

THREE THOUSAND THRILLED MANY HUNDREDS

Three Thousand Charlotte People See Cavalrymen in Dangerous Frontier Sports.

At least 3,000 persons, soldiers and civilians, jammed Wearn field Saturday afternoon to witness the exhibitions of the Oregon cavalrymen, presenting a "mild reproduction of the great stampede held annually at Pendleton, Ore., some town of the boys of Troop D, who were the principal performers in these events at frontier sports. Capt. Lee Caldwell, commander of Troop D, was the champion broncho buster and also world's champion all-around cowboy, wearing a shirt of royal purple, was the center of attraction. Another world's champion participant was Sergt. Frank Cable, champion steer bull-dogger.

From thoughts of the rough, dangerous sports, in which the men apparently risked life or limb, the hundreds were turned to thoughts of home and loved ones by Trooper Tracey Layne, cowboy poet and singer, when he sang "Take Me Back to Old Montana," and, answering an encore, he thrilled them with the martial song, "To Arms," both of which songs he composed.

The proceeds of this exhibition will be used to purchase Liberty bonds, to be held by the government until the close of the war, when the value will be equally divided to the troopers.

The one hundred and forty-eighth artillery (Wyoming) band furnished music for the afternoon.

The "Grand Charge." Promptly at 2:15 o'clock Captain Caldwell announced the first event would be the "grand charge" and the 3,000 people were thrilled when 150 daring riders recklessly drove their horses at a gallop until within 30 feet of the grandstand. At about the time the people in the stands had begun to wonder what would happen when the troopers were thrown the wire screening, each rider, as if acting on a common impulse, threw his horse back on his haunches, risking life or limb, but no falling from his mount, could have lived under those 600 steel-shod hoofs. In some unexplained manner, the massed horses were turned abruptly and the troop went madly back across the park, while the crowd gave a great cheer.

The bucking contests started out badly for the troopers, for Trooper Jesse Linebaugh was thrown by a pony named "White Lightning" in a few seconds. Sergt. Frank Cable succeeded in riding his horse called "Speedy," and Trooper Archie Stannard tamed a bad actor called "Speed Ball." Trooper Hal Piersol sustained his reputation by riding a pony with the squeak name "Wampus Cat." Each of these riders is a member of Troop D.

Trooper Loy Cochran won the pony express race for Troop B, outriding men from Troop A and C. He gained about 30 yards on the last lap, driving his lean-limbed black at a terrific pace and won by about two lengths.

In a "Grab" Race. In a "grab" race, Sergeant Cronquist of Troop C, won. Trooper Carl Perrine and Sergeant Winslip, both of Troop D, were second and third, respectively. There were eight entrants in this race, who rode from the back of the park to the packages near the grandstand, unwrapped them and donned the garment they contained. Some of the garments were dier's uniform, and, consequently, the troopers had much trouble in getting them on, which was necessary before they could make a start on the return trip. As it was, Trooper Perrine was the third to start back, but his horse was faster than that ridden by Winslip, and he won by a few feet.

A long round of cheers greeted the first active appearance of Captain Haskell in the stampede, when he mounted a big horse named for and bearing some resemblance to Pendleton's famous "Long Tom." Though his horse was exceedingly active, the leader of Troop D gracefully kept his seat in the saddle. Trooper Benedict, of Troop D, refused to let "Sun Plover" buck him off the ground, but "White Lightning" again proved too much for the aspiring rider and Trooper Haskell ploughed into the dust as the horse waddled over his prostrate body.

The pony express race, furnishing several minutes of intense excitement, was won by the team of riders representing Troop B, with teams from Troops C and D, second and third respectively.

Sergeant Cable, announced as world's champion steer bull-dogger, quickly threw the steer to the ground and succeeded in holding him there. With the steer's lip in his mouth, holding the animal to the ground, Sergeant Cable posed for several snapshots by civilians and army officers.

