

Hot Springs, N. C.
June 15, 1918.

Earl Reed Silvers, Esq.,
Director, War Service Bureau,
Rutgers College,
New Brunswick, New Jersey.

My dear Mr. Silvers:

Your "war service" letter No. XXI, dated June 5th came as a distinct surprise to me. I want to thank you for it, although I must say frankly that I'm somewhat disappointed in that former letters have not been sent to me regularly. I should very much appreciate it if you could manage to send future letters to me in the wilds of North Carolina. It's some satisfaction to be in France or if not there at least in a place where some kind of action is going on, for you may believe me or not, Hot Springs, N. C., aside from being ?????? miles from "NOWHERE" or in addition thereto perhaps, is about the loneliest place on the face of God's earth. Well, you can imagine what kind of a place it is when I tell you that it has all of two east and two west bound trains. And if you want to get anywhere you have to take rations for a week.

Now just a few words about myself. I noticed from the address that you still have me classed as an Interpreter. That's what I was when I left for Washington just about a year ago. But I "got me" an entirely different job now. My shingle, written out in full, does look pretty imposing, I will admit myself: Assistant U. S. Censor, Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice, United States Interment Station, Hot Springs, North Carolina. Incidentally that tells my whole story although there is, as a matter of fact, a good deal more to the job than the uninitiate would or could possibly imagine. But those are details which are not for general information at this particular time, much to my regret, so I must perforce content myself with the promise to tell my "spiel" "in temporibus post bellum".

You will, no doubt, have read that the interment station here will be taken over by the War Department in the very near future. I do not know as yet whether or not I will be transferred automatically to that Department at the time of the transfer, although I have reason to believe that the chances are good. At any rate I'm wishing for it. Any further stuff that you may have for me may be addressed to me, Department of Justice, Hot Springs, N. C. until I can send you my new address.

It may interest you to know that two weeks ago I received a card from my brother (Rutgers 1918) informing me of his safe arrival overseas. This is his address: Private William Patz, Co. G, 312th Infantry, American Expeditionary Forces. May I request you to send him as regularly as may be your "war service" letters? I am very sure he will appreciate them.

This is enough to interest myself (no, the typewriter went wrong) to introduce myself to you again as one being in the service, although holding a civil post. But a place in the great Secret Service is not to be sniffed at is it? Well, here are my best wishes to you and to the

rest of that great family of men of whom Rutgers can well be so proud. By the way, you have my permission to use all or any parts of this letter, if you care to do so in any way, you may desire. If you make use of it kindly include the statement that I would like to hear from the fellows, especially from my class, 1917. Give them my assurance that I will write magna cum celeritate as soon as I get an inkling of their whereabouts.

I send you kindest greetings from the last but not least important line on the battle front.

Yours sincerely,

Gustav Tatz
Rutgers 1917

June 18,
1918.

Mr. Gustav Patz,
Assistant U.S. Censor,
Bureau of Investigation,
U.S. Internment Station,
Hot Springs, N.C.

My dear Mr. Patz:

Thank you for your interesting letter of June 15th. Through some misunderstanding we have been sending your letters to Hot Springs, Ark., which account for the fact that you have not been receiving them. We shall list you correctly now, however, and sincerely hope that from now on you will receive things at the proper time. I am glad to have your brother's address and will most certainly send him our War Service Letters.

With all good wishes, I am

Cordially yours,

ERS/W

Hot Springs, N. C.
June 21, 1918.

Mr. Earl Reed Silvers,
Director, War Service Bureau,
Rutgers College,
New Brunswick, N. J.

My dear Mr. Silvers:

I beg to acknowledge herewith receipt of your letter of June 18th, and to thank you on behalf of my brother and myself ^{for} ~~of~~ the war service letters that are to come. I wonder how the error could have been committed of sending them, I mean, those addressed to me, to Hot Springs, Arkansas. But then I know from experience at the office that this occurs very often, North Carolina and Arkansas are constantly confused.

By the way, it will be sufficient if you address me

Gustav Patz,
Department of Justice,
Hot Springs, N. C.

I gave you my full title, etc. etc. for your war service records.

I am looking forward to the next letter with much interest.
Also to the next edition of the Quarterly.

I send you kindest greetings and beg to remain,

Very sincerely,

Gustav Patz

To be answered

Hot Springs, N. C.
July 19, 1918.

