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KATHERINE SHERMAN WRITES FROM REIMS

(Continued from Page 5)

up there and we had a hard time watching our step because of hand grenades and unexploded bombs. After picking a flower or two from the woods we got in the car and drove on back to Chateau Thierry. We had lunch there and left for No Man's Land. Oh — it's a perfect nightmare! For miles around nothing but barbed wire and trenches, trenches and barbed wire.

In America I never dreamed that barbed wire played so great a part in the war. To add color to the scene quite a few shells exploded and one could hear the singing or siren like wailing of them as they burst. The poor peasants, trying to clear up their fields (a hopeless job) would find grenades, aerial bombs, etc., and of course explode them so that no one could get hurt.

When visiting some German dug-outs Anna Martha was in the lead. She cried out to us that she had found "a big bomb with wings on it." We all hurried up to the spot to catch her in the act of kicking it. It proved to be a bomb dropped from an aeroplane which failed to explode but any rough handling would blow anyone into bits. In visiting all through the trenches we found ever so many hand grenades. They are awful. One kick would finish you up good, and many times I have caught myself in the act of stepping on one. (I'm using up all the hotel paper!)

Well there are millions of things of which no doubt I can interest you but this is my last piece of paper.

Last night we left a town called Reims where the most beautiful cathedral is, of all the world.

We left the town rather late at night, intending to spend the night in a town called Soissons. It was terribly dark. (Dorothy, we just got home here last night. My letter is so long I could not finish it on the way, so I am mailing it from Orleans) and we had to go through some terrible battlefields, Chemin des Dames. There was no moon and our little car had only one light. We had pretty bad engine trouble, so bad that the car would not go up a hill at all and it crept terribly slow on level road. It was a regular nightmare! Creeping along at a snail's pace at about half past eleven at night, then when we got out of the battlefields we would pass awful old white ruined cities. It was ghostly! We finally got to a small town which had two hotels. As it was about twelve or half past we welcomed it thankfully, but luck did not have it and both hotels did not have an extra room. Poor mother. Her legs and arms were so tired from trying to force the car along and she felt that she could not drive twenty miles that night. But she had to, we scoured the town but to no avail.

So after some hot bouillon we started on our way. We were all about asleep when he got to the town and were glad to see that it was not a one horse affair. By the directions of a man and his drunken comrade we managed to arrive at a nice looking hotel, Le Lion Rouge. We all had visions of immediately "hitting the hay", but the proprietor told us that she had only one room left in the hotel but several in the Annex. Naturally the couple Mr. and Mrs. Stoers took the hotel rooms and mother, Anna Martha and myself walked over to the Annex. Mother was terribly tired and I think that she went to sleep on the way over. We walked and walked, the night air making us shiver, until we finally came to it.

The porter rang the bell, no answer. He stood there ringing it for about ten minutes straight, still nobody. Then he gave one gigantic kick on the door and immediately something came to the door. I say something because I almost died when she opened the door. She wore a long loose grey dress, old bedslippers, and last but not least, her hair was all done up in little tight braids. The braids stuck out in all angles, but otherwise the girl was pretty.

Well the next morning we thought it was about time to begin starting home.

Nothing very eventful happened that day but on the way home we came upon a pile of refuse which had been taken from the trenches.

We took a couple of American shell baskets, a sheaf for a sword and a helmet, some pieces of a cartridge belt, some pieces of a gas mask and a lot of paraphernalia. In the same pile we saw a helmet bent in at the top with blood and hair inside. It certainly gave me the creeps.

But our troubles were not over. That night we were all going along just as slow and we had our fourth puncture. It happened that Mr. Stoers is not a mechanic, so after many vain attempts to dislocate the tire from the wheel we decided to leave it on. But after we had been on our way for a while the tire began to emit the most terrible sounds. Glubbdy—glub—glub—glub.

So we were just going to stop. But the tire beat us to it and giving a double blub-blub—it flew off. And there we were.

The inner tube was all cut up so Mr. Stoers made up his mind that he would put the tire on or bust, but when he looked in the tool box for the extra inner tubes there was not one but that was torn.

So we went on, running just on the bare wheel or rim. Mother would never have done that in ordinary circumstances, but we had to this

time. We went on just as slow as before, for about one hour.

We were all just dozing off when all of a sudden a loud explosion rent our dreams and the stillness. Mother stopped the car and a low hissing sound soon told us that it was a puncture!

Mother could not stand it any longer so she had hysterics. She was laughing and crying both together. Then we all got to laughing hard and she stopped and joined us in a real laugh. It was while she was hysterical that a boy looked out of the window and asked in a sleepy voice what was the matter. We told him that we had had five punctures in three days.

Then knowing that we were Americans he asked us in very poor English if we wanted a Ford. We said no and he went back to bed. But mother was hysterical so he soon appeared at the window again.

"Er-a-I can not-a-sleep," he said. Mr. Stoers said, "Well, why can't you sleep?"

