

**THE PINEHURST
OUTLOOK**

Published Every Saturday Morning During
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Pinehurst, North Carolina

Conducted by **Ralph W. Page**

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Saturday January 25, 1919

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

AT THE PINEHURST CHAPEL:

Holy Communion 9.15 A. M.

Children's Services 10.00 A. M.

Morning Service and Sermon... 11.00 A. M.

Night Service at the Community

House at 8.00 P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC

Early Mass 6.15 A. M.

When visiting Priest is at Pinehurst

Second Mass 8.00 A. M.

RED CROSS WORK

The Red Cross Room at the School
House, next to the Movie Theatre, will
be open Tuesday and Friday mornings
from 9.30 to 1.00. The principal work
will be done on refugee garments, which
are sorely needed by the starving and
homeless peoples abroad. Wool will be
given out and finished articles returned
at the room. Volunteers for sewing are
most welcome.

TRAINS

North	South
Leave 10.20 A. M.	Leave 7.05 A. M.
8.35 P. M.	8.35 P. M.
From North	From South
Due 8.00 A. M.	Due 11.05 A. M.
9.23 P. M.	10.45 P. M.

MAILS

Arrive 8.00 A. M.	Depart 7.00 A. M.
11.05 A. M.	9.00 A. M.
6.22 P. M.	5.00 P. M.
	7.00 P. M.

LETTER FROM THE FRONT

November 25, 1918

DEAR ISABELLE: Thank you very
much for the socks. I needed them very
much and they were most welcome. We
have been too busy to write very much
of late but now the rush is over and the
war too I trust. I do not see how Ger-
many can start it again for a few years
at least. If the peace terms are right
she can never start it again. I only hope
there is no sentiment mixed up in them
and that they bleed her to the last drop.

That is the only peace that will be last-
ing. Germany has not essentially
changed her nature by the revolution, or
uprising, or whatever it is. I per-
sonally think it is a blind that the Roy-
alists are putting up to try and bluff the
allies into helping the "Republic of Ger-
many" to stand on its feet. Believe me,
these Huns, from the privates to the
generals, are all the same breed, and
they hate the allies with a hate beyond
all understanding. T the very last min-
ute of the war they pillaged and burned.
All with the same blind, wanton abandon
that they have used since the beginning.
They got out of this war too easy, and
they are going to do everything in their
power to follow up the advantage. All
the territory that the French and British
take from them, and all the indemnities
we can heap upon them, will not be
enough to atone for the wrong they have
done France. It will take generations
and generations to put the French na-
tion where she was before this war, and
and even then the lives cannot be made
good, nor will the people that have spent
four years under the German regime ever
be the same. Their souls have been
wrung dry.

I had a rather interesting experience
the other day. I was the first American
to enter Laon. They gave me a regular
ovation. I was bringing up a crowd of
repatriated civiles we had taken from the
towns in the line and I never before felt
so like a saviour. The people seemed to
look to us as Gods. Our word on a sub-
ject was law. As an example: I brought
up the first contingent of about seventy
or so. The convoy was made up of
French trucks and our ambulances and
I was guiding them into the suburbs
of Laon at about nine or ten o'clock in
the evening. It being a moonlight night
a few avions came over from Germany
and playfully started to drop some
bombs around. The civiles were scared
blue, and as we were stopped at the time
waiting for repairs on the road I feared
a stampede. The only thing I could
think of to tell them was that the noise
they took to be bombs falling was only
a 75 battery the other side of the hill
firing at the Bosch. Would you believe
it! They quieted right down and said
they hoped they were killing some Ger-
mans! That first night was very inter-
esting. When I got back to the canton-
ment I found that the Boches had put
mines in a lot of the buildings and all
night sections of the town and surround-
ing country were going up in the air.
It made quite a lullaby, especially as you
expected the next one would go off under
you. Another time, a day or so later, we
got a call about ten o'clock at night to
send a car to Liesse to get two sick
civiles. I had no idea how near the lines
the place was, except that the Germans
had held it in the morning. The Lieut-
enant said I had better go with the driv-
er, so off we went. The only thing of
interest on the road was a Hun munition
dump full of gas shells that they had
thoughtfully mined in their retreat so
that it went off in sections for several
days, thereby filling the adjoining road
with an assortment of gasses. We got
through that O. K. and came down to
I noticed that there did not seem to be

much night life in the streets. In fact,
I did not see a soul. That is, as a rule
a rather bad sign in a town near the
lines. When we were about a third of
the way into the town a man came out
of a hole in the ground and hopping on
the running board, directed us to the
house of the evacues. We got our load
and started back. Very quiet and peace-
ful. I quietly asked the gendarme who
had directed me how far the lines were.
He pointed to a little wood on the left
of the town and said the Germans were
over there, a hundred and fifty metres
from there! I told the driver to chase
right along and not to honk his horn.
We got back without incident. It gave
me rather a thrill, however, to have been
that close to the retreating Huns.

I am very keen on the French, and
have more friends among the Division
than I have among the Americans. I am
so sorry tha my assignment to the
French aviation fell through. If I had
stayed out of the army only a month
longer I would have been able to make
it. As it was, just at the time I went
for my final papers the service was closed
to Americans. Most of my friends went
into the Red Cross, and afterwards trans-
ferred to the French artillery. A good
many of them have been killed, but it
is a wonderful branch of the service. My
mathematics would have been too weak
to have made the grade. Any way, the
war is over and soon I trust the dear old
pines of North Carolina will wave over
me.

Has Edith been established in Pine-
hurst yet? I know that she will have a
good time there. What fun to be all
together that way! Is your little tin
Lizzy still marching? When I get back
I can make it run without the mtoor.
wheels, or anything else. To tell the
truth, I am a bit sick of Fords. I have
Sous Officier Mechnition for the last
year and the sight of a Ford motor I
take as a personal insult. I have learned
though how to put the darned things to-
gether and make them run on the least
number of parts. In fact, it is a con-
stant source of surprise to me when a
car goes out and comes back again with-
out the aid of another car to tow it. You
should see some of the accidents we have
had! Driving at night without lights
on roads that are so full of traffic that
it would be hard to thread your way
through in the day time. We get cars
that at first inspection look as if the
radiator had been pushed out the back
door. The mec. comes along with a few
tools, spare parts and WIRE, and ties it
it up again.

Well, Isabelle, Old Dear, I hink I will
say good bye, as I have to make a trip
to find a place for the men that have the
itch to bathe. Loads of love to all, as
ever, yours,

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,
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Convois Auto, FRANCE.

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