division - was on our boat. It was a mighty pretty sight on about the morning of the 10th. When daylight broke the destroyer fleet found us and came in one by one - thirteen of them - just the number of our transports, the days of crossing and the date of landing. It was also a wonderful sight to see all our ships line up in column and steam up the river into Brest with flags flying, all lights aglow and everyone happy and gay. It is way past my bedtime but there is no reveille for me tomorrow. When this Richelieu job is finished I will have more time to write the many, many letters. I should have written long ago.

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COPIED

Co. "C", 33rd Engrs.

American E. E.

Jan. 10, 1919.

My dear Reed,-

Your letter of Dec. 3rd has just been received. When I first read it over I was very much surprised and wondered how you would like an account of the big "Party" giving all the details. Then I realized that I could really give you some good dope,-as I happened to be at a German Officer Prison Camp at the time. It may be that I am late already as the letter traveled around quite a bit before it reached me.

The way I happened to be at Richelieu was this. The high command of our army must have had the idea that we were not going to give or ask quarter, for it was not till we had a good bunch of German officers that they began to make any preparations for them. The end of September an order <sup>came</sup> for one lieutenant and sixty men to proceed from Gievres, where we were stationed, to Richelieu. We had no idea ~~of~~ what we were to do, except what we gathered from the list of tools that we had to take with us: post hole diggers, wire cutters, staples and wire stretchers. Only two of the above items were available, but we started out and landed at Richelieu after a sixty mile journey at 9:00 P.M.,- we had left just twelve hours previously. There was no one there to meet us, but we hiked out ~~to~~ the "Chateau" with a Doctor as a guide, who had been there just once. We almost lost our way twice. That night the men slept in the barn or hay-loft of the Chateau; and the next morning we loaded up the poles from the railroad cars into the two-wheeled carts of a couple Frenchmen who did the hauling for us.

The place was intended to hold only 150 officers but the fellows at the front didn't care how fast they took prisoners so soon they were in need of additional quarters. Then they decided to take more land at Richelieu and make it the Central Officer Prisoner of War Enclosure. The officers and their cooks, waiters and orderlies came flowing in and "it was up to us". We had expected to stay about two weeks, but as it turned out I got away from there just one week ago today. I'll admit I didn't think it much of a place to spend a Christmas,- just imagine having over eight hundred Hun officers around you who ought to be shot. Why I think that is because they say that when they get free they are going to start another war. And in the next one they claim they are going to be fighting England with America on their side. They have more "gall" than any one I ever knew. We had them fixed up in troop barracks, with 45 sq. ft. to each one. They had wooden floors, partitions to make rooms for nine to eleven officers, electric lights, a canteen, the finest bath-houses in France and all sorts of special privileges,- athletic goods, library, billiard table and promenades around the country. With all these facilities they were "hollering" for more. They did nothing but kick,- as I had to be in the enclosures a lot they would come up to me, until it got to be almost unbearable. They made out a letter of complaints which was practically all a bunch of lies,-everything was mis-represented and things in perfect order were included in the list. We even built board walks for them,- these were, however badly needed as these French winters produce 'beaucoup' mud. The whole job was a very interesting one from an engineering standpoint; the electrical end of it was the best part of all. We installed two generator sets and lighted up all the barracks, the Chateau, the enclosures and outbuildings, such as bakery, guard-house, and store-houses. When the whole project was complete and I had sent away all my men I was finally officially relieved and sent to join the Company. It was welcome news.

The morning of November eleventh the K.O. happened to be telephoning to Tours (over a French phone) and the wires got crossed. He heard a conversation between a Colonel and a General and learned that the armistice had been signed.



Immediately "Officers Call" blew, and all the officers came up to headquarters, saluted and waited, wondering what should have caused the meeting. When the roll had been called and all were present the announcement was made. We were a happy bunch and shook hands on the good word. It took but a few minutes to pass along the news. Everyone knocked off to talk it over and to discuss the problem of "when do we go home". Sometime later the Germans were to be checked, by number, and as the announcement was to be made to them, all the American officers were present. Talking through an interpreter the Commanding Officer told how the armistice had been signed and proposed that the Huns celebrate the end of the war with some "vin blanc". It was a queer proposal, but the interpreter called for an expression of their wishes. Every Boche ther yelled out "Nein,nein!" in the most insulted tone and the matter was dropped at once. Their dream of "Deutschland uber Alles" was over; ~~and~~ they might have to go back home and hunt a job where they would really have to work. And they were insulted in the bargain,- they didn't like it at all, for they are "gentlemen and officers"!

The news had spread like wildfire in the town of Richelieu,- we told the poeple in the post-office; they did the rest. The people did no more work, closed their shops, put out their flags and started celebrating, in the regular French way. When we saw the results our statement had produced we began to fear lest it were only a rumor. By night everything was in full sway, all the people were out and the oldest wines were opened. "The old American bar where you may place your foot on the familiar rail and assume that pose so cherished by lovers of the ambre fluid" was not at hand. In France almost every house sells wine so the rail was not much missed,- not much fluid was missed,either. The town, ordinarily as black as blackest midnight was all lighted up, as were several of the celebrators. The military police, put on for the occasion, had to be brought out to camp and put to bed; the others were in better shape.

So "Peace" came. The biggest thing that can come now is our orders to come back to White Man'S Land,- the sooner they can get us home the happier we will be.

I have seen Kope Herbert a couple times here in town. He is on the way to the States and is mighty lucky,- though he is still in pretty bad shape from his wounds. It seemed like oldtimes to see a Rutgers man again. We have quite a bit of work to do here yet, so it will probably be some time before we have a chance to come back to Old Queens again; but it is something we'll look forward to until that time does come,when we see Little Old New York loom up in the distance. That will be a wonderful sight.

Yours for America and Rutgers,

*Dean C. Jakubis.*  
2nd Lt., Corps of Engrs.

*Please pardon the typewriter,- I've  
written this up during a slack afternoon in the office.*  
*slf*



888  
From Lieutenant Dean C. Jenkins '16

France, January 19, 1919.

I happened to be at a German officers' prison camp at Richillieu when the armistice was signed. It was like this. The high command of our army must have had the idea that we were not going to give or ask quarter, for it was not till we had a good bunch of German officers that they began to make any preparations for them. The end of September an order came for one lieutenant and sixty men to proceed from Gievers, where we were stationed, to Richillieu. We had no idea what we were to do, except what we gathered from the list of tools that we had to take with us:- post-hole diggers, wire cutters, staples, and wire stretchers. Only two of the above items were available, but we started out and landed at Richillieu after a 60-mile journey at 9 p. m.- we had left just twelve hours previously. There was no one there to meet us, but we hiked out to the "chateau" with a doctor as a guide, who had been there just once. We almost lost our way twice. That night the men slept in the barn or hay-loft of the chateau, and the next morning we loaded up the poles from the railroad cars into the two-wheeled carts of a couple of Frenchmen who did the hauling for us.

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January 29, 1919

Lieut. Dean C. Jenkins,  
Co C, 33rd Engineers,  
American E. Forces

Dear Dean:-

Your letter of January 10th reached me to-day, and I have held up the Quarterly for two days so that we could include your description of Armistice Day in the January issue. I never knew before that you were such a literary shark. The stuff you sent us is splendid.

I am without a stenog, so can only write briefly. But I want you to know that we appreciate what you have done for the Quarterly. Thank you very much.

With kindest personal regards,

Yours cordially,