

I was enjoying my assignment at Fort Missoula very much, the Italians working in the Hospital were pleasant to have around and co-operative to work with, but suddenly one morning a telegram arrived and in less than twenty-four hours I was gone, taking with me only pleasant memories of our Enemy Aliens - the Italians.



OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee-bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching,
That's where the West begins;
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the West begins.

—Arthur Chapman.

Also I enjoyed Montana