Bucking Again. The bucking contest started again and Trooper Tom Sloan quickly was heaved into the dust, while the horse, named "Let 'er Go," proved well suited for he continued to buck frantically for a brief while, to the great amusement of the spectators. Troop

of Bill Brady, rode "Hot Foot" without much trouble, and Pete Sturdevant managed to stay on the hurricane deck of "Angel." Captain Caldwell again appeared to take an active part, and "Bad Actor" proved a real bucking horse, his great plunges carrying him through a crowd of several hundred soldiers and civilians on the side-lines, who scattered in a great hurry.

A touch of sentiment was added the singing of Trooper Tracy Layne. His singing evidently was one of the most pleasing features of the festivities. The wild horse race, in which Troopers Stannard, Linebaugh, Oske, Piersol, Sturdevant, Greenwood and Cable participated, was brief but exciting and ended the stampede. Trooper Greenwood was the only one unable to ride his horse.

"SPEAK FRENCH" IS NEW SOLDIERS' SLOGAN

"Speak French" is fast becoming the slogan of many a western soldier. Rounding up cattle and staking claims for homesteads have nothing in common with sitting about a mess table and twisting the tongue around impossible French nasals. Nevertheless, in spite of nearly every handicap, men from Montana meet regularly three times a week for lessons in conversational French.

Mr. and Mrs. John Haller, of Charlotte, are conducting two classes for the battalion of the one hundred and sixty-third, better known as the second Montana. It is war times, and the comforts and aids of the classroom are conspicuous by their absence. In order not to waste the few valuable days of hours which are over for the Montana boys will need to "parler francais" in order to get a square meal in Paris, these classes were started at once after the purchase of the schoolroom and all outfits of the schoolroom were wanting, but the men went ahead, and have stuck to the grind, hoping that the purchase will soon "come across" with the 10-cent short-cut manuals to the mastery of French. For two lessons they commenced and hewed and grunted, and finally talked French written upon the back of old sheets of a Southern Railway system calendar. But now the days of pioneering are over for the Y. M. C. A. staff has supplied novel blackboards, constructed out of painted plaster board, with rough frames built of laths discarded by the carpenters.

All men desiring to study French should sign up at once at any Y. M. C. A. building, for under the leadership of teachers like Mr. and Mrs. Haller and bona fide French students like Messieurs Save and Asselin, who are helping them in subdividing the divisions, progress will be made with good tools, or bad tools, or no tools at all. But the books are coming, cheer up!

Bakers must speak French, too. So at least a dozen members of the thirty-sixth baker company have decided. Starting under the leadership of Harry J. Zehm, they made active progress for several lessons. Now Mr. Zehm has been released from this class to conduct another, in his stead, E. Loumot, of the baker company, will have charge of the unit in his company.

Sergeant Villata, of the baker company is organizing a class of Italians to study English. He proposes to conduct the class by blackboard and copy-book work, adapting the material directly to the needs of the men in camp rather than by following a civilian textbook.

Plans are under way at present for classes in Spanish, typewriting and penmanship. Classes in any other subject will be organized as soon as the demand is sufficient, and both teachers and the equipment can be secured. The demand for French teachers is especially great. Volunteers from both the ranks and the citizen body of Charlotte are desired.

"BOMB PLOTTERS" FIRE "WOODEN SHRAPNEL"

"Bomb plotters" had the range of a portion of Camp Greene one morning last week when they blew wooden "shrapnel" left by "stump ranchers" of other days over an area of the tented city, embracing headquarters of the 66th artillery brigade and the ground occupied by headquarters battery and A battery of the 146th field artillery.

Parts of stumps being dynamited in that vicinity almost completely wrecked one of the officer's tents, while a number of narrow escapes were recorded in the history of headquarters battery of the 146th. Just as First Class Musician Hume Cleland arose from his cot, a piece of disintegrated stump came hurtling through the canvas of the tent and laid down beside his clarinet on the cot. There was a great effort toward "bunk fatigue" on the part of the stump. Band Leader Jack Thorpe, seeking the protection of a tree from the flying wood, dodged an attacking stove length just in time to miss, by about three inches, being hit. At the same time, another wandering stove-length dropped beside Private Arthur M. Beyer, who was resting near the headquarters battery incinerator. During the bombardment the battery's mess hall suffered a fractured roof but made a splendid and quick recovery. The war against the stumps is still going forward but not so fiercely as the day when so many narrow escapes were "issued."

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