

THE ARMY AND NAVY

WITH COMPANY E, 4th MISSOURI INFANTRY

(By Glenn D. Welker)
Camp Clark, Nevada, Mo.—We just got back from Nevada; have been going up there to attend Sunday school. They don't have Sunday school up here at the camp, but they have preaching regularly at the Y. M. C. A., each Sunday night.

Almost every one here is sick today. We have just finished taking our third shot of the inoculation, and believe me, this shot made us all sick.

Grad Sears, Pollard Thomas and Carl Rhodes all arrived here last week and we have a "get-together" meeting every night and talk about old times and Shelbyna.

We are in receipt of a box of fine cigars from Mr. Joe Berner, proprietor of the Waverly, and on behalf of all the boys of Shelbyna and all the boys that smoked one of the cigars, will take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Berner for them. They were indeed appreciated by all.

Tom Ford of Shelbyna was in Nevada last week and paid us a visit. We were sure glad to see Mr. Ford, but as it was about time we didn't have much time to talk to him, but he promised to Grad Sears left last night on a furlough for St. Louis and from what we can hear he is liable to bring a Mrs. Sears back with him.

Word was just received that the signal corps leaves here tonight for New York. Chester Miles belongs to his regiment as I guess he will be gone from here before very long. We are going down to the station and give him a send-off.

There have been five hands playing out to the camp all afternoon, and the "Hound Dog Band" has been playing all day long. It is so nice to hear the band just the minute you wake up in the morning and hear you hear just before going to bed. Then, of course, there is a bunch of fiddles, horns, harps,

INTERESTING LETTER FROM SAILOR BOY

We have received the following letter from Lynn Fitzpatrick, a former Shelbyna boy, a grandson of John Way and a nephew of Frank Reid, which will no doubt be of interest to many of our readers.

Puget Sound, Wash., Aug. 21-17.
To the Democrat—

Received the Democrat this morning, as I do every Monday morning, and I want to tell you how I appreciate it. It think it is the newiest paper in the world. I spend hour after hour searching out the news, and read every item on its pages. I can in that way keep in close touch with Shelbyna. I still call Shelbyna my home, and when asked where I am from, I proudly tell them I am from Shelbyna, Mo.

I have already begun football. Everything is furnished us to play with. One day we had contests of all kinds—running races, tugs of war, potato races and pie eating contests. It was them spit the seeds out. Some of them did not take time to spit the seeds out but swallowed them. All of these things make for life and are very satisfying. The best of it all is the jokes we play on each other. It is nothing like pulled out of bed and thrown into a pool of water where we drink that little stuff, but it does not pay to get sore about it. I have seen many nights and found that getting into a rock quarry like getting into a rock quarry. Several nights I have found out that I have as much fun out of that kind of thing as the rest. One thing that is especially enjoyed is the navy is to keep clean and keep your clothes clean. It is extra duty for dirty clothes. If a fellow doesn't take a bath often enough to suit us, we have the officers' permission to scrub him with a scrub brush. This we do every once in a while. Washing

we were not allowed liberty. We are staying in tents till cold weather, and then we will move into our new barracks, which have just been built. I like the tents best, as it is very healthy to live in the open air in this country. Fellows that were just boys are something like men now. They keep us in physical trim at all times. We have physical drill with guns every day from 8 to 10 o'clock. We have to keep time to the band. There is a band in our camp. They play for us when we drill and also give us a band concert nearly every night. We have a free movie show, too, about five times a week. Every company has a football, baseball and soccer team. I have a place on each of the three teams of my company. Each company also has its boxers and wrestlers. A man of the second company has the wrestling title. There are five companies in this camp. I am in the Fourth Company. We are all proud of our companies, and each fellow thinks his company is the best. There are 100 men in a company. We have games at the time. We have already begun football. Everything is furnished us to play with. One day we had contests of all kinds—running races, tugs of war, potato races and pie eating contests. It was them spit the seeds out. Some of them did not take time to spit the seeds out but swallowed them. All of these things make for life and are very satisfying. The best of it all is the jokes we play on each other. It is nothing like pulled out of bed and thrown into a pool of water where we drink that little stuff, but it does not pay to get sore about it. I have seen many nights and found that getting into a rock quarry like getting into a rock quarry. Several nights I have found out that I have as much fun out of that kind of thing as the rest. One thing that is especially enjoyed is the navy is to keep clean and keep your clothes clean. It is extra duty for dirty clothes. If a fellow doesn't take a bath often enough to suit us, we have the officers' permission to scrub him with a scrub brush. This we do every once in a while. Washing

OSCAR FITZPATRICK RITES

Funeral services for Oscar Fitzpatrick, 74-year-old farmer, who died Sunday afternoon, November 11, at his home near Emden, were conducted Tuesday afternoon, November 13, at the Barker-Karpis Davis funeral home in Shelbyna. Burial was in Andrew Chappin cemetery near Emden.

