

From Somewhere in America to Somewhere in France

Hardly did we realize when we left home to answer our country's call, that we would be somewhere in France long before the beautiful snow would give mother earth a coat of white, but we are here and making the best of it. Our experiences have been many--some of them very trying--but we have withstood the test and are as happy as a lark, trying to perform the mission that was placed in our hands. As all "Over Here" are interested in the welfare of the boys "Over Here" and their experiences, I will try to relate some of mine after leaving our camp and enroute over the Atlantic Brook and then Somewhere in France. If I could write for a week so I will state the most interesting ones in brief. So here it goes:

After several weeks of good hard training at a southern camp the Regiment of which I am a member received the order to leave the A. E. F. stamped on their Barrack bags and pack up their "Duds" and get ready to make the trip across the Biny deep or as you would say "Over here". We started on our long journey one beautiful Saturday morning about 8 o'clock and we are felt like millionaires, for we had very fine sleepers to travel in. The trip was full of interest and many spectacular sights and to be seen on our journey through thirteen States. We stopped at several places to avail ourselves of that famous "Seventh Inning" stretch to loosen up the stiffened joints a trifle, by parading through the main thoroughfares. Wherever we went we were applauded to the utmost and every factory window and those in the homes brought forth shouts of applause that made one soon realize that he was not in civil life anymore, but in the army. To put the proper finish to this, we of course helped them along, but it did not take us long before we were thankful, that we were in position to bring forth a whisper.

The Red Cross performed their part in a very admirable way and at almost every station we were served with hot Java, fruit, etc., and cigarettes were handed out in such numbers, that the supply lasted until we got to the next station and these courtesies certainly proved to the boys, that there was more to the Red Cross Organization than merely the name and began to realize where the money went that was donated to this noble cause, before they were fitted out in the uniform of the most popular design approved by Sam's Fashion Center.

Finally after several days of traveling through tunnels and valleys, over hills and trestle work, we arrived at an eastern camp where we spent considerable time at all duties required of a soldier. The life at this camp was very agreeable in spite of some of the inconveniences, as it was not so terrible hot there as at the other camp. Again came the order to move, and equipped with full field pack (it seemed to weigh a ton) we gallantly started for the gang plank of the boat that was to take us across the Atlantic Creek. It was a funny sensation to see the land fade away and the old Goddess of Liberty did not even smile. The ship on which we traveled was not a regular passenger liner, but a regular troop ship, and when it came to classes they never took the first, second and steege into consideration and we were in about the 58th variety and had one on old Heinz pickle fame, but it was the largest ship in our little caravan and when it came to speed it did not lack any. The captain of the ship looked just like all the rest of them heavy mustache, goatbeard and kinda fat, but the small boys

aboard certainly amused me, for their lingo seemed so peculiar to me, but it did not take us long to get wise to it. In spite of the congested conditions and poor ventilation and other conditions we soon made up with them and before long we were again as happy as if we had our right sense. Heavy beams on the ceiling of the boat with plenty of hooks furnished the place for the hammocks to be strung from and it took regular acrobatic stunts to get into them and then it meant lay quiet or down you go hard on the hard floor. The first night I was lucky enough to draw a hammock, but the next night luck was against me and I received a mattress instead and made my bunk on the floor. Well it was real comfortable, but the next morning to my surprise a beautiful pair of about No. 12 Hobnails were dangling in my face and it did not take me long to dodge the other hammocks and hike for the place where the waves often play cross tag, for fear that the rope of the hammock might break. The next night the "man above" had the heart to take off his hobnails and as he was ticklish under his "hoofs it did not take me long to let him know that the place for his feet was upstairs.

The boys held up very well throughout the trip and only a few of them got seasick, but those that did almost had to anchor their hobnails to the deck to prevent them from going overboard. One night while fast asleep and dreaming of days gone by, I was suddenly awakened by a bump on the chin. At first I thought a fish had "kicked" me, but when I looked around I found myself bleeding like a stuck hog and a beautiful steel helmet lying at my side, which had fallen from one of the racks above, while one of the boys was getting his overcoat for a cover, well if this is all the bumps I get in this fray I will not complain, but I sure will remember that helmet.

