

FROM THE 45

MANY DIFFERENT PLACES.

Communications that have been received here from members of the detachment of forty-five men who left this station in July for overseas duty; show that they have been broken up and scattered almost to the four winds in direction and kinds of work.

Letters from two of them follow the former being Sgt. Cundiff to Sgt. 1/c C. O. V. Johnson:

July Med. Replacement Draft
Company No. 9.

Dear Johnson:

I am across at last and am now stationed in that most popular of all towns in France, namely "Somewhere." I am having a great time tho' and no cause for complaint at all. Talk about hospitality the people here are most hospitable than any others on earth, I believe and they certainly show it towards the American soldiers.—I'd rather be a buck private in France than a Colonel at Camp Greene.

The old crowd is all split to pieces there are only four of us here, Torello, Estes, Leahy and myself. Haven't seen or heard from any of the other fellows in quite sometime. By the way how is the dental clinic getting along now?

We are in sort of a conveyence unit, looking after the transportation of the troops from one point to another in big detachments.

Bring your leather "puts" for you can use them over here everybody is dolled up all the time off duty. This place is even better than you hear it is. Hope to see you soon. Remember me to the boys.

Your friend,

The other letter is from Pvt. McMahon to Pvt. Joe Lawlor:

Dear Joe:

Writing you a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and feeling O. K. Micky and Torello were about the only seasick ones on the way over.

We sure have been split up some; Godly, Prince, M. P. Lane and Brush have all been sent to a base. M. J. Blake and a few of the others are in an ambulance company. Cundiff and Leahy are assigned to a Sanitary training School, they take the troops from one camp to another. Korsun is a dental assistant in Paris. This life isn't bid at all except I had a little rough time of it while I was a casual.

How is the ball team coming? Suppose you are knocking them all over the lot again. Remember me to the old crowd, Buddy, Dewey and Mac-Nish and the rest of them.

Well, Joe expect to see you in Boston New Years. Drop me a few lines when you are not busy or any of the other boys.

Frank J. McMahon, 327 Field Hospital
307th Sanitary Train, Amer. Expt.
Forces.

P. S.—If not much trouble send the Caduceus will send the price later.

Pvt. Roberts has changed jobs again, this time he goes to the laboratory to try his hand at that game.

OUR SPIRIT

About a mile
And a half
Distant from the
Base Hospital in a
Westerly direction
Is a little, old
Country school-house.
Nearby are a church
And graveyard
Equally old.
A few days ago
A detachment of
Convalescent patients
From the hospital
Took a hike in the
Direction of the school
And when they
Had reached it fell out
To rest under the trees
In the churchyard.
The school-door was
Open and some of
The restless members
Of the detachment
Undertook to
Investigate the
Interior of the school.
The house was empty
Of scholars and on the
Desks lay open
Kindergarten books
And on the
Blackboard were
Scribbled in
Childish fashion
A jumble of
Words and figures.
One by one the soldiers
Crowded in an each one
On entering sought out
A book or pen or piece
Of chalk and began to
Play at schooldays
Just like they did
When they were children.
Long-forgotten
School jokes
Were passed around
Again;
Teachers' face drawn
On the "board"
And maps studied
With youthful avidity.
War and its concomitant
Sickness were
For the nonce
Forgotten
And soldiers
In uniform were
Children again for
A while.
Contrast the
Treatment this
Simple little school
Would have received
At the hands of
A Hunnish mob
And find the
Spirit which
Permeates the
American soldier
Of today.

By Sgt. First Class
PATRICK COSGROVE.

TWO WARDS OPENED.

Owing to the large number of patients that have been flowing in to the hospital recently it has been necessary to open two more of the wards, this time A-3 and A-8 being chosen. Both are being used as general medical wards.

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