My dear Mr. Silvers:

First of all, I want to thank you for sending me the War Service Letters so regularly. Believe me, even though I am not in France, the letters are doing "their bit" efficiently and well in this part of the country. For each letters goes the rounds of the office and every one is greatly interested in the idea and more so in the college which stands ready to support such a service for her men. Now it seems to me that it must cost money to make up these things and still more to post them. I have in my jeans (pardon the slang) an extra dollar which I beg leave to enclose herewith to help defray a dollar's worth of postage to one hundred of the boys. It's not as much as I would like to contribute but that mite is given willingly. And what is more I am ready to contribute that much more every month and if I can spare the money at any time, I'll gladly contribute ^{more} I want no acknowledgement except that you received the money. And the only request I have to make with regard to it is that it be applied to the postage expense.

I have heard from my brother recently. The first letter came from Folkestone, England and the second from "Somewhere in France". His address, or rather let me put it as follows: He may be addressed: Private William Patz, Co. G, 312th Infantry, American Expeditionary Forces, which means that he invites news from as many of the boys as have the time and the inclination to write to him. He has not as yet taken any part in the fighting on any of the battle fronts, at least so far as I have heard from him. He is in the best of health and seems to be confident that the "boys" will be coming home toward the end of the year. As soon as I receive it (for I sent it home to Mother) I shall be glad to send a copy of it to the

War Service Bureau for such use as you may care to make of it.

As for myself there is little or nothing to report, except that I am still with the little Old Department of Justice, but it is barely possible that in the near future I may be transferred to the Department of War in one capacity or another--just what it is or may be I do not at the present time know. I have been promoted to the position of First Assistant Censor, which means of course increased responsibilities in connection with my work. For example, in the absence of the Chief Censor several days ago I had complete charge of the work here.

I send you kindest greetings and through you to all the Rutgers men in the Service.

Yours very sincerely,

Gustav Patz

P.S. I'll make it two and you can say it comes from my brother and myself

William Patz 1918

Gustav Patz 1917

July 30, 1918.

Mr. Gustav Patz,
Assistant U. S. Censor,
Hot Springs, N. C.
Dear Mr. Patz,

There are in the files of the War Service Bureau over one thousand letters from Rutgers men in the service, but none will be more valued than yours of July 19th. Your kind spirit of cooperation is very much appreciated, and I thank you. The money has been turned into the War Service fund.

It is splendid of you to suggest other payments, but the expenses of the Bureau are being borne by our alumni who are not giving themselves to active war work. We have almost five hundred dollars in our treasury, which will carry us on for quite a time.

Mr. Osborn wishes to be remembered to you, and I am taking this opportunity of sending my own kindest regards. Maybe the time will come again when we will see you at your old stamping grounds in the library.

Cordially yours,

Hot Springs, N. C.
August 4, 1918.

Mr. Earl Reed Silvers,
Director, WarService Bureau,
Rutgers College,
New Brunswick, N. C.

Dear Mr. Silvers:

The war service card addressed to my brother was forwarded to me yesterday and I am returning it herewith properly filled out with as full information as I have about him at the present time. You will note that he has had his first promotion, namely to the rank of corporal. I shall be only too glad to keep you informed about him.

I want to acknowledge with sincere thanks your letter of July 30. I shall be only too glad to continue my monthly contributions to the War Service Fund.

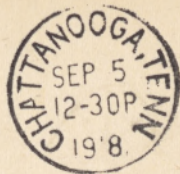
As for myself, this camp will be transferred to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia in a very short time, as perhaps you may have already read in the newspapers. I have applied for a commission in the Military Intelligence Bureau of the Executive Division, Department of War but up to the present time I do not know what action has as yet been taken on that application. At any rate, I am hoping for the best.

Kindly remember me to Mr. Osborn. By the way, the reference to him in Service Letter XXV was very natural. Quite reminiscent of old times that.

Thank you for your kind wishes.

Sincerely yours,

Gustav Fatz



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr. Earl Reed Silver
Director, War Service Bureau
Rutgers College
New Brunswick, N.J.

Sept 4, 1918

Kindly note following change of address -

Gustav Patz

U. S. Census

War Prison Barracks

Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Please use it exactly as given

Sincerely,

G. Patz

From Gustav Patz '17

War Prison Barracks,

Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.,

October 19, 1918.