After a long journey over the deep we finally landed at a European port and it was raining like sixty. Our Company Commander gave orders to put up a good front, as our "Rookie" days were over and we could show the people that we were real soldiers and were not allowed to talk or yell at any of the spectators. Well we did put up the front all right, but it sure was some job at that, for the heavy pack sure did make the face "leak" and the sweat just ran down our foreheads with poor chances of getting hold of our handkerchiefs as we were marching at "Attention". Some kindhearted old lady saw me in my predicament and offered me her handkerchief, but I did not make the effort to get it and she finally put it on my arm. I certainly appreciated her efforts and was only sorry that her address was not included, so that I might be able to repay her for her kindness or at least send her a letter of thanks. Arriving at the railroad station and a bunch of girls singing "The Yanks are Coming" in their peculiar lingo, we sure did laugh, for when we saw those dinky little engines and cars we almost dropped, for they sure were only a drop in the bucket against those at home, but when it came to speed, they just sizzed along. At the next camp the real circus began and when we went to buy things, the old saying of "two bits" lost its popularity and it seemed funny to run around with a "Pound" of money in your pocket all in one piece--but it did not take us long to get wise to the coins of this place. Even though we were "roped" a bit, we soon found our old standby, the Y. M. C. A. the best friend the boys have, where we were given full value for our money. Without a "Y" we are lost and they have just opened one here. So if its ever a cause which the "Y" is striving for,

don't forget that they are our best friends.

After a short stay at this camp we were again put aboard another ship and we were on the last lap of our journey "Over Here". The sights on this ship were amazing and after we had unslung our equipment and placed them in proper order it was almost time to hit the "hay". I stayed on the deck as long as I possibly could and when I went down to our quarters a sight greeted me that I will never forget and the only way I can express it is by saying: "That one mass of human flesh covered the equipments and to help it along I simply piled in with the rest and made the best of it--longings for that good old bed at home soon arose, but after one has been in the army for a while you get so that you can sleep in a "Dog tent" on the ground as well as you do in one of those beds over here that seem to have feathers about three feet deep in them. The next morning after a horrible night on rough sea (during which time many said Europe) we put our feet on solid ground again and then it was another long hike to another rest camp. After a day at this place we "mooched" on again and were put aboard another train which was to take us to our present location. Every time we received our rations for the trip I had the honor to carry the canned "Willie" (corn beef) for our squad and since carrying it so many times I seem to like it and even hardtack tastes good when you are hungry.

The trip to this place was surely interesting and many sights were to be seen. The buildings here are very odd, but beautiful in architecture and we saw several of the oldest ones, that are crumbling with age. Well we arrived all O. K. and are now stationed Somewhere in France, where we will complete our training, which will be an indefinite time. We are all feeling good after our wearisome journey of over 6000 miles, which is some ground to cover, but every foot of it has been interesting in spite of some of the hardships, which we had to undergo. The places over here are very odd and antique in every respect and I cannot understand how they keep abreast with the times as comparison to the good old U. S. A. It is a spectacular sight to see a two wheeled cart as one of the main means of transportation, where at home a Ford would be burning the edges off the curbstone to get there on time. The villiages are very typical and house and barn are of the combination type and a large manure pile generally heads the column of adornment. All houses are built of stone or brick and are very substantial in construction, electric light and gas, hard and soft water facilities are not at ones disposal as in days gone by. Our nearest washplace is a creek about a block from our quarters, but the water is nice and clear and answers the purpose as washbowl, general bath and laundry and cold enough to wake up a dead man when we go for our morning splash--it sure is the most essential cure for drowsiness and all other ailments I have ever seen and it is no wonder that quack doctors signs and patent medicine advertisements do not adorn every other door or fencepost. The method of washing clothes is another non-appealing one, but very essential to those who are in need of exercise to ease up their muscles a trifle and work up an appetite to the highest pitch. At the creek we lay our clothes on stones and then its heavy on the scrub-brush and soap is not in abundance either. At another place they have a sort of a box filled partially with straw to protect the knees, while another board is nailed to the top of this box which leads to the creek and answers the

purpose of a washboard, but the genius who devised this scheme, forgot the zinc corrugation to help take off the dirt. The horsepower of the "Electric Wringer" depends solely upon the muscles you have in your hands, but when it comes to wringing the heavy shirts and trousers we generally form a company and make it a regular Merry-Go-Round stunt. Oh yes, we're in the army now.

The country and landscapes are very pretty and they have a very peculiar way of laying out their farms and fences are seldom to be seen, but the method is very appealing and the greatest I ever saw. The method of cultivation is also very odd and modern machinery has not entered the first stages of popularity here yet. The people are very kind and do all within their power to make us comfortable and contented. They work hard and diligently and make the best of the conditions in realization of better days to come. In spite of the terrible stress which they have undergone they take their part well and even though tears take the places of smiles in a great many instances, they have not given up hope and bear their lot bravely. Another fancy of theirs which struck me very funny was, that if a man and woman go to enter the same door, the lady opens the door and lets the man in first. But this need not be considered as odd, for what is right "Over There" is left "Over here". Styles also do not take up a prominent role here and the clothes they wear are very plain and when the girls are at work they have beautiful big wooden shoes for footdress. At work the girls can do the manual of arms with a pitchfork about as well as we can with our rifles. We can not understand the language, but by maneuvers with the hands and feet and twitching of the face we manage to get along fairly well and they are learning fast (we also) and by the time this struggle is over with, things will be different in this country.