"The young lady is smiling too much." (Meaning mother.) That got us to laughing worse than ever so with a grunt of disgust he closed the window and got into bed.

We didn't know what to do because the inner tubes were all ruined so he took the other tire and inner tube off and we started off again, running on two rims.

That laugh woke us up for good, so all the way home we sang "Mer-rily we roll along, roll along, etc." We sang that only in the country where there were no houses to the accompaniment of the terrible noise the wheels made.

And when we got home— Mother has sworn that never again will she make fun of Fords.

Here is a picture of some of the devastated region around Chateau Thierry.

Remember that there are whole towns like this. Just received your letter and card.

I hope it won't be too much of a bore reading this Autobiographic Diary of mine, but I thought that

you would like to know a little of my trip.

Excuse this writing. Don't forget to write soon.

Your loving friend,
Katherine Sherman.

Love to those at home.

ROOSEVELT'S PORTRAIT ON TREASURY SECURITIES

New Issue of \$25 Denominations
to Appear Toward End of
This Year

Postmaster Wm. M. Dooley today announced that the portrait of Theodore Roosevelt will appear for the first time on a Government security on the \$25 denomination of a new issue of Treasury Savings Certificates which will be placed on sale toward the end of the present calendar year. The new issue of Treasury Savings Certificates will be a feature of the unified Government savings plan which is now being developed by the Secretary of the Treasury and the Postmaster General and will be announced later in greater detail. The new plan will combine to the best possible advantage the facilities of the Treasury and the postal savings system, and is designed to promote popular saving and investment in government securities. The securities offered will have a wide popular appeal and will be placed on sale through the country in convenient form. It is regarded as particularly appropriate that the Roosevelt portrait appear on a security of this character, and on the denomination which will be most available to the general public.

A good many officers would be willing to take part in booze raids if it should be their duty to decide what the stuff was.

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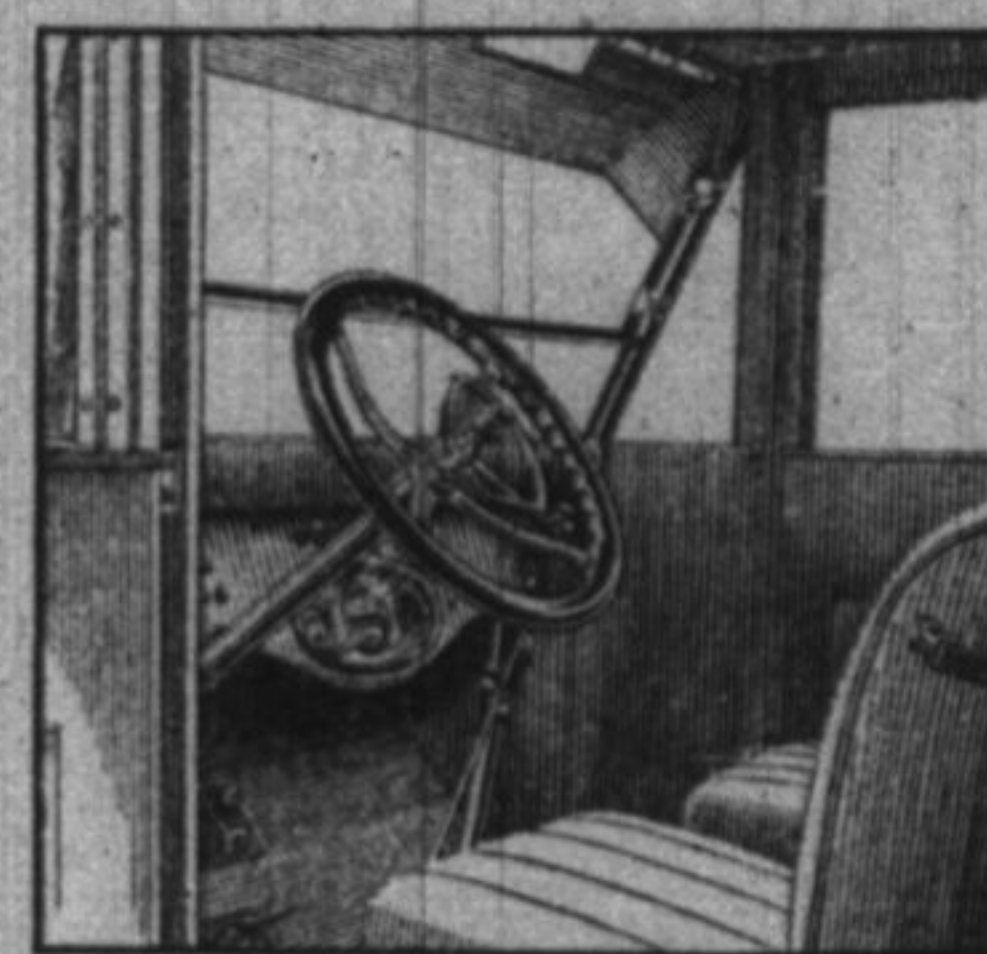
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