

FINE CONCERT.

Hundreds of the hospital personnel and patients enjoyed the rousing open air concert given by the Aviation Band, under the directorship of J. P. Reis, at the base hospital band stand, Friday evening.

WILL INITIATE.

There will be initiation and exemplification of the third degree in K. of C. O'Donoghue Hall, in Charlotte, Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

DECIDED SUCCESS.

The new K. of C. Club on Tryon street in Charlotte is proving a big drawing card for the soldiers, as is being evidenced by the large attendance daily.

FOR FOREIGN FIELD



CAPTAIN JOSEPH C. PLACAK.

The above likeness of Captain Joseph Placak was taken on the day that he left the Camp Greene base hospital to start on the journey which will eventually land him in a hospital "over there."

Captain Placak was connected with the base hospital laboratory from the time of the establishment of the hospital at Camp Greene. Nearly everybody connected with the hospital knew and liked Captain Placak.

INTO THE MILL AND OUT

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with us than before and their being recaptured would not help us a bit. Those were the sentiments of the other boys as the unfortunate men were dragged into confinement again amidst the scornful sneers of the guards.

What did we do with our evenings in the mill. Most every thing to be truthful. In one tent there would be a quiet little game of "Draw" going on with burned matches for stakes of sometimes if the boys were flush with real-honest-to-goodness matches. In another tent there would be a pinochle game under way, elsewhere there would be a quartette trying its luck, I say luck because it was luck if the resto f the goys gave them a show to even make a noise.

Some other birds could be found delving in to the mysteries of some pilfered magazines and still others in the ever-popular army sport of writing letters. Oh no, things were not so bad as a whole, for with the aid of a few clever K. P.'s we managed to have a few candles for illumination once in a while and believe me they were welcome, because of the large arc lights on the exterior of the stockade it was possible to have a light in the tents and continue a particularly interesting game after hours for no light would be visible to the guard.

What songs we have sung and what stories we have heard gathered aronud the little Sibley stove on a cold shilly night. Jo. Henning would tell how they captured the Kalong tribe of Luzon when he was in the Philippines, and "Spuds" Goodwin would tell of his experience with the famous Northwest Mounted in Alberta and in Manjotoba. The nwe would have a hair-raising tale of the Lost Island of Costa Rica by "Mex" Smith who had little adventureing in the wilds of Central America. But the favorite of the evening was always old "Punk" Bailey, so called because of his greatest love for that particular article of food, and his ever-interesting narratives of old Japan and Tokio. One in particular I remember as arousing the boys, here it is:

"On my third hitch in the Islands I was top-kicker with "B" company of the —th Infantry and was pretty well known by the boys above. I was pretty well tired of Manila ag we had been quartered there for the past two years and I figured I needed a vacation so in I goes to the C.O. for a furlough. Luck was with me and I made one for thirty days. Me for Japan I says and A BIG time. I had a pretty fair line o nthe lingo so I grabs the next boat and away I go. If I had known what teh trip had in store for me would I have gone? I doubt it."

This will be enough for the present and I will finish Punk's tale for you next week, S. O. L.

EVERYBODY SANG.

A very attractive program was presented to the men at the Sunday Home Hour by the young people of Westminster Presbyterian church.

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