From the very first I must confess my fault in neglecting to write to the Bureau since my transfer to War Prison Barracks, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, although strangely enough, you will say, I did think of the Bureau to the extent that I was alive enough or anything else you may care to call it to write you my new address. Your enclosed envelope was a well-deserved rebuke and a well-timed one and I appreciate it. I mean that.

The days in Hot Springs are now over. As you will perhaps have learned from the newspapers long before this, the internment station at this place was taken over by the Department of War on July first and the officials of the Department of Justice, to which I am still attached, were the only civilians on the grounds. And right in the good old United States, I experienced the thrill of being challenged by a regular sentinel armed with a good Springfield rifle, and gruffly ordered to "Advance to be recognized." It happened time and again that I and my colleagues were taken for Germans and once the "boys" even refused to recognize our passes-- but then that's only incidental and by the way. The internees were moved to Oglethorpe the latter part of August and we of the censorial staff followed on August 29th.

Oh! Well, we landed in Chattanooga on the 30th at about 6.45 in the morning (Central Time, by the way) after an all night trip. We didn't like the breakfast we were able to scrape in a hurry. We strolled around the town for awhile, AND DIDN'T LIKE IT. Finally, we decided to shake the dust of Chattanooga from our already grimy shoes and journey out to Fort Oglethorpe and to see what this was like. This is accessible by trolley from Chattanooga and the trip lasts from thirty-five minutes to plus infinity, because no one ever seems to know anything about driving a car, etc. etc. And then the South is so fearfully slow. Don't ask,

but take that for the fact it is. I can vouch for its accuracy.

Arriving at the War Prison Barracks, for that was our ultimate station, we were ushered into the presence of the Commanding Officer, a Colonel Penrose, for our orders directed us to report to him. As First Assistant Censor of the Hot Springs bunch I had to act as spokesman (the Chief came two or three days later) and as civilian I could sit down and "talk to the Old-man". In the army a commanding officer is always designated by that affectionate term. Quarters are very scarce in Chattanooga, so the Quartermaster erected a 16 x 16 tent for us and in that same tent we are still living, and are doomed to live in it all winter. Far be it from me to object to that, because, to speak frankly, it has been one of my boyhood ambitions to "live in a tent" and now I'm in a glorious position to realize that. We eat in the officers' mess of the 2d Company of the War Prison Barracks Guards and when we go to mess, we just E A T. From that you may draw your own conclusions as to the quality and quantity both. For instance, we had cranberry pie this noon, and cranberry sauce this evening. And biscuit! You never ate any better in all your life, I'll warrant.

You will be interested to know that Oglethorpe lies in Chicamauga Park, the site of the famous battle of that name fought in the Civil War. I haven't been over very much of it, but what I have seen is mighty interesting, for everywhere there are iron plaques with explanatory legends; and, besides, there are monuments galore. Then there are Lookout and Signal Mountains in the neighborhood of Chattanooga. I haven't been there yet, but intend to in the very near future.

There is absolutely nothing around here in the way of news. Personal experiences around here have I none, although I have been doing some Y. M. C. A. work in my leisure hours, during the present epidemic. But that is of no account. And the only other thing to write about would be the interned Germans, but that can't be done for obvious reasons. Some day, after the war, I shall be glad to give a talk on my experiences as censor in an internment camp and then in a prisoner of war camp. As I may have written you already, I have not witnessed or taken part in any battles, but I have been able to look into men's souls through their correspondence--- and

while censoring isn't exactly looked up to by friend and foe alike, it is nevertheless from the point of view of "knowing men" an invaluable experience; and it is from that point of view that I could talk to you by the hour, were it not a matter of more or less absolute confidence. Te

Tell me, are organ recitals still given in Chapel. Perhaps you will laugh when I say that I'm just dying to hear that organ, but it's the truth nevertheless. I'm hoping to get leave of absence soon, in that case you may rest assured that I will pay you an official call and pay you my respects and if you have time I'll stay awhile and "chew the rag" with you for a spell, as they say down here.

