

LETTER FROM CAMP GREEN

Philip R. Thoreson Tells About His Trip to the Training Camp

The following is an extract from a letter from Philip Thoreson to his parents. We are glad of the opportunity to publish it, as many of our readers are interested in what the soldier boys from this state are doing.

Camp Green, Charlotte, N. C.
Oct. 4th, 1917

Dear Folks at Home:

Well, here we are at last. We arrived here about 3:00 o'clock this morning and have been busy ever since putting up our tents and getting in our baggage. We have just had our dinner and I am just taking off a few minutes at the Y. M. C. A. to write this letter home. We surely had a splendid trip, especially from Cincinnati to Charlotte, N. C. The railroad from Knoxville, Tenn., to here runs through the mountains and the scenery is beautiful.

At Cincinnati we were allowed to visit the town for five hours. The reason for this was a smash-up of our rear coach when we were switching in the yards. There were Red Cross Auxiliaries at every large town to meet us. At Minneapolis, Chicago, Cincinnati and Ashville, Tenn., we were met at the depot and given coffee and sandwiches. A fellow certainly appreciates a treat like that, in a case like ours, as on our trip we only got two slim meals a day.

At Cincinnati we went over one of the highest rail road bridges in the world. It is some 340 feet high and about three-quarters of a mile long. This bridge crosses the Ohio River just outside the city.

There are a multitude of negroes in this country. Everywhere along the road where we went they are grinning and waving. They would wave and sing out, "where yoall going, white chile? Be sho and get the Kaiser."

About twenty miles from here, near Sulphur Springs, N. C., we passed the German prison camp where all the interned German sailors are kept. There are about 1200 of them locked in by high barb wire fence, fifteen feet high and the strands about three inches apart. They were all busy at work with a guard every fifteen feet away from them.

It is very warm here; the flowers are all in bloom; the trees heavy with ripe fruit, and here and there a cotton field can be seen white as snow.

They call this place Camp Green, but should by right be called Red, from the red soil. The soil is so red and fine that it covers everything. This is a pretty country, indeed, but old North Dakota for me. There is something lacking in this country here which we have up there, something which I can't explain, but whatever it is it attracts one back again.

It is said this is one of the prettiest spots in the United States. I believe it but for me and every other North Dakota soldier give us North Dakota with her level prairies and cold winters, she is good enough for me.

The Artillery is practicing to the north of us. They have been banging away all day. It sounds like a thunder storm until the machine guns begin their rattling and then it is as if a snare drum was playing.

There are about 30,000 men in this camp with more coming in every minute. I was talking with one of the men who has been working and putting up buildings here, and he said, when a regiment camped one night in the morning they had packed up and left, where to no one knows. So that is how it is; one bunch comes, another leaves. They seem to leave in the night but they never know when and where they are going, and nobody can find out.

In a regimental camp one finds out what a little cog he is in a big machine, and can only do what he is

told to do.

There is no Second Regiment of North Dakota any more, neither is there any First North Dakota Regiment. We are not members of the First North Dakota Infantry any more, but are known as the 164th U. S. N. G., so when you write me after this, address me Co. H, 164th Regiment, Camp Green, Charlotte, North Carolina.

PHILIP R. THORESON

The Message of a Pacifist

There are two kinds of pacifists in this country. There are real pacifists who were, therefore, loath to see this country plunged into war. These, once the great decision was made by the President, loyally and patriotically accepted the verdict, they showed their true Americanism by trying to do everything possible to help their country win the war.

The other kind of pacifist is the fake pacifist, the men and women who knowingly, treacherously and disloyally are playing the German game.

There is no better type of the true and loyal pacifist than Henry Ford. He is sincerely and honestly opposed to war. He spent a big sum on what proved a futile pilgrimage to get the belligerents out of the trenches before a certain Christmas day—a pilgrimage which may yet prove to have been worth all it cost.

But the moment his country declared war that also became Henry Ford's war; and he acted accordingly. He delivered a message the other day that is one of the fine big things of this era.

He owns in Boston a tremendous assembling plant which bears an important relation to the Ford business in New England.

A war department official reported this plant was ideal for certain government needs. The secretary of war expressed a desire to have it at a proper rental. Ford didn't take time to answer by letter. He wired



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