When I first got here I thought every kid I saw was a girl, as all seemed to have dresses on, but after a day or so I noticed that all children wear dress aprons sure some stunt to save on soap and water.

The value of American made goods is also recognized to a great extent here and the boys can not quite save these that are made here and the population in general is getting wise to the quality and are buying them at every opportunity.

The orders and commands we receive at times seem very foolish, but they are the proper tests of the discipline one possesses, which is the most essential thing in the army and also later in civil life again, for the old gag of wait a minute don't go here, but do it as quickly as possible and the best you can.

Our officers are very efficient officers, in fact the best one could wish for and are real men from head to foot and treat us in a very admirable way and do all they can for the boys and endure the hardships with the boys in a very many way. There is not one of them who feels himself too proud to eat the same "Chow" the boys eat, in spite of their rank, and this is one reason the tests are very trying at times--but when you are training under such officers as we have, the task is much easier accomplished and one goes to it with vim and vigor and forgets the hard part. Everyone of the boys has a good word for them.

The boys are holding up very well and we have not lost a man in outfit, all are doing their utmost and the progress is to be admired and the officers were highly complimented on the work their little army was doing by some of the highest officials. Aeroplanes are as common here

as sparrows at home and we hardly take the time to look up to see them anymore. Today a bunch of them passed over here again--there were seven in a bunch and of course this caught our eye, for we were wondering what had become of the eight one or the Corporal of the squad.

Uncle Sam sure has a model way of caring for his boys over here and every available precaution for their health and happiness is used and we are not lacking anything, even the eats are good when the goods arrive on time. The only thing that lacks at times it that the people at home get tardy and forget to write and a letter from home is just as satisfying as a meal. The other day we received our first mail since being here and the way the boys shouted was gratifying, but it was unlucky for the censor, as when they had read them, they had plenty of things to write about, and then the poor censor had his "Inning".

Many other interesting things could be related, but this will take too much time to do so. Well in spite of the many experiences we are still here and as live as life can be and the sooner we perform the mission we were sent here for, the sooner will we be able to return to the good old U. S. A. and that will be soon, for it is the grandest country on the globe and the trip over here proved it to us within a short time.

With love and best regards to all. I must now close and assuring you that the boys with the "Cheese cutters" are coming back in their O. D's, bigger, better, healthier and more experienced men who have learned to rely on themselves. I remain as ever,

A Doughboy Somewhere in France.
Written by Corporal, Herman F. Gerdom, Co., F. 52nd Inft.

To All County Agents

Saturday I telegraph to the Director of Extension a denial of the press statement that Secretary Houston had advised the President that 25 cents would be fair price for this year's cotton crop. I am so disturbed over this false and unfounded rumor that I have taken this opportunity of putting the language in your hands direct for fear the Directors may not be able to get it to you.

As soon as Secretary Houston's attention was called to the fact that a false rumor was being circulated in the South to the effect that he had expressed an opinion on a price for cotton, he immediately gave out the following statement:

"A statement concerning cotton price fixing appearing in a Washington paper on Saturday to the effect that it was understood that Secretary Houston had expressed the opinion 25 cents would be fair price for this year's cotton. This statement, and any other statement that may have been made purporting to represent the views of Secretary Houston as to the price for cotton, if any is to be fixed, is utterly without foundation. The Secretary has expressed no opinion as to the price of cotton."

Yours Truly,
Bradford Kuapp,
Chief

Announcement

The Parent Teacher's Association will meet in the graded school building Tuesday Oct. 8th at 4 p. m. All parents are requested to be present, so that the association may be perfected. Show your co-operation by attending.

E. E. Bundy, Supt.

Ready for Ginning

Carry your cotton to W. W. Roberson and have it ginned. We ginn every Tuesday and Friday. We will ginn your cotton and grind your corn at the same time.
W. W. Roberson.

About National Highway

Special to The Enterprise

Birmingham, Ala., Sept. 2. Much interest is being aroused throughout the country over the tour of the Bankhead Pathfinding Commission, which will inspect a number of proposed routes from Memphis, Tenn., to El Paso, Texas. There are two routes to inspect between Memphis and Little Rock; two routes between Little Rock and Fort Smith; one route between Little Rock via Hot Springs to Texarkana, Ark., two routes in Oklahoma; two routes in New Mexico and three routes in Texas. The official party will start from Memphis Tenn., October 15th and will be composed of Ex-Congressman T. S. Plowman, President and J. A. Rountree, Sec'y of the Bankhead National Highway Association, and one United States Government Engineer, one Civil Engineer, three distinguished disinterested citizens living East of the Mississippi River. There will be several newspaper representatives, photographers, etc. The official party will be composed of ten and will travel in automobiles. The Pathfinding party will have the latest equipment for observations of the topography of the country roads. They will have maps, data and all information about each they are to inspect, before they start so they will know the route when they commence to travel over the same. The Pathfinding Commission, who pass on route is composed of five members; they will make a report of the most favorable route from Little Rock to El Paso and the Board of Directors will receive the same.