Survivors include his wife, the former Marie Donner and five children, Mrs. Russell Wideman of Monroe City, Mrs. Willa May-Glenn of Palmyra, Mrs. Irene Newsprugh of Quincy, Oscar Fitzpatrick, Jr., who is with the U. S. Army in Germany, and James Lee Fitzpatrick of near Philadelphia. Other survivors are three sons by a previous marriage to Bernice Draughn, who is deceased. They are Charles Fitzpatrick of Portland Ore., McVey Fitzpatrick of Spokane, Wash., and Paul Fitzpatrick of near Emden, also 13 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

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at first, but now I am so used to doing for myself that I would be lost if I could not do it. We sew and patch our clothes like a woman, but some of our work is rather crude.

There are just two of us left in camp that started together, one of the boys from Elyria and myself. Chas. Beckett left on the Saratoga. The other boys left one by one. When two boys join the navy they must not expect to stay together for four years. They call us out as they need us—maybe 10 to one ship, one to another and so on. We are all anxious for service, either the Kaiser or the I. W. Ws. The I. W. Ws. are giving us lots of trouble out here. They nearly killed one of our boys the night by hitting him across the nose with a black jack. The next night we raided their hall. This happened in Seattle, where their headquarters are. They come down on any uniforms of the U. S. The soldiers of Seattle help us, too. We have a gang fight with them every once in a while. If the U. S. would just turn us loose on them we would clean them out of Seattle.

I have just about run out of something to say. Wishing the people of Shelbyna good luck and especially the boys who have to go to the trenches. Maybe I will go to help transport them across the Atlantic.

Sincerely,
LYNN FITZPATRICK
Puget Sound, Wash.

P. S.—Am sending a copy of the "Sailor's Prayer", which I think is quite true.

as we had nice barracks and mess hall. Some things were a little hard to get used to, such as wearing the new clothes, eating beans for breakfast and especially sleeping in hammocks. The first night in the hammocks found most of us on the floor half of the time. I know that one fellow fell out of his hammock six times and then decided to sleep on the floor. We had to do things on the jump when reveille sounded in the morning. Every fellow had to jump out, lash his hammock and fall in line for a cold shower. At 7:30 we had breakfast. We did not have much drill at Great Lakes. We were there only four days when the captain told us to have our sea bags ready for shipment. When the bugle blew for us to go, I had to leave Mr. Wm. Muppin of Shelbyna behind. He sure hated to see me go, and I hated to leave him. Chas. Beckett and the Elyria boys came with me. We boarded our train, not knowing where we were going, but after we had started we found out. It was a pleasure trip of my life, but still just one of the many things a Blue Jacket sees. We were on the road four days and nights. These western countries are very scenic, especially the Rockies and Mt. Ranier. We had a great time on the way. In every town there would be a crowd with flags and bands to see us go through. We were allowed to stop nearly every place. Each morning as I awakened I realized I was getting a long way from old Shelbyna. We arrived in Seattle about ten o'clock on Saturday. From there we took boats to the navy yard. Things were getting better all the time and now I like it fine and feel perfectly at home. We have had four months of drill, which puts us in first class shape. A Blue Jacket has to be as well drilled as a soldier. We are drilling every day, be it rain or shine, and keep that hammering on a thing. We have learned everything now and are waiting to go forward. We have had a very good time, but I wish I could have been here. One week after we arrived the camp was quarantined, which lasted 5 weeks and 3 days. In that time I saw amphitheatres out at the fair grounds, we are out in the boring hot sun drilling like a bunch of trained monkeys, and lots of times after you have gone to bed, we are still drilling. So you can see army life is anything but a picnic. Now somebody get good-bye.

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