October 24, 1918

Mr. Gustav Patz,
War Prison Barracks,
Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Dear Mr. Patz:

Your very interesting letter of October 19th has been received. Please do not mind too much if you find an envelope with your war service letter, because often times I put an envelope in each letter just for good measure. It is fine of you to write at such length and I do hope that you will be able to get to New Brunswick soon. I shall be very glad to hear personally of your varied experiences. The college is in quarantine now and no meetings of any kind are permitted, but as soon as the influenza epidemic is over with we are planning to hold the usual organ recitals in the Chapel. McKinney is now in Y.M.C.A. work at Camp Merritt but he manages to get to New Brunswick every Sunday.

With kindest personal regards,

Sincerely yours,

War Prison Barracks,
Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
November 9, 1918.

Dear Mr. Silvers:

I am in receipt of War Service letter #29, which came to me this afternoon, and I want to thank you for it. It is mighty interesting, and certainly you deserve no small thanks for the time and effort you put forth in this direction. I appreciate what you and the college have been doing in this direction and I want you to know it.

Your last words about the Alumni Quarterly put me in mind of something and I am writing to ask whether you would be kind enough to do me a favor. It seems to me that my dues in the Alumni Association must be just about due, which I understand include also the subscription to the Alumni Quarterly. I don't know to whom to write at the present time and I should appreciate it very much if you would look into the matter for me.

In one of his recent letters my brother mentions the fact that he has received one or two copies (I forget just now the exact number) of the Quarterly. I should like very much to secure for him the Quarterly while he is in France. I don't know what arrangements have been made for the class of 1918, but I should be very glad to pay his dues to the Association for the next fiscal year which I believe is just beginning, for when he comes back he will want to join the Association anyway, I am quite sure. Will you therefore have the kindness to send me his bill as well? Kindly adjust this if possible before the publication of the current issue, there ought still to be time. I should not like to have him miss a copy because of unpaid subscription, etc. due to postal regulations. I will make a remittance just as soon as I receive word from you. And I shall be glad to add a buck or two for the benefit of the other boys who are "over there".

I shall be brief this time. In the course of the next week or ten days, I shall write again and at greater length. Kindly remember me to Mr. Osborn the next time you have occasion to drop into the Library and also to Mr. Graham, not to forget the rest of the force.

I send you kindest greetings. This camp is in a turmoil because of the rumored abdication of the Kaiser.

Very sincerely,

Gustav Patz
U.S. Cavalry

November 13,
1918

Gustav Patz, U.S. Censor,
War Prison Barracks,
Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Dear Mr. Patz:

It is very good of you to offer to pay the alumni dues of both yourself and your brother, and I know that it is needless for me to say that we greatly appreciate your loyal interest. I am sending you a bill for \$1.00 which covers your brother's dues. By special arrangement the class of 1918 is admitted to the Association for \$1.00. Both Mr. Osborne and Mr. Graham want to be remembered to you. I hope you have not forgotten that you have promised to drop in to see us sometime soon.

Cordially yours,

P.S. Your dues have been paid for the year 1917-18.

December 3, 1918.

Mr. Gustav Patz,

War Prison Barracks,

Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Dear Mr. Patz,

I do not think that I have ever acknowledged your letter of November 16th. In spite of my neglect, I want you to know that it is one of the most welcome epistles we have so far received. The pictures are especially interesting and will make a valuable addition to our collection. It was good of you to send them.

Thank you also for the five dollars. The Quarterly has gone to William, and you have received yours, I hope. By the way, somebody or other wrote me that he had met your brother in France and that Will is now a sergeant and a good one. Fine!

Do you think that restrictions will let you write us a thousand words or two on Prison Camp Censorship, or Life in a Prison Camp, or some such subject? I am looking around for a feature article for the January Quarterly. If you can write us something we shall be very grateful. The college will have data of historical value, too. Do you think you can make it?

Cordially,

War Prison Barracks,
Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
December 8, 1918.

My dear Mr. Silvers:

I take pleasure in giving you an account, as nearly as I could gather the information, of the "doings" at Chattanooga and at Fort Oglethorpe.

For some unaccountable reason, there were no demonstrations either in Chattanooga or at this place when the alleged signing of the armistice was announced in the newspapers on the morning of November 8th. But this event primed the populace hereabouts for the possibilities of a real celebration when the armistice should become an established fact. The "Chattanooga Times" the local newspaper, announced through its columns that it would start the noise, within one minute after it had received the news over the wire. For this purpose some bombs were planted on the roof of the newspaper building and everything was ready for the big event.

It was on the morning of November 11th about 1:15 (central time) when I was awakened by the sound of repeated detonations--it didn't take me a second to guess that the "Times" had lived up to its promise to start the big noise, and that a glorious peace was at last in sight. Chattanooga is about nine miles distant from here, but out at Oglethorpe we could hear everything as if we had been actually in town. The bombs of the "Times" gave the signal for a pandemonium of whistles, sirens, bells, and all other noise making devices ever contrived by the hand of man. And this "racket" was audible until nearly nine o'clock the same morning in spite of the distance.

At the various training camps there was high jinx. Everybody woke up, rushed out in all states of dress and undress--parades were organized, effigies of Kaiser will strung up and buried and goodness knows what not else. A friend of mine who is connected with the motor unit at Camp Greenleaf said there was so much going on at once, that it was just like a good old fashioned roughhouse. Everybody was supremely--sleep was out of the question. Without an exception the men were relieved from duty for a half day, band concerts were given, the Y'S put on all kinds of amusements, including boxing matches; rough and tumble games--anything that would give the men the opportunity to work off steam. And it was all a howling success.

At the war prison barracks, the news was received quietly both by guards and prisoners. There were no demonstrations of any kind--in a place like ours discipline had to be maintained.

It is hard in such a case to tell just what actually happened here and there--there was so much of it, that it is possible to record only one's impressions and to let it go at that. I trust, however, that you may find the little given herewith of service.

Very sincerely,

Gustav Katz
U. S. Censor

December 11, 1918.

Mr. Gustav Patz,
War Prison Barracks,
Fort Oglethorpe, Geo.

My dear Mr. Patz:-

I am sorry that we can not look forward to the suggested article but I appreciate your position thoroughly and agree with you that it may not be quite the thing to print. Possibly after peace terms are signed, we may look forward to some article from you which could be placed in the book we are hoping to print, perhaps next fall. If we decide to use any of your letters I shall most certainly send them to you. We are planning to issue a Service Letter directly after Christmas, if I can get hold of some one to do the work. Just at present my stenographer is ill and will probably be away for three weeks or more.

Good luck to you and all best wishes,

Cordially yours,

December 12, 1918.

Mr. Gustav Patz,

War Prison Barracks,

Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Dear Mr. Patz:-

I acknowledge with appreciation your letter of December 8th. The account of what happened at Fort Oglethorpe when the armistice was signed is interesting and will certainly be of value to the college records. I am grateful for your continued kindness.

Very sincerely yours,

War Prison Barracks,
Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
April 11, 1919.

My dear Mr. Silvers:

My mother forwarded to me the other day your printed note requesting from my brother his war service record. Since I am not in a position personally to supply this information in satisfactory detail, I have taken it upon myself to mail this formular to him with the request that he return it to you at once.

He is still in France, waiting his turn to be sent back to the States. As per orders from General Headquarters, his division, the 78th, is the last scheduled to sail in May. I am therefore expecting him home by the middle of June, certainly by July first, if nothing occurs to disarrange the present program.

I have been wanting to write you these many weeks, but since there is nothing of interest nor of importance, I thought it would be just as well to omit it. There is still no definite information as to my own discharge; while I am hoping to be "out" by Commencement, everything points to continuance in service at least for the remainder of the summer. But this is only conjecture, based upon the general aspect of things as they appear at the present time. I have a total of sixteen months service behind me, and I am naturally beginning to cast longing eyes toward home.

Thank you for continuing to send me the war service letters; I continue to look forward to them. Kindest greetings.

Very sincerely yours,

Gustav Fatz

Mr. Earl Reed Silvers,
War Service Bureau,
Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.

April 14th, 1919.

Mr. Gustav Patz,
War Prison Barracks,
Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

My dear Potts:-

I am glad to have your letter of April
11th, and to know that things are going well with you.

I appreciate your word about your brother
and thank you for sending questionnaire to him. We will
not have the material for our war book ready until next
September, probably, so there is no doubt his record
being included.

Try to get up to New Brunswick for our
big commencement program, notices of which will reach you
within the week or so, and if you do get to New Brunswick
be sure to drop in to my office for a chat.

With kind greetings,

Cordially yours,

ERS/b