Secretary Rountree, who is arranging details of the tour and who will have charge of the party, reports that, from the letters and telegrams received that the Pathing Commission will receive a most cordial welcome in the States of Arkansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Texas. The people are anxious for the route to be settled and each wants it through his state and town, and especially since the Bankhead Highway Route is definitely settled from Washington via Richmond, Raleigh, Greenville, S. C., Atlanta, Birmingham to Memphis, Tenn., passing directly through seventeen cantonments and military post aviation fields, making it a typical military road and with the prospects of the Government building the same.

The Senate Committee on Military Affairs, of which Senator Chamberlain is Chairman, has set December 13th for the purpose of hearing and showing why the Bankhead Highway should be taken over as a military road and built by the Government.

Farm to be Sold at Auction

Atlantic Coast Realty Co. announce an auction sale of the farm known as the Jim Roebuck Farm which is located on the Williamston and Greenville road four miles from Robersonville and three miles from Everetts. This sale will take place on the grounds of the farm on Friday next (October 11) at 10:30 A. M. There are 500 acres to be subdivided into small farms and sold to the highest bidder. A brass band will be furnished and a free dinner served to all who attend.

Teachers Examinations

Examinations for teachers for county and state certificates will be held at the court house on Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday October 8th, 9th and 10th.

A. J. Manning, Superintendent.

WE will clean your old gold and silver ware cheap. No scratching. Bring it to, McGowan's store.
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Williamston Personal

K. W. Cobb was in town Wednesday on business.

Miss Helen Powell, of Parmele was a visitor in town Thursday. Ashby Dunn of Scotland Neck was in town Wednesday.

Nash D. Cox, of Rosemary was a visitor in town this week.

Mrs. Bettie Gurkins returned Tuesday from a visit to Black Mountains.

Mrs. Fred Gardner is visiting her daughter in Everett this week.

Dr. Joseph O'Hare, of Plymouth, was in town on business this week.

Joseph D. Biggs, of Washington, was in town Wednesday on business.

Miss Jessie Hodges spent the week-end in Washington with relatives.

Mrs. J. G. Godard spent the week-end in Greenville with her mother.

Miss Helen Maynard, of Rocky Mount is the guest of Miss Irene Smith this week.

Miss Eva Peel, of Robersonville spent the week-end here with her parents.

W. C. Manning was in Tarboro Monday to a meeting of the County Food Administrators.

Miss Elizabeth Quinnerly, of the School faculty, spent the week-end at her home in Greenville.

Mrs. J. S. Rhodes and Mrs. Julian Freeman went to Richmond Wednesday for a few days. Mrs. Andrew L. Pendleton, of Roanoke, Va. is visiting her sister Mrs. C. H. Godwin on Main Street.

Dr. R. P. Huffman who has charge of Hog Cholera Eradication and Central work in the northeastern section of the State was in town this week.

Children Day Exercises will be held at the Methodist Church Sunday night at 8:00 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend.

See The Fourth Liberty Loan Train At Williamston

Arrived Oct. 15th at 7 p. m.
Leave Williamston 8:30 a. m., Oct. 16th.
Arrive Everett 8:50 a. m., Oct. 16th.
Leaves Everett 10:50 a. m., Oct. 16th.
Arrive Robersonville 11:00 a. m., Oct. 16th.
Leave Robersonville 1:30 p. m., Oct. 16th.

The train will be filled with war trophies captured from the enemy and will be shown and explained by a squad of our soldiers, who will explain the ordinance and supplies used by our boys overseas. Speeches will be made by Mr. Granville Jones of Montana and Mr. John Brooks Fletcher of Illinois.

Dr. Huffman Coming

Dr. R. P. Huffman of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture will be in the county about the middle of Nov. for the purpose of assisting the County Agent in teaching men in each section of the county how to administer serum treatment to hogs to immunize them against cholera.

Those sections of the county where the people want to insure themselves against the ravages of the disease will select their men and be ready for the work. This is a rare opportunity and each community should avail itself of it.

Yours for the Fourth Liberty Loan.

J. L. Holiday,
County Agent.

We are fast winning the war, the reign of oppression, plunder and despotism is rapidly crumbling. Don't stop the fight. Buy Liberty Bonds.