

found myself literally surrounded by Utah fellows, some from Provo, Springville Vernal, Price and Murry. They were so pleased to have a friend and someone to back up their arguments on the glories of our state. I naturally felt it my duty to put in my nickels worth. The geographical divisions of the U.S. still offer a broad field for argument. Later met Parker Thomas, formerly of Spanish Fork and Provo. A few minutes conversation disclosed some rather startling facts. First of all he was acquainted with practically every one in Provo. I was very gratified for such important and stimulating information. Was further informed that he worked with Chief Anderson and Merrill Christopherson thru the Nevada Council, he being a scoutmaster and some field executive of that area. Very nice I thought and really getting close to home. As the conversation progressed found out that Elmo Hardy, zoology graduate at Brigham Young and a close friend of mine, married his sister. By this time was anxiously anticipating the moment he might bring the Bee family into the picture. He did hit close when I found out that he has assisted Dr. Jones in the field with immunizations of cattle etc. Knew Jack Reynolds very well. Elmo is a Major in India and works in the field of malariology, comparing reaction of malaria on experimental animals.

Transgressing to pick up a few details of events enroute to Texas. Naturally leaving Barnes was just a trifle difficult, and I confess was attended with a slight pulpatation of the throat, but that is the natural thing when one is so completely severed from the parent organization and from such truly fine friends in Vancouver. I am confident that when this old world has readjusted itself I will once again be able to return to places I have so enjoyed and to be among friends. My simple philosophy assures me that those things one so loves will never desert one. Those fine memories of the northwest have added substantially to a background which places me above anything that I could ever suffer in my army experiences to come. The trip to Texas from Vancouver remains a most vivid picture. There were three rather outstanding impressions along the way; two of them decidedly positive, the third negative. The latter as one would suspicion --the actual landing