

One of them had an automobile and we all jumped in and went down to the loop. Five other men from various rooms were in the party, making a total of ten gobs. We hit all the gay spots on the south side and in our travels we picked up an intoxicated sailor who was on the street. He was from Camp Perry at Great Lakes and he sure had a mean line of talk. We left him off at the Northwestern depot down town and at two-fifty A. M. we all went in to Childs' for some wheat cakes. As we knew the guard who was on watch from two to four A. M., we hustled back to the old ship and got under the covers with all our clothes on at 3:45 A. M.

In what seemed like ten minutes that bloomin' bugler blew first call, but we did not get up until reveille blew. Of all the sick looking bunches of recruits, that Naval bunch sure took the prize that morning. Everybody that had been out the night before was as "droopy" as could be. However, we managed to drag through the drill and put in three hours of sleep till noon chow.

After noon chow I met one of the petty officers. He asked me whether I had jumped ship the night before as I had my name on the Captain's desk and that I was slated to serve a term in the brig.

I laughed at first, but then it seemed true, because, how would this P. O. know we went off ship when all the fellows were sworn to secrecy? The rest will have to go if I do, so that is some consolation. My only hope is that this P. O. is kidding me; because that brig is an awful place. They got a fellow in charge up there by the name of Pete Johnson, and he is a real tough bird.

I feel pretty blue. I didn't want to go on that trip last night in the first place, but I'll have to take the consequences now and those other birds are in the same boat as I am. I was going to talk to the captain about it but one of the P. O.'s told me not to as maybe they will forget about it.

Everybody is so awful sympathetic around the barracks. It's just before taps now and one of the P. O.'s came in to tell me to have all my stuff packed in my seabag in the morning so as to be ready to go to headquarters with him. I guess they mean real business. Looks like I will be sent to the Lakes for a summary court-martial. Not much sleep for this bird tonight.

My next letter will probably be from the brig. Keep this under your belt, John, because if I go up there I'll pretend as though I was sent up to some school at the Lakes, sabe? Mum's the word. BILL.

DEAR JOHN:

November 13, 1918.

That whole thing was a put-up job. Can you beat that? One of the guys that was out with us that peace night told one of the P. O.'s, and he framed the whole works.

Just as I was packing my seabag this A. M. he came in and started to snicker. I says, "What's the big joke?" He said I was, and then pulled this stuff about the big frame-up.

Believe me, John, even if it was a joke, I sure felt relieved.

At ease at last.

BILL.

P. S. We filed requests for release from active duty today, so I guess in about a month or so I will be out painting the town again.