

**INTO THE MILL
AND OUT**

BEING THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF SELLDEN OUT OUT LAYTE, RELATED BY S. O. L. HIMSELF.

As I said last week when we were awakened in the morning with the altogether too familiar cry of "Prisoners Outside," we were also greeted the resounding patter of rain on our tent. And how we loved that very same rain and announced our pleasure with soldier like remarks of "On Slush" and "What Goodness Praised Weather!" We all dressed more or less rapidly by crawling out from under our blanket and reaching for our hat. The sleepy, maddened, swearing crowd wiggled forth from under the tied tent doors and dashed for the gate to line up for reveille, the rain coming down in torrents as we stood the formal morning call with nothing to save us from a drenching save our thin denim suits.

ALL IN THE LIFE



Garbage Detail in Rain.

I had hardly "made" the shelter of my tent before we were called out again, this time for breakfast, mess-kits in hand and on a dead run. I managed to squeeze in line back of my friend Huntly as we filed through the gate and were given our eating utensils and so saved a good bit of wait. Grabbing the knife (so called) fork and spoon in one hand I hit it hot and heavy for the place where the boys were lining up in a column of twos to be counted, we waited and waited until some thoughtful guard awakened the corporal who was supposed to be on duty and he came out to "once over" the outfit, with a nice new slicker over him entirely oblivious to the soaking we were having. After fooling around a bit he counted us half a dozen times in a dejected, fashion and marched us over to mess.

Believe me, kid, the guy that thought of the word "mess" must have done a hitch in this same mill, for it sure was rightly named. Scorch-ed oat meal, no milk or sugar, half fried, more greasy than cooked, potatoes and cowardly patriotic eggs. What is a cowardly egg? One of those that hit you and then run and by patriotic I mean that when they run, we have all colors, red, white and blue.

Do we work in the rain? You can bet we do. I was assigned to the

"garbage detail" in those days and that was considered by far the best job in the place. On a nice dry day our work consisted of loading two cans of garbage and three cans of ashes onto a wagon, hopping aboard for a nice pleasant ride out past the Base Hospital to the dump, where we laid around under the trees for an hour or so smoking and chatting with some of the other boys and then drove back just in time to wash up for dinner. Some graft, eh?

The mule-skinner seemed to be dead from the neck up and the rest of him paralyzed for I could have outwalked the team at any stage of the game. That day we did no loafing out under the trees in the damp, sloppy woods but beat it back just as quick as we could and hit the old joint just in time to see the rest of the boys file in from digging a trench, covered with mud from head to foot and ringing wet. How did we dry ourselves? That was easily solved, for we just didn't but hung around in our soaking clothes until they saw fit to dry of their own accord. And we didn't have a single pneumonia case.

We sure did have some great sports for guards and we had some awful bums but it was all in the life and when it came to keeping clean I averaged a bath about once every six weeks whether I needed it or not, and shaving, but say, that reminds me of the razor fight we had one Sunday that mighty near got us all in for good. But that will go good next week so I'll save it till then.

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