

through such another. The shell fire was something terrific. The enemy guns never let up once all the time we were in. Night and day it was the same, a continual "crump" from rain of shells exploding. Really it is impossible to describe the shell fire we were under. How it was any of us came out is a mystery. As it was I couldn't get out with a whole skin. A piece of Fritz's shell took a small portion of my right cheek with it, while another piece took the shoulder out of my raincoat and another cut the top of my steel helmet, besides numerous other shells which landed too close to be welcomed very much.

"I certainly was a bright looking person when we got out of the trenches, with about a six days' beard, and absolutely plastered with mud from head to foot. If you could have seen me I don't think you would have recognised one of your old staff.

"Saw MacMillan a short time ago. He was quite well. It is getting late, so will close for to-night."

The following is an account of the experiences of MR. A. W. HESTON, of the Portland, Oregon, branch, who was called out as a member of the Oregon National Guard in connection with the trouble at Mexico. His experiences are in marked contrast to those outlined by the other letters which have appeared in these pamphlets:

"As a member of Company B, 3rd Infantry, Oregon National Guard, I was called into Federal Service by Presidential order on the 19th of June. We moved to the State Mobilization Camp at Clackamas the next day. After nine days of organization and preparation, entrained for the Mexican border on the 29th, fully expecting hard service in Mexico when we arrived.

"We detrained at San Diego, and went into camp for a week near the Panama-California Exposition. From there we marched seventeen miles to Palm City, a little town three miles from the ocean and four miles from the border. Here we established our base camp. It was quite a surprise to find ourselves in a climate as cool as our own, when we had expected to land in some interior inferno like Calexico, Yuma or Nogales. While the Washington and California troops were drilling with the temperature at 110 in the shade, we had a cool sea breeze all of the time. We found the water warm and almost undrinkable compared to the fine water we had been used to in Oregon.

"After a short stay at Palm City, my company moved to the outpost camp at San Ysedro for a two-weeks' turn at border patrol. The camp was across the border from Tia Juana, the notorious Mexican racing and gambling resort. As its existence depends on patronage from the United States, the Mexicans gave us no trouble at all.

"Although in one of the best places on the border, we had our experience with desert insect life. At first we had nothing but straw ticks to sleep on. Several of the men found scorpions and centipedes in their beds. We finally received folding cots (the gift of Helen Gould Shepard) which kept the insects out. The main sport at San Ysedro was rattlesnake hunting. There are a great many in the